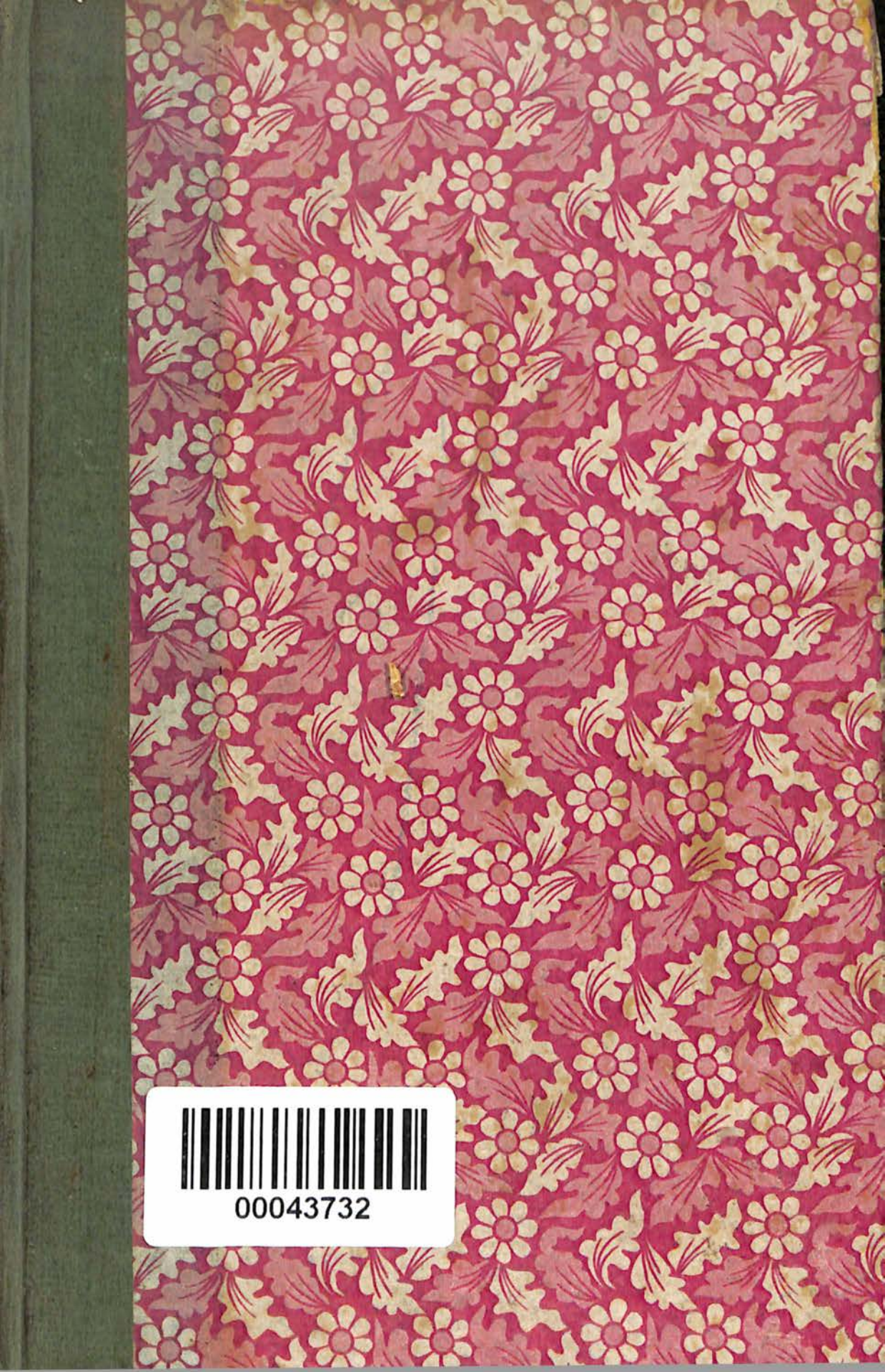
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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS,

FROM CHAUCER TO COWPER;

INCLUDING THE

SERIES EDITED,

WITH

PREFACES, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON:

AND

THE MOST APPROVED TRANSLATIONS.

THE

ADDITIONAL LIVES

BY ALEXANDER CHALMERS, F.S.A.

43732

IN TWENTY-ONE VOLUMES.

VOL. XII.

BROOME,
POPE,

PITT,
THOMSON.

LONDON:

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ERRATA IN POPE'S POEMS.

Page 159, line 126, of the poem, for *from*, read *form*.
247, line 40, for *weaker*, read *stronger*.
255, line 1, for *life*, read *light*.
256, line 12, for *too*, read *to*.
238, line 19, for *are*, read *is*.
240, line 2, for *arts*, read *arcs*.

W. Whittingham, Printer, Goswell Street, London.

PREFACE.

I am very sensible that many hard circumstances attend all authors: if they write ill, they are sure to be used with contempt; if well, too often with envy. Some men, even while they improve themselves with the sentiments of others, rail at their benefactors, and while they gather the fruit, tear the tree that bore it. I must confess, that mere idleness induced me to write; and the hopes of entertaining a few idle men, to publish. I am not so vain as not to think there are many faults in the ensuing poems; all human works must fall short of perfection; and therefore to acknowledge it is no humility: however, I am not like those authors, who, out of a false modesty, complain of the imperfections of their own works, yet would take it very ill if the world should believe them: I will not add hypocrisy to my other faults, or act so absurdly as to invite the reader to an entertainment, and then tell him, that there is nothing worth his eating; I have furnished out the table according to my best abilities, if not with a splendid elegance, yet at least with an innocent variety.

But since this is the last time that I shall ever, perhaps, trouble the world in this kind, I will beg leave to speak something not as a poet, but a critic; that if my credit should fail as a poet, I may have recourse to my remarks upon Homer, and be pardoned for my industry as the annotator in part upon the Iliad, and entirely upon the Odyssey.

I will therefore offer a few things upon criticism in general, a study very necessary, but fallen into contempt through the abuse of it. At the restoration of learning, it was particularly necessary; authors had been long buried in obscurity, and consequently had contracted some rust through the ignorance and barbarism of preceding ages: it was therefore very requisite that they should be polished by a critical hand, and restored to their original purity. In this consists the office of critics; but, instead of making copies agreeable to the manuscripts, they have long inserted their own conjectures; and from this licence arise most of the various readings, the burthens of modern editions: whereas books are like pictures, they may be new varnished, but not a feature is to be altered; and every stroke that is thus added destroys in some degree the resemblance; and the original is no longer an Homer or a Virgil, but a mere ideal person, the creature of the editor's fancy. Whoever deviates from this rule, does not correct, but corrupt his author: and therefore, since most books worth reading have now good impressions, it is a folly to devote too much time to this branch of criticism; it is ridiculous to make it the supreme business of life to repair the ruins of a decayed word, to trouble the world with vain niceties about a letter, or a syllable, or the transposition of a phrase, when the present reading is sufficiently intelligible. These learned triflers are mere weeders of an author; they collect the weeds for their own use, and permit others to gather the herbs and flowers: it would be of more advantage to mankind, when once an author is faithfully published, to turn our thoughts from the words to the sentiments, and make them more easy and intelligible. A skill in verbal criticism is in reality but a skill in guessing, and consequently he is the best critic who guesses best: a mighty attainment! And yet with what pomp is a trivial alteration ushered into the world! Such writers are like Caligula, who raised a mighty army, and alarmed the whole world, and then led it to gather cockle-shells. In short, the question is not what the author might have said, but what he has actually said; it is not whether a different word will agree with the sense, and turn of the period, but whether it was used by the author; if it was, it has a good title still to maintain its post, and the authority of the manuscript ought to be followed rather than the fancy of the editor: for can a modern be a better judge of the language of the purest of the ancients, than those ancients who wrote it in the greatest purity? or if he could, was ever any author so happy, as always to choose the most proper word? Experience shows the impossibility. Besides, of what use is verbal criticism when once we have a faithful edition? It embarrasses the reader instead of giving new light, and hinders his proficiency by engrossing his time, and calling off the attention from the author to the editor: it increases the ex-

pense of books, and makes us pay an high price for trifles, and often for absurdities. I will only add, with Sir Henry Saville, that various lections are now grown so voluminous, that we begin to value the first editions of books as most correct, because least corrected.

Of partial Critics.

There are other critics who think themselves obliged to see no imperfections in their author: from the moment they undertake his cause, they look upon him as a lover upon his mistress; he has no faults, or his very faults improve into beauties: this, indeed, is a well-natured errour, but still blameable, because it misguides the judgment. Such critics act no less erroneously, than a judge who should resolve to acquit a person, whether innocent or guilty, who comes before him upon his trial. It is frequent for the partial critic to praise the work as he likes the author; he admires a book as an antiquary a medal, solely from the impression of the name, and not from the intrinsic value: the copper of a favourite writer shall be more esteemed than the finest gold of a less acceptable author: for this reason many persons have chosen to publish their works without a name, and by this method, like Apelles, who stood unseen behind his own Venus, have received a praise, which perhaps might have been denied if the author had been visible.

Of envious and malicious Critics.

But there are other critics who act a contrary part, and condemn all as criminals whom they try: they dwell only on the faults of an author, and endeavour to raise a reputation by dispraising every thing that other men praise; they have an antipathy to a shining character, like some animals, that hate the Sun only because of its brightness: it is a crime with them to excel; they are a kind of Tartars in learning, who, seeing a person of distinguished qualifications, immediately endeavour to kill him, in hopes to attain just so much merit as they destroy in their adversary. I never look into one of these critics but he puts me in mind of a giant in romance: the glory of the giant consists in the number of the limbs of men whom he has destroyed; that of the critic in viewing

——— Disjecti membra poetæ. Hor.

If ever he accidentally deviates into praise, he does it that his ensuing blame may fall with the greater weight; he adorns an author with a few flowers, as the ancients those victims which they were ready to sacrifice: he studies criticism as if it extended only to dispraise; a practice, which, when most successful, is least desirable. A painter might justly be thought to have a perverse imagination, who should delight only to draw the deformities and distortions of human nature, which, when executed by the most masterly hand, strike the beholder with most horrour. It is usual with envious critics to attack the writings of others, because they are good; they constantly prey upon the fairest fruits, and hope to spread their own works by uniting them to those of their adversary. But this is like Mezentius in Virgil, to join a dead carcass to a living body: and the only effect of it, to fill every well-natured mind with detestation: their malice becomes impotent, and, contrary to their design, they give a testimony of their enemy's merit, and show him to be an hero by turning all their weapons against him: such critics are like dead coals; they may blacken, but cannot burn. These writers bring to my memory a passage in the Iliad, where all the inferior powers, the Plebs Superûm, or rabble of the sky, are fancied to unite their endeavours to pull Jupiter down to the Earth: but by the attempt they only betray their own inability; Jupiter is still Jupiter, and by their unavailing efforts they manifest his superiority.

Modesty is essential to true criticism: no man has a title to be a dictator in knowledge, and the sense of our own infirmities ought to teach us to treat others with humanity. The envious critic ought to consider, that if the authors be dead whom he censures, it is inhumanity to trample upon their ashes with insolence; that it is cruelty to summon, implead, and condemn them with rigour and animosity, when they are not in a capacity to answer his unjust allegations. If the authors be alive, the common laws of society oblige us not to commit any outrage against another's reputation; we ought modestly to convince, not injuriously insult; and contend for truth, not victory; and yet the envious critic is like the tyrants of old, who thought it not enough to conquer, unless their enemies were made a public spectacle, and dragged in triumph at their chariot-wheels: but what is such a triumph but a barbarous insult over the calamities of their fellow-creatures? the noise of a day, purchased with the misery of nations? However, I would not be thought to be pleading for an exemption from criticism; I would only have it circumscribed within the rules of candour and humanity: writers may be told of their errours, provided it be with the decency and tenderness of a friend, not the malice and passion of an enemy; boys may be whipped into sense, but men are to guided with reason.

If we grant the malicious critic all that he claims, and allow him to have proved his adversary's dulness, and his own acuteness, yet, as long as there is virtue in the world, modest dulness will be preferable to learned arrogance. Dulness may be a misfortune, but arroganee is a crime; and where is the mighty advantage, if, while he discovers more learning, he is found to have less virtue than his adversary? and, though he be a better critic, yet proves himself to be a worse man? Besides, no one is to be envied the skill in finding such faults as others are so dull as to mistake for beauties. What advantage is such a quicksightedness even to the possessors of it? It makes them difficult to be pleased, and gives them pain, while others receive a pleasure: they resemble the second-sighted people in Scotland, who are fabled to see more than other persons; but all the benefit they reap from this privilege, is to discover objects of horrour, ghosts, and apparitions.

But it is time to end, though I have too much reason to enlarge the argument for candour in criticism, through a consciousness of my own deficiency: I have in reality been pleading my own cause, that, if I appear too guilty to obtain a pardon, I may find so much mercy from my judges, as to be condemned to suffer without inhumanity. But whatever be the fate of these works, they have proved of use to me, and been an agreeable amusement in a constant solitude. Providence has been pleased to lead me out of the great roads of life, into a private path; where, though we have leisure to choose the smoothest way, yet we are all sure to meet many obstacles in the journey: I have found poetry an innocent companion, and support from the fatigues of it; how long, or how short, the future stages of it are to be, as it is uncertain, so it is a folly to be over solicitous about it; he that lives the longest, has but the small privilege of creeping more leisurely than others to his grave; what we call living, is in reality but a longer time in dying: and if these verses prove as short-lived as their author, it is a loss not worth regretting: they only die, as they were born, in obscurity.

POEMS

OF

DR. BROOME.

HABAKKUK,

CHAP. III. PARAPHRASED.

AN ODE,

WRITTEN IN 1710, AS AN EXERCISE.

WHEN, in a glorious terrible array,
From Paran's towering height th' Almighty took his way;
Borne on a cherub's wings he rode,
Intolerable day proclaim'd the God;
No earthly cloud
Could his effulgent brightness shroud:
Glory, and Majesty, and Power,
March'd in a dreadful pomp before;
Behind, a grim and meagre train,
Pining Sickness, frantic Pain,
Stalk'd widely on! with all the dismal band,
Which Heaven in anger sends to scourge a guilty land.

With terrour cloth'd, he downward flew,
And wither'd half the nations with a view;
Through half the nations of th' astonish'd Earth;
He scatter'd war, and plagues, and dearth!
And when he spoke,
The everlasting hills from their foundations shook;
The trembling mountains, by a lowly nod,
With reverence struck, confess'd the God:
On Sion's holy hill he took his stand,
Grasping omnipotence in his right hand;
Then mighty earthquakes rock'd the ground,
And the Sun darken'd as he frown'd:
He dealt Affliction from his van,
And wild Confusion from his rear;
They through the tents of Cushan ran,
The tents of Cushan quak'd with fear,
And Midian trembled with despair.
I see his sword wave naked in the air:
It sheds around a baleful ray,
The rains pour down, the lightnings play,
And on their wings vindictive thunders bear.

VARIATION.

I see his sword wave with redoubled ire!
Ah! has it set the very clouds on fire?
The clouds burst down in deluges of showers;
Fierce lightning flames, vindictive thunder roars.
When through the mighty flood
He led the murmuring crowd,
What ail'd the rivers that they backward fled?
Why was the mighty flood afraid?
March'd he against the rivers? or was he,
Thou mighty Flood! displeas'd at thee?
The flood beheld from far
The deity in all his equipage of war;
And lo! at once it bursts! in diverse falls
On either hand! it swells in chrystal walls!
Th' eternal rocks disclose! the tossing waves
Rush in loud thunder from a thousand caves!
Why tremble ye, O faithless! to behold
The opening deeps their gulphs unfold?
Enter the dreadful chasms! 'tis God, who guides
Your wondrous way! the God who rules the tides!
And lo! they march amid the deafening roar
Of tumbling seas! they mount the adverse shore!
Advance, ye chosen tribes!——Arabia's sands,
Lonely, uncomfortable lands!
Void of fountain, void of rain,
Oppose their burning coasts in vain!
See! the great prophet stand,
Waving his wonder-working wand!
He strikes the stubborn rock, and lo!
The stubborn rock feels the Almighty blow!
His stony entrails burst, and rushing torrents flow.
[2] Then did the Sun his fiery coursers stay,
And backward held the falling day;

VARIATION.

[2] Ah, what new scenes unfold, what voice I hear!
Sun, stand thou still: thou Moon, thy course forbear:
Ah, ... Sun, thy wheels obedient stay,
Doubling the splendours of the wondrous day.
The nimble-footed Minutes cease to run
And urge the lazy Hours on.
Time hangs his unexpanded wings,
And all the secret springs
That carry on the year
Stop in their full career,
At once th' astonish'd Moon
Forgets her going down,
And paler grows,
To view th' amazing train of woes;
While through the trembling Pagan nation,
Th' Almighty ruin deals, and ghastly desolation,

The nimble-footed Minutes ceas'd to run,
And urge the lazy Hours on.
Time hung his unexpanded wings,
And all the secret springs
That carry on the year,
Stopp'd in their full career:
Then the astonish'd Moon
Forgot her going down;
And paler grew,
The dismal scene to view,
How through the trembling Pagan nation,
Th' Almighty ruin dealt, and ghastly desolation.

But why, ah! why, O Sion, reigns
Wide wasting Havock o'er thy plains?
Ah, me! Destruction is abroad!
Vengeance is loose, and Wrath from God!
See! hosts of spoilers seize their prey!
See! Slaughter marks in blood his way!
See! how embattled Babylon,
Like an unruly deluge, rushes on!
Lo! the field with millions swarms!
I hear their shouts! their clashing arms!
Now the conflicting hosts engage,
With more than mortal rage!——
Oh! Heaven! I faint——I die!——
The yielding powers of Israel fly!——
Now banner'd hosts surround the walls
Of Sion! now she sinks, she falls!——
Ah Sion! how for thee I mourn!
What pangs for thee I feel!
Ah! how art thou become the Pagan's scorn,
Lovely, unhappy Israel!
A shivering damp invades my heart,
A trembling horrour shoots through every part;
My nodding frame can scarce sustain
Th' oppressive load I undergo:
Speechless I sigh! the envious woe
Forbids the very pleasure to complain:
Forbids my faultering tongue to tell
What pangs for thee I feel,
Lovely, unhappy Israel!

Yet though the fig-tree should no burthen bear,
Though vines delude the promise of the year;
Yet though the olive should not yield her oil,
Nor the parch'd glebe reward the peasant's toil;
Though the tir'd ox beneath his labours fall,
And herds in millions perish from the stall;
Yet shall my grateful strings
For ever praise thy name,
For ever thee proclaim,
Thee everlasting God, the mighty King of Kings.

TO BELINDA,

ON HER SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

Sure never pain such beauty wore,
Or look'd so amiable before!
You graces give to a disease,
Adorn the pain, and make it please:
Thus burning incense sheds perfumes,
Still fragrant as it still consumes.

Nor can even Sickness, which disarms
All other nymphs, destroy your charms;
A thousand beauties you can spare,
And still be fairest of the fair.

But see! the pain begins to fly;
Though Venus bled, she could not die:
See the new Phenix point her eyes,
And lovelier from her ashes rise:
Thus roses, when the storm is o'er,
Draw beauties from th' inclement shower.

Welcome, ye Hours! which thus rejoice
What envious Sickness stole away!
Welcome as those which kindly bring,
And usher in the joyous Spring:
That to the smiling Earth restore
The beauteous herb, and blooming flower,
And give her all the charms she lost
By wintery storms, and hoary frost!

And yet how well did she sustain,
And greatly triumph o'er her pain!
So flowers, when blasting winds invade,
Breathe sweet, and beautifully fade.

Now in her checks, and radiant eyes,
New blushes glow, new lightnings rise;
Behold a thousand charms succeed,
For which a thousand hearts must bleed!
Brighter from her disease she shines,
As fire the precious gold refines.

Thus when the silent grave becomes
Pregnant with life, as fruitful wombs;
When the wide seas, and spacious earth,
Resign us to our second birth;
Our moulder'd frame, rebuilt, assumes
New beauty, and for ever blooms;
And, crown'd with youth's immortal pride,
We angels rise, who mortals dy'd.

TO BELINDA,

ON HER APRON EMBROIDERED WITH ARMS AND FLOWERS.

'The listening trees Amphion drew
To dance from hills, where once they grew:
But you express a power more great;
The flowers you draw not, but create.

Behold your own creation rise,
And smile beneath your radiant eyes!
'Tis beauteous all! and yet receives
From you more graces than it gives.

But say, amid the softer charms
Of blooming flowers, what mean these arms?
So round the fragrance of the rose,
The pointed thorn, to guard it, grows.

But cruel you, who thus employ
Both arms and beauty to destroy!
So Venus marches to the fray
In armour, formidably gay.

VARIATION.

'The lovely Flora paints the Earth,
And calls the morning flowers to birth:
But you display a power more great;
She calls forth flowers, but you create.

It is a dreadful pleasing sight!
The flowers attract, the arms affright;
The flowers with lively beauty bloom,
The arms denounce an instant doom.

Thus, when the Britons in array
Their ensigns to the Sun display,
In the same flag are lilies shown,
And angry lions sternly frown;
On high the glittering standard flies,
And conquers all things—like your eyes.

PAR. OF THE XXVIIITH AND XXXIXTH CHAPTERS OF

JOB.

A PARAPHRASE.

Now from the splendours of his bright abode
On wings of all the winds th' Almighty rode,
And the loud voice of thunder spoke the God.
Cherubs and seraphs from celestial bowers,
Ten thousand thousand! bright ethereal powers!
Ministrant round, their radiant files unfold,
Arm'd in eternal adamant, and gold!
Whirlwinds and thundrous storms his chariot drew
'Tween worlds and worlds, triumphant as it flew:
He stretch'd his dark pavilion o'er the floods,
Bade hills subside, and rein'd th' obedient clouds;
Then from his awful gloom the godhead spoke,
And at his voice affrighted Nature shook.

Vain man! who boldly with dim Reason's ray
Vies with his God, and rivals his full day!
[4] But tell me now, say how this beauteous frame
Of all things, from the womb of nothing came;
When Nature's Lord, with one almighty call,
From no-where rais'd the world's capacious ball?
Say if thy hand directs the various rounds
Of the vast Earth, and circumscribes the bounds?
How orbs oppos'd to orbs amid the sky,
In concert move, and dance in harmony?
What wondrous pillars their foundations bear
When hung self-balanc'd in the fluid air?
Why the vast tides sometimes with wanton play
In shining mazes gently glide away;
Anon, why swelling with impetuous stores
Tumultuous tumbling, thunder to the shores;
By thy command does fair Aurora rise,
And gild with purple beams the blushing skies;
The warbling lark salutes her chearful ray,
And welcomes with his song the rising day;
The rising day ambrosial dew distils,
Th' ambrosial dew with balmy odour fills
The flowers, the flowers rejoice, and Nature smiles.
Why Night, in sable rob'd, as day-light fades,
O'er half the nations draws her awful shades;
Now peaceful Nature lies diffus'd in ease;
A solemn stillness reigns o'er land and seas.
[5] Sleep sheds o'er all his balm: to sleep resign'd,
Birds, beasts lie hush'd, and busy human-kind.

VARIATION.

[4] But tell me, mortal, when th' Almighty said,
"Be made, ye worlds!" how worlds at once were made;
When hosts of angels wrapt in wonder sung
His praise, as order from disorder sprung?
[5] No more the monsters of the desert roar,
Doubling the terrours of the midnight hour.
No air of breath disturbs the drowzy woods,
No whispers murmur from the silent floods!
The Moon sheds down a silver-streaming light,
And glads the melancholic face of night:
Now clouds swift-skimming veil her sullied ray,
[6] Now bright she blazes with a fuller day!
The stars in order twinkle in the skies,
And fall in silence, and in silence rise:
Till, as a giant strong, a bridegroom gay,
The Sun springs dancing through the gates of day:
He shakes his dewy locks, and hurls his beams
O'er the proud hills, and down the glowing streams:
His fiery coursers bound above the main,
And whirl the car along th' etherial plain:
The fiery coursers and the car display
A stream of glory, and a flood of day.
Did e'er thy eye descend into the deep,
Or hast thou seen where infant tempests sleep?
Was e'er the grave, or regions of the night,
Yet trod by thee, or open'd to thy sight?
Has Death disclos'd to thee her gloomy state,
The ghastly forms, the various woes that wait
In terrible array before her awful gate?
Know'st thou where Darkness bears eternal sway,
Or where the source of everlasting day?
Say, why the thriving hail with rushing sound
Pours from on high, and rattles on the ground?
Why hover snows, down-wavering by degrees,
Shine from the hills, or glitter from the trees?
Say, why, in lucid drops, the balmy rain
With sparklings gems impearls the spangled plain?
Or, gathering in the vale, a current flows,
And on each flower a sudden spring bestows?
Say, why with gentle sighs the evening breeze
Salutes the flowers, or murmurs through the trees?
Or why loud winds in storms of vengeance fly,
Howl o'er the main, and thunder in the sky?
Say, to what wondrous magazines repair
The viewless beings, when serene the air?
Till, from their dungeons loos'd, they roar aloud,
Upturn whole oceans, and toss cloud on cloud,
While waves encountering waves, in mountains driv'n
Swell to the starry vault, and dash the Heaven.
Know'st thou, why comets threaten in the air,
Heralds of woe, dertruction, and despair,
The plague, the sword, and all the forms of war?
On ruddy wings why forky lightning flies,
And rolling thunder grumbles in the skies?
Say, can thy voice, when sultry Sirius reigns,
And suns intensely glowing cleave the plains,
Th' exhausted urns of thirsty springs supply,
And mitigate the fever of the sky?
Or, when the heavens are charg'd with gloomy clouds,
And half the skies precipitate in floods,
Chase the dark horrour of the storm away,
Restrain the deluge, and restore the day?
By thee doth Summer deck herself with charms,
Or hoary Winter lock his frozen arms?
Say, if thy hand instruct the rose to glow,
Or to the lily give unsullied snow?
Teach fruits to knit from blossoms by degrees,
Swell into orbs, and load the bending trees,

VARIATIONS.

The fowl, the fishes, to repose resign'd,
All, all lie hush'd, and busy human-kind.
The fainting murmur dies upon the floods,
And sighing breezes lull the drowzy woods.
[6] Now bright she blazes, and supplies the day.

Whose various kinds a various hue unfold,
With crimson blush, or burnish into gold?
Say, why the Sun arrays with shining dyes
The gaudy bow, that gilds the gloomy skies?
He from his urn pours forth his golden streams,
And humid clouds imbibe the glittering beams;
Sweetly the varying colours fade or rise,
And the vast arch embraces half the skies.
Say, didst thou give the mighty seas their bars,
Fill air with fowl, or light up Heaven with stars,
Whose thousand times ten thousand lamps display
A friendly radiance, mingling ray with ray?
Say, canst thou rule the coursers of the Sun,
Or lash the lazy sign, Boötes, on?
Dost thou instruct the eagle how to fly,
To mount the viewless winds, and tower the sky?
On sounding pinions borne, he soars, and shrouds
His proud aspiring head among the clouds;
Strong-pounc'd, and fierce, he darts upon his prey,
He sails in triumph through th' ethereal way,
Bears on the Sun, and basks in open day.
Does the dread king, and terrour of the wood,
The lion, from thy hand expect his food?
Stung with keen hunger from his den he comes,
Ranges the plains, and o'er the forest roams:
[7] He snuffs the track of beasts, he fiercely roars,
Doubling the horrors of the midnight hours:
With sullen majesty he stalks away,
And the rocks tremble while he seeks his prey:
Dreadful he grins, he rends the savage brood
With unsheath'd paws, and churns the spouting blood.
Dost thou with thunder arm the generous horse,
Add nervous limbs, or swiftness for the course?
Fleet as the wind, he shoots along the plain,
And knows no check, nor hears the curbing rein;
His fiery eye-balls, formidably bright,
Dart a fierce glory, and a dreadful light:
Pleas'd with the clank of arms, and trumpets' sound,
He bounds, and prancing, paws the trembling ground;
He snuffs the promis'd battle from afar, [war:
Neighs at the captains, shouts, and thunder of the
Rous'd with the noble din and martial sight,
He pants with tumults of severe delight:
His sprightly blood an even course disdains,
Pours from his heart, and charges in his veins;
He braves the spear, and mocks the twanging bow,
Demands the fight, and rushes on the foe.

MELANCHOLY:

AN ODE.

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF A BELOVED DAUGHTER.

1723.

Adieu vain mirth, and noisy joys!
Ye gay desires, deluding toys!
Thou, thoughtful Melancholy, deign
To hide me in thy pensive train!

If by the fall of murmuring floods,
Where awful shades embrown the woods,
Or if, where winds in caverns groan,
Thou wanderest silent and alone;

VARIATION.

[7] He mocks the beating storms and wintery showers,
Making night hideous, as he sternly roars.

Come, blissful mourner, wisely sad,
In sorrow's garb, in sable clad,
Henceforth, thou, Care, my hours employ!
Sorrow, be thou henceforth my joy!

By tombs where sullen spirits stalk,
Familiar with the dead I walk:
While to my sighs and groans by turns,
From graves the midnight Echo mourns.

Open thy marble jaws, O Tomb,
Though earth conceal me in thy womb!
And you, ye worms, this frame confound,
Ye brother reptiles of the ground!

O life, frail offspring of a day!
'Tis puff'd with one short gasp away:
Swift as the short-liv'd flower it flies,
It springs, it blooms, it fades, it dies.

With cries we usher in our birth:
With groans resign our transient breath:
While round, stern ministers of Fate,
Pain, and Disease, and Sorrow wait.

While childhood reigns, the sportive boy
Learns only prettily to toy;
And, while he roves from play to play,
The wanton trifles life away.

When to the noon of life we rise,
The man grows elegant in vice;
To glorious guilt in courts he climbs,
Vilely judicious in his crimes.

When youth and strength in age are lost,
Man seems already half a ghost;
Wither'd, and wan, to earth he bows,
A walking hospital of woes.

Oh! Happiness, thou empty name!
Say, art thou bought by gold or Fame?
What art thou, Gold, but shining earth?
Thou, common Fame, but common breath?

If Virtue contradict the voice
Of public Fame, applause is noise;
Ev'n victors are by conquest curst,
The bravest warrior is the worst.

Look round on all that man below
Idly calls great, and all is show!
All, to the coffin from our birth,
In this vast toy-shop of the Earth.

Come then, O friend of virtuous woe,
With solemn pace, demure, and slow:
Lo! sad and serious, I pursue
Thy steps... adieu, vain world, adieu!

DAPHNIS AND LYCIDAS:

A PASTORAL.

THEY SING THE DIFFERENT SUCCESS AND ABSENCE OF THEIR LOVES.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE

LORD VISCOUNT TOWNSHEND,

OF RAINHAM, IN NORFOLK.

—— Sylvæ sunt consule dignæ. Virg.

DAPHNIS.

How calm the evening! see the falling day
Gilds every mountain with a ruddy ray!

In gentle sighs the softly whispering breeze
Salutes the flowers, and waves the trembling trees;
Hark! the night-warbler, from yon vocal boughs,
Glads every valley with melodious woes!
Swift through the air her rounds the swallow takes,
Or sportive skims the level of the lakes.
The timorous deer, swift-starting as they graze,
Round off in crowds, then turn again, and gaze.
See! how yon swans, with snowy pride elate,
Arch their high necks, and sail along in state!
Now frisking flocks safe-wandering crop the plain,
And the glad season claims a gladsome strain.
Begin——Ye echoes listen to the song,
And, with its sweetness pleas'd, each note prolong!

LYCIDAS.

Sing, Muse—and oh! may Townshend deign to view
What the Muse sings, to Townshend this is due!
Who, carrying with him all the world admires,
From all the world illustriously retires;
And, calmly wandering in his Rainham, roves
By lake, or spring, by thicket, lawn, or groves;
Where verdant hills, or vales, where fountains stray,
Charm every thought of idle pomp away;
Unenvy'd views the splendid toils of state,
In private happy, as in public great.

Thus godlike Scipio, on whose cares reclin'd
The burthen and repose of half mankind,
Left to the vain their pomp, and calmly stray'd,
The world forgot, beneath the laurel shade;
Nor longer would be great, but void of strife,
Clos'd in soft peace his eve of glorious life.

Feed round, my goats; ye sheep, in safety graze;
Ye winds, breathe gently while I tune my lays.

The joyous Spring draws nigh! ambrosial showers
Unbind the earth, the earth unbinds the flowers,
The flowers blow sweet, the daffodils unfold
The spreading glories of their blooming gold.

DAPHNIS.

As the gay hours advance, the blossoms shoot,
The knitting blossoms harden into fruit;
And as the Autumn by degrees ensues,
The mellowing fruits display their streaky hues.

LYCIDAS.

When the winds whistle, and the tempest roars,
When foaming billows lash the sounding shores,
The bloomy beauties of the pastures die,
And in gay heaps of fragrant ruin lie.

DAPHNIS.

Severe the storms! when shuddering Winter binds
The earth! but Winter yields to vernal winds.
Oh! Love, thy rigour my whole life deforms,
More cold than Winter, more severe than storms!

LYCIDAS.

Sweet is the Spring, and gay the Summer hours,
When balmy odours breathe from painted flowers;
But neither sweet the Spring, nor Summer gay,
When she I love, my charmer, is away.

DAPHNIS.

To savage rocks, through bleak inclement skies,
Deaf as those rocks, from me my fair one flies:
Oh! virgin, cease to fly! th' inclement air [spare!
May hurt thy charms!—but thou hast charms to

LYCIDAS.

I love, and ever shall my love remain,
The fairest, kindest virgin of the plain;
With equal passion her soft bosom glows,
Feels the sweet pains, and shares the heavenly woes.

DAPHNIS.

With a feign'd passion, she I love, beguiles,
And, gayly false, the dear dissembler smiles;
But let her still those blest deceits employ,
Still may she feign, and cheat me into joy!

LYCIDAS.

On yonder bank the yielding nymph reclin'd,
Gods! how transported I, and she how kind!
There rise, ye flowers, and there your pride display,
There shed your odours where the fair one lay!

DAPHNIS.

Once, as my fair one in the rosy bower
In gentle slumbers pass'd the noon-tide hour,
Soft I approach'd, and, raptur'd with the bliss,
At leisure gaz'd, then stole a silent kiss:
She wak'd; when conscious smiles, but ill repress,
Spoke no disdain!—Was ever swain so blest?

LYCIDAS.

With fragrant apples from the bending bough
In sport my charmer gave her swain a blow:
The fair offender, of my wrath afraid,
Fled, till I seiz'd and kiss'd the blooming maid:
She smil'd, and vow'd if thus her crimes I pay,
She would offend a thousand times a day!

DAPHNIS.

O'er the steep mountain, and the pathless mead,
From my embrace the lovely scorner fled;
But, stumbling in the flight, by chance she fell;
I saw—but what—her lover will not tell!

LYCIDAS.

From me my fair one fled, dissembling play,
And in the dark conceal'd the wanton lay;
But laugh'd, and show'd by the directing sound
She only hid, in secret to be found.

DAPHNIS.

Far hence to happier climes Belinda strays,
But in my breast her lovely image stays;
Oh! to these plains again, bright nymph, hop
Or from my breast far hence thy image bear.

LYCIDAS.

Come, Delia, come! till Delia bless these seats,
Hide me, ye groves, within your dark retreats!
In hollow groans, ye winds, around me blow!
Ye bubbling fountains, murmur to my woe!

DAPHNIS.

Where'er Belinda roves, ye Zephyrs, play!
Where'er she treads, ye flowers, adorn the way!
From sultry suns, ye groves, my charmer keep!
Ye bubbling fountains, murmur her to sleep!

LYCIDAS.

If streams smooth-wandering, Delia, yield delight;
If the gay rose, or lily, please thy sight;
Smooth streams here wander, here the roses glow,
Here the proud lilies rise to shade thy brow!

DAPHNIS.

Aid me, ye Muses, while I loud proclaim
What love inspires, and sing Belinda's name:
Waft it, ye breezes, to the hills around;
And sport, ye echoes, with the favourite sound.

LYCIDAS.

Thy name, my Delia, shall improve my song,
The pleasing labour of my ravish'd tongue:
Her name to Heaven propitious Zephyrs bear,
And breathe it to her kindred angels there!

DAPHNIS.

But see! the Night displays her starry train,
Soft silver dews impearl the glittering plain;

An awful horrour fills the gloomy woods,
And bluish mists rise from the smoking floods:
[a] Haste, Daphnis, haste to fold thy woolly care,
The deepening shades imbrown th' unwholesome air.

THE FIRST ODE OF HORACE,

TRANSLATED.

MÆCENAS, whose high lineage springs
From a long race of ancient kings,
Patron and friend! thy honour'd name
At once is my defence and fame.

There are, who with fond transport praise
The chariot thundering in the race;
Where conquest won, and palms bestow'd,
Lift the proud mortal to a god.

The man who courts the people's voice,
And doats on offices and noise;
Or they who till the peaceful fields,
And reap what bounteous Nature yields,
Unmov'd, the merchant's wealth behold,
Nor hazard happiness for gold;
Untempted by whole worlds of gain
To stem the billows of the main.

The merchant, when the storm invades,
Envies the quiet of the shades;
But soon relaunches from the shore,
Dreading the crime of being poor!

Some careless waste the mirthful day
With generous wines, and wanton play,
Indulgent of the genial hour,
By spring, or rill, or shade, or bower.

Some hear with joy the clanging jar
Of trumpets, that alarm to war;
While matrons tremble at the breath
That calls their sons to arms and death.

The sportsman, train'd in storms, defies
The chilling blast, and freezing skies:
Unmindful of his bride, in vain
Soft beauty pleads! along the plain
The stag he chases, or beguiles
The furious boar into his toils.

For you[2] the blooming ivy grows,
Proud to adorn your learned brows;
Patron of letters you arise,
Grow to a god, and mount the skies.

Humbly in breezy shades I stray
Where Sylvans dance, and Satyrs play;
Contented to advance my claim,
Only o'er men without a name;
Transcribing what the Muses sing
Harmonious to the pipe or string.

But if indulgently you deign
To rank me with the Lyric train,
Aloft the towering Muse shall rise
On bolder wings, and gain the skies.

VARIATION.

[a] Haste, Lycidas, to fold, &c.

[2] Te doctarum hederæ, &c.

AN EPISTLE

TO MY FRIEND MR. ELIJAH FENTON, AUTHOR OF MARIAMNE, A TRAGEDY.

1726.

WHY art thou so slow to strike th' harmonious
Averse to sing, who know'st to sing so well?
If thy proud Muse the tragic buskin wears,
Great Sophocles revives and re-appears;
While, regularly bold, she nobly sings
Strains worthy to detain the ears of kings:
If by thy hand th' Homeric[1] lyre be strung,
The lyre returns such sounds as Homer sung.
The kind compulsion of a friend obey,
And, though reluctant, swell the lofty lay; [sound,
Then listening groves once more shall catch the
While Grecian Muses sing on British ground.

Thus calm and silent thy own Proteus[2] roves
Through pearly mazes, and through coral groves;
But when, emerging from the azure main,
Coercive bands th' unwilling God constrain,
Then heaves his bosom with prophetic fires, [spires.
And his tongue speaks sublime, what Heaven in-

Envy, 'tis true, with barbarous rage invades
What ev'n fierce lightning spares, the laurel shades;
And critics, biass'd by mistaken rules,
Like Turkish zealots, reverence none but fools.
But praise from such injurious tongues is shame;
They rail the happy author into fame:
Thus Phœbus through the zodiac takes his way,
And rises amid monsters into day.
Oh vileness of mankind! when writing well
Becomes a crime, and danger to excel!
While noble scorn, my friend, such insult fires,
And flies from towns to wilds, from men to trees.

Free from the lust of wealth, and glittering snares,
That make th' unhappy great in love with cares,
Me humble joys in calm retirement please,
A silent happiness, and learned ease.
Deny me grandeur, Heaven, but goodness grant!
A king is less illustrious than a saint:
Hail, holy Virtue! come, thou heavenly guest,
Come, fix thy pleasing empire in my breast!
[3] Thou know'st her influence, friend! thy chearful
Proclaims the innocence and peace within; [mien
Such joys as none but sons of Virtue know,
Shine in thy face, and in thy bosom glow.

So when the holy mount the prophet trod,
And talk'd familiar as a friend with God,
Celestial radiance every feature shed,
And ambient glories dawn'd around his head.

Sure what th' unthinking great mistaken call
Their happiness, is folly, folly all!
Like lofty mountains in the clouds they hide
Their haughty heads, but swell with barren pride;
And, while low vales in useful beauty lie,
Heave their proud naked summits to the sky.
In honour, as in place, ye great, transcend!
An angel fall'n, degenerates to a fiend:
Th' all-chearing Sun is honour'd with his shrines;
Not that he moves aloft, but that he shines.

[1] Mr. Fenton translated four books of the Odyssey.

[2] See the story of Proteus, Odyssey, B. translated by Mr. Fenton.

VARIATION.

[3] Thou feel'st her power, my friend, &c.

Why flames the star on Walpole's generous breast?
Not that he's highest, but because he's best;
Fond to oblige; in blessing others, blest.

How wondrous few, by avarice uncontrol'd,
Have virtue to subdue the thirst of gold!
The shining dirt the sordid wretch ensnares
To buy, with mighty treasures, mighty cares;
Blindly he courts, misguided by the will,
A specious good, and meets a real ill:
So when Ulysses plough'd the surgy main;
When now in view appear'd his native reign,
His wayward mates th' Æolian bag unbind,
Expecting treasures, but out rush'd a wind;
The sudden hurricane in thunder roars,
Buffets the bark, and whirls it from the shores.

O Heaven! by what vain passions man is sway'd,
Proud of his reason, by his will betray'd!
Blindly he wanders in pursuit of Vice,
And hates confinement, though in Paradise;
Doom'd, when enlarg'd, instead of Eden's bowers,
To rove in wilds, and gather thorns for flowers;
Between th' extremes, direct he sees the way,
Yet wilful swerves, perversely fond to stray!

Whilst niggard souls indulge their craving thirst,
Rich without bounty, with abundance curst;
The Prodigal pursues expensive vice,
And buys dishonour at a mighty price;
On beds of state the splendid glutton sleeps,
While starving Merit unregarded weeps:
His ill-plac'd bounty, while scorn'd Virtue grieves,
A dog, a fawning sycophant, receives;
And cringing knaves, or haughty strumpets, share
What would make Sorrow smile, and chear Despair.

Then would'st thou steer where Fortune spreads the sails?
Go, flatter Vice! for seldom flattery fails:
Soft through the ear the pleasing bane distils:
Delicious poison! in perfumes it kills!
Be all but virtuous: Oh! unwise to live
Unfashionably good, and hope to thrive!
Trees that aloft with proudest honours rise,
Root hell-ward, and thence flourish to the skies.

O happier thou, my friend, with ease content,
Blest with the conscience of a life well-spent!
Nor would'st be great; but guide thy gather'd sails,
Safe by the shore, nor tempt the rougher gales;
For sure, of all that feel the wound of Fate,
None are completely wretched but the great:
Superior woes, superior stations bring;
A peasant sleeps, while cares awake a king;
Who reigns, must suffer! crowns, with gems inlaid,
At once adorn and load the royal head:
Change but the scene, and kings in dust decay,
Swept from the Earth, the pageants of a day;
There no distinctions on the dead await,
But pompous graves, and rottenness in state.
Such now are all that shone on Earth before;
Cæsar and mighty Marlborough are no more!
Unhallow'd feet o'er awful Tully tread,
And Hyde and I lato join the vulgar dead;
And all the glorious aims that can employ
The soul of mortals, must with Hanmer die:
O Compton, when this breath we once resign,
My dust shall be as eloquent as thine!

Till that last hour which calls me hence away
To pay that great arrear which all must pay;
Oh! may I tread the paths which saints have trod,
Who knew they walk'd before th' all-seeing God!
Studious from ways of wicked men to keep,
Who mock at vice, while grieving angels weep.
Come, taste, my friend! the joys retirement brings,
Look down on royal slaves, and pity kings.
More happy! laid where trees with trees entwin'd
In bowery arches tremble to the wind,
With innocence and shade like Adam blest,
While a new Eden opens in the breast!
Such were the scenes descending angels trod
In guiltless days, when man convers'd with God.
Then shall my lyre to loftier sounds be strung,
Inspir'd by Homer[4], or what thou hast sung:
My Muse from thine shall catch a warmer ray;
As clouds are brighten'd by the god of day.

So trees unapt to bear, by art refin'd,
With shoots ennobled of a generous kind,
High o'er the ground with fruits adopted rise,
And lift their spreading honours to the skies.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN A LADY AND HER LOOKING-GLASS, WHILE SHE HAD THE GREEN-SICKNESS.

The gay Ophelia view'd her face
In the clear crystal of her glass;
The lightning from her eye was fled,
Her cheek was pale, the roses dead.

Then thus Ophelia, with a frown:—
"Art thou, false thing, perfidious grown!
I never could have thought, I swear,
To find so great a slanderer there!

"False thing! thy malice I defy!
Beaux vow I'm fair—who never lye.
More brittle far than brittle thou,
Would every grace of woman grow,
If charms so great so soon decay,
The bright possession of a day!
But this I know, and this declare,
That thou art false, and I am fair."

The glass was vexed to be bely'd;
And thus with angry tone reply'd:

"No more to me of falsehood talk,
But leave your oatmeal and your chalk!
'Tis true, you're meagre, pale, and wan;
The reason is, you're sick for man."—

While yet it spoke, Ophelia frown'd
And dash'd th' offender to the ground;
With fury from her arm it fled,
And round a glittering ruin spread;
When lo! the parts pale looks disclose,
Pale looks in every fragment rose;
Around the room instead of one,
An hundred pale Ophelias shone;
Away the frighted virgin flew,
And, humbled, from herself withdrew.

THE MORAL.

Ye beaux, who tempt the fair and young,
With snuff, and nonsense, dance, and song;
Ye men of compliment and lace!
Behold this image in the glass:
The wondrous force of flattery prove,
To cheat fond virgins into love:

[4] Dr. Broome translated eight books of the Odyssey.

Though pale the cheek, yet swear it glows
With the vermilion of the rose:
Praise them—for praise is always true,
Though with both eyes the cheat they view.
From hateful truths the virgin flies;
But the false sex is caught with lies.

A POEM ON

THE SEAT OF WAR IN FLANDERS,

CHIEFLY WITH RELATION TO THE SIEGES:

WITH THE PRAISE OF PEACE AND RETIREMENT.

WRITTEN IN 1710.

Secessus mei non desidiæ nomen, sed tranquillitatis accipiant. Plin.

Happy, thou Flandria, on whose fertile plains,
In wanton pride luxurious Plenty reigns;
Happy! had Heaven bestow'd one blessing more,
And plac'd thee distant from the Gallic power!
But now in vain thy lawns attract the view,
They but invite the victor to subdue:
War, horrid War, the sylvan scene invades,
And angry trumpets pierce the woodland shades;
Here shatter'd towers, proud works of many an age,
Lie dreadful monuments of human rage;
There palaces and hallow'd domes display
Majestic ruins, awful in decay!
Thy very dust, though undistinguish'd trod,
Compos'd, perhaps, some hero, great and good,
Who nobly for his country lost his blood!
Ev'n with the grave, the haughty spoilers war,
And Death's dark mansions wide disclose to air:
O'er kings and saints insulting stalk, nor dread
To spurn the ashes of the glorious dead.

See! the Britannic lions wave in air!
See! mighty Marlborough breathing death and war!
From Albion's shores, at Anna's high commands,
The dauntless hero pours his martial bands.
As when in wrath stern Mars the Thunderer sends
To scourge his foes; in pomp the god descends;
He mounts his iron car; with fury burns;
The car, fierce-rattling, thunders as it turns;
Gloomy he grasps his adamantine shield,
And scatters armies o'er th' ensanguin'd field:
With delegated wrath thus Marlborough glows,
In vengeance rushing on his country's foes.
See! round the hostile towers embattled stands
His banner'd host, embodied bands by bands!
Hark! the shrill trumpet sends a mortal sound,
And prancing horses shake the solid ground;
The surly drums beat terrible afar,
With all the dreadful music of the war;
From the drawn swords effulgent flames arise,
Flash o'er the plains, and lighten to the skies;
The heavens above, the fields and floods beneath,
Glare formidably bright, and shine with death;
In fiery storms descends a murderous shower,
Thick flash the lightnings, fierce the thunders roar.
As when in wrathful mood almighty Jove
Aims his dire bolts red-hissing from above;
Through the sing'd air, with unresisted sway,
The forky vengeance rends its flaming way,
And, while the firmament with thunder roars,
From their foundations hurls imperial towers:
So rush the globes with many a fiery round,
Tear up the rock, or rend the stedfast mound.
Death shakes aloft her dart, and o'er her prey
Stalks with dire joy, and marks in blood her way;
Mountains of heroes slain deform the ground,
The shape of man half bury'd in the wound.
And lo! while in the shock of war they close,
While swords meet swords, and foes encounter foes,
The treacherous Earth beneath their footsteps cleaves,
Her entrails tremble, and her bosom heaves;
Sudden in bursts of fire eruptions rise,
And whirl the torn battalions to the skies.

Thus earthquakes, rumbling with a thundering sound,
Shake the firm world, and rend the cleaving ground;
Rocks, hills, and groves, are tost into the sky,
And in one mighty ruin nations die.

See! through th' encumber'd air the ponderous [bomb
Bears magazines of Death within its womb;
The glowing orb displays a blazing train,
And darts bright horrour through th' ethereal plain;
[5] It mounts tempestuous, and with hideous sound
Wheels down the heavens, and thunders o'er the ground:
Th' imprison'd Deaths rush dreadful in a blaze,
And mow a thousand lives, a thousand ways; [arise
[6] Earth floats with blood, while spreading flames
From palaces, and domes, and kindle half the skies.

Thus terribly in air the comets roll,
And shoot malignant gleams from pole to pole;
'Tween worlds and worlds they move, and from their hair
Shake the blue Plague, the Pestilence, and War.

But who is he, who stern bestrides the plain,
Who drives triumphant o'er huge hills of slain;
Serene, while engines from the hostile tower
Ram from their brazen mouths an iron shower;
While turbid fiery smoke obscures the day,
Hews thro' the deathful breach his desperate way;
Sure Jove descending joins the martial toil;
O, is it Marlborough, or the great Argyle?

Thus, when the Grecians, furious to destroy,
Level'd the structures of imperial Troy;
Here angry Neptune hurl'd his vengeful mace,
There Jove o'erturn'd it from its inmost base:
Though brave, yet vanquished, she confess'd the odds;
Her sons were heroes, but they fought with gods.

Ah! what new horrours rise? In deep array
The squadrons form! aloft the standards play!
The captains draw the sword! on every brow
Determin'd valour lowers! the trumpets blow!
See! the brave Briton delves the cavern'd ground
Through the hard entrails of the stubborn mound!
And undismay'd by Death, the foe invades
Through dreadful horrorus of infernal shades!

VARIATIONS.

[5] Ev'n the stern souls of heroes feel dismay;
Proud temples nod, aspiring towers give way.
Dreadful it mounts, tempestuous in its flight,
It sinks, it falls, Earth groans beneath its weight.
Th' imprison'd Deaths rush out in smoke and fire,
The mighty bleed, heaps crush'd on heaps expire.

[6] The barriers burst, wide-spreading flames arise.

In vain the wall's broad base deep-rooted lies,
In vain an hundred turrets threat the skies!
Lo! while at ease the bands immur'd repose,
Nor careless dream of subterranean foes,
Like the Cadmæan host, embattled swarms
Start from the earth, and clash their sounding arms,
And, pouring war and slaughter from beneath,
Wrap towers, walls, men, in fire, in blood, in death.

So some fam'd torrent dives within the caves
Of opening earth, ingulph'd with all his waves;
High o'er the latent stream the shepherd feeds
His wandering flock, and tunes the sprightly reed:
Till from some rifted chasm the billows rise,
And, foaming, burst tumultuous to the skies;
Then, roaring dreadful o'er the delug'd plain,
Sweep herds and hinds in thunder to the main.

Bear me, ye friendly powers, to gentler scenes,
To shady bowers, and never-fading greens!
Where the shrill trumpet never sounds alarms,
Nor martial din is heard, nor clash of arms;
Hail, ye soft seats! ye limpid springs and floods!
Ye flowery meads, ye vales, and woods!
Ye limpid floods, that ever murmuring flow!
Ye verdant meads, where flowers eternal blow!
Ye shady vales, where Zephyrs ever play!
Ye woods, where little warblers tune their lay!

Here grant me, Heaven, to end my peaceful days,
And steal myself from life by slow decays;
Draw health from food the temperate garden yields,
From fruit or herb the bounty of the fields;
Nor let the loaded table groan beneath
Slain animals, the horrid feast of Death:
With age unknown to pain or sorrow blest,
To the dark grave retiring as to rest;
While gently with one sigh this mortal frame
Dissolving turns to ashes, whence it came;
While my freed soul departs without a groan,
And, joyful, wings her flight to worlds unknown.

Ye gloomy grots! ye awful solemn cells,
Where holy thoughtful Contemplation dwells,
Guard me from splendid cares, and tiresome state,
That pompous misery of being great!
Happy! if by the wise and learn'd belov'd;
But happiest above all, if self-approv'd!
Content with ease; ambitious to despise
Illustrious Vanity, and glorious Vice!
Come, thou chaste maid, here ever let me stray,
While the calm hours steal unperceived away;
Here court the Muses, while the Sun on high
Flames in the vault of Heaven, and fires the sky:
Or while the night's dark wings this globe surround,
And the pale Moon begins her solemn round,
Bid my free soul to starry orbs repair,
Those radiant worlds that float in ambient air,
And with a regular confusion stray
Oblique, direct, along th' aërial way:
Or when Aurora, from her golden bowers,
Exhales the fragrance of the balmy flowers,
Reclin'd in silence on a mossy bed,
Consult the learned volumes of the dead;
Fall'n realms and empires in description view,
Live o'er past times, and build whole worlds anew;
Or from the bursting tombs in fancy raise
The sons of Fame, who liv'd in ancient days:
And lo! with haughty stalk the warrior treads!
Stern legislators, frowning, lift their heads!
I see proud victors in triumphal cars,
Chiefs, kings, and heroes, seam'd with glorious scars!
Or listen till the raptur'd soul takes wings,
While Plato reasons, or while Homer sings.

Charm me, ye sacred leaves[2], with loftier themes,
With opening Heavens, and angels rob'd in flames!
Ye restless passions, while I read, be aw'd:
Hail, ye mysterious oracles of God!
Here I behold how infant Time began,
How the dust mov'd and quicken'd into man;
Here through the flowery walks of Eden rove,
Court the soft breeze, or range the spicy grove,
There tread on hallow'd ground where angels trod,
And reverend patriarchs talk'd as friends with God;
Or hear the voice to slumbering prophets given,
Or gaze on visions from the throne of Heaven.

But nobler yet, far nobler scenes advance!
Why leap the mountains? why the forests dance?
Why flashes glory from the golden spheres?
Rejoice, O Earth, a God, a God appears!
A God, a God, descending angels sing,
And mighty Seraphs shout, Behold your King!
Hail, virgin-born! Lift, lift, ye blind, your eyes!
Sing, oh! ye dumb! and oh! ye dead, arise!
Tremble, ye gates of Hell! in noblest strains
Tell it aloud, ye Heavens! the Saviour reigns!

Thus lonely, thoughtful, may I run the race
Of transient life, in no unuseful ease!
Enjoy each hour, nor as it fleets away,
Think life too short, and yet too long the day;
Of right observant, while the soul attends
Each duty, and makes Heaven and angels friends.
And thou, fair Peace, from the wild floods of war
Come dove-like, and thy blooming olive bear;
Tell me, ye victors, what strange charms ye find
In Conquest, that destruction of mankind!
Unenvy'd may your laurels ever grow,
That never flourish but in human woe,
If never Earth the wreath triumphal bears,
Till drench'd in heroes' blood, or orphans' tears.

Let Ganges from afar to slaughter train
His sable warriors on th' embattled plain;
Let Volga's sons in iron squadrons rise,
And pour in millions from her frozen skies:
Thou, gentle Thames, flow thou in peaceful streams,
Bid thy bold sons restrain their martial flames.
In thy own laurel's shade, great Marlborough, stay,
There charm the thoughts of conquer'd worlds away:
Guardian of England! born to scourge her foes,
Speak, and thy word gives half the world repose;
Sink down, ye hills; eternal rocks, subside;
Vanish, ye forts; thou, Ocean, drain thy tide:
We safety boast, defended by thy fame,
And armies—*in the terrour of thy name!*
Now fix o'er Anna's throne thy victor blade.
War, be thou chain'd! ye streams of blood, be stay'd!
Though wild Ambition her just vengeance feels,
She wars to save, and where she strikes, she heals.

So Pallas with her javelin smote the ground,
And peaceful olives flourish'd from the wound.

[2] The Holy Scriptures.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES LORD CORNWALLIS,

BARON OF EYRE, WARDEN, CHIEF JUSTICE, AND JUSTICE IN EYRE OF ALL HIS MAJESTY'S FORESTS, CHASES, PARKS, AND WARRENS, ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF TRENT.

———δῶρόν τοι τοῦτο δίδωμι
Μνῆμα——— Odyssey, lib. 15.

O THOU, whose virtues sanctify thy state!
O great, without the vices of the great!
Form'd by a dignity of mind to please,
To think, to act with elegance and ease[a]!
Say, wilt thou listen while I tune the string,
And sing to thee, who gav'st me ease to sing?
Unskill'd in verse, I haunt the silent grove;
Yet lowly shepherds sing to mighty Jove:
And mighty Jove attends the shepherds' vows,
And gracious what his suppliants ask bestows:
So by thy favour may the Muse be crown'd,
And plant her laurels in more fruitful ground;
The grateful Muse shall in return bestow
Her spreading laurels to adorn thy brow.

Thus, guarded by the tree of Jove, a flower
Shoots from the earth, nor fears th' inclement shower;
And, when the fury of the storm is laid,
Repays with sweets the hospitable shade.

Severe their lot, who, when they long endure
The wounds of fortune, late receive a cure!
Like ships in storms o'er liquid mountains tost,
Ere they are av'd must almost first be lost;
But you with speed forbid distress to grieve:
He gives by halves[b], who hesitates to give.

Thus, when an angel views mankind distrest,
He feels compassion pleading in his breast;
Instant the heavenly guardian cleaves the skies,
And, pleas'd to save, on wings of lightning flies[1].

Some the vain promises of courts betray;
And gayly straying, they are pleas'd to stray;
The flattering nothing still deludes their eyes,
Seems ever near, yet ever distant flies:
As perspectives present the object nigh,
Though far remov'd from the mistaking eye;
Against our reason fondly we believe,
Assist the fraud, and teach it to deceive:
As the faint traveller, when Night invades,
Sees a false light relieve the ambient shades,
Pleas'd he beholds the bright delusion play,
But the false guide shines only to betray:
Swift he pursues, yet still the path mistakes,
O'er dangerous marshes, or through thorny brakes;
Yet obstinate in wrong he toils to stray,
With many a weary stride, o'er many a painful way.
So man pursues the phantom of his brain,
And buys his disappointment with his pain:
At length when years invidiously destroy
The power to taste the long-expected joy,
Then Fortune envious sheds her golden show'rs,
Malignly smiles, and curses him with stores.

Thus o'er the urns of friends departed weep
The mournful kindred, and fond vigils keep;
Ambrosial ointments o'er their ashes shed,
And scatter useless roses on the dead;
And when no more avail the world's delights,
The spicy odours, and the solemn rites,
With fruitless pomp they deck the senseless tombs,
And waste profusely floods of vain perfumes.

ADDITIONS.

[a] Firm to thy king, and to thy country brave;
Loyal, yet free; a subject, not a slave;
Say, &c.

[b] Few know to ask, or decently receive;
And fewer still with dignity to give:
If earn'd by flattery, gifts of highest price
Are not a bounty, but the pay of Vice.
Some wildly lavish, yet no friend obtain;
Nor are they generous, but absurd and vain.
Some give with surly pride and boisterous hands,
As Jove pours rain in thunder o'er the lands.
When Merit pleads, you meet it, and embrace,
And give the favour lustre by the grace;
So Phœbus to his warmth a glory joins,
Blessing the world, and while he blesses shines.

[1] The lord Cornwallis, in a most obliging manner, recommended the author to the rectory of Pulham.

THE ROSE-BUD.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE LADY JANE WHARTON.

QUEEN of fragrance, lovely Rose,
The beauties of thy leaves disclose!
The winter's past, the tempests fly,
Soft gales breathe gently through the sky;
The lark sweet warbling on the wing
Salutes the gay return of Spring:
The silver dews, the vernal showers,
Call forth a bloomy waste of flowers;
The joyous fields, the shady woods,
Are cloth'd with green, or swell with buds:
Then haste thy beauties to disclose,
Queen of fragrance, lovely Rose!

Thou, beauteous flower, a welcome guest,
Shalt flourish on the fair-one's breast,
Shalt grace her hand, or deck her hair,
The flower most sweet, the nymph most fair.
Breathe soft, ye winds! be calm, ye skies!
Arise, ye flowery race, arise!
And haste thy beauties to disclose,
Queen of fragrance, lovely Rose!

But thou, fair nymph, thyself survey
In this sweet offspring of a day:
That miracle of face must fail;
Thy charms are sweet, but charms are frail:
Swift as the short-liv'd flower they fly,
At morn they bloom, at evening die:
Though Sickness yet a while forbears,
Yet Time destroys what Sickness spares.
Now Helen lives alone in fame,
And Cleopatra 's but a name.
Time must indent that heavenly brow,
And thou must be, what they are now.

This moral to the fair disclose,
Queen of fragrance, lovely Rose.

BELINDA AT THE BATH.

While in these fountains bright Belinda laves,
She adds new virtues to the healing waves:
Thus in Bethesda's pool an angel stood,
Bad the soft waters heal, and blest the flood:
But from her eye such bright destruction flies,
In vain they flow! for her, the lover dies.

No more let Tagus boast, whose beds unfold
A shining treasure of all conquering gold!
No more the Po[2]! whose wandering waters stray,
In mazy errours, through the starry way:
Henceforth these springs superior honours share;
There Venus laves, but my Belinda here.

THE COY,

AN ODE.

Love is a noble rich repast,
But seldom should the lover taste;
When the kind fair no more restrains,
The glutton surfeits, and disdains.

To move the nymph, he tears bestows,
He vainly sighs, he falsely vows:
The tears deceive, the vows betray;
He conquers, and contemns the prey.

Thus Ammon's son with fierce delight
Smil'd at the terrours of the fight;
The thoughts of conquest charm'd his eyes,
He conquer'd, and he wept the prize.

Love, like a prospect, with delight
Sweetly deceives the distant sight,
Where the tir'd travellers survey,
O'er hanging rocks, a dangerous way.

Ye fair, that would victorious prove,
Seem but half kind, when most you love:
Damon pursues, if Celia flies;
But when her love is born, his dies.

Had Danaë the young, the fair,
Been free and unconfin'd as air,
Free from the guards and brazen tower,
She'd ne'er been worth a golden show'r.

TO THE HONOURABLE
MRS. ELIZABETH TOWNSHEND,
AFTERWARDS
LADY CORNWALLIS,
ON HER PICTURE, AT RAINHAM.

——— περίσσοι γυναιξὶν
Εἶδός τ' ἰδὲ φρένας. Odyssey, lib. 18.

Ah! cruel hand, that could such power employ
To teach the pictur'd beauty to destroy!
Singly she charm'd before; but by his skill
The living beauty and her likeness kill!
Thus when in parts the broken mirrors fall,
A face in all is seen, and charms in all!

Think then, O fairest of the fairer race,
What fatal beauties arm thy heavenly face,
Whose very shadow can such flames inspire;
We see 'tis paint, and yet we feel 'tis fire.

See! with false life the lovely image glows,
And every wondrous grace transplanted shows;
Fatally fair the new creation reigns,
Charms in her shape, and multiplies our pains:
Hence the fond youth, that ease by absence found,
Views the dear form, and bleeds at every wound;
Thus the bright Venus, though to Heaven she soar'd,
Reign'd in her image, by the world ador'd.

Oh! wondrous power of mingled light and shades!
Where beauty with dumb eloquence persuades,
Where passions are beheld in picture wrought,
And animated colours look a thought:
Rare art! on whose command all nature waits!
It copies all Omnipotence creates:
Here crown'd with mountains earth expanded lies,
There the proud seas with all their billows rise:
If life be drawn, responsive to the thought
The breathing figures live throughout the draught;
The mimic bird in skies fictitious moves,
Or fancied beasts in imitated groves:
Ev'n Heaven it climbs; and from the forming hands
An angel here, and there a Townshend[3] stands.

Yet, painter, yet, though Art with Nature strive,
Though ev'n the lovely phantom seem alive,
Submit thy vanquish'd art! and own the draught,
Though fair, defective, and a beauteous fault:
Charms, such as hers, inimitably great,
He only can express, that can create.
Couldst thou extract the whiteness of the snow,
Or of its colours rob the heavenly bow,
Yet would her beauty triumph o'er thy skill,
Lovely in thee, herself more lovely still!

Thus in the limpid fountain we descry
The faint resemblance of the glittering sky;
Another Sun displays his lessen'd beams,
Another Heaven adorns the enlighten'd streams:
But though the scene be fair, yet high above
Th' exalted skies in nobler beauties move;
There the true Heaven's eternal lamps display
A deluge of inimitable day.

[2] —— Eridanum cernes in parte locatum cœli.
Tull. in Arateis.
Curgite sidereo . ibterluit Oriona, Claud.

TO MR. POPE.

ON HIS WORKS. 1726.

Let vulgar souls triumpal arches raise,
And speaking marble, to record their praise;
Or carve with fruitless toil, to fame unknown,
The mimic feature on the breathing stone;
Mere mortals, subject to Death's total sway,
Reptiles of Earth, and beings of a day!
'Tis thine, on every heart to grave thy praise,
A monument which worth alone can raise;
Sure to survive, when Time shall whelm in dust
The arch, the marble, and the mimic bust;
Nor till the volumes of th' expanded sky
Blaze in one flame, shalt thou and Homer die;
When sink together in the world's last fires
What Heaven created, and what Heaven inspires.

If aught on Earth, when once this breath is fled,
With human transport touch the mighty dead;

[3] Now lady Cornwallis.

Shakespeare, rejoice! his hand thy page refines,
Now every scene with native brightness shines;
Just to thy fame, he gives thy genuine thought,
So Tully publish'd what Lucretius wrote;
Prun'd by his care, thy laurels loftier grow,
And bloom afresh on thy immortal brow. [vades,

Thus when thy draughts, O Raphael, Time in-
And the bold figure from the canvas fades;
A rival hand recalls from every part
Some latent grace, and equals art with art;
Transported we survey the dubious strife,
While the fair image starts again to life.

How long untun'd had Homer's sacred lyre
Jarr'd grating discord, all extinct his fire!
This you beheld; and, taught by Heaven to sing,
Call'd the loud music from the sounding string.
Now wak'd from slumbers of three thousand years,
Once more Achilles in dread pomp appears,
Towers o'er the field of Death; as fierce he turns,
Keen flash his arms, and all the hero burns;
His plume nods horrible, his helm on high
With cheeks of iron glares against the sky;
With martial stalk, and more than mortal might,
He strides along, he meets the God in fight:
Then the pale Titans, chain'd on burning floors,
Start at the din that rends th' infernal shores;
Tremble the towers of Heaven; Earth rocks her coasts;
And gloomy Pluto shakes with all his ghosts.
To every theme responds thy various lay;
Here pours a torrent, there meanders play:
Sonorous as the storm thy numbers rise,
Toss the wild waves, and thunder in the skies;
Or, softer than a yielding virgin's sigh,
The gentle breezes breathe away, and die.
How twangs the bow, when with a jarring spring
The whizzing arrows vanish from the string!
When giants strain, some rock's vast weight to shove,
The slow verse heaves, and the clogg'd words scarce move;
But when from high it rolls with many a bound,
Jumping it thundering whirls, and rushes to the ground:
Swift flows the verse, when winged lightnings fly,
Dart from the dazzled view, and flash along the sky;
Thus, like the radiant God who sheds the day,
The vale you paint, or gild the azure way;
And, while with every theme the verse complies,
Sink without groveling; without rashness, rise.

Proceed, great bard, awake th' harmonious string,
Be ours all Homer, still Ulysses sing! [string,
Ev'n I, the meanest of the Muses' train,
Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler strain;
Advent'rous waken the Mæonian lyre [4],
Tun'd by your hand, and sing as you inspire:
So, arm'd by great Achilles for the fight,
Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' might.
Like theirs our friendship! and I boast my name
To thine united, for thy friendship's fame.

How long Ulysses, by unskilful hands
Stript of his robes, a beggar trod our lands,
Such as he wander'd o'er his native coast,
Shrunk by the wand [5], and all the hero lost;
O'er his smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread,
Old-age disgrac'd the honours of his head;
Nor longer in his heavy eye-ball shin'd
The glance divine forth-beaming from the mind:
But you, like Pallas, every limb infold
With royal robes, and bid him shine in gold;
Touch'd by your hand, his manly frame improves
With air divine, and like a god he moves.

This labour past, of heavenly subjects sing,
While hovering angels listen on the wing;
To hear from Earth such heart-felt raptures rise,
As, when they sing, suspended hold the skies:
Or, nobly rising in fair Virtue's cause,
From thy own life transcribe th' unerring laws;
Teach a bad world beneath her sway to bend,
To verse like thine fierce savages attend,
And men more fierce! When Orpheus tunes the lay,
Ev'n fiends, relenting, hear their rage away.

[4] The author translated eight books of the Odyssey.

[5] See the 16th Odyssey, ver. 186, and 476.

PART OF THE TENTH BOOK OF

THE ILIADS OF HOMER.

IN THE STYLE OF MILTON.

Now high advanc'd the night, o'er all the host
Sleep shed his softest balm; restless alone
Atrides lay, and cares revolv'd on cares.

As when with rising vengeance gloomy Jove
Pours down a wat'ry deluge, or in storms
Of hail or snow commands the goary jaws
Of War to roar; through all the kindling skies,
With flaming wings on lightnings lightnings play:
So while Atrides meditates the war,
Sighs after sighs burst from his manly breast,
And shake his inmost soul: round o'er the fields
To Troy he turns his eyes, and round beholds
A thousand fires blaze dreadful; through his ears
Passes the direful symphony of war,
Of fife, or pipe, and the loud hum of hosts
Strikes him dismay'd: now o'er the Grecian tents
His eyes he rolls; now from his royal head
Rends the fair curl in sacrifice to Jove,
And his brave heart heaves with imperial woes.

Thus groans the thoughtful king; at length resolves
To seek the Pylian sage, in wise debate
To ripen high designs, and from the sword
Preserve his banded legions. Pale and sad
Uprose the monarch: instant o'er his breast
A robe he threw, and on his royal feet
Glitter'd th' embroider'd sandals: o'er his back
A dreadful ornament, a lion's spoils,
With hideous grace down to his ankles hung;
Fierce in his hand he grasp'd a glittering spear.

With equal care was Menelaus toss'd:
Sleep from his temples fled, his generous heart
Felt all his people's woes, who in his cause
Stemm'd the proud main, and nobly stood in arms
Confronting Death: a leopard's spotted spoils
Terrific clad his limbs, a brazen helm
Beam'd on his head, and in his hand a spear.
Forth from his tent the royal Spartan strode
To wake the king of men; him wak'd he found
Clasping his polish'd arms; with rising joy
The heroes meet, the Spartan thus begun:

"Why thus in arms, my prince? Send'st thou some spy
To view the Trojan host? Alas! I fear,
Lest the most dauntless sons of glorious War
Shrink at the bold design! This task demands

A soul, resolv'd to pass the gloom of night,
And 'midst her legion search the powers of Troy."

"O prince," he cries, "in this disastrous hour
Greece all our counsel claims, now, now demands
Our deepest cares! the power omnipotent
Frowns on our arms, but smiles with aspect mild
On Hector's incense: Heavens! what son of Fame,
Renown'd in story, e'er such deeds achiev'd
In a whole life, as in one glorious day
This favourite of the skies? and yet a man!
A mortal! born to die! but such his deeds
As future Grecians shall repeat with tears
To children yet unborn.—But haste, repair
To Ajax and Idomeneus: we wake
Ourself the Pylian sage, to keep the guards
On duty, by his care; for o'er the guards
His son presides nocturnal, and in arms
His great compeer, Meriones the bold."

"But say," rejoins the prince, "these orders borne,
There shall I stay, or measuring back the shores,
To thee return?"——"No more return," replies
The king of hosts, "lest treading different ways
We meet no more; for through the camp the ways
Lie intricate and various: but aloud
Wake every Greek to martial fame and arms;
Teach them to emulate their godlike sires;
And thou awhile forget thy royal birth,
And share a soldier's cares: the proudest king
Is but exalted dust; and when great Jove
Call'd us to life, and gave us royal power,
He gave a sad preeminence of woes."

He spoke, and to the tent of Nestor turns
His step majestic: on his couch he found
The hoary warrior; all around him lay
His arms, the shield, the spears, the radiant helm,
And scarf of various dye: with these array'd,
The reverend father to the field of Fame
Led his bold files; for, with a brave disdain,
Old as he was, he scorn'd the ease of age.

Sudden the monarch starts, and half uprais'd,
Thus to the king aloud: "What art thou, say?
Why in the camp alone? while others sleep,
Why wanderest thou obscure the midnight hours?
Seekst thou some centinel, or absent friend?
Speak instant!—Silent to advance, is death!"

"O pride of Greece," the plaintive king returns,
"Here in thy tent thou Agamemnon view'st,
A prince, the most unhappy of mankind;
Woes I endure, which none but kings can feel,
Which ne'er will cease until forgot in death:
Pensive I wander through the damp of night,
Through the cold damp of night; distress'd; alone!
And sleep is grown a stranger to my eyes:
The weight of all the war, the load of woes
That presses every Greek, united falls
On me——the cares of all the host are mine!
Grief discomposes, and distracts my thoughts;
My restless panting heart, as if it strove
To force its prison, beats against my sides!
My strength is fail'd, and even my feet refuse
To bear so great a load of wretchedness!

"But if thy wakeful cares (for o'er thy head
Wakeful the hours glide on) have aught matur'd
Useful, the thought unfold: but rise, my friend,
Visit with me the watches of the night;
Lest tir'd they sleep, while Troy with all her war
Hangs o'er our tents, and now, perhaps ev'n now
Arms her proud bands. Arise, my friend, arise!"

To whom the Pylian: "Think not, mighty king,
Jove ratifies vain Hector's haughty views;
A sudden, sad reverse of mighty woes
Waits that audacious victor, when in arms
Dreadful Achilles shines. But now thy steps
Nestor attends. Be it our care to wake
Sage Ithacus, and Diomed the brave,
Meges the bold, and in the race renown'd
Oilean Ajax. To the ships that guard
Outmost the camp, some other speed his way
To raise stern Ajax and the Cretan king.
But love, nor reverence to the mighty name
Of Menelaus, nor thy wrath, O king,
Shall stop my free rebuke: sleep is a crime
When Agamemnon wakes; on him it lies
To share thy martial toils, to court the peers
To act the men: this hour claims all our cares."

"Reserve," rejoins the king, "for future hour
Thy generous anger. Seems the royal youth
Remiss? 'tis not through indolence of soul,
But deference to our power; for our commands
He waits, and follows when we lead the way.
This night, disdaining rest, his steps he bent
To our pavilion: now th' illustrious peers,
Rais'd at his call, a chosen synod stand
Before the gates: haste, Nestor, haste away."

To whom the sage well pleas'd: "In such brave hands
No Greek will envy power: with loyal joy
Subjects obey, when men of worth command."
He added not, but o'er his manly breast
Flung a rich robe: beneath his royal feet
The glittering sandals shone: a soft, huge vest,
Florid with purple wool, his aged limbs
Graceful adorn'd: tipt with a star of brass
A ponderous lance he grasp'd, and strode away
To wake sage Ithacus. Aloud his voice
He rais'd: his voice was heard, and from his tent
Instant Ulysses sprung; and, "Why," he cry'd,
"Why thus abroad in the chill hours of night?
What new distress invades?"—"Forgive my cares,"
Reply'd the hoary sage; "for Greece I wake,
Greece and her dangers bring me to thy tent:
But haste, our wakeful peers in council meet;
This, this one night determines flight or war."

Swift at the word he seiz'd his ample shield,
And strode along; and now they bend their way
To wake the brave Tydides: him they found
Stretch'd on the earth, array'd in shining arms,
And round, his brave companions of the war:
Their shields sustain'd their heads; erect their spears
Shot through th' illumin'd air a streaming ray,
Keen as Jove's lightning wing'd athwart the skies.
Thus slept the chief: beneath him on the ground
A savage bull's black hide was roll'd; his head
A splendid carpet bore. The slumbering king
The Pylian gently with these words awakes:

"Rise, son of Tydeus! ill, a whole night's rest
Suits with the brave! and sleep'st thou, while proud Troy
Hangs o'er our tents, and from yon joining hill
Prepares her war? Awake, my friend, awake!"

Sudden the chief awoke, and mildly gave
This soft reply: "Oh! cruel to thy age,
Thou good old man! ne'er wilt thou, wilt thou cease
To burthen age with cares? Has Greece no youths
To wake the peers? unweary'd man, to bear
At once the double load of toils, and years!"

"'Tis true," he cry'd, "my subjects and my sons
Might ease a sire and king: but rest 's a crime
When on the edge of fate our country stands:
Ere yet a few hours more have run their course,
Important space! Greece triumphs, or Greece falls!
But, since an old man's cares thy pity moves,
Haste, generous youth, with speed to council call
Meges the brave, and in the race renown'd
Oilean Ajax."—Strait the chief obey'd,
Strait o'er his shoulders flung the shaggy spoils
Of a huge tawny lion; with dire grace
Down to his feet they hung: fierce in his hand
He grasp'd a glittering spear, and join'd the guards.
Wakeful in arms they sate, a faithful band,
As watchful dogs protect the fleecy train,
When the stern lion, furious for his prey,
Rushes through crashing woods, and on the fold
Springs from some mountain's brow, while mingled
Of men and hounds alarm: to every sound [cries
Faithful they turn: so through the gloom of night
They cast their view, and caught each noise of Troy.

Now met th' illustrious synod; down they sate,
Down on a spot of ground unstain'd with blood,
Where vengeful Hector from the slaughter stay'd
His murderous arm, when the dark veil of night
Sabled the pole: to whom thus Nestor spoke:

"Lives there a son of Fame so nobly brave,
That Troy-ward dares to trace the dangerous way,
To seize some straggling foe? or learn what Troy
Now meditates? to pour the flood of war
Fierce on our fleet, or back within her walls
Lead her proud legions? Oh! what fame would crown
The hero thus triumphant, prais'd o'er Earth
Above the sons of men! And what rewards
Should he receive! From every grateful peer
A sable ewe, and lamb, of highest worth
Memorial; to a brave, heroic heart
The noblest prize! and at the social feast
Amongst the great, be his the seat of Fame."

Abash'd they sate, and ev'n the brave knew fear.
Not so Tydides: unappall'd he rose,
And nobly spoke! "My soul! Oh! reverend sage,
Fires at the bold design; through yon black host
Venturous I bend my way; but, if his aid
Some warrior lend, my courage might arise
To nobler heights: the wise by mutual aid
Instruct the wise, and brave men fire the brave."

Fierce at the word upstarted from the ground
The stern Ajaces, fierce bold Merion rose,
And Thrasymedes, sons of War: nor sate
The royal Spartan, nor great Nestor's heir,
Nor greater Ithacus; his manly heart
Swell'd at the view of fame.——Elate with joy
Atrides saw; and, "Oh! thou best of friends,
Brave Diomed," he cries, "of all the peers
Chuse thou the valiantest: when merit pleads,
Titles no deference claim; high birth and state
To valour yield, and worth is more than power."

Thus, fearing for his brother, spoke the king,
Not long! for Diomed dispels his fears.

"Since free my choice, can I forget a friend,
The man, for wisdom's various arts renown'd;
The man, whose dauntless soul no toils dismay,
Ulysses, lov'd by Pallas? through his aid,
Though thousand fires oppose, a thousand fires
Oppose in vain; his wisdom points the way."

"Nor praise, nor blame," the hero strait replies;
"You speak to Greeks, and they Ulysses know:
But haste; swift roll the hours of night, the morn
Already hastens to display her beams,
And in the vault of Heaven the stars decay."

Swift at the word they sheathe their manly limbs
Horrid in arms: a two-edg'd sword and shield
Nestor's bold son to stern Tydides gave;
A tough bull's hide his ample helmet form'd,
No cone adorn'd it, and no plumy crest
Wav'd in the air: a quiver and a bow,
And a huge faulchion, great Ulysses bears,
The gift of Merion: on his head an helm
Of leather nodded, firm within, and bound
With many a thong; without, in dreadful rows
The snowy tusks of a huge savage boar
Grinn'd horrible. Thus arm'd, away they stalk
Undaunted: o'er their heads the martial maid
Sends on the right an her'n; the ambient gloom
Conceals him from the view, but loud in air
They hear the clangor of his sounding wings.
Joyful the prosperous sign Ulysses hail'd.
And thus to Pallas: "Offspring of dread Jove,
Who hurls the burning bolts! O guardian power,
Present in all my toils, who view'st my way
Where'er I move, now thy celestial aid,
Now, goddess, lend! may deeds this night adorn,
Deeds that all Troy may weep: may we return
In safety by thy guidance, heavenly maid!"

Tydides caught the word; and, "Oh!" he cries,
"Virgin armipotent, now grant thy aid,
As to my sire! He by the gulphy flood
Of deep Æsopus left th' embattled bands
Of Greece in arms, and to imperial Thebes
Bore terms of peace; but, as from haughty Thebes
Alone he journey'd, deeds, heroic deeds,
His arm achiev'd, for Tydeus was thy care:
Thus guard his offspring, Oh! stern queen of arms;
So shall an heifer on thy altars bleed,
Young and untam'd; to thee her blood I pour,
And point her lunar horns with burnish'd gold."

Thus pray the chiefs, and Pallas hears their prayer:
They, like two lions through the shades of night,
Dauntless they stride along; and hold their way
Through blood, and mangled limbs, o'er arms and death.
Nor pass they far, e'er the sagacious eye
Of Ithacus discerns a distant foe
Coasting from Troy, and thus to Diomed:

"See! o'er the plain some Trojan bends this way,
Perhaps to spoil the slain! or to our host
Comes he a spy? Beyond us o'er the field
'Tis best he pass, then sudden from behind
Rush we precipitant; but if in flight
His active feet prevail, thy spear employ
To force him on our lines, lest hid in shades,
Through the dusk air he re-escape to Troy."

Then couching to the ground, ambush'd they lay
Behind a hill of slain, onward the spy
Incessant mov'd: he pass'd, and now arose
The fierce pursuers. Dolon heard the sound
Of trampling feet, and panting, listening stood;
Now reach'd the chiefs within a javelin's throw,
Stern foes of Dolon! swift along the shores
He wing'd his flight, and swift along the shores
They still pursued: as when two skilful hounds
Chase o'er the lawn the hare or bounding roe,
Still from the sheltering brake the game they turn,
Stretch every nerve, and bear upon the prey!

So ran the chiefs, and from the host of Troy
Turn'd the swift foe: now nigh the fleet they flew,
Now almost mingled with the guards; when lo!
The martial goddess breath'd heroic flames
Fierce on Tydides' soul: the hero fear'd
Lest some bold Greek should interpose a wound,
And ravish half the glories of the night.
Furious he shook his lance, and, "Stand," he cry'd,
"Stand, or thou dy'st:" then sternly from his arm
Launch'd the wild spear; wilful the javelin err'd,
But whizzing o'er his shoulder, deep in earth
Stood quivering; and he quaking stopp'd aghast;
His teeth all chatter'd, and his slack knees knock'd;
He seem'd the bloodless image of pale Fear.
Panting the spy they seize; who thus with tears
Abject entreats: "Spare me, oh! spare," he cries;
"My hoary sire your mercy shall repay,
Soon as he hears I draw the vital air,
With ample wealth, with steel, with brass, with gold."

To whom Ulysses artfully: "Be bold:
Far hence the thought of death! but instant say
Why thus alone in the still hours of night
While every eye is clos'd? to spoil the slain
Com'st thou rapacious? or some nightly spy
By Hector sent? or has thy venturous mind
Impell'd thee to explore our martial bands?"

"By Hector sent, and by rewards undone,"
Returns the spy, (still as he spoke he shook)
"I come unwilling: the refulgent car
He promis'd, and immortal steeds that bear
To fight the great Achilles: thus betray'd,
Through the dun shades of night I bend my way
Unprosperous, to explore the tented host
Of adverse Greece, and learn if now they stand
Wakeful on guard, or, vanquish'd by our arms,
Precipitant desert the shores of Troy."

To whom with smiles of scorn the sage returns:
"Bold were thy aims, O youth! But those proud steeds,
Restive, disdain the use of vulgar hands; [steeds,
Scarce ev'n the goddess-born, when the loud din
Of battle roars, subdues them to the rein
Reluctant: But this night where Hector sleeps
Faithful disclose; Where stand the warrior's steeds?
Where lie his arms and implements of war?
What guards are kept nocturnal? Say, what Troy
Now meditates? to pour the tide of fight
Fierce on our fleet, or back within her walls
Transfer the war?"—"To these demands," he cries,
"Faithful my tongue shall speak: The peers of Troy
Hector in council meets: round Ilus' tomb
Apart from noise they stand: no guards surround
The spacious host: where through the gloom yon fires
Blaze frequent, Trojans wake to guard their Troy;
Secure th' auxiliars sleep, no tender cares
Of wife or son disturb their calm repose,
Safe sleep their wives and sons on foreign shores."
"But say, apart encamp th' auxiliar bands,"
Replies the sage, "or join the powers of Troy?"

"Along the sea-beat shores," returns the spy,
"The Leleges and Carians stretch their files;
Near these the Caucons, and Pelasgian train,
And Pœons, dreadful with the battle-bow,
Extended lie; on the Thymbrœan plain
The Lycians and the Mysians in array
Spread their deep ranks: There the Mæonian bands,
And Phrygians, ... ge the fiery steeds of war.
But why this nice Inquiry? If your way
Venturous you bend to search the host of Troy,
There in yon outmost lines, a recent aid,
The Thracians lie, by Rhesus led, whose steeds
Outshine the snow, outfly the winged winds.
With glittering silver plates, and radiant gold
His chariot flames; gold forms his dazzling arms,
Arms that may grace a god!—but to your tents
Unhappy me convey; or bound with chains,
Fast bound with cruel chains, sad on the shores
Here leave me captive, till you safe return,
And witness to the truth my tongue unfolds."
To whom stern-frowning Diomed replies:
"Though every syllable be stamp'd with truth,
Dolon, thou dy'st: would'st thou once more return
Darkling a spy, or wage, a nobler foe,
New war on Greece? Traitor, thou dy'st; nor more
New war thou wagest, nor return'st a spy:"

He spoke terrific: and as Dolon rais'd
Suppliant his humble hands, the trenchant blade
Sheer through his neck descends; the furious blow
Cleaves the tough nerves in twain; down drops the head,
And mutters unintelligible sounds.
Strait they despoil the dead: the wolf's grey hide
They seize, the helm, the spear, and battle-bow t
These, as they dropp'd with gore, on high in air
Ulysses rais'd, and to the martial maid
Thus lowly consecrates: "Stern power of war,
Virgin armipotent, receive these arms,
Propitious to my vows, thee, goddess, thee
Chiefly I call: direct our prosperous way
To pierce the Thracian tents, to seize the steeds
Of Rhesus, and the car that flames with gold."

Then fierce o'er broken arms, through streams of blood
They move along: now reach the Thracian bands
All hush'd in sleep profound; their shining arms,
Rang'd in three ranks along the plain, around
Illumin'd the dun air: chariot and horse
By every Thracian stood: Rhesus their king
Slept in the centre of the circling bands,
And his proud steeds were rein'd behind his car.
With joy Ulysses through the gloom descry'd
The sleeping king; and, "Lo!" he cries, "the steeds,
Lo! Diomed, the chief of Thrace, this night
Describ'd by Dolon: now, oh! now thy strength
Dauntless exert! loose thou the furious steeds;
Or while the steeds I loose, with slaughtering hands
Invade the soldiery." He spoke, and now
The queen of arms inflam'd Tydides' soul
With all her martial fires: his reeking blade
On every side dealt fate; low, hollow groans
Murmur'd around, blood o'er the crimson field
Well'd from the slain. As in his nightly haunts
The surly lion rushes on the fold
Of sheep, or goat, and rends th' unguarded prey;
So he the Thracian bands. Twelve by his sword
Lay breathless on the ground: behind him stood
Sage Ithacus, and, as the warrior slew,
Swift he remov'd the slain, lest the fierce steeds,
Not yet inur'd to blood, should trembling start,
Impatient of the dead. Now o'er the king
He whirls his wrathful blade, now furious gores
His heaving chest: he wak'd not; but a dream
By Pallas sent, rose in his anxious thoughts;
A visionary warrior frowning stood
Fast by his head, and his aërial sword
Plung'd through his labouring breast. Mean while the steeds
The sage unbinds, and instant with his bow

Drives through the sleeping ranks: then to his
Gave signals of retreat; but nobler deeds [friend
He meditates, to drag the radiant car,
Or lift it through the threefold ranks, up-born
High on his shoulders, or with slaughter stain
Th' ensanguin'd field; when, lo! the martial maid
Down rushes from the battlements of Heaven,
And sudden cries, "Return, brave chief, return,
Lest from the skies some guardian power of Troy
Wrathful descend, and rouse the hostile bands."

Thus speaks the warrior queen: the heavenly
Tydides owns, and mounts the fiery steeds, [voice
Observant of the high command; the bow
Sage Ithacus apply'd, and tow'rd the tents [plain.
Scourg'd the proud steeds, the steeds flew o'er the

A PASTORAL,

TO A YOUNG LADY, UPON HER LEAVING, AND RETURN TO, THE COUNTRY.

DAMON.

Say, while each scene so beautiful appears,
Why heaves thy bosom, and why flow thy tears?
See! from the clouds the spring descends in showers,
The painted vallies laugh with rising flowers:
Smooth flow the floods, soft breathe the vernal airs;
The spring, flowers, floods, conspire to charm our cares.

FLORUS.

But vain the pleasures which the season yields,
The laughing vallies, or the painted fields.
No more, ye floods, in silver mazes flow;
Smile not, ye flowers; no more, soft breezes, blow:
Far, Damon, far from these unhappy groves,
The cruel, lovely Rosalinda roves.

DAMON.

Ah! now I know why late the opening buds
Clos'd up their gems, and sicken'd in the woods;
Why droop'd the lily in her snowy pride;
And why the rose withdrew her sweets, and dy'd:
For thee, fair Rosalind, the opening buds
Clos'd up their gems, and sicken'd in the woods;
For thee the lily shed her snowy pride;
For thee the rose withdrew her sweets, and dy'd.

FLORUS.

See! where yon vine in soft embraces weaves
Her wanton ringlets with the myrtle's leaves;
There tun'd sweet Philomel her sprightly lay,
Both to the rising and the falling day:
But since fair Rosalind forsook the plains,
Sweet Philomel no more renews her strains;
With sorrow dumb, she disregards her lay,
Nor greets the rising nor the falling day.

DAMON.

Say, O ye winds, that range the distant skies,
Now swell'd to tempests by my rising sighs;
Say, while my Rosalind deserts these shores,
How Damon dies for whom his soul adores.

FLORUS.

Ye murmuring fountains, and ye wandering floods,
That visit various lands through various roads;
Say, when ye find where Rosalind resides,
Say, how my tears increase your swelling tides.

DAMON.

Tell me, I charge you, O ye sylvan swains!
Who range the mazy grove, or flowery plains,
Beside what fountain, in what breezy bower,
Reclines my charmer in the noon-tide hour?

FLORUS.

Soft, I adjure you, by the skipping fawns,
By the fleet roes, that bound along the lawns;
Soft tread, ye virgin daughters of the grove,
Nor with your dances wake my sleeping love!

DAMON.

Return, O virgin! and if proud disdain
Arm thy fierce soul, return, enjoy my pain:
If pleas'd thou view'st a faithful lover's cares,
Thick rise, ye sighs: in floods descend, ye tears!

FLORUS.

Return, O virgin! while in verdant meads
By springs we sport, or dream on flowery beds!
She weary wanders through the desert way,
The food of wolves, or hungry lions' prey.

DAMON.

Ah! shield her, Heaven! your rage, ye beasts, forbear!
Those are not limbs for savages to tear! [bear!
Adieu, ye meads! with her through wilds I go
O'er burning sands, or everlasting snow;
With her I wander through the desert way,
The food of wolves, or hungry lions' prey.

FLORUS.

Come, Rosalind, before the wintry clouds
Frown o'er th' aërial vault, and rush in floods;
Ere raging storms howl o'er the frozen plains;
Thy charms may suffer by the storms or rains.

DAMON.

Come, Rosalind, O come; then infant flowers
Shall bloom and smile, and form their charms by yours;
By you, the lily shall her white compose; [yours:
Your blush shall add new blushes to the rose;
Each flowery mead, and every tree shall bud,
And fuller honours clothe the youthful wood.

FLORUS.

Yet, ah! forbear to urge thy homeward way,
While sultry suns infest the glowing day:
The sultry suns thy beauties may impair!—
Yet haste away! for thou art now too fair.

DAMON.

Hark! from yon bower what airs soft-warbled play!
My soul takes wing to meet th' enchanting lay:
Silence, ye nightingales! attend the voice!
While thus it warbles, all your songs are noise.

FLORUS.

See! from the bower a form majestic moves,
And, smoothly gliding, shines along the groves;
Say, comes a goddess from the golden spheres?
A goddess comes, or Rosalind appears!

DAMON.

Shine forth, thou Sun, bright ruler of the day;
And where she treads, ye flowers, adorn the way!
Rejoice, ye groves; my heart, dismiss thy cares!
My goddess comes, my Rosalind appears!

POVERTY AND POETRY.

'TWAS sung of old how one Amphion
Could by his verses tame a lion,
And, by his strange enchanting tunes,
Make bears or wolves dance rigadoons:
His songs could call the timber down,
And form it into house or town;

But it is plain, that in these times
No house is rais'd by poets' rhymes;
They for themselves can only rear
A few wild castles in the air;
Poor are the brethren of the bays,
Down from high strains, to ekes and ayes.
The Muses too are virgins yet,
And may be—till they portions get.

Yet still the doating rhymer dreams,
And sings of Helicon's bright streams;
But Helicon, for all his clatter,
Yields only uninspiring water;
Yet ev'n athirst he sweetly sings
Of Nectar, and Elysian springs.

What dire malignant planet sheds,
Ye bards, his influence on your heads?
Lawyers by endless controversies,
Consume unthinking clients' purses,
As Pharaoh's kine, which strange and odd is,
Devour'd the plump and well-fed bodies.

The grave physician, who by physic,
Like Death, dispatches him that is sick,
Pursues a sure and thriving trade;
Though patients die, the doctor's paid:
Licens'd to kill, he gains a palace,
For what another mounts the gallows.

In shady groves the Muses stray,
And love in flowery meads to play;
An idle crew! whose only trade is
To shine in trifles, like our ladies;
In dressing, dancing, toying, singing,
While wiser Pallas thrives by spinning:
Thus they gain nothing to bequeath
Their votaries, but a laurel wreath.

But love rewards the bard! the fair
Attend his song, and ease his care:
Alas! fond youth, your plea you urge ill
Without a jointure, though a Virgil:
Could you like Phœbus sing, in vain
You nobly swell the lofty strain;
Coy Daphne flies, and you will find as
Hard hearts as hers in your Belindas.

But then some say you purchase fame,
And gain that envy'd prize, a name;
Great recompence! like his who sells
A diamond, for beads and bells.
Will Fame be thought sufficient bail
To keep the poet from the jail?

Thus the brave soldier, in the wars,
Gets empty praise, and aching scars;
Is paid with fame and wooden legs;
And, starv'd, the glorious vagrant begs.

TO A LADY.

PLAYING WITH A SNAKE.

IT is a pleasing direful sight!
At once you charm us, and affright!
So Heaven destroying angels arms
With terrour, dreadful in their charms!

Such, such was Cleopatra's air,
Lovely, but formidably fair,
When the griev'd world empoverish'd lost,
By the dire asp, its noblest boast.

Aw'd by your guardian's dangerous power,
At distance trembling we adore;
At distance once again behold
A serpent guard the blooming gold.

Well pleas'd, and harmless, lo! he lies,
Basks in the sunshine of your eyes;
Now twists his spires, and now unfurls
The gay confusion of his curls.

Oh! happy on your breast to lie,
As that bright star [7] that gilds the sky,
Who, ceasing in the spheres to shine,
Would, for your breast, his Heaven resign.

Yet, oh! fair virgin, caution take,
Lest some bold cheat assume the snake.
When Jove compress the Grecian dame [8]
Aloof he threw the lightning's flame;
On radiant spires the lover rode,
And in the snake conceal'd the god.

TO A LADY OF THIRTY.

NO more let youth its beauty boast,
S———n at thirty reigns a toast,
And, like the Sun as he declines,
More mildly, but more sweetly shines.

The hand of Time alone disarms
Her face of its superfluous charms:
But adds, for every grace resign'd,
A thousand to adorn her mind.

Youth was her too inflaming time;
This, her more habitable clime:
How must she then each heart engage,
Who blooms like youth, is wise like age!

Thus the rich orange-trees produce
At once both ornament, and use:
Here opening blossoms we behold,
There fragrant orbs of ripen'd gold.

ON THE

BIRTH-DAY OF MR. ROBERT TREFUSIS.

BEING THREE YEARS OLD, MARCH 22, 1710-11.

AWAKE, sweet babe! the Sun's emerging ray,
That gave you birth, renews the happy day!
Calmly serene, and glorious to the view,
He marches forth, and strives to look like you.

VARIATIONS.

Why, lovely babe, does slumber seal your eyes?
See, fair Aurora blushes in the skies!
The Sun, which gave you birth, in bright array
Begins his course, and ushers in the day.
Calmly serene, and glorious to the view,
He marches forth, and strives to look like you.
Fair beauty's bud! when Time shall stretch thy span,
Confirm thy charms, and ripen thee to man,
How shall each swain, each beauteous nymph complain,
For love each nymph, for envy every swain!
What matchless charms shall thy full noon adorn,
When so admir'd, so glorious, is thy morn!

[7] The Scorpion.

[8] Olympias, mother of Alexander the Great.

Fair beauty's bud! when Time shall stretch thy span,
Confirm thy charms, and ripen thee to man,
What plenteous fruits thy blossoms shall produce,
And yield not barren ornament, but use!
Ev'n now thy spring a rich increase prepares
To crown thy riper growth, and manly years.

Thus in the kernel's intricate disguise,
In miniature a little orchard lies;
The fibrous labyrinths by just degrees
Stretch their swoln cells, replete with future trees;
By Time evolv'd, the spreading branches rise,
Yield their rich fruits, and shoot into the skies.

O lovely babe, what lustre shall adorn
Thy noon of beauty, when so bright thy morn!
Shine forth advancing with a brighter ray,
And may no vice o'ercloud thy future day!
With nobler aim instruct thy soul to glow,
Than those gay trifles, titles, wealth, and show:
May valour, wisdom, learning, crown thy days!
Those fools admire—these Heaven and Angels praise!

With riches blest, to Heaven those riches lend,
The poor man's guardian, and the good man's friend:
Bid virtuous Sorrow smile, scorn'd Merit cheer,
And o'er Affliction pour the generous tear.
Some, wildly liberal, squander, not bestow,
And give unprais'd, because they give for show:
To sanctify thy wealth, on worth employ
Thy gold, and to a blessing turn the toy:
Thus offerings from th' unjust pollute the skies,
The good, turn smoke into a sacrifice.

As when an artist plans a favourite draught,
The structures rise responsive to the thought;
A palace grows beneath his forming hands,
Or worthy of a god a temple stands:
Such is thy rising frame! by Heaven design'd
A temple, worthy of a godlike mind;

VARIATIONS.

So glorious is thy morn of life begun,
That all to thee with admiration run,
Turn Persians, and adore the rising Sun.
So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be
A child, as poets say; sure thou art he.
Fair Venus would mistake thee for her own,
Did not thy eyes proclaim thee not her son.
There all the lightnings of thy mother's shine,
Their radiant glory and their sweetness join,
To show their fatal power, and all their charms, in
If fond Narcissus in the crystal stood, [thine,
A form like thine, O lovely infant, view'd,
Well might the flame the pining youth destroy;
Excess of beauty justified the boy.

ADDITION.

To brace the mind to dignity of thought,
To emulate what godlike Tully wrote,
Be this thy early wish! The garden breeds,
If unimprov'd, at least but gaudy weeds:
And stubborn youth, by culture unsubdu'd,
Lies wildly barren, or but gayly rude.
Yet, as some Phidias gives the marble life,
While Art with Nature holds a dubious strife,
Adorns a rock with graces not its own,
And calls a Venus from the rugged stone;
So culture aids the human soul to rise,
To scorn the sordid Earth, and mount the skies,
Till by degrees the noble guest refines,
Claims her high birthright, and divinely shines.
Nobly adorn'd, and finish'd to display
A fuller beam of Heaven's ethereal ray.

May all thy charms increase, O lovely boy!
Spare them, ye pains, and age alone destroy!
So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be
A child, the god might boast to look like thee!
When young Iulus' form he deign'd to wear,
Such were his smiles, and such his winning air:
Ev'n Venus might mistake thee for her own,
Did not thy eyes proclaim thee not her son;
Thence all the lightning of thy mother's flies,
A Cupid grac'd with Cytherea's eyes!

Yet ah! how short a date the Powers decree
To that bright frame of beauties, and to thee!
Pass a few days, and all those beauties fly!
Pass a few years, and thou, alas! shalt die!
Then all thy kindred, all thy friends shall see
With tears, what now thou art, and they must be;
A pale, cold, lifeless lump of earth deplore!
Such shalt thou be, and kings shall be no more!

But oh! when, ripe for death, Fate calls thee hence,
Sure lot of every mortal excellence!
When, pregnant as the womb, the teeming Earth
Resigns thee quicken'd to thy second birth,
Rise, cloth'd with beauties that shall never die!
A saint on Earth! an angel in the sky!

TO A GENTLEMAN OF SEVENTY,

WHO MARRIED A LADY OF SIXTEEN.

What woes must such unequal union bring,
When hoary Winter weds the youthful Spring!
You, like Mezentius,[1] in the nuptial bed,
Once more unite the living to the dead.

THE XLIII CHAPTER OF ECCLESIASTICUS.

A PARAPHRASE.

The Sun, that rolls his beamy orb on high,
Pride of the world, and glory of the sky,
Illustrious in his course, in bright array
Marches along the Heavens, and scatters day
O'er Earth, and o'er the main, and through th' ethereal way.
He in the morn renews his radiant round,
And warms the fragrant bosom of the ground;
But ere the noon of day, in fiery gleams
He darts the glory of his blazing beams;
Beneath the burnings of his sultry ray,
Earth, to her centre, pierc'd admits the day;
Huge vales expand, where rivers roll'd before,
And lessen'd seas contract within their shore.

O! Power supreme! O! high above all height!
Thou gav'st the Sun to shine, and thou art Light:
Whether he falls or rises in the skies,
He by thy voice is taught to fall or rise;
Swiftly he moves, refulgent in his sphere,
And measures out the day, the month, and year;
He drives the hours along with slower pace,
The minutes rush away impetuous in their race:
He wakes the flowers that sleep within the earth,
And calls the fragrant infants out to birth;

[1] The living and the dead, at his command,
Were coupled face to face, and hand to hand.
Dryden's Virgil, Æn. viii.

The fragrant infants paint th' enamel'd vales,
And native incense loads the balmy gales;
The balmy gales the fragrancy convey
To Heaven, and to their God, an offering pay.

By thy command the Moon, as day-light fades,
Lifts her broad circle in the deepening shades;
Array'd in glory, and enthron'd in light,
She breaks the solemn terrours of the night;
Sweetly inconstant in her varying flame,
She changes still, another, yet the same!
Now in decrease, by slow degrees she shrouds
Her fading lustre in a veil of clouds;
Now at increase, her gathering beams display
A blaze of light, and give a paler day;
Ten thousand stars adorn her glittering train,
Fall when she falls, and rise with her again;
And o'er the deserts of the sky unfold
Their burning spangles of sidereal gold: [bright,
Through the wide Heavens she moves serenely
Queen of the gay attendants of the night;
Orb above orb in sweet confusion lies,
And with a bright disorder paints the skies.

The Lord of Nature fram'd the showery bow,
Turn'd its gay arch, and bade its colours glow:
Its radiant circle compasses the skies,
And sweetly the rich tinctures faint, and rise;
It bids the horrours of the storm to cease,
Adorns the clouds, and makes the tempest please.

He, when deep-rolling clouds blot out the day,
And thunderous storms a solemn gloom display,
Pours down a watery deluge from on high,
And opens all the sluices of the sky:
High o'er the shores the rushing surge prevails,
Bursts o'er the plain, and roars along the vales;
Dashing abruptly, dreadful down it comes,
Tumbling through rocks, and tosses, whirls, and foams:
Mean time, from every region of the sky,
Red burning bolts in forky vengeance fly;
Dreadfully bright o'er seas and earth they glare,
And bursts of thunder rend th' encumber'd air;
At once the thunders of th' Almighty sound,
Heaven lours, descend the floods, and rocks the ground.

He gives the furious whirlwind wings to fly,
To rend the Earth, and wheel along the sky;
In circling eddies whirl'd, it roars aloud,
Drives wave on wave, and dashes cloud on cloud;
Where'er it moves, it lays whole forests low;
And at the blast, eternal mountains bow;
While, tearing up the sands, in drifts they rise,
And half the deserts mount the burthen'd skies.

He from aërial treasures downward pours
Sheets of unsully'd snow in lucid showers;
Flake after flake, through air thick-wavering flies,
Till one vast shining waste all nature lies;
Then the proud hills a virgin whiteness shed,
A dazzling brightness glitters from the mead;
The hoary trees reflect a silver show,
And groves beneath the lovely burthen bow.

He from loose vapours with an icy chain
Binds the round hail, and moulds the harden'd rain:
The stony tempest, with a rushing sound,
Beats the firm glebe, resulting from the ground;
Swiftly it falls, and as it falls invades
The rising herb, or breaks the spreading blades:
While infant flowers that rais'd their bloomy heads,
Crush'd by its fury, sink into their beds.

When stormy Winter from the frozen north
Borne on his icy chariot issues forth,
The blasted groves their verdant pride resign,
And billows harden'd into crystal shine:
Sharp blows the rigour of the piercing winds,
And the proud floods as with a breast-plate binds:
Ev'n the proud seas forget in tides to roll
Beneath the freezings of the northern pole;
There waves on waves in solid mountains rise,
And Alps of ice invade the wondering skies;
While gulphs below, and slippery vallies lie,
And with a dreadful brightness pain the eye:
But if warm winds a warmer air restore,
And softer breezes bring a genial shower,
The genial shower revives the cheerful plain,
And the huge hills flow down into the main.

When the seas rage, and loud the ocean roars,
When foaming billows lash the sounding shores;
If he in thunder bid the waves subside,
The waves obedient sink upon the tide,
A sudden peace controls the limpid deep,
And the still waters in soft silence sleep.
Then Heaven lets down a golden-streaming ray,
And all the broad expansion flames with day:
In the clear glass the mariners descry
A sun inverted, and a downward sky.

They who adventurous plough the watery way,
The dreadful wonders of the deep survey;
Familiar with the storms, their sails unbind,
Tempt the rough blast, and bound before the wind:
Now high they mount, now shoot into a vale,
Now smooth their course, and scud before the gale;
There rolling monsters, arm'd in scaly pride,
Flounce in the billows, and dash round the tide;
There huge Leviathan unwieldy moves,
And through the waves, a living island, roves;
In dreadful pastime terribly he sports
And the vast ocean scarce his weight supports;
Where'er he turns, the hoary deeps divide;
He breathes a tempest, and he spouts a tide.

Thus, Lord, the wonders of earth, sea, and air,
Thy boundless wisdom and thy power declare;
Thou high in glory, and in might serene,
See'st and mov'st all, thyself unmov'd, unseen:
Should men and angels join in songs to raise
A grateful tribute equal to thy praise,
Yet far thy glory would their praise outshine,
Though men and angels in the song should join;
For though this Earth with skill divine is wrought,
Above the guess of man, or angel's thought,
Yet in the spacious regions of the skies
New scenes unfold, and worlds on worlds arise;
There other orbs, round other suns advance,
Float on the air, and run their mystic dance;
And yet the power of thy Almighty hand
Can build another world from every sand:
And though vain man arraign thy high decree,
Still this is just! what is, that ought to be.

THE

CONCLUSION OF AN EPILOGUE

TO MR. SOUTHERN'S LAST PLAY, CALLED MONEY THE MISTRESS.

THERE was a time, when in his younger years,
Our author's scenes commanded smiles or tears;

And though beneath the weight of days he bends,
Yet, like the Sun, he shines as he descends:
Then with applause, in honour to his age,
Dismiss your veteran soldier off[2] the stage;
Crown his last exit with distinguish'd praise,
And kindly hide his baldness[3] with the bays.

THE PARTING,

A SONG,

SET BY DR. TUDWAY, PROFESSOR OF MUSIC IN CAMBRIDGE.

WHEN from the plains Belinda fled,
The sad Amintor sigh'd;
And thus, while streams of tears he shed,
The mournful shepherd cry'd:

"Move slow, ye Hours! thou, Time, delay!
Prolong the bright Belinda's stay:
But you, like her, my prayer deny,
And cruelly away ye fly.

"Yet though she flies, she leaves behind
Her lovely image in my mind.
O! fair Belinda, with me stay,
Or take thy image too away!

"See! how the fields are gay around,
How painted flowers adorn the ground!
'Tis if the fields, as well as I,
Were proud to please my fair-one's eye.

"But now, ye fields, no more be gay;
No more, ye flowers, your charms display!
'Tis desert all, now you are fled,
And paradise is where you tread."

Unmov'd the virgin flies his cares,
To shine at court and play:
To lonely shades the youth repairs,
To weep his life away.

ON A FLOWER

WHICH BELINDA GAVE ME FROM HER BOSOM.

O! LOVELY offspring of the May,
Whence flow thy balmy odours, say!
Such odours—not the orient boasts!
Though Paradise adorn'd the coasts!
O! sweeter than each flower that blooms,
This fragrance from thy bosom comes!
Thence, thence such sweets are spread abroad,
As might be incense for a god!

When Venus stood conceal'd from view,
Her son, the latent goddess[4] knew,
Such sweets breath'd round! and thus we know
Our other Venus here below.

But see! my fairest, see this flower,
This short-liv'd beauty of an hour!—
Such are thy charms!—yet Zephyrs bring
The flower to bloom again in Spring:
But beauty, when it once declines,
No more to warm the lover shines:
Alas! incessant speeds the day,
When thou shalt be but common clay!
When I, who now adore, may see,
And ev'n with horrour start from thee!

But ere, sweet gift, thy grace consumes,
Show thou my fair-one how she blooms!
Put forth thy charms:—and then declare
Thyself less sweet, thyself less fair!
Then sudden, by a swift decay,
Let all thy beauties fade away;
And let her in thy glass descry,
How youth, and how frail beauty die.

Ah! turn, my charmer, turn thy eyes!
See! how at once it fades, it dies!
While thine—it gaily pleas'd the view,
Unfaded, as before it grew!
Now, from thy bosom doom'd to stray,
'Tis only beauteous in decay:
So the sweet-smelling Indian flowers,
Griev'd when they leave those happier shores,
Sicken, and die away in ours.
So flowers, in Eden fond to blow,
In Paradise would only grow.

Nor wonder, fairest, to survey
The flower so suddenly decay!
Too cold thy breast! nor[5] can it grow
Between such little hills of snow.

I now, vain infidel, no more
Deride th' Ægyptians, who adore
The rising herb, and blooming flower;
Now, now their convert I will be,
O lovely Flower! to worship thee.

But if thou 'rt one of their sad train
Who dy'd for love, and cold disdain,
Who, chang'd by some kind pitying power,
A lov[6] once, art now a flower;
O pity me, O weep my care,
A thousand, thousand pains I bear,
I love, I die through deep despair!

THE STORY OF TALUS.

FROM THE FOURTH BOOK OF APOLLONIUS RHODIUS. v. 1629.

Ἧμος δ' ἠέλιος μινύθυ, ἀνὰ δ' ἤλυθεν ἄστρα
Αὔλιος, &c.

THE evening-star now lifts, as day-light fades,
His golden circlet in the deepening shades;
Stretch'd at his ease, the weary labourer shares
A sweet forgetfulness of human cares;
At once in silence sink the sleeping gales;
The mast they drop[7], and furl the flagging sails;
All night, all day, they ply the bending oars
Tow'rd Carpathus, and reach the rocky shores.

[2] From the stage.

[3] Alluding to a vote of the Roman senate, by which they decreed Cæsar a crown of laurel to cover his baldness.

[4] Ambrosiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem
Spiravêre. Virg.

VARIATION.

[5] —— how could it grow.

[6] See Ovid's Metamorph.

[7] Argonauts.

Thrice Crete they view, emerging from the main,
The queen of isles; but Crete they view in vain;
There Talus, whirling with resistless sway
Rocks sheer uprent, repels them from the bay:
A giant, sprung from giant-race, who took
Their births from entrails of the stubborn oak;
Fierce guard of Crete! by Jove assistant given
To legislators[1], styl'd the sons of Heaven:
To Mercy deaf, he thrice each year explores
The trembling isle, and strides from shores to shores:
A form of living brass! one part beneath
Alone he bears, a path to let in Death,
Where o'er the ankle swells the turgid vein,
Soft to the stroke, and sensible of pain.

And now her magic spells Medea[2] tries,
Bids the red fiends, the dogs of Orcus rise,
That, starting dreadful from th' infernal shade,
Ride Heaven in storms, and all that breathes, invade;
Thrice she applies the power of magic prayer,
Thrice, hellward bending, mutters charms in air;
Then, turning tow'rd the foe, bids Mischief fly,
And looks Destruction as she points her eye:
Then spectres, rising from Tartarean bowers,
Howl round the air, or grin along the shores;
While, tearing up whole hills[1], the giant throws,
Outrageous, rocks on rocks, to crush the foes:
But, frantic as he strides, a sudden wound
Bursts the life-vein, and blood o'erspreads the ground:
As from the furnace, in a burning flood,
Pours molten lead, so pours in streams his blood;
And now he staggers, as the spirit flies,
He faints, he sinks, he tumbles, and he dies.
As some huge cedar on a mountain's brow,
Pierc'd by the steel, expects the final blow,
A while it totters with alternate sway,
Till freshening breezes through the branches play;
Then, tumbling downward with a thundering sound,
Falls headlong, and o'erspreads a breadth of ground:
So, as the giant falls, the ocean roars;
Out-stretch'd he lies, and covers half the shores.

FROM THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF

THE ILIADS OF HOMER.

IN THE STYLE OF MILTON.

Now gay Aurora from Tithonus' bed
Rose in the orient, to proclaim the day
To gods and men: down to the Grecian tents
Saturnian Jove sends Discord, red with blood;
War in her hand she grasps, ensigns of war;
On brave Ulysses' ship she took her stand,
The centre of the host, that all might hear
Her dreadful voice: her dreadful voice she rais'd;
Jarring along the rattling shores it ran
To the fleet's wide extremes. Achilles heard,
And Ajax heard the sound: with martial fires
Now every bosom burns; arms, glorious arms,
Fierce they demand; the noble Orthean song
Swells every heart; no coward thoughts of flight
Rise in their souls, but blood they breathe and war.
Now by the trench[2] profound, the charioteers
Range their proud steeds; now car by car displays
A direful front; now o'er the trembling field
Rushes th' embattled foot; noise rends the skies,
Noise unextinguished: ere the beamy day
Flam'd in th' aerial vault, stretch'd in the van
Stood the bold infantry: the rushing cars
Form'd the deep rear in battailous array.
Now from his Heavens Jove hurls his burning bolts;
Hoarse muttering thunders grumble in the sky;
While from the clouds, instead of morning-dews,
Huge drops of blood distain the crimson ground;
Fatal presage! that in that dreadful day
The great should bleed, imperial heads lie low!
Mean time the bands of Troy in proud array
Stand to their arms, and from a rising ground
Breathe furious war: here gathering hosts attend
The towering Hector: there refulgent bands
Surround Polydamas, Æneas there
Marshals his dauntless files; nor unemploy'd
Stand Polybus, Agenor great in arms,
And Acamas, whose frame the gods endow'd
With more than mortal charms: fierce in the van
Stern Hector shines, and shakes his blazing shield.
As the fierce dog-star with malignant fires
Flames in the front of Heaven, then, lost in clouds,
Veils his pernicious beams; from rank to rank
So Hector strode; now dreadful in the van
Advanc'd his sun-broad shield, now to the rear
Swift rushing disappear'd: His radiant arms
Blaz'd on his limbs, and bright as Jove's dire bolts
Flash'd o'er the field, and lighten'd to the skies.
As toiling reapers in some spacious field,
Rang'd in two bands, move adverse, rank on rank,
Where o'er the tilth the grain in ears of gold
Waves nodding to the breeze; at once they bend,
At once the copious harvest swells the ground:
So rush to battle o'er the dreadful field
Host against host; they meet, they close, and ranks
Tumble on ranks; no thoughts appear of flight,
None of dismay: dubious in even scales
The battle hangs; not fiercer, ravenous wolves
Dispute the prey; the deathful scene with joy
Discord, dire parent of tremendous woes,
Surveys exultant: of th' immortal train
Discord alone descends, assists alone
The horrours of the field; in peace the gods,
High in Olympian bowers, on radiant thrones,
Lament the works of man; but loud complaints
From every god arose; Jove favour'd Troy,
At partial Jove they murmur'd: he, unmov'd,
All Heaven in murmurs heard: Apart he sate
Enthron'd in glory: down to Earth he turn'd
His stedfast eye, and from his throne survey'd
The rising towers of Troy, the tented shores,
The blaze of arms, the slayer, and the slain.
While, with his morning wheels, the god of day
Climb'd up the steep of Heaven, with equal rage
In murderous storms the shafts from host to host
Flew adverse, and in equal numbers fell
Promiscuous Greek and Trojan, till the hour,
When the tir'd woodman, in the shady vale,
Spreads his penurious meal, when high the Sun
Flames in the zenith, and his sinewy arms
Scarce wield the ponderous axe, while hunger keen
Admonishes, and Nature, spent with toil,
Craves due repast—Then Greece the ranks of Troy
With horrid inroad goar'd: fierce from the van
Sprung the stern king[3] of men, and, breathing death,
Where, in firm battle, Trojans band by band

[1] Minos and Rhadamanthus.
[2] V. 48.
[1] V. 1679.
[2] V. 1665.
[3] Agamemnon, v. 148.

Embody'd stood, pursued his dreadful way:
His host his step attends: now glows the war;
Horse treads on horse; and man, encountering man,
Swells the dire field with death: the plunging steeds
Beat the firm glebes; thick dust in rising clouds
Darkens the sky. Indignant o'er the plain
Atrides stalks; Death every step attends.
As when, in some huge forest, sudden flames
Rage dreadful, when rough winds assist the blaze,
From tree to tree the fiery torrent rolls,
And the vast forest sinks with all its groves
Beneath the burning deluge; so whole hosts
Yield to Atrides' arm: car against car [ranks
Rush'd rattling o'er the field, and through the
Unguided broke; while breathless on the ground
Lay the pale charioteers, in death deform'd;
To their chaste brides sad spectacles of woe,
Now only grateful to the fowls of air.

Mean time, the care of Jove, great Hector stood
Secure in scenes of death, in storms of darts,
In slaughter and alarms, in dust and blood.

Still Agamemnon, rushing o'er the field,
Leads his bold bands: whole hosts before him fly;
Now Ilus' tomb they pass, now urge their way
Close by the fig-tree shade: with shouts the king
Pursues the foe incessant: dust and blood,
Blood mix'd with dust, distains his murderous hands.

As when a lion, in the gloom of night,
Invades an herd of beeves, o'er all the plains
Trembling they scatter; furious on the prey
The generous savage flies, and with fierce joy
Seizes the last; his hungry foaming jaws
Churn the black blood, and rend the panting prey:
Thus fled the foe; Atrides thus pursued,
And still the hindmost slew: they from their cars
Fell headlong; for his javelin, wild for blood,
Rag'd terribly: and now proud Troy had fall'n,
But the dread sire of men and gods descends
Terrific from his Heavens, his vengeful hand
Ten thousand thunders grasps: on Ida's heights
He takes his stand: it shakes with all its groves
Beneath the god; the god suspends the war.

TO MRS. ELIZ. M———T,

ON HER PICTURE. 1716.

O! WONDROUS art, that grace to shadows gives!
By whose command the lovely phantom lives!
Smiles with her smiles! the mimic eye instills
A real flame! the fancy'd lightning kills!
Thus mirrors catch the love-inspiring face,
And the new charmer grace returns for grace.

Hence shall thy beauties, when no more appears
Their fair possessor, shine a thousand years;
By age uninjur'd, future times adorn,
And warm the hearts of millions yet unborn,
Who, gazing on the portrait with a sigh,
Shall grieve such perfect charms could ever die:
How would they grieve, if to such beauties join'd
The paint could show the wonders of thy mind!

O virgin! born th' admiring world to grace!
Transmit thy excellence to latest days;
Yield to thy lover's vows! and then shall rise
A race of beauties conquering with thine eyes;
Who, reigning in thy charms, from Death shall save
That lovely form, and triumph o'er the Grave.

Thus, when thro' age the Rose [to's charms de-
When all her fading beauties die away [cay,
A blooming offspring fills the parent's place
With equal fragrance, and with equal grace.

But ah! how short a date on Earth is given
To the most lovely workmanship of Heaven!
Too soon that cheek must every charm resign,
And those love-darting eyes forget to shine!
While thousands weeping round, with sighs survey
What once was you——now only beauteous clay!
Ev'n from the canvass shall thy image fade,
And thou re-perish in thy perish'd shade:
Then may this verse to future ages show
One perfect beauty——such as thou art now!
May it the graces of thy soul display
Till this world sinks, and suns themselves decay;
When with immortal beauty thou shalt rise,
To shine the loveliest angel in the skies.

PROLOGUE

TO MR. FENTON'S EXCELLENT TRAGEDY, MARIAMNE.

WHEN breathing Statues, mouldering, waste away,
And Tombs, unfaithful to their trust, decay;
The Muse rewards the suffering good with fame,
Or wakes the prosperous villain into shame;
To the stern tyrant gives fictitious power
To reign the restless monarch of an hour.

Obedient to her call, this night appears
Great Herod rising from a length of years;
A name! enlarg'd with titles not his own,
Servile to mount, and savage on a throne:
Yet oft a throne is dire Misfortune's seat,
A pompous wretchedness, and woe in state!
But such the curse that from ambition springs,
For this he slaughter'd half a race of kings:
But now reviving in the British scene,
He looks majestic with a milder mien,
His features soften'd with the deep distress
Of love, made greatly wretched by excess:
From lust of power to jealous fury tost,
We see the tyrant in the lover lost.

O! Love, thou source of mighty joy or woe!
Thou softest friend, or man's most dangerous foe!
Fantastic power! what rage[4] thy darts inspire,
When too much beauty kindles too much fire!
Those darts, to jealous rage stern Herod drove;
It was a crime, but crime of too much love!
Yet if condemn'd he falls—with pitying eyes
Behold his injur'd Mariamne rise!
No fancy'd tale! our opening scenes disclose
Historic truth, and swell with real woes.
Awful in virtuous grief the queen appears,
And strong the eloquence of royal tears;
By woes ennobled, with majestic pace,
She meets Misfortune, glorious in disgrace!

Small is the praise of Beauty, when it flies
Fair Honour's laws, at best but lovely vice:
Charms it like Venus with celestial air,
Ev'n Venus is but scandalously fair;
But when strict honour with fair features joins,
Like heat and light, at once it warms and shines.

VARIATION.

[4] What pangs, &c.

Then let her fate your kind attention raise,
Whose perfect charms were but her second praise:
Beauty and Virtue your protection claim;
Give tears to Beauty, give to Virtue fame.

TO MR. A. POPE,

WHO CORRECTED MY VERSES.

If e'er my humble Muse melodious sings,
'Tis when you animate and tune her strings;
If e'er she mounts, 'tis when you prune her wings.
You, like the Sun, your glorious beams display,
Deal to the darkest orb a friendly ray,
And cloathe it with the lustre of the day.
Mean was the piece, unelegantly wrought,
The colours faint, irregular the draught;
But your commanding touch, your nicer art,
Rais'd every stroke, and brighten'd every part.
So, when Luke drew the rudiments of man,
An angel finish'd what the saint began;
His wondrous pencil, dipt in heavenly dyes,
Gave beauty to the face, and lightning to the eyes.
Confus'd it lay, a rough unpolish'd mass;
You gave the royal stamp, and made it pass:
Hence ev'n Deformity a Beauty grew; [by you;
She pleas'd, she charm'd, but pleas'd and charm'd
Though, like Prometheus, I the image frame,
You give the life, and bring the heavenly flame.
Thus when the Nile diffus'd his watery train
In streams of plenty o'er the fruitful plain;
Unshapen forms, the refuse of the flood,
Issued imperfect from the teeming mud;
But the great source and parent of the day
Fashion'd the creature, and inform'd the clay [5].
Weak of herself, my Muse forbears her flight,
Views her own lowness, and Parnassus' height;

VARIATION.

[5] Then let her fate your just attention raise,
Whose perfect graces were but second praise.

ADDITION.

[6] To nobler themes thy Muse triumphant soars,
Mounts thro' the tracts of air, and Heaven explores.
Say, has some seraph tun'd thy sacred lyre,
Or deign'd to touch thy hallow'd lips with fire?
For sure such sounds exalt th' immortal string,
As Heaven approves, and raptur'd angels sing.
Ah! how I listen, while the mortal lay
Lifts me from Earth above the solar way!
Ah! how I look with scorn on pompous crowns,
And pity monarchs on their splendid thrones,
While, thou my guide, I trace all Nature's laws,
By just gradations, to the sovereign cause!
Pleas'd I survey how varying schemes unite,
Worlds with the atoms, angels with the mite,
And end in God, high thron'd above all height,
Who sees, as Lord of all, with equal eye,
Now a proud tyrant perish, then a fly.
Methinks I view the patriarch's ladder rise,
Its base on Earth, its summit in the skies:
Each wondrous step by glorious angels trod,
And Heaven unfolding to the throne of God,
Be this thy praise! I haunt the lovely bower,
Sport by the spring, or paint the blooming flower.
Nor dares the Muse attempt an arduous height, &c.
But when you aid her song, and deign to nod,
She spreads a bolder wing, and feels the present
So the Cumæan prophetess was dumb, [god.
Blind to the knowledge of events to come;
But when Apollo in her breast abode,
She heav'd, she swell'd, she felt the rushing god:
Then accents more than mortal from her broke;
And what the god inspir'd, the priestess spoke.

MONSIEUR MAYNARD IMITATED.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE LORD CORNWALLIS.

While past its noon the lamp of life declines,
And age my vital flame invades;
Faint, and more faint, as it descends, it shines,
And hastes, alas! to set in shades.

Then some kind power shall guide my ghost to
Where, seated by Elysian springs, [glades,
Fam'd Addison attunes to patriot shades
His lyre, and Albion's glory sings.

There round, majestic shades, and heroes' forms,
Will throng to learn what pilot guides,
Watchful, Britannia's helm through factious storms,
And curbs the murmuring rebel tides.

I tell how Townshend treads the glorious path
That leads the great to deathless fame,
And dwell at large on spotless English faith,
While Walpole is the favourite theme.

How, nobly rising in their country's cause,
The stedfast arbiters of right,
Exalt the just and good, to guard her laws,
And call forth Merit into light.

A loud applause around the echoing coast
Of all the pleas'd Elysium flies.—
But, friend, what place had you, replies some ghost,
When merit was the way to rise?

What deanery, or prebend, thine, declare?
Good Heavens! unable to reply,
How like a stupid idiot I should stare!
An answer, good my lord, supply.

ON A MISCHIEVOUS WOMAN.

From peace, and social joy, Medusa flies,
And loves to hear the storm of anger rise;
Thus hags and witches hate the smiles of day,
Sport in loud thunder, and in tempests play.

THE COQUETTE.

Sillia, with uncontested sway,
Like Rome's fam'd tyrant reigns;
Beholds adoring crowds obey,
And heroes proud to wear her chains;
Yet stoops, like him, to every prize,
Busy to murder beaux and flies.

She aims at every trifling heart,
Attends each flatterer's vows;
And, like a picture drawn with art,
A look on all that gaze bestows.

O! may the power who lovers rules,
Grant rather scorn, than hope with fools.
Mistaken nymph! the crowds that gaze
Adore thee into shame;
Unguarded beauty is disgrace,
And coxcombs, when they praise, defame.
O! fly such brutes in human shapes,
Nor, like th' Egyptians, worship apes.

THE WIDOW AND VIRGIN SISTERS,

BEING A LETTER TO THE WIDOW IN LONDON.

While Delia shines at Hurlothrumbo,
And darts her sprightly eye at some beau;
Then, close behind her fan retiring,
Sees through the sticks whole crowds admiring:
You sip your melancholy co-fly,
And at the name of man, cry, "O phy!"
Or, when the noisy rapper thunders,
Say coldly—"Sure the fellow blunders!"
Unseen! though peer on peer approaches:
"James, I'm abroad!—but learn the coaches."
As some young pleader, when his purse is
Unfill'd through want of controversies,
Attends, until the chinks are fill'd all,
Th' assizes, Westminster, and Guildhall:
While graver lawyers keep their house, and
Collect the guineas by the thousand:
Or as some tradesmen, through show-glasses,
Expose their wares to each that passes;
Toys of no use! high-priz'd commodities
Bought to no end! estates in oddities!
Others, with like advantage, drive at
Their gain, from store-houses in private:
Thus Delia shines in places general,
Is never missing where the men are all;
Goes ev'n to church with godly airs,
To meet good company at prayers;
Where she devoutly plays her fan,
Looks up to Heaven, but thinks on man.
You sit at home; enjoy your cousin [7],
While hearts are offer'd by the dozen:
Oh! born above your sex to rise,
With youth, wealth, beauty, titles—wise!
O! lady bright, did ne'er you mark yet,
In country fair, or country market,
A beau, whose eloquence might charm ye,
Enlisting soldiers for the army?
He flatters every well-built youth,
And tells him every thing but—truth.
He cries, "Good friend, I'm glad I hap'd in
Your company, you 'll make a captain!"
He lists—but finds these gaudy shows
Soon chang'd to surly looks, and blows:
'Tis now, "March, rascal! what, d' ye grumble?"
Thwack goes the cane! "I'll make you humble."
Such weddings are: and I resemble 'em,
Almost in all points, to this emblem.
While courtship lasts, 'tis, "Dear," 'tis, "Madam!
The sweetest creature sure since Adam!
Had I the years of a Methusalem,
How in my charmer's praise I'd use all 'em!
Oh! take me to thy arms, my beauty!
I doat, adore the very shoe-tye!"

[7] Mrs. S——th.

They wed—but, fancy grown less warming,
Next morn, he thinks the bride less charming:
He says, nay swears, "My wife grows old in
One single month;" then falls to scolding,
"What, madam, gadding every day!"
Up to your room! there stitch, or pray!"
Such proves the marriage-state! but for all
These truths, you'll wed, and scorn the moral.

ON THE DEATH OF MY DEAR FRIEND,

MR. ELIJAH FENTON.

1730.

Calentes
Debitâ sparges lacrymâ favillam
Vatis amici. Hor.

As when the King of Peace, and Lord of Love,
Sends down some brighter angel from above,
Pleas'd with the beauties of the heavenly guest,
Awhile we view him in full glory drest;
But he, impatient from his Heaven to stay,
Soon disappears, and wings his airy way;
So didst thou vanish, eager to appear,
And shine triumphant in thy native sphere.
Yet had'st thou all that Virtue can bestow,
All, the good practise, and the learned know;
Such holy rapture, as not warms, but fires,
While the soul seems retiring, or retires;
Such transports as those saints in vision share,
Who know not whether they are rapt through air,
Or bring down Heaven to meet them in a prayer.
Oh! early lost! yet stedfast to survey
Envy, Disease, and Death, without dismay;
Serene, the sting of pain [8] thy thoughts beguile,
And make afflictions, objects of a smile.
So the fam'd patriarch, on his couch of stone,
Enjoy'd bright visions from th' eternal throne.
Thus wean'd from Earth, where Pleasure scarce can please,
Thy woes but hasten'd thee to Heaven and peace:
As angry winds, when loud the tempest roars,
More swiftly speed the vessel to the shores.
Oh! may these lays a lasting lustre shed
O'er thy dark urn, like lamps that grace the dead!
Strong were thy thoughts, yet Reason bore the sway;
Humble, yet learn'd; though innocent, yet gay:
So pure of heart, that thou might'st safely show
Thy inmost bosom to thy basest foe:
Careless of wealth, thy bliss a calm retreat,
Far from the insults of the scornful great;
Thence looking with disdain on proudest things,
Thou deemed'st mean the pageantry of kings,
Who build their pride on trappings of a throne,
A painted ribband, or a glittering stone,
Uselessly bright! 'Twas thine the soul to raise
To nobler objects, such as angel's praise!
To live, to mortals' empty fame, a foe;
And pity human joy, and human woe!
To view ev'n splendid Vice with generous hate;
In life unblemish'd, and in death sedate!
Then Conscience, shining with a lenient ray,
Dawn'd o'er thy soul, and promis'd endless day.
So from the setting orb of Phœbus fly
Beams of calm light, and glitter to the sky.

[8] The gout.

Where now, oh! where shall I true friendship find
Amongst the treacherous race of base mankind?
Whom, whom consult in all th' uncertain ways
Of various life, sincere to blame, or praise!
O! friend! O! falling in thy strength of years,
Warm from the melting soul receive these tears!
O! Woods! O! Wilds! O! every bowery Shade!
So often vocal by his music made,
Now other sounds—for other sounds return,
And o'er his hearse with all your Echoes mourn!—
Yet dare we grieve that soon the paths he trod
To Heaven, and fit vain man for saints and God?

Thus in the theatre the scenes unfold
A thousand wonders, glorious to behold;
And here, or there, as the machine extends,
A hero rises, or a god descends:
But soon the momentary pleasure flies,
Swift vanishes the god, or hero dies.

Where were ye, Muses, by what fountain side,
What river sporting, when your favourite dy'd?
He knew by verse to chain the headlong floods,
Silence loud winds, or charm attentive woods;
Nor deign'd but to high themes* to tune the string,
To such as Heaven might hear, and angels sing;
Unlike those bards, who, uninform'd to play,
Grate on their jarring pipes a flashy lay:
Each line display'd united strength and ease,
Form'd, like his manners, to instruct and please.

So herbs of balmy excellence produce
A blooming flower and salutary juice:
And while each plant a smiling grace reveals,
Usefully gay! at once it charms, and heals.

Transcend ev'n after death, ye great, in show;
Lend pomp to ashes, and be vain in woe;
Hire substitutes to mourn with formal cries,
And bribe unwilling drops from venal eyes;
While here sincerity of grief appears,
Silence that speaks, and Eloquence in tears!
While, tir'd of life, we but consent to live
To show the world how really we grieve!
As some fond sire, whose only son lies dead,
All lost to comfort makes the dust his bed,
Hangs o'er his urn, with frantic grief deplores,
And bathes his clay-cold cheek with copious showers;
Such heart-felt pangs on thy sad bier attend;
Companion! brother! all in one—my friend!
Unless the soul a wound eternal bears,
Sighs are but air; but common water, tears:
The proud, relentless, weep in state, and show
Not sorrow, but magnificence of woe.

Thus in the fountain, from the sculptor's hands,
With imitated life, an image stands;
From rocky entrails, through his stony eyes,
The mimic tears in streams incessant rise:
Unconscious! while aloft the waters flow,
The gazers' wonder, and a public show.

Ye hallow'd Domes, his frequent visits tell;
Thou Court, where God himself delights to dwell;
Thou mystic Table, and thou holy Feast,
How often have ye seen the sacred guest!
How oft his soul with heavenly manna fed!
His faith enliven'd, while his sin lay dead!
While listening angels heard such raptures rise,
As, when they hymn th' Almighty, charm the skies!
But where, now where, without the body's aid,
New to the Heavens, subsists thy gentle shade?
Glides it beyond our gross imperfect sky,
Pleas'd, high o'er stars from world to world, to fly!
And fearless marks the comet's dreadful blaze,
While monarchs quake, and trembling nations gaze?
Or holds deep converse with the mighty dead,
Champions of Virtue, who for Virtue bled?
Or joins in concert with angelic choirs,
Where hymning seraphs sound their golden lyres,
Where rapture'd saints unfading crowns inwreath,
Triumphant o'er the World, o'er Sin, and Death?
O! may the thought his friend's devotion raise!
O! may he imitate, as well as praise!
Awake, my heavy soul! and upward fly,
Speak to the saint, and meet him in the sky,
And ask the certain way to rise as high.

* Mr. Fenton intended to write upon moral subjects.

TO THOMAS MARRIOT, ESQ.

I PREFIX your name to the following poem, as a monument of the long and sincere friendship I have borne you: I am sensible you are too good a judge of poetry to approve it; however, it will be a testimony of my respect: You conferred obligations upon me very early in life, almost as soon as I was capable of receiving them: May these verses on Death long survive my own! and remain a memorial of our friendship, and my gratitude, when I am no more.

WILLIAM BROOME.

A POEM ON DEATH.

Τὶς οἶδεν εἰ τὸ ζῆν μὲν ἐστι κατθανεῖν,
Τὸ κατθανεῖν δὲ ζῆν; Eurip.

O*h*! for Elijah's car, to wing my way
O'er the dark gulph of Death to endless day!
A thousand ways, alas! frail mortals lead
To her dire den, and dreadful all to tread!
See! in the horrours of yon house of woes,
Troops of all maladies the fiend enclose!
High on a trophy rais'd of human bones,
Swords, spears, and arrows, and sepulchral stones,
In horrid state she reigns! attendant ills
Besiege her throne, and when she frowns, she *kills*!
Thro' the thick gloom the torch red-gleaming burns
O'er shrouds, and sable palls, and mouldering urns;
While flowing stoles, black plumes, and scutcheons spread
An idle pomp around the silent dead:
Unaw'd by power, in common heap she flings
The scrips of beggars, and the crowns of kings:
Here gales of sighs, instead of breezes, blow,
And streams of tears for ever murmuring flow:
The mournful yew with solemn horrour waves
His baleful branches, saddening even the graves:
Around all birds obscene loud-screeming fly,
Clang their black wings, and shriek along the sky;
The ground perverse, tho' bare and barren, breeds
All poisons, foes to life, and noxious weeds;
But, blasted frequent by th' unwholesome sky,
Dead fall the birds, the very poisons die.

Full in the entrance of the dreadful doors,
Old-age, half vanish'd to a ghost, deplores:
Propp'd on his crutch, he drags with many a groan
The load of life, yet dreads to lay it down.

There, downward driving an unnumber'd band,
Intemperance and Disease walk hand in hand:
These, Torment, whirling with remorseless sway
A scourge of iron, lashes on the way.

There frantic Anger, prone to wild extremes,
Grasps an ensanguin'd sword, and Heaven blas-
There heart-sick Agony distorted stands, [phemes.
Writhes his convulsive limbs, and wrings his hands.
There Sorrow droops his ever pensive head,
And Care still tosses on his iron bed:
Or, musing, fastens on the ground his eye,
With folded arms; with every breath a sigh.
Hydrops unwieldly wallows in a flood;
And Murther rages, red with human blood,
With Fever, Famine, and afflictive Pain,
Plague, Pestilence, and War, a dismal train!
These, and a thousand more, the fiend surround,
Shrieks pierce the air, and groans to groans resound.
O! Heavens! is this the passage to the skies
That man must tread, when man, your favourite,
Oh! for Elijah's car to wing my way [dies?
O'er the dark gulph of Death to endless day!
Confounded at the sight, my spirits fled,
My eyes rain'd tears, my very heart was dead!
I wail'd the lot of man, that all would shun,
And all must bear that breathe beneath the Sun.
When lo! an heavenly form, divinely fair,
Shoots from the starry vault through fields of air;
And, swifter than on wings of lightning driven,
At once seems here and there, in Earth and Hea-
A dazzling brightness in refulgent streams: [ven!
Flows from his locks inwreath'd with sunny beams:
His roseate checks the bloom of Heaven display,
And from his eyes dart glories, more than day:
A robe, of light condens'd, around him shone,
And his loins glitter'd with a starry zone:
And while the listening Winds lay hush'd to hear,
Thus spoke the vision, amiably severe!
"Vain man! wouldst thou escape the common
To live, to suffer, die, and be forgot? [lot,
Look back on ancient times, primeval years,
All, all are past! a mighty void appears!
Heroes, and kings, those gods of Earth, whose fame
Aw'd half the nations, now are but a name!
The great in arts or arms, the wise, the just,
Mix with the meanest in congenial dust!
Ev'n saints and prophets the same paths have trod,
Ambassadors of Heaven, and friends of God!
And thou, wouldst thou the general sentence fly?
Moses is dead! thy Saviour deign'd to die!
Mortal, in all thy acts regard thy end! [friend:
Live well, the time thou liv'st, and Death's thy
Then curb each rebel thought against the Sky,
And die resign'd, O! Man ordain'd to die!"
He added not, but spread his wings in flight,
And vanish'd instant in a blaze of light.
Abash'd, asham'd, I cry, "Eternal Power,
I yield! I wait resign'd th' appointed hour!
Man, foolish man, no more thy soul deceive!
To die, is but the surest way to live:
When age we ask, we ask it in our wrong,
And pray our time of suffering may be long;
The nauseous draught, and dregs of life to drain,
And feel infirmity, and length of pain!
What art thou, Life, that we should court thy stay?
A breath, one single gasp must puff away!
A short-liv'd flower, that with the day must fade!
A fleeting vapour, and an empty shade!
A stream, that silently but swiftly glides
To meet Eternity's immeasur'd tides!
A being, lost alike by pain or joy!
A fly can kill it, or a worm destroy,
Impair'd by labour, and by ease undone,
Commenc'd in tears, and ended in a groan!
Ev'n while I write, the transient now is past,
And Death more near, this sentence than the last!
As some weak isthmus seas from seas divides,
Beat by rude waves, and sapp'd by rushing tides,
Torn from its base, no more their fury bears,
At once they close, at once it disappears:
Such, such is life! the mark of misery plac'd
Between two worlds, the future and the past;
To Time, to Sickness, and to Death, a prey,
It sinks, the frail possession of a day!
As some fond boy, in sport, along the shore
Builds from the sands a fabric of an hour;
Proud of his spacious walls, and stately rooms,
He styles the mimic cell imperial dome,
The little monarch swells with fancy'd sway,
Till some wind rising puffs the dome away:
So the poor reptile, man! an heir of woe,
The lord of earth and ocean, swells in show;
He plants, he builds, aloft the walls arise!
The noble plan he finishes, and——dies.
Swept from the Earth, he shares the common fate;
His sole distinction now, to rot in state!
Thus busy to no end till out of breath,
Tir'd we lie down, and close up all in death. [fled
Then blest the man whom gracious Heaven has
Through life's blind mazes to th' immortal dead!
Who, safely landed on the blissful shore,
Nor human folly feels nor frailty more!
O! Death, thou cure of all our idle strife!
End of the gay, or serious farce of life!
Wish of the just, and refuge of th' opprest!
Where Poverty, and where ev'n kings find rest!
Safe from the frowns of power! calm, thoughtful
And the rude insults of the scornful great! [hate!
The grave is sacred! wrath and malice dread
To violate its peace, and wrong the dead:
But life, thy name is Woe! to Death we fly
To grow immortal!——into life we die!
Then wisely Heaven in silence has confin'd
The happier dead, lest none should stay behind.
What though the path be dark that must be trod,
Though man be blotted from the works of God,
Though the four winds his scattered atoms bear
To Earth's extremes, thro' all th' expanse of air;
Yet bursting glorious from the silent clay,
He mounts triumphant to eternal day.
So, when the Sun rolls down th' ethereal plain,
Extinct his splendours in the whelming main,
A transient night earth, air, and heaven invades,
Eclips'd in horrours of surrounding shades:
But soon, emerging with a fresher ray,
He starts exultant, and renews the day.

COURAGE IN LOVE.

My eyes with floods of tears o'erflow,
My bosom heaves with constant woe;
Those eyes, which thy unkindness swells;
That bosom, where thy image dwells;
How could I hope so weak a flame
Could ever warm that matchless dame,
When none Elysium must behold,
Without a radiant bough of gold?
'Tis hers, in spheres to shine;
At distance to admire, is mine:

Doom'd, like th' enamour'd youth[1], to groan
For a new-formless form'd of stone.
While thus I spoke, Love's gentle power
Descended from th' ethereal bower;
A quiver at his shoulder hung,
A shaft he grasp'd, and bow unstrung.
All nature own'd the genial god,
And the Spring flourish'd where he trod:
My heart, no stranger to the guest,
Flutter'd, and labour'd in my breast;
When, with a smile that kindles joy
Ev'n in the gods, began the boy:
"How vain these tears! is man decreed,
By being abject, to succeed?
Hop'st thou by meagre looks to move?
Are women fright'n'd into love?
He most [illegible] who nobly dares;
In love as war, as in wars:
Ev'n Venus may be known to yield,
But 'tis when Mars disputes the field:
Sent from [illegible] daring hand my dart
Strikes deep into the fair-one's heart:
To winds and waves thy cares bequeath,
A sigh is but a waste of breath.
What though grey youth, and every grace
That Beauty boasts, adorn her face;
Yet goddesses have deign'd to wed,
And take a mortal to their bed:
And Heaven, when gifts of incense rise,
Accepts it, though it cloud their skies.
"Mark! how this Marygold conceals
Her beauty, and her bosom veils;
How from the dull embrace she flies
Of Phœbus, when his beams arise:
But when his glory he displays,
And darts around his fiercer rays,
Her charms she opens, and receives
The vigorous god into her leaves."

THE COMPLAINT.

CÆLIA TO DAMON.

I WHO was once the glory of the plain,
The fairest virgin of the virgin train,
And now (by thee, O! faithless man, betray'd!)
A fall'n, a lost, a miserable maid.
Ye Winds, that witness to my deep despair,
Receive my sighs, and waft them through the air,
And gently breathe them to my Damon's ear!
Curst, ever curst be that unlucky day,
When, trembling, sighing, at my feet he lay,
I trembled, sigh'd, and look'd my heart away!
Why was he form'd, ye powers, his sex's pride,
Too false to love, too fair to be deny'd?
Ye heedless virgins, gaze not on his eyes;
Lovely they are, but she that gazes dies!
Oh! fly his voice, be deaf to all he says;
Charms has his voice, but charming it betrays!
At every word, each motion of his eye,
A thousand Loves are born, a thousand lovers die.
Say, gentle youths, ye blest Arcadian swains,
Inhabitants of these delightful plains,
Say, by what fountain, in what rosy bower,
Reclines my charmer in the noon-tide hour!
To you, dear fugitive, where'er you stray,
Wild with despair, impatient of delay,
Swift on the wings of anger Love I fly,
Or send my soul still swifter in a sigh!

[1] Polydorus who pined to death for the love of a beautiful statue.

I'd then inform you of your Cælia's cares,
And try the eloquence of female tears;
Fearless I'd pass where Desolation reigns,
Tread the wild waste, or burning Libyan plains:
Or where the North his furious pinions tries,
And howling hurricanes embroil the skies!
Should all the monsters in Getulia bred
Oppose the passage of a tender maid;
Dauntless, if Damon calls, his Cælia speeds
Through all the monsters that Getulia breeds!
Bold was Bonduca, and her arrows flew
Swift and unerring from the twanging yew:
By Love inspir'd, I'll teach the shaft to fly;
For thee I'd conquer, or at least would die!
If o'er the dreary Caucasus you go,
Or mountains crown'd with everlasting snow,
Where through the freezing skies in storms it pours,
And brightens the dull air with shining showers,
Ev'n there with you I could securely rest,
And dare all cold, but in my Damon's breast;
Or should you dwell beneath the sultry ray,
Where rising Phœbus ushers in the day,
There, there I dwell! Thou Sun, exert thy fires!
Love, mighty Love, a fiercer flame inspires:
Or if, a pilgrim, you would pay your vows
Where Jordan's streams in soft meanders flows;
I'll be a pilgrim, and my vows I'll pay
Where Jordan's streams in soft meanders play.
Joy of my soul! my every wish in one!
Why must I love, when loving I'm undone?
Sweet are the whispers of the waving trees,
And murmuring waters, curling to the breeze;
Sweet are soft slumbers in the shady bowers
When glowing suns infest the sultry hours:
But not the whispers of the waving trees,
Nor murmuring waters, curling to the breeze,
Not sweet soft slumbers in the shady bowers,
When thou art absent whom my soul adores!
Come, let us seek some flowery, fragrant bed!
Come, on thy bosom rest my love-sick head!
Come, drive thy flocks beneath the shady hills,
Or softly slumber by the murmuring rills!
Ah no! he flies! that dear enchanting he!
Whose beauty steals my very self from me!
Yet wert thou wont the garland to prepare,
To crown with fragrant wreaths thy Cælia's hair:
When to the lyre she tun'd the vocal lays,
Thy tongue would flatter, and thine eyes speak praise:
And when smooth-gliding in the dance she mov'd,
Ask thy false bosom if it never lov'd?
And still her eye some little lustre bears, [tears!
If swains speak truth!—though dim'd for thee with
But fade each grace! since he no longer sees
Those charms, for whom alone I wish to please!
But whence these sudden, sad presaging fears,
These rising sighs, and whence these flowing tears?
Ah! lest the trumpets terrible alarms
Have drawn the lover from his Cælia's charms,
To try the doubtful field, and shine in azure arms!
Ah! canst thou bear the labours of the war,
Bend the tough bow, or dart the pointed spear?
Desist, fond youth! let others glory gain,
Seek empty honour o'er the surgy main,
Or sheath'd in horrid arms rush dreadful to the plain!
Thee, shepherd, thee the pleasurable woods,
The painted meadows, and the crystal floods,
Claim and invite to bless their sweet abodes.
There shady bowers and sylvan scenes arise,
There fountains murmur, and the spring supplies
Flowers to delight the smell, or charm the eyes:

But mourn, ye sylvan Scenes and shady Bowers;
Weep, all ye Fountains; languish, all ye Flowers!
If in a desert Damon but appear,
To Cælia's eyes a desert is more fair
Than all your charms, when Damon is not there!
Gods! what soft words, what sweet delusive wiles
He boasts! and, oh! those dear undoing smiles!
Pleas'd with our ruin, to his arms we run:
To be undone by him, who would not be undone?
Alas! I rave! ye swelling Torrents, roll
Your watery tribute o'er my love-sick soul!
To cool my heart, your waves, ye Oceans, bear!
Oh! vain are all your waves, for Love is there!
But ah! what sudden thought to frenzy moves
My tortur'd soul?—perhaps, my Damon loves!
Some fatal beauty, yielding all her charms,
Detains the lovely traitor from my arms!
Blast her, ye Skies! let instant vengeance seize
Those guilty charms, whose crime it is to please!
Damon is mine!—fond maid, thy fears subdue!
Am I not jealous? and my charmer true?
O! Heaven! from jealousy my bosom save!
Cruel as Death, insatiate as the Grave!
Ye powers! of all the ills that ever curst
Our sex, sure man, dissembling man is worst!
Like forward boys, awhile in wanton play,
He sports with hearts, then throws the toys away:
With specious wiles weak woman he assails;
He swears, weeps, smiles, he flatters, and prevails:
Then, in the moment, when the maid believes,
The perjur'd traitor triumphs, scorns, and leaves.
How oft my Damon swore, th' all seeing Sun
Should change his course, and rivers backward run,
Ere his fond heart should range, or faithless prove
To the bright object of his stedfast love!
O! instant change thy course, all-seeing Sun!
Damon is false! ye Rivers backward run!
But die, O! wretched Cælia, die! in vain
Thus to the fields and floods you breathe your pain!
The tear is fruitless, and the tender sigh,
And life a load!—forsaken Cælia, die!
Fly swifter, Time! O! speed the joyful hour!
Receive me, Grave!—then I shall love no more!
Ah! wretched maid, so sad a cure to prove!
Ah! wretched maid, to fly to Death from Love!
Yet oh! when this poor frame no more shall live,
Be happy, Damon! may not Damon grieve!
Ah me! I'm vain! my death can not appear
Worth the vast price of but a single tear.
Forlorn, abandon'd, to the rocks I go;
But they have learnt new cruelties of you!
Alone, relenting Echo with me mourns,
And faint with grief she scarce my sighs returns!
Then, sighs, adieu! ye nobler passions, rise!
Be wise, fond maid!—but who in love is wise?
I rage, I rail, th' extremes of anger prove,
Nay, almost hate!—then love thee beyond love!
Pity, kind Heaven, and right an injur'd maid!
Yet, oh! yet, spare the dear deceiver's head!
If from the sultry suns at noon-tide hours
He seeks the covert of the breezy bowers,
Awake, O South, and where my charmer lies,
Bid roses bloom, and beds of fragrance rise!
Gently, O gently round in whispers fly,
Sigh to his sighs, and fan the glowing sky!
If o'er the waves he cuts the liquid way,
Be still, ye Waves, or round his vessel play!
And you, ye Winds, confine each ruder breath,
Lie hush'd in silence, and be calm as death!
But if he stay detain'd by adverse skies, [sails,
My sighs shall drive the ship, and fill the flagging

TRANSLATIONS FROM HESIOD AND APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

—— Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ. Hor.

THE BATTLE OF THE GODS AND TITANS.

FROM THE THEOGONY OF HESIOD, DESCRIPTION OF TARTARUS, &c.

—— μάχην δ' ἐμνήσατο δίαν
Πάντις, &c. Hesiod. Theog. 686.

Now sounds the vault of Heaven with dread alarms,
And gods by gods embattling rush to arms!
Here stalk the Titans of portentous size,
Burst from their dungeons, and assault the skies!
And there, unchain'd from Erebus and Night,
Auxiliar giants[2] aid the gods in fight:
An hundred arms each tower-like warrior rears,
And stares from fifty heads amid the stars;
The dreadful brotherhood stern-frowning stands,
And hurls an hundred rocks from hundred hands;
The Titans rush'd with fury uncontrol'd:
Gods sunk on gods, o'er giant giant roll'd;
Then roar'd the Ocean with a dreadful sound,
Heaven shook with all its thrones, and groan'd the ground,
Trembled th' eternal poles at every stroke,
And frighted Hell from its foundations shook:
Noise, horrid noise, th' aërial region fills,
Rocks dash on rocks, and hills encounter hills;
Through Earth, Air, Heaven, tumultuous clamours rise,
And shouts of battle thunder in the skies.
Then Jove omnipotent display'd the god,
And all Olympus trembled as he trod:
He grasps ten thousand thunders in his hand,
Bares his red arm, and wields the forky brand;
Then aims the bolts, and bids his lightnings play:
They flash, and rend through Heaven their rambling way:
Redoubling blow on blow, in wrath he moves;
The sing'd Earth groans, and burns with all her groves:
The floods, the billows, boiling hiss with fire,
And bickering flame, and smouldering smoke expire:
A night of clouds blots out the golden day;
Full in their eyes the writhen lightnings play:
Ev'n Chaos burns: again Earth groans, heaved above,
As tumbling downward with its shining load
Or burst this Earth, torn from her central seat,
With dire disruption from her deepest root,
Nor slept the Wind: the Wind new horrors forms,
Clouds dash on clouds before th' outrageous storms,
While, tearing up the sands, in drifts
And half the deserts mount th' encumber'd
At once the tempest bellows, lightnings
The thunders roar, and clouds involve
Stupendous were the deeds of heavenly
What less, when gods conflicting
Now Heaven its foes with horrid inroad
And slow and sour recede the giant powers:

[2] Ægeon, Cottus, Gyges.

Here stalks Ægeon, here fierce Gyges moves,
These Cottus rends up hills with all their groves;
These hurl'd at once against the Titan bands
Three hundred mountains from three hundred hands:
And overshadowing, overwhelming bound
With chains infrangible beneath the ground;
Below this Earth, far as Earth's confines lie,
Through space unmeasur'd, from the starry sky;
Nine days an anvil of enormous weight,
Down rushing headlong from the aërial height,
Scarce reaches Earth; thence tost in giddy rounds
Scarce reaches in nine days th' infernal bounds:
A wall of iron of stupendous height
Guards the dire dungeons, black with threefold night:
High o'er the horrours of th' eternal shade
The stedfast [illegible] earth and seas is laid;
There in obsective durance Jove detains
The groaning Titans in afflictive chains.
A seat of woe! remote from chearful day,
Through gulphs impassable, a boundless way.
Above these realms a brazen structure stands
With brazen portals, fram'd by Neptune's hands;
Through chaos to the ocean's base it swells;
There stern Ægeon with his giants dwells;
Fierce guards of Jove! from hence the fountains rise
That wash the earth, or wander through the skies;
That groaning murmur through the realm of woes,
Or feed the channels were the ocean flows;
Collected horrours throng the dire abodes,
Horrid and fell! detested ev'n by gods!
Enormous gulph! immense the bounds appear,
Wasteful and void, the journey of a year:
Where beating storms, as in wild whirls they fight,
Toss the pale wanderer, and retoss through night:
The powers immortal with affright survey
The hideous chasm, and seal it up from day.
Hence through the vault of Heaven huge Atlas rears
His giant limbs, and props the golden spheres:
Here sable Night, and here the beamy Day,
Lodge and dislodge, alternate in their sway.
A brazen port the varying powers divides:
When Day forth issues, here the Night resides;
And when Night veils the skies, obsequious Day,
Re-entering, plunges from the starry way.
She from her lamp, with beaming radiance bright,
Pours o'er th' expanded Earth a flood of light:
But Night, by Sleep attended, rides in shades,
Brother of Death, and all that breathes invades:
From her [3] foul womb they sprung, resistless powers,
Nurs'd in the horrours of Tartarean bowers,
Remote from Day, when with her flaming wheels
She mounts the skies, or paints the western hills:
With downy footsteps Sleep in silence glides
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the spacious tides;
The friend of life! Death unrelenting bears
An iron heart, and laughs at human cares;
She makes the mouldering race of man her prey,
And ev'n th' immortal powers detest her sway.
Thus fell the [4] Titans from the realms above,
Beneath the thunder of almighty Jove;
Then Earth impregnate felt maternal woes, throes:
And shook through all her frame with teeming
Hence rose Typhoeus, a gigantic birth,
A monster sprung from Tartarus and Earth,
A match for gods in might! on high he spreads
From his huge trunk an hundred dragons heads,
And from an hundred mouths in vengeance flings
Envenom'd foam, and darts an hundred stings;
Horrour, terrific, frowns from every brow,
And like a furnace his red eye-balls glow;
Fires dart from every crest; and, as he turns,
Keen splendours flash, and all the giant burns:
Whene'er he speaks, in echoing thunders rise
An hundred voices, and affright the skies,
Unutterably fierce! the bright abodes
Frequent they shake, and terrify the gods:
Now bellowing like a savage bull, they roar,
Or angry lions in the midnight hour;
Now yell like furious whelps, or hiss like snakes;
The rocks rebound, and every mountain shakes:
He hurl'd defiance 'gainst th' immortal powers,
And Heaven had seiz'd with all its shining towers,
But, at the voice of Jove, from pole to pole
Red lightnings flash, and raging thunders roll,
Rattling o'er all th' expansion of the skies,
Bolt after bolt o'er earth and ocean flies.
Stern frowns the god amidst the lightnings blaze,
Olympus shakes from his eternal base;
Trembles the earth: fierce flame involves the poles,
Devours the ground, and o'er the billows rolls:
Fires from Typhoeus flash: with dreadful sound
Storms rattle, thunder rolls, and groans the ground;
Above, below, the conflagration roars,
Ev'n the seas kindled burn through all their shores,
Deluge of fire! Earth rocks her tottering coasts,
And gloomy Pluto shakes with all his ghosts;
Ev'n the pale Titans, chain'd on burning floors,
Start at the din that rends th' infernal shores:
Then, in full wrath, Jove all the god applies,
And all his thunders burst at once the skies;
And rushing gloomy from th' Olympian brow,
He blasts the giant with th' almighty blow;
The giant tumbling sinks beneath the wound,
And with enormous ruin rocks the ground:
Nor yet the lightnings of th' Almighty stay,
Through the sing'd earth they burst their burning way
Earth kindling inward, melts in all her caves,
And hissing floats with fierce metallic waves:
As iron fusile from the furnace flows,
Or molten ore with keen effulgence glows,
When the dire bolts of Jove stern Vulcan frames,
In burning channels roll the liquid flames;
Thus melted earth, and Jove, from realms on high,
Plunge the huge giant to the nether sky.
Then from Typhoeus sprung the winds that bear
Storms on their wings, and thunder in the air:
But from the gods descend of milder kind,
The East, the West, the South, and Boreal wind;
These in soft whispers breathe a friendly breeze,
Play through the groves, or sport upon the seas;
They fan the sultry air with cooling gales,
And waft from realm to realm the flying sails:
The rest in storms of sounding whirlwinds fly,
Toss the wild waves, and battle in the sky;
Fatal to man! at once all Ocean roars,
And scatter'd navies bulge on distant shores.
Then thundering o'er the earth they rend their way,
Grass, herb, and flower, beneath their rage decay;
While towers, and domes, vain boasts of human trust,
Torn from their inmost base, are whelm'd in dust.
Thus Heaven asserted its eternal reign
O'er the proud giants, and Titanic train;
And now in peace the gods their Jove obey,
And all the thrones of Heaven adore his sway.

[3] Of Night. [4] 820.

THE LOVE OF JASON AND MEDEA.

FROM THE THIRD BOOK, VERSE 743, OF APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

Νὺ μὲν ἴστιν ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἄγων κνέφας, &c.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE translator has taken the liberty, in the following version from the Argonautics of Apollonius, as well as in the story of Talus, to omit whatever has not an immediate relation to the subject; yet hopes that a due connection is not wanting; and that the reader will not be displeased with these short sketches from a poet, who is affirmed to be every where sublime, by no less a critic than Longinus; and from whom many verses are borrowed by so great a poet as Virgil.

Now rising shades a solemn gloom display,
O'er the wide Earth, and o'er th' ethereal way:
All night the sailor marks the northern team,
And golden circlet of Orion's beam:
A deep repose the weary wanderer shares,
And the faint watchman sleeps away his cares;
Ev'n the fond mother, while all breathless lies
Her child of love, in slumber seals her eyes;
No sound of village-dog, no noise invades
The death-like silence of the midnight shades:
Alone Medea wakes: To love a prey,
Restless she rolls, and groans the night away:
Now the fire-breathing bulls command her cares;
She thinks on Jason, and for Jason fears:
In sad review, on horrours horrours rise; [flies:
Quick beats her heart, from thought to thought she
As from replenish'd urns, with dubious ray,
The sun-beams dancing from the surface play,
Now here, now there, the trembling radiance falls
Alternate flashing round th' illumin'd walls;
Thus fluttering bounds the trembling virgin's blood,
And from her shining eyes descends a flood:
Now raving with resistless flames she glows,
Now sick with love she melts with softer woes:
The tyrant god, of every thought possest,
Beats in each pulse, and stings and racks her breast:
Now she resolves the magic to betray
To tame the bulls, now yield him up a prey:
Again, the drugs disdaining to supply,
She loaths the light, and meditates to die:
Anon, repelling with a brave disdain
The coward thought, she nourishes the pain:
Thus tost, retost with furious storms of cares,
On the cold ground she rolls, and thus with tears:
"Ah me! where'er I turn, before my eyes
A dreadful view, on sorrows sorrows rise!
Tost in a giddy whirl of strong desire,
I glow, I burn, yet bless the pleasing fire.
O had this spirit from its prison fled,
By Dian sent to wander with the dead,
Ere the proud Grecians view'd the Colchian skies;
Ere Jason, lovely Jason, met these eyes!
Hell gave the shining mischief to our coast,
Medea saw him, and Medea's lost———
But why these sorrows? if the powers on high
His death decree, die, wretched Jason, die!
Shall I elude my sire? my art betray?
Ah me! what words shall purge the guilt away!
But could I yield——O whither must I run
To find the man——whom Virtue bids me shun?
Shall I, all lost to shame, to Jason fly?
And yet I must— if Jason bleeds, I die.
Then, Shame, farewell! Adieu for ever, Fame!
Hail, black Disgrace! be tam'd for mine, my name!
Live! Jason, live! enjoy the vital air!
Live through my aid! and fly where wings can bear!
But when he flies, ye poisons, lend your powers,
That day, Medea treads th' infernal shores!
Then, wretched maid, thy lot is endless shame,
Then the proud dames of Colchos blast thy name:
I hear them cry— 'The false Medea's dead,
Through guilty passion for a stranger's bed;
Medea, careless of her virgin fame,
Preferr'd a stranger to a father's throne!'
O may I rather yield this vital breath,
Than bear that base dishonour, worse than death!"
Thus wail'd the fair, and sent the horrid joy,
Drugs, foes to life, and patent to destroy;
A magazine of death! Again she pants,
From her swoln eye-balls tears in shining showers;
With grief insatiate, and with trembling hands,
All comfortless the cask of death expands:
A sudden fear her labouring soul invades,
Struck with the horrours of th' infernal shades:
She stands deep-musing with a fixed brow,
Absorpt in thought, a monument of woe!
While all the comforts that on life attend,
The cheerful converse, and the faithful friend,
By thought deep-imag'd in her bosom play,
Endearing life, and charm despair away:
Th' all-cheering suns with sweeter light arise,
And every object brightens to her eyes:
Then from her hand the baneful drug she throws,
Consents to live, recover'd from her woes;
Resolv'd the magic virtue to betray,
She waits the dawn, and calls the lazy day:
Time seems to stand, or backward drive his wheels:
The hours she chides, and eyes the eastern hills:
At length the dawn with orient beams appears,
The shades disperse, and man awakes to cares.
Studious to please, her graceful length of hair
With art she binds, that wanton'd with the air;
From her soft cheek she wipes the tear away,
And bids keen lightnings from her eyes to play;
From limb to limb refreshing unguents pours,
Unguents, that breathe of Heaven, in copious showers:
Her robe she next assumes; bright clasps of gold
Close to the lessening waist the robe infold;
Down from her swelling loins, the rest unbound
Floats in rich waves redundant o'er the ground:
Last, with a shining veil her cheeks she shades,
Then, swimming smooth along, magnificently treads.
Thus forward moves the fairest of her kind
Blind to the future, to the present blind;
Twelve maids, attendants on her virgin bower,
Alike unconscious of the bridal hour,
Join to the car the mules: dire rites they pay,
To Hecate's black fane she bends her way:
A juice she bears, whose magic v[illegible]
(Through fell Persephone) the rage of flames;
It gives the hero, strong in matchless might,
To stand secure of harms in mortal fight;
It mocks the sword: the sword without a wound,
Leaps as from marble, shiver'd to the ground:
She mounts the car: nor rode the nymph alone;
On either side two lovely damsels shone:

Her hand with kill th' embroider'd rein controls;
O'er the streets, as swift the chariot rolls.
Along the wheel-worn road they hold their way,
The domes retreat, the sinking towers decay:
Bare to the knee succinct a damsel train
Behind attends, and glitters tow'rd the plain.
As when her limbs divine, Diana laves
In fair Parthenius, or th' Amnesian waves,
Sublime in royal state the bounding roes
Whirl her bright car along the mountain brows;
Swift to her fane in pomp the goddess moves;
The nymphs attend that haunt the shady groves,
Th' Amnesian forest, or silver-streaming rills;
Nymphs of the vales, or Oreads of the hills!
The fawning beasts before the goddess play,
Or, trembling, savage adoration pay:
Thus on her sublime the nymph appears,
The crowd gaze back, and as she moves reveres;
Swift to the fane aloft her course she bends;
The fane she reaches, and to earth descends:
Then to her train—"Ah me! I fear we stray,
Misled by folly to this lonely way!
Alas! should Jason with his Greeks appear,
Where should we fly? I fear, alas, I fear!
No more the Colchian youths, and virgin train,
Haunt the cool shade, or tread in dance the plain:
But since alone;—with sports beguile the hours,
Come chaunt the song, or pluck the blooming flowers:
Pluck every sweet, to deck your virgin bowers!"
Then warbling soft[6], she lifts her heavenly voice;
But sick with mighty love, the song is noise;
She hears from every note a discord rise,
Till, pausing, on her tongue the music dies;
She hates each object, every face offends,
In every wish, her soul to Jason sends;
With sharpen'd eyes the distant lawn explores,
To find the object whom her soul adores:
At every whisper of the passing air,
She starts, she turns, and hopes her Jason there;
Again she fondly looks, nor looks in vain;
He comes, her Jason shines along the plain.
As when, emerging from the watery way,
Refulgent Sirius lifts his golden ray,
He shines terrific! for his burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death;
Such to the nymph approaching Jason shows,
Bright author of unutterable woes;
Before her eyes a swimming darkness spread,
Her flush'd cheek glow'd, her very heart was dead;
No more her knees their wonted office knew,
Fix'd, without motion, as to earth she grew:
Her train recedes; the meeting lovers gaze
In silent wonder, and in still amaze:
As two fair cedars on the mountain's brow,
Pride of the groves! with roots adjoining grow;
Erect and motionless the stately trees
Awhile remain, while sleeps each fanning breeze,
Till from th' Æolian caves a blast unbound [sound;
Bends their proud tops, and bids their boughs re-
Thus gazing they, till by the breath of love
Strongly at length inspir'd, they speak, they move:
With smiles the love-sick virgin he survey'd,
And fondly thus address'd the blooming maid:
"Dismiss, my fair, my love, thy virgin fear;
'Tis Jason speaks, no enemy is here!
Man, haughty man, is of obdurate kind;
But Jason bears no proud, inhuman mind,
By gentle manners, softest arts reflu'd.

[6] 947.

Whom wouldst thou fly? Stay, lovely virgin, stay!
Speak every thought! far hence be fears away!
Speak! and be truth in every accent found!
Dread to deceive! we tread on hallow'd ground[7].
By the stern power who guards this sacred place,
By the illustrious authors of thy race;
By Jove, to whom the stranger's cause belongs,
To whom the suppliant, and who feels the wrongs;
O guard me, save me, in the needful hour!
Without thy aid, thy Jason is no more;
To thee a suppliant, in distress I bend,
To thee a stranger, and who wants a friend!
Then, when between us seas and mountains rise,
Medea's name shall sound in distant skies;
All Greece to thee shall owe her heroes fates,
And bless Medea through her hundred states.
The mother and the wife, who now in vain
Roll their sad eyes fast-streaming o'er the main,
Shall stay their tears; the mother and the wife
Shall bless thee for a son's or husband's life!
Fair Ariadne, sprung from Minos' bed,
Sav'd the brave Theseus, and with Theseus fled,
Forsook her father, and her native plain,
And stemm'd the tumults of the surging main;
Yet the stern sire relented, and forgave
The maid, whose only crime it was to save:
Ev'n the just gods forgave: and now on high
A star she shines, and beautifies the sky:
What blessings then shall righteous Heaven decree
For all our heroes sav'd, and sav'd by thee!
Heaven gave thee not, to kill, so soft an air,
And Cruelty sure never look'd so fair!"
He ceas'd; but left so charming on her ear
His voice, that listening still she seem'd to hear:
Her eye to earth she bends with modest grace,
And Heaven in smiles is open'd in her face.
A glance she steals; but rosy blushes spread
O'er her fair cheek, and then she drops her head:
A thousand words at once to speak she tries;
In vain—but speaks a thousand with her eyes:
Trembling, the shining casket she expands,
Then gives the magic virtue to his hands;
And had the power been granted to convey
Her heart—had given her very heart away.

[7] Temple of Hecate.

EPISTOLA AD AMICUM RUSTICANTEM,

SCRIPTA VERE INEUNTE CANTAB. 1709.

Ecquid absenti tibi cura Grantæ?
Ecquid antiqui memor es sodalis!
Chare permultis, mihi præter omnes
Charè Georgi.

Cernis! ut mulcet levis aura campos!
Ut rosâ dulci, violisque terram
Flora depingit, Zephyrusque blandis
Ventilat alis!

Tarde, quid cessas? Age Rozinantis
Terga conscendas eques ingementis[8],
Tenè ruralis Galatæa duris
Detinet Ulnis?

Digne succendi meliore flammâ!—
Sive Clarissam[9], Juvenumvè curam
Phillidem mavis, placeatvè, quondam
Pulchra, Lycoris.

[8] Obeso fuit corpore.

[9] Tres elegantes apud Cantabrigiam puellæ.

Tarde, quid cessas? tibi multa virgo
Splendidos lædit lacrymis ocellos,
Et tibi frustrà ad speculum comarum
Circinat orbes!

Te frequens votis revocat sophistes,
Dum Johannensi madidus lyæo,
De tubis haurit, revomitque dulcem
Undique nubem.

Quin velis scribam quid habet novorum
Granta? Marlburus spoliis onustus,
Gallicas fudit propè[1] Scaldis undam
Strage Phalangas.

O! triumphalem gladium recondas!
Ite vos laurus sanie rubentes!
Sis memor pacis, viridique cingas
Tempora Myrto!

Huc ades divûm atque hominum voluptas
Mollè subridens, Venus! huc sorores
Gratiæ! longùm vale, O! Minerva,
Aspera Virgo!

Barbaro tandèm satiata ludo,
Ægidem ponas, gladiumque; castam
Virginem dirus gladius, feroxque
Dedecet Ægis.

Flagitas nostræ quid agunt camœnæ?
Uror infelix! mihi me Belinda
Surripit! Collum O! niveum, O! Puellæ
Suave labellum!

Ah! ut obliquo aspiciens ocello
Torruit pectus!—neque tu furoris
Inscius blandi! tibi sævit imis
Flamma medullis!

Tu tamen felix! cohibere tristes
Tu potes curas! Cerealis[2] haustus
Est tibi, præsens relevare diro
Pectora luctu.

Corticem astrictum pice cum reducis,
Audin' ingenti tonat ut boatu
Fumidus! summo ruit ut lagenæ
Spumeus ore!

Cernis! ut vitro nitet invidendo
Aureum nectar! comes it facetus
Cui jocus, quocum Venus & Cupido
Spicula tingunt.

Jam memor charæ, cyathum coronas,
Virginis:—plenum video!—ah! caveto
Dextra nè quasset malè, dum laborat
Pondere dulci!

Euge! siccâsti benè, fortiterque!—
Hinc adest curæ medicina! suaves
Hinc tibi somni, & tibi suaviora
Somnia somnis!

Hos bibens succos, nihil invidebis
Ithlis, quamvis cyathi Falerno
Dulcè nigrescánt, neque Gallicanæ
Laudibus uvæ!

Hic Johannensi latitans suili
Grunnio, scribens sitiente labro,
Aut graves haustus, inimica Musis
Pocula, duco.

[1] Juxtà Aldenardum.

[2] Anglicè *bottled ale*.

SIXTEEN ODES OF ANACREON.

ODE XV.

HAPPY LIFE.

The wealth of Gyges I despise;
Gems are useless glittering toys.
Gold I leave, and such vain things,
To the low aim and pride of kings.
Let my hair with unguents flow,
With rosy garlands crown my brow!
The present moment I enjoy,
Doom'd in the next, perhaps, to die!
Then, while the hours serenely flow,
Toss the gay die, and quaff thy wine;
But ever, in the genial hour,
To Bacchus the libation pour,
Lest Death in wrath approach, and cry,
"Man,—taste no more the cup of Joy!"

ODE XVI.

THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

Some sing of Thebes, and some destroy
In lofty numbers haughty Troy.
I mourn, alas! in plaintive strains,
My own captivity and chains!
No navy, rang'd in proud array,
No foot, no horseman, arm'd to slay,
My peace alarm! Far other foes,
Far other hosts, create my woes:
Strange, dangerous hosts, that ambush'd lie
In every bright love-darting eye!
Such as destroy, when beauty arms
To conquer, dreadful in its charms!

ODE XX.

TO HIS MITRESS.

The gods o'er mortals prove their sway,
And steal them from themselves away:
Transform'd by their almighty hands,
Sad Niobe an image stands;
And Philomel, up-born on wings
Through air, her mournful story sings.
Would Heaven, indulgent to my vow,
The happy change I wish, allow;
The envy'd mirror I would be,
That thou might'st always gaze on me;
And could my naked heart appear,
Thou 'dst see thyself—for thou art there!
O! were I made thy folding vest,
That thou might'st clasp me to thy breast!
Or turn'd into a fount, to lave
Thy naked beauties in my wave!
Thy bosom-cincture I would grow,
To warm those little hills of snow:
Thy ointment, in rich fragrant streams
To wander o'er thy beauteous limbs;
Thy chain of shining pearl—to deck
And close embrace thy graceful neck
A very sandal I would be
To tread on—if trod on by thee!

[2] First published in the Gentleman's Magazine, and afterwards inserted in the translations of Anacreon, published by Mr. Fawkes.

ODE XXIV.

IMITATED.

Alas! alas! I see each day
Steals me from myself away;
And every step of life I tread,
I speed to mingle with the dead.
How many years are past, my friends,
I know, and there my knowledge ends.
How many years are still in store,
I neither can, nor would explore.
Then, since the hours incessant fly,
They all shall find me crown'd with joy.
To those, my cares I here bequeath,
Who meanly die for fear of death,
And daily with avidvarus strife
Contrive to live, accurs'd with life.
Then, Care, begone! I'd dance and play;
Hence, with thy serious face away!
I'll laugh, and whilst gay wine inflames,
I'll court the laughter-loving dames;
And study to resign my breath
In extasy, and smile in death.

ODE XXV.

IMITATED.

Bring me, O bring th' enlivening draught,
Lenient of grief, and anxious thought.
Then Care retires, asham'd to show
His downcast eye, and faded brow.
I banish business to the great,
To all that curse, yet covet state.
Death hastes amain: then who would run
To meet what most he strives to shun?
Or antedate the dreadful day
By cares, and aid the fiend to slay?
If tears could bribe his dreadful powers,
I'd weep, and bless the precious showers;
But let our lot be joy or woe,
Alike he speeds to strike the blow.
Then crown the bowl!—ye sorrows, fly
To kill some wretch who wants to die.

ODE XXXI.

THE PLEASING FRENZY.

Now bring, by all the powers divine,
Bring me a bowl of rosy wine;
A mighty bowl of wine I crave:
When wine inspires, 'tis sweet to rave.
In frantic rage Alcmæon drew
His falchion, and his mother[4] slew:
Orestes in a furious mood
Raving shed his mother's[5] blood.
Dreadful, sober madmen, they!—
None, harmless drunkard, none I slay:
The blood of grapes I only crave;
I quaff it, and 'tis sweet to rave.
Alcides, frantic, grasp'd his bow;
His quiver rattled, stor'd with woe:
Stern Ajax shook his glittering blade,
And broad his sevenfold shield display'd:
Dangerous madman! how he drew
His sword, and hosts in fancy slew!
I, peaceful I, no falchion wield;
I bend no bow, I poise no shield.
The flowery garland crowns my hairs,
My hand the powerful goblet bears;
The powerful goblet, nobly brave,
I drain, and then 'tis sweet to rave.

[4] Eryphile. [5] Clytemnestra.

ODE XXXVI.

Talk not to me of pedant rules;
I leave debates to learned fools,
Who solemnly in form advise;
At best, impertinently wise!
To me more pleasing precepts give,
And teach the science how to live;
To bury in the friendly draught
Sorrows that spring from too much thought;
To learn soft lessons from the fair,
How life may glide exempt from care.
Alas! I'm old! I see my head
With hoary locks by Time o'erspread:
Then instant be the goblet brought,
To make me young—at least in thought.
Alas! incessant speeds the day
When I must mix with common clay;
When I must tread the dismal shore,
And dream of love and wine no more.

ODE XXXVII.

THE SPRING.

See, Winter's past! the seasons bring
Soft breezes with returning Spring;
At whose approach the Graces wear
Fresh honours in their flowing hair:
The raging Seas forget to roar,
And, smiling, gently kiss the shore:
The sportive duck, in wanton play,
Now dives, now rises into day;
The cranes from freezing skies repair,
And sailing float to warmer air:
Th' enlivening Suns in glory rise,
And gaily dance along the skies.
The clouds disperse; or if in showers
They fall, it is to wake the flowers:
See, verdure clothes the teeming Earth!
The olive struggles into birth:
The swelling grapes adorn the vine,
And kindly promise future wine:
Blest juice! already I in thought
Quaff an imaginary draught.

ODE XLVIII.

GAY LIFE.

Give me Homer's tuneful lyre,
Let the sound my breast inspire!
But with no troublesome delight
Of arms, and heroes slain in fight:
Let it play no conquests here,
Or conquests only o'er the fair!
Boy, reach that volume—book divine;
The statutes of the god of wine!
He legislator, statutes draws;
And I, his judge, enforce his laws;
And, faithful to the weighty trust,
Compel his vot'ries to be just:
Thus round, the bowl impartial flies,
Till to the sprightly dance we rise;

We frisk it with a lively bound,
Charm'd with the lyre's harmonious sound:
Then pour forth, with an heat divine,
Rapturous songs that breathe of wine.

ODE L.

THE HAPPY EFFECTS OF WINE.

See! see the jolly god appears;
His hand a mighty goblet bears:
With sparkling wine full-charg'd it flows,
The sovereign cure of human woes.
Wine gives a kind release from care,
And courage to subdue the fair;
Instructs the cheerful to advance
Harmonious in the sprightly dance:
Hail, goblet! rich with generous wines!
See! round the verge a vine-branch twines.
See! how the mimic clusters roll,
As ready to re-fill the bowl!
Wine keeps its happy patients free
From every painful malady;
Our best physician all the year:
Thus guarded, no disease we fear,
No troublesome disease of mind,
Until another year grows kind,
And loads again the fruitful vine,
And brings again our health——new wine.

ODE LII.

GRAPES; OR THE VINTAGE.

Io! the vintage now is done!
And black'ned with th' autumnal Sun
The grapes, gay youths and virgins bear,
The sweetest product of the year!
In vats the heavenly load they lay,
And swift the damsels trip away:
The youths alone the wine-press tread,
For wine 's by skilful drunkards made:
Mean time the mirthful song they raise,
Io! Bacchus, to thy praise!
And, eying the blest juice, in thought
Quaff an imaginary draught.
Gaily, through wine, the old advance,
And doubly tremble in the dance:
In fancy'd youth they chaunt and play,
Forgetful that their locks are grey.
Through wine, the youth completes his loves;
He haunts the silence of the groves:
Where, stretch'd beneath th' embowering shade,
He spies some love-inspiring maid:
On beds of rosy sweets she lies,
Inviting sleep to close her eyes:
Fast by her side his limbs he throws,
Her hand he presses—breathes his vows;
And cries, "My love, my soul, comply
This instant, or, alas! I die."
In vain the youth persuasion tries!
In vain!—her tongue at least denies:
Then scorning Death through dull despair,
He storms th' unwilling willing fair;
Blessing the grapes that could dispense
The happy, happy impudence.

ODE LIII.

THE ROSE.

Come, lyrist, tune thy harp, and play
Responsive to my vocal lay:
Gently touch it, while I sing
The Rose, the glory of the Spring:
To Heaven the Rose in fragrance flies,
The sweetest incense of the skies.
Thee, joy of Earth, when vernal hours
Pour forth a blooming waste of flowers,
The gaily-smiling Graces wear,
A trophy in their flowing hair.
Thee Venus queen of beauty loves,
And, crown'd with thee, more graceful moves.
In fabled song, and tuneful lay,
Their favourite Rose the Muses praise:
To pluck the Rose, the virgin-train
With blood their pretty fingers stain,
Nor dread the pointed terrours round,
That threaten, and inflict a wound.
See! how they wave the charming toy,
Now kiss, now snuff the fragrant joy!
The Rose the poets strive to praise
And for it would exchange their bays:
O! ever to the sprightly feast
Admitted, welcome, pleasing guest!
But chiefly when the goblet flows,
And rosy wreaths adorn our brows!
Lovely smiling Rose, how sweet
The object where thy beauties meet!
Aurora, with a blushing ray,
And rosy fingers, spreads the day:
The Graces more enchanting show
When rosy blushes paint their snow;
And every pleas'd beholder seeks
The Rose in Cytherea's cheeks.
When pain afflicts, or sickness grieves,
Its juice the drooping heart relieves;
And, after death, its odours shed
A pleasing fragrance o'er the dead;
And when its withering charms decay,
And sinking, fading, die away,
Triumphant o'er the rage of Time,
It keeps the fragrance of its prime.
Come, lyrist, join to sing the birth
Of this sweet offspring of the Earth!
When Venus from the Ocean's bed
Rais'd o'er the waves her lovely head;
When warlike Pallas sprung from Jove,
Tremendous to the powers above;
To grace the world, the teeming Earth
Gave the fragrant infant birth,
And "This," she cry'd, "I this ordain
My favourite, queen of flowers to reign!"
But first th' assembled gods debate
The future wonder to create:
Agreed at length, from Heaven they threw
A drop of rich, nectareous dew;
A bramble-stem the drop receives,
And strait the Rose adorns the leaves.
The gods to Bacchus gave the flower,
To grace him in the genial hour.

ODE LIV.

GROWN YOUNG.

When sprightly youths my eyes survey,
I too am young, and I am gay;
In dance my active body swims,
And sudden pinions lift my limbs.
Haste, crown, Cybæba, crown my brows
With garlands of the fragrant rose!

Hence, hoary age!—I now am strong,
And dance, a youth among the young.
Come then, my friends, the goblet drain!
Blest juice!—I feel thee in each vein!
See! how with active bounds I spring!
How strong, and yet, how sweet, I sing!
How blest am I! who thus excel
In pleasing arts of trifling well!

ODE LV.

THE MARK.

The stately steed expressive bears
A mark imprinted on his hairs:
The turban that adorns the brows
Of Asia's sons, the Parthian shows:
And marks betray the lover's heart,
Deeply engrav'd by Cupid's dart:
I plainly read them in his eyes,
That look too foolish, or too wise.

ODE LVI.

Alas! the powers of life decay!
My hairs are fall'n, or chang'd to grey!
The smiling bloom, and youthful grace,
Is banish'd from my faded face!
Thus man beholds, with weeping eyes,
Himself half-dead before he dies.
For this, and for the grave, I fear,
And pour the never-ceasing tear!
A dreadful prospect strikes my eye;
I soon must sicken, soon must die.
For this the mournful groan I shed;
I dread—alas! the hour I dread!
What eye can stedfastly survey
Death, and its dark tremendous way?
For soon as Fate has clos'd our eyes,
Man dies—for ever, ever dies!
All pale, all senseless in the urn!
Never, ah! never to return.

ODE LXIV.

TO APOLLO.

Once more, not uninspir'd, the string
I waken, and spontaneous sing:
No Pythic laurel-wreath I claim,
That lifts Ambition into fame:
My voice unbidden tunes the lay:
Some god impels, and I obey.
Listen, ye groves!—The Muse prepares
A sacred song in Phrygian airs;
Such as the swan expiring sings,
Melodious by Cäyster's springs,
While listening winds in silence hear
And to the gods the music bear.
Celestial Muse! attend, and bring
Thy aid, while I thy Phœbus sing:
To Phœbus and the Muse belong
The laurel, lyre, and Delphic song.
Begin, begin the lofty strain!
How Phœbus lov'd, but lov'd in vain;
How Daphne fled his guilty flame,
And scorn'd a god that offer'd shame.
With glorious pride his vows she hears;
And Heaven, indulgent to her prayers,
To laurel chang'd the nymph, and gave
Her foliage to reward the brave.
Ah! how, on wings of Love convey'd,
He flew to clasp the panting maid!
Now, now o'ertakes!—but Heaven deceives
His hope—he seizes only leaves.
Why fires my raptur'd breast? ah! why,
Ah! whither strives my soul to fly?
I feel the pleasing frenzy strong,
Impulsive to some nobler song:
Let, let the wanton fancy play;
But guide it, lest it devious stray.
But oh! in vain, my Muse denies
Her aid, a slave to lovely eyes.
Suffice it to rehearse the pains
Of bleeding nymphs, and dying swains;
Nor dare to wield the shafts of Love,
That wound the gods, and conquer Jove.
I yield! adieu the lofty strain!
I am Anacreon once again:
Again the melting song I play,
Attemper'd to the vocal lay:
See! see! how with attentive ears
The youths imbibe the nectar'd airs!
And quaff, in lowery shades reclin'd,
My precepts, to regale the mind.

THE

POEMS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE.

THE

LIFE OF POPE,

BY DR. JOHNSON.

ALEXANDER POPE was born in London[1], May 22, 1688, of parents whose rank or station was never ascertained: we are informed, that they were of "gentle blood;" that his father was of a family of which the earl of Downe was the head; and that his mother was the daughter of William Turner, esquire, of York, who had likewise three sons, one of whom had the honour of being killed, and the other of dying, in the service of Charles the First; the third was made a general officer in Spain, from whom the sister inherited what sequestrations and forfeitures had left in the family.

This, and this only, is told by Pope: who is more willing, as I have heard observed, to show what his father was not, than what he was. It is allowed, that he grew rich by trade; but whether in a shop or on the Exchange was never discovered till Mr. Tyers told, on the authority of Mrs. Racket, that he was a linendraper in the Strand. Both parents were papists.

Pope was from his birth of a constitution tender and delicate; but is said to have shown remarkable gentleness and sweetness of disposition. The weakness of his body continued through his life[2]; but the mildness of his mind perhaps ended with his childhood. His voice, when he was young, was so pleasing, that he was called in fondness "the little Nightingale."

Being not sent early to school, he was taught to read by an aunt; and when he was seven or eight years old, became a lover of books. He first learned to write by imitating printed books; a species of penmanship in which he retained great excellence through his whole life, though his ordinary hand was not elegant.

When he was about eight he was placed in Hampshire, under Taverner,

[1] In Lombard-street, according to Dr. Warton. C.

[2] This weakness was so great, that he constantly wore stays, as I have been assured by a waterman at Twickenham, who, in lifting him into his boat, had often felt them. His method of taking the air on the water was to have a sedan chair in the boat, in which he sat with the glasses down. H.

a Romish priest, who, by a method very rarely practised, taught him the Greek and Latin rudiments together. He was now first regularly initiated in poetry by the perusal of Ogilby's Homer, and Sandys's Ovid. Ogilby's assistance he never repaid with any praise: but of Sandys, he declared, in his notes to the Iliad, that English poetry owed much of its beauty to his translations. Sandys very rarely attempted original composition.

From the care of Taverner, under whom his proficiency was considerable, he was removed to a school at Twyford, near Winchester, and again to another school about Hyde-park Corner; from which he used sometimes to stroll to the playhouse; and was so delighted with theatrical exhibitions, that he formed a kind of play from Ogilby's Iliad, with some verses of his own intermixed, which he persuaded his school-fellows to act, with the addition of his master's gardener, who personated Ajax.

At the two last schools he used to represent himself as having lost part of what Taverner had taught him; and on his master at Twyford he had already exercised his poetry in a lampoon. Yet under those masters he translated more than a fourth part of the Metamorphoses. If he kept the same proportion in his other exercises, it cannot be thought that his loss was great.

He tells of himself, in his poems, that "he lisp'd in numbers;" and used to say, that he could not remember the time when he began to make verses. In the style of fiction it might have been said of him as of Pindar, that, when he lay in his cradle, "the bees swarmed about his mouth."

About the time of the Revolution, his father, who was undoubtedly disappointed by the sudden blast of Popish prosperity, quitted his trade, and retired to Binfield in Windsor Forest, with about twenty thousand pounds: for which, being conscientiously determined not to intrust it to the government, he found no better use than that of locking it up in a chest, and taking from it what his expenses required; and his life was long enough to consume a great part of it, before his son came to the inheritance.

To Binfield Pope was called by his father when he was about twelve years old; and there he had for a few months the assistance of one Deane, another priest, of whom he learned only to construe a little of Tully's Offices. How Mr. Deane could spend, with a boy who had translated so much of Ovid, some months over a small part of Tully's Offices, it is now vain to inquire.

Of a youth so successfully employed, and so conspicuously improved, a minute account must be naturally desired; but curiosity must be contented with confused, imperfect, and sometimes improbable intelligence. Pope, finding little advantage from external help, resolved thence forward to direct himself, and at twelve formed a plan of study, which he completed with little other incitement than the desire of excellence.

His primary and principal purpose was to be a poet, with which his father accidentally concurred, by proposing subjects, and obliging him to correct his performances by many revisals; after which the old gentleman, when he was satisfied, would say, "these are good rhymes."

In his perusal of the English poets he soon distinguished the versification of Dryden, which he considered as the model to be studied, and was impressed with

such veneration for his instructor, that he persuaded some friends to take him to the coffee-house which Dryden frequented, and pleased himself with having seen him.

Dryden died May 1, 1701, some days before Pope was twelve; so early must he therefore have felt the power of harmony, and the zeal of genius. Who does not wish that Dryden could have known the value of the homage that was paid him, and foreseen the greatness of his young admirer.

The earliest of Pope's productions is his Ode on Solitude, written before he was twelve, in which there is nothing more than other forward boys have attained, and which is not equal to Cowley's performances at the same age.

His time was now wholly spent in reading and writing. As he read the Classics, he amused himself with translating them; and at fourteen made a version of the first book of the Thebais, which, with some revision, he afterwards published. He must have been at this time, if he had no help, a considerable proficient in the Latin tongue.

By Dryden's Fables, which had then been not long published, and were much in the hands of poetical readers, he was tempted to try his own skill in giving Chaucer a more fashionable appearance, and put January and May, and the Prologue of the Wife of Bath, into modern English. He translated likewise the Epistle of Sappho to Phaon from Ovid, to complete the version which was before imperfect; and wrote some other small piecess which he afterwards printed.

He sometimes imitated the English poets, and professed to have written at fourteen his poem upon Silence, after Rochester's Nothing. He had now formed his versification, and the smoothness of his numbers surpassed his original: but this is a small part of his praise; he discovers such acquaintance both with human life and public affairs, as is not easily conceived to have been attainable by a boy of fourteen in Windsor Forest.

Next year he was desirous of opening to himself new sources of knowledge, by making himself acquainted with modern languages; and removed for a time to London, that he might study French and Italian, which, as he desired nothing more than to read them, were by diligent application soon dispatched. Of Italian learning he does not appear to have ever made much use in his subsequent studies.

He then returned to Binfield, and delighted himself with his own poetry. He tried all styles, and many subjects. He wrote a comedy, a tragedy, an epic poem, with panegyrics on all the princes of Europe; and, as he confesses, "thought himself the greatest genius that ever was." Self-confidence is the first requisite to great undertakings. He, indeed, who forms his opinion of himself in solitude, without knowing the powers of other men, is very liable to errour: but it was the felicity of Pope to rate himself at his real value.

Most of his puerile productions were, by his maturer judgment, afterwards destroyed; Alcander, the epic poem, was burnt by the persuasion of Atterbury. The tragedy was founded on the legend of St. Genevieve. Of the comedy there is no account.

Concerning his studies it is related, that he translated Tully on Old Age; and that, besides his books of poetry and criticism, he read Temple's Essays, and Locke on Human Understanding. His reading, though his favourite authors are not

known, appears to have been sufficiently extensive and multifarious; for his early pieces show, with sufficient evidence, his knowledge of books.

He that is pleased with himself easily imagines that he shall please others. Sir William Trumbull, who had been ambassador at Constantinople, and secretary of state, when he retired from business, fixed his residence in the neighbourhood of Binfield. Pope, not yet sixteen, was introduced to the statesman of sixty, and so distinguished himself, that their interviews ended in friendship and correspondence. Pope was, through his whole life, ambitious of splendid acquaintance; and he seems to have wanted neither diligence nor success in attracting the notice of the great; for, from his first entrance into the world, and his entrance was very early, he was admitted to familiarity with those whose rank or station made them most conspicuous.

From the age of sixteen the life of Pope, as an author, may be properly computed. He now wrote his pastorals, which were shown to the poets and critics of that time: as they well deserved, they were read with admiration, and many praises were bestowed upon them and upon the Preface, which is both elegant and learned in a high degree; they were, however, not published till five years afterwards.

Cowley, Milton, and Pope, are distinguished among the English poets by the early exertion of their powers; but the works of Cowley alone were published in his childhood, and therefore of him only can it be certain, that his puerile performances received no improvement from his maturer studies.

At this time began his acquaintance with Wycherley, a man who seems to have had among his contemporaries his full share of reputation, to have been esteemed without virtue, and caressed without good-humour. Pope was proud of his notice; Wycherley wrote verses in his praise, which he was charged by Dennis with writing to himself, and they agreed for a while to flatter one another. It is pleasant to remark how soon Pope learned the cant of an author, and began to treat critics with contempt, though he had yet suffered nothing from them.

But the fondness of Wycherley was too violent to last. His esteem of Pope was such, that he submitted some poems to his revision; and when Pope, perhaps proud of such confidence, was sufficiently bold in his criticisms, and liberal in his alterations, the old scribbler was angry to see his pages defaced, and felt more pain from the detection, than content from the amendment of his faults. They parted; but Pope always considered him with kindness, and visited him a little time before he died.

Another of his early correspondents was Mr. Cromwell, of whom I have learned nothing particular, but that he used to ride a hunting in a tye-wig. He was fond, and perhaps vain, of amusing himself with poetry and criticism; and sometimes sent his performances to Pope, who did not forbear such remarks as were now-and-then unwelcome. Pope, in his turn, put the juvenile version of Statius into his hands for correction.

Their correspondence afforded the public its first knowlege of Pope's epistolary powers; for his letters were given by Cromwell to one Mrs. Thomas; and she, many years afterwards, sold them to Curll, who inserted them in a volume of his Miscellanies.

Walsh, a name yet preserved among the minor poets, was one of his first cri-

encouragers. His regard was gained by the Pastorals, and from him Pope received the counsel by which he seems to have regulated his studies. Walsh advised him to correctness, which, as he told him, the English poets had hitherto neglected, and which therefore was left to him as a basis of fame; and being delighted with rural poems, recommended to him to write a pastoral comedy, like those which are read so eagerly in Italy; a design which Pope probably did not approve, as he did not follow it.

Pope had now declared himself a poet; and thinking himself entitled to poetical conversation, began at seventeen to frequent Will's, a coffee-house on the north side of Russel-street, in Covent-garden, where the wits of that time used to assemble, and where Dryden had, when he lived, been accustomed to preside.

During this period of his life he was indefatigably diligent, and insatiably curious; wanting health for violent, and money for expensive pleasures, and having excited in himself very strong desires of intellectual eminence, he spent much of his time over his books; but he read only to store his mind with facts and images, seizing all that his authors presented with undistinguishing voracity, and with an appetite for knowledge too eager to be nice. In a mind like his, however, all the faculties were at once involuntarily improving. Judgment is forced upon us by experience. He that reads many books must compare one opinion or one style with another; and, when he compares, must necessarily distinguish, reject, and prefer. But the account given by himself of his studies was, that from fourteen to twenty he read only for amusement, from twenty to twenty-seven for improvement and instruction; that in the first part of his time he desired only to know, and in the second he endeavoured to judge.

The pastorals, which had been for some time handed about among poets and critics, were at last printed (1709) in Tonson's Miscellany, in a volume which began with the Pastorals of Philips, and ended with those of Pope.

The same year was written the Essay on Criticism; a work which displays such extent of comprehension, such nicety of distinction, such acquaintance with mankind, and such knowledge both of ancient and modern learning, as are not often attained by the maturest age and longest experience. It was published about two years afterwards; and, being praised by Addison in the Spectator[3] with sufficient liberality, met with so much favour as enraged Dennis, "who," he says, "found himself attacked, without any manner of provocation on his side, and attacked in his person, instead of his writings, by one who was wholly a stranger to him, at a time when all the world knew he was persecuted by fortune; and not only saw that this was attempted in a clandestine manner, with the utmost falsehood and calumny, but found that all this was done by a little affected hypocrite, who had nothing in his mouth at the same time but truth, candour, friendship, goodnature, humanity, and magnanimity."

How the attack was clandestine is not easily perceived, nor how his person is depreciated; but he seems to have known something of Pope's character, in whom may be discovered an appetite to talk too frequently of his own virtues.

The pamphlet is such as rage might be expected to dictate. He supposes himself

[3] No. 253. But according to Dr. Warton, Pope was displeased at one passage, in which Addison censures the admission of "some strokes of ill-nature." C.

to be asked two questions; whether the essay will succeed, and who or what is the author.

Its success he admits to be secured by the false opinions then prevalent; the author he concludes to be "young and raw."

"First, because he discovers a sufficiency beyond his little ability, and hath rashly undertaken a task infinitely above his force. Secondly, while this little author struts, and affects the dictatorian air, he plainly shows, that at the same time he is under the rod, and, while he pretends to give laws to others, is a pedantic slave to authority and opinion. Thirdly, he hath, like school-boys, borrowed both from living and dead. Fourthly, he knows not his own mind, and frequently contradicts himself. Fifthly, he is almost perpetually in the wrong."

All these positions he attempts to prove by quotations and remarks; but his desire to do mischief is greater than his power. He has, however, justly criticised some passages in these lines.

> There are whom Heaven has bless'd with store of wit,
> Yet want as much again to manage it;
> For wit and judgment ever are at strife—

It is apparent that wit has two meanings, and that what is wanted, though called wit, is truly judgment. So far Dennis is undoubtedly right; but not content with argument, he will have a little mirth, and triumphs over the first couplet in terms too elegant to be forgotten. "By the way, what rare numbers are here! Would not one swear that this youngster had espoused some antiquated Muse, who had sued out a divorce on account of impotence from some superannuated sinner; and, having been p—xed by her former spouse, has got the gout in her decrepit age, which makes her hobble so damnably?" This was the man who would reform a nation sinking into barbarity.

In another place Pope himself allowed that Dennis had detected one of those blunders which are called bulls. The first edition had this line,

> What is this wit—
> Where wanted, scorn'd; and envied where acquir'd?"

"How," says the critic, "can wit be scorn'd where it is not? Is not this a figure frequently employed in Hibernian land? The person that wants this wit may indeed be scorned, but the scorn shows the honour which the contemner has for wit." Of this remark Pope made the proper use, by correcting the passage.

I have preserved, I think, all that is reasonable in Dennis's criticism; it remains that justice be done to his delicacy. "For his acquaintance (says Dennis) he names Mr. Walsh, who had by no means the qualification which this author reckons absolutely necessary to a critic, it being very certain, that he was, like this essayer, a very indifferent poet; he loved to be well-dressed; and I remember a little young gentleman, whom Mr. Walsh used to take into his company, as a double foil to his person and capacity. Inquire, between Sunninghill and Oakingham, for a young, short, squab gentleman, the very bow of the god of love, and tell me whether he be a proper author to make personal reflections?—He may extol the ancients, but he has reason to thank the gods that he was born a modern; for had he been born of Grecian parents, and his father consequently had by law the absolute disposal

of him, his life had been no longer than that of one of his poems, the life of half a day.—Let the person of a gentleman of his parts be never so contemptible, his inward man is ten-times more ridiculous; it being impossible that his outward form, though it be that of downright monkey, should differ so much from human shape, as his unthinking, immaterial part does from human understanding." Thus began the hostility between Pope and Dennis, which, though it was suspended for a short time, never was appeased. Pope seems, at first, to have attacked him wantonly; but, though he always professed to despise him, he discovers, by mentioning him very often, that he felt his force or his venom.

Of this Essay, Pope declared, that he did not expect the sale to be quick, because "not one gentleman in sixty, even in liberal education, could understand it." The gentlemen, and the education of that time, seem to have been of a lower character than they are of this. He mentioned a thousand copies as a numerous impression.

Dennis was not his only censurer: the zealous papists thought the monks treated with too much contempt, and Erasmus too studiously praised; but to these objections he had not much regard.

The Essay has been translated into French by Hamilton, author of the Comte de Grammont, whose version was never printed, by Robotham; secretary to the king for Hanover, and by Resnel; and commented by Dr. Warburton, who has discovered in it such order and connection as was not perceived by Addison, nor, as is said, intended by the author.

Almost every poem, consisting of precepts, is so far arbitrary and immethodical, that many of the paragraphs may change places with no apparent inconvenience; for of two or more positions, depending upon some remote and general principle, there is seldom any cogent reason why one should precede the other. But for the order in which they stand, whatever it be, a little ingenuity may easily give a reason. "It is possible," says Hooker, "that, by long circumduction, from any one truth all truth may be inferred." Of all homogeneous truths, at least of all truths respecting the same general end, in whatever series they may be produced, a concatenation by intermediate ideas may be formed, such as, when it is once shown, shall appear natural; but if this order be reversed, another mode of connection, equally specious, may be found or made. Aristotle is praised for naming Fortitude first of the cardinal virtues, as that without which no other virtue can steadily be practised; but he might, with equal propriety, have placed Prudence and Justice before it, since without Prudence, Fortitude is mad; without Justice, it is mischievous.

As the end of method is perspicuity, that series is sufficiently regular that avoids obscurity; and where there is no obscurity, it will not be difficult to discover method.

In the Spectator was published the Messiah, which he first submitted to the perusal of Steele, and corrected in compliance with his criticisms.

It is reasonable to infer, from his Letters, that the Verses on the Unfortunate Lady were written about the time when his Essay was published. The lady's name and adventures I have sought with fruitless inquiry[4].

I can therefore tell no more than I have learned from Mr. Ruffhead, who writes

[4] See Gent. Mag. vol. LI. p. 314. N.

with the confidence of one who could trust his information. She was a woman of eminent rank and large fortune, the ward of an uncle, who, having given her a proper education, expected, like other guardians, that she should make at least an equal match; and such he proposed to her, but found it rejected in favour of a young gentleman of inferior condition.

Having discovered the correspondence between the two lovers, and finding the young lady determined to abide by her own choice, he supposed that separation might do what can rarely be done by arguments, and sent her into a foreign country, where she was obliged to converse only with those from whom her uncle had nothing to fear.

Her lover took care to repeat his vows; but his letters were intercepted and carried to her guardian, who directed her to be watched with still greater vigilance, till of this restraint she grew so impatient, that she bribed a woman servant to procure her a sword, which she directed to her heart.

From this account, given with evident intention to raise the lady's character, it does not appear that she had any claim to praise, nor much to compassion. She seems to have been impatient, violent, and ungovernable. Her uncle's power could not have lasted long; the hour of liberty and choice would have come in time. But her desires were too hot for delay, and she liked self-murder better than suspense.

Nor is it discovered that the uncle, whoever he was, is with much justice delivered to posterity as "a false guardian;" he seems to have done only that for which a guardian is appointed; he endeavoured to direct his niece till she should be able to direct herself. Poetry has not often been worse employed than in dignifying the amorous fury of a raving girl.

Not long after, he wrote the Rape of the Lock, the most airy, the most ingenious, and the most delightful of all his compositions, occasioned by a frolic of gallantry, rather too familiar, in which lord Petre cut off a lock of Mrs. Arabella Fermor's hair. This, whether stealth or violence, was so much resented, that the commerce of the two families, before very friendly, was interrupted. Mr. Caryl, a gentleman who, being secretary to king James's queen, had followed his mistress into France, and who, being the author of Sir Solomon Single, a comedy, and some translations, was entitled to the notice of a wit, solicited Pope to endeavour a reconciliation by a ludicrous poem, which might bring both the parties to a better temper. In compliance with Caryl's request, though his name was for a long time marked only by the first and last letters, C—l, a poem of two cantos was written (1711) as is said, in a fortnight, and sent to the offended lady, who liked it well enough to show it; and, with the usual process of literary transactions, the author, dreading a surreptitious edition, was forced to publish it.

The event is said to have been such as was desired, the pacification and diversion of all to whom it related, except sir George Brown, who complained with some bitterness, that, in the character of sir Plume, he was made to talk nonsense. Whether all this be true, I have some doubt; for at Paris, a few years ago, a niece of Mrs. Fermor, who presided in an English convent, mentioned Pope's work with very little gratitude, rather as an insult than an honour; and she may be supposed to to have inherited the opinion of her family.

At its first appearance it was term'd by Addison "merum sal." Pope, however,

saw that it was capable of improvement; and, having luckily contrived to borrow his machinery from the Rosicrucians, imparted the scheme with which his head was teeming to Addison, who told him that his work, as it stood, was "a delicious little thing," and gave him no encouragement to retouch it.

This has been too hastily considered as an instance of Addison's jealousy; for, as he could not guess the conduct of the new design, or the possibilities of pleasure comprised in a fiction of which there had been no examples, he might very reasonably and kindly persuade the author to acquiesce in his own prosperity, and forbear an attempt which he considered as an unnecessary hazard.

Addison's counsel was happily rejected. Pope foresaw the future efflorescence of imagery then budding in his mind, and resolved to spare no art, or industry of cultivation. The soft luxuriance of his fancy was already shooting, and all the gay varieties of diction were ready at his hand to colour and embellish it.

His attempt was justified by its success. The Rape of the Lock stands forward, in the classes of literature, as the most exquisite example of ludicrous poetry. Berkeley congratulated him upon the display of powers more truly poetical than he had shown before: with elegance of description and justness of precepts, he had now exhibited boundless fertility of invention.

He always considered the intermixture of the machinery with the action as his most successful exertion of poetical art. He indeed could never afterwards produce any thing of such unexampled excellence. Those performances, which strike with wonder, are combinations of skilful genius with happy casualty; and it is not likely that any felicity, like the discovery of a new race of preternatural agents, should happen twice to the same man.

Of this poem the author was, I think, allowed to enjoy the praise for a long time without disturbance. Many years afterwards Dennis published some remarks upon it, with very little force, and with no effect; for the opinion of the public was already settled, and it was no longer at the mercy of criticism.

About this time he published the Temple of Fame, which, as he tells Steele in their correspondence, he had written two years before; that is, when he was only twenty-two years old, an early time of life for so much learning and so much observation, as that work exhibits.

On this poem Dennis afterwards published some remarks, of which the most reasonable is, that some of the lines represent motion as exhibited by sculpture.

Of the epistle from Eloisa to Abelard, I do not know the date His first inclination to attempt a composition of that tender kind arose, as Mr. Savage told me, from his perusal of Prior's Nut-brown Maid. How much he has surpassed Prior's work it is not necessary to mention, when perhaps it may be said with justice, that he has excelled every composition of the same kind. The mixture of religious hope and resignation gives an elevation and dignity to disappointed love, which images merely natural cannot bestow. The gloom of a convent strikes the imagination with far greater force than the solitude of a grove.

This piece was, however, not much his favourite in his latter years, though I never heard upon what principle he slighted it.

In the next year (1713) he published Windsor Forest; of which part was, as he relates, written at sixteen, about the same time as his Pastorals; and the latter part

was added afterwards; where the addition begins, we are not told. The lines relating to the peace confess their own date. It is dedicated to lord Lansdowne, who was then high in reputation and influence among the Tories; and it is said, that the conclusion of the poem gave great pain to Addison, both as a poet and a politician. Reports like this are always spread with boldness very disproportionate to their evidence. Why should Addison receive any particular disturbance from the last lines of Windsor Forest? If contrariety of opinion could poison a politician, he would not live a day; and, as a poet, he must have felt Pope's force of genius much more from many other parts of his works.

The pain that Addison might feel it is not likely that he would confess; and it is certain that he so well suppressed his discontent, that Pope now thought himself his favourite; for, having been consulted in the revisal of Cato, he introduced it by a prologue; and, when Dennis published his Remarks, undertook, not indeed to vindicate, but to revenge his friend, by a "Narrative of the Frenzy of John Dennis."

There is reason to believe, that Addison gave no encouragement to this disingenuous hostility; for, says Pope, in a letter to him, "indeed your opinion, that 'tis entirely to be neglected, would be my own in my own case; but I felt more warmth here, than I did when I first saw his book against myself, (though indeed in two minutes it made me heartily merry.)" Addison was not a man on whom such cant of sensibility could make much impression. He left the pamphlet to itself, having disowned it to Dennis, and perhaps did not think Pope to have deserved much by his officiousness.

This year was printed in the Guardian, the ironical comparison between the Pastorals of Philips and Pope; a composition of artifice, criticism, and literature, to which nothing equal will easily be found. The superiority of Pope is so ingeniously dissembled, and the feeble lines of Philips so skilfully preferred, that Steele, being deceived, was unwilling to print the paper, lest Pope should be offended. Addison immediately saw the writer's design; and, as it seems, had malice enough to conceal his discovery, and to admit a publication, which, by making his friend Philips ridiculous, made him for ever an enemy to Pope.

It appears, that about this time Pope had a strong inclination to unite the art of painting with that of poetry, and put himself under the tuition of Jervas. He was near-sighted, and therefore not formed by nature for a painter: he tried, however, how far he could advance, and sometimes persuaded his friends to sit. A picture of Betterton, supposed to be drawn by him, was in the possession of Lord Mansfield[5]: if this was taken from the life, he must have begun to paint earlier; for Betterton was now dead. Pope's ambition of this new art produced some encomiastic verses to Jervas, which certainly show his power as a poet; but I have been told, that they betray his ignorance of painting.

He appears to have regarded Betterton with kindness and esteem; and after his death published, under his name, a version into modern English of Chaucer's Prologues, and one of his Tales, which, as was related by Mr. Harte, were believed to have been the performance of Pope himself by Fenton, who made him a gay offer of five pounds, if he would show them in the hand of Betterton.

[5] It is still at Caen Wood. *N.*

The next year (1713) produced a bolder attempt, by which profit was sought as well as praise. The poems which he had hitherto written, however they might have diffused his name, had made very little addition to his fortune. The allowance which his father made him, though, proportioned to what he had, it might be liberal, could not be large; his religion hindered him from the occupation of any civil employment; and he complained, that he wanted even money to buy books[6].

He therefore resolved to try how far the favour of the public extended, by soliciting a subscription to a version of the Iliad, with large notes.

To print by subscription was, for some time, a practice peculiar to the English. The first considerable work for which this expedient was employed, is said to have been Dryden's Virgil[7]; and it had been tried again with great success when the Tatlers were collected into volumes.

There was reason to believe, that Pope's attempt would be successful. He was in the full bloom of reputation, and was personally known to almost all whom dignity of employment or splendour of reputation had made eminent; he conversed indifferently with both parties, and never disturbed the public with his political opinions; and it might be naturally expected, as each faction then boasted its literary zeal, that the great men, who on other occasions practised all the violence of opposition, would emulate each other in their encouragement of a poet, who had delighted all, and by whom none had been offended.

With those hopes, he offered an English Iliad to subscribers, in six volumes in quarto, for six guineas; a sum, according to the value of money at that time, by no means inconsiderable, and greater than I believe to have been ever asked before. His proposal, however, was very favourably received; and the patrons of literature were busy to recommend his undertaking, and promote his interest. Lord Oxford, indeed, lamented that such a genius should be wasted upon a work not original; but proposed no means by which he might live without it. Addison recommended caution and moderation, and advised him not to be content with the praise of half the nation, when he might be universally favoured.

The greatness of the design, the popularity of the author, and the attention of the literary world, naturally raised such expectations of the future sale, that the booksellers made their offers with great eagerness; but the highest bidder was Bernard Lintot, who became proprietor on condition of supplying, at his own expence, all the copies which were to be delivered to subscribers, or presented to friends, and paying two hundred pounds for every volume.

Of the quartos it was, I believe, stipulated that none should be printed but for the author, that the subscription might not be depreciated; but Lintot impressed the same pages upon a small folio, and paper perhaps a little thinner; and sold exactly at half the price, for half a guinea each volume, books so little inferior to the quartos, that by a fraud of trade, those folios, being afterwards shortened by cutting away the top and bottom, were sold as copies printed for the subscribers.

Lintot printed two hundred and fifty on royal paper in folio, for two guineas a

[6] Spence.

[7] Earlier than this, viz. in 1688, Milton's Paradise Lost had been published with great success by subscription, in folio, under the patronage of Mr. (afterwards Lord) Somers. *R.*

volume; of the small folio, having printed seventeen hundred and fifty copies of the first volume, he reduced the number in the other volumes to a thousand.

It is unpleasant to relate, that the bookseller, after all his hopes and all his liberality, was, by a very unjust and illegal action, defrauded of his profit. An edition of the English Iliad was printed in Holland in duodecimo, and imported clandestinely for the gratification of those who were impatient to read what they could not yet afford to buy. This fraud could only be counteracted by an edition equally cheap and more commodious; and Lintot was compelled to contract his folio at once into a duodecimo, and lose the advantage of an intermediate gradation. The notes, which in the Dutch copies were placed at the end of each book, as they had been in the large volumes, were now subjoined to the text in the same page, and are therefore more easily consulted. Of this edition two thousand five hundred were first printed, and five thousand a few weeks afterwards; but indeed great numbers were necessary to produce considerable profit.

Pope, having now emitted his proposals, and engaged not only his own reputation, but in some degree that of his friends who patronised his subscription, began to be frighted at his own undertaking; and finding himself at first embarrassed with difficulties, which retarded and oppressed him, he was for a time timorous and uneasy, had his nights disturbed by dreams of long journeys through unknown ways, and wished, as he said, "that somebody would hang him [8]."

This misery, however, was not of long continuance; he grew by degrees more acquainted with Homer's images and expressions, and practice increased his facility of versification. In a short time he represents himself as dispatching regularly fifty verses a day, which would show him by an easy computation the termination of his labour.

His own diffidence was not his only vexation. He that asks a subscription soon finds that he has enemies. All who do not encourage him, defame him. He that wants money will rather be thought angry than poor: and he that wishes to save his money conceals his avarice by his malice. Addison had hinted his suspicion, that Pope was too much a Tory; and some of the Tories suspected his principles because he had contributed to the Guardian, which was carried on by Steele.

To those who censured his politics were added enemies yet more dangerous, who called in question his knowledge of Greek, and his qualifications for a translator of Homer. To these he made no public opposition; but in one of his letters escapes from them as well as he can. At an age like his, for he was not more than twenty-five, with an irregular education, and a course of life of which much seems to have passed in conversation, it is not very likely that he overflowed with Greek. But when he felt himself deficient, he sought assistance; and what man of learning would refuse to help him? Minute inquiries into the force of words are less necessary in translating Homer than other poets, because his positions are general, and his representations natural, with very little dependence on local or temporary customs, on those changeable scenes of artificial life, which, by mingling originally with accidental notions, and crowding the mind with images which time effaces, produces ambiguity in diction, and obscurity in books. To this open display

[8] Spence.

of unadulterated nature it must be ascribed, that Homer has fewer passages of doubtful meaning than any other poet, either in the learned or in modern languages. I have read of a man, who being, by his ignorance of Greek, compelled to gratify his curiosity with the Latin printed on the opposite page, declared, that, from the rude simplicity of the lines literally rendered, he formed nobler ideas of the Homeric majesty, than from the laboured elegance of polished versions.

Those literal translations were always at hand, and from them he could easily obtain his author's sense with sufficient certainty; and among the readers of Homer the number is very small of those who find much in the Greek more than in the Latin, except the music of the numbers.

If more help was wanting, he had the poetical translation of Eobanus Hessus, an unwearied writer of Latin verses; he had the French Homers of La Valterie and Dacier, and the English of Chapman, Hobbes, and Ogilby. With Chapman, whose work, though now totally neglected, seems to have been popular almost to the end of the last century, he had very frequent consultations, and perhaps never translated any passage till he had read his version, which indeed he has been sometimes suspected of using instead of the original.

Notes were likewise to be provided; for the six volumes would have been very little more than six pamphlets without them. What the mere perusal of the text could suggest, Pope wanted no assistance to collect or methodize; but more was necessary; many pages were to be filled, and learning must supply materials to wit and judgment. Something might be gathered from Dacier; but no man loves to be indebted to his contemporaries, and Dacier was accessible to common readers. Eustathius was therefore necessarily consulted. To read Eustathius, of whose work there was then no Latin version, I suspect Pope, if he had been willing, not to have been able; some other was therefore to be found, who had leisure as well as abilities; and he was doubtless most readily employed who would do much work for little money.

The history of the notes has never been traced. Broome, in his preface to his poems, declares himself the commentator "in part upon the Iliad;" and it appears from Fenton's letter, preserved in the Museum, that Broome was at first engaged in consulting Eustathius; but that after a time, whatever was the reason, he desisted; another man of Cambridge was then employed, who soon grew weary of the work; and a third, that was recommended by Thirlby is now discovered to have been Jortin, a man since well known to the learned world, who complained that Pope, having accepted and approved his performance, never testified any curiosity to see him, and who professed to have forgotten the terms on which he worked. The terms which Fenton uses are very mercantile: "I think at first sight that his performance is very commendable, and have sent word for him to finish the seventeenth book, and to send it with his demands for his trouble. I have here enclosed the specimen; if the rest come before the return, I will keep them till I receive your order."

Broome then offered his service a second time, which was probably accepted, as they had afterwards a closer correspondence. Parnell contributed the Life of Homer, which Pope found so harsh, that he took great pains in correcting it; and by his own diligence, with such help as kindness or money could procure him, in somewhat more than five years he completed his version of the Iliad, with the notes. He

began it in 1712, his twenty-fifth year; and concluded in 1718, his thirtieth year.

When we find him translating fifty lines a day, it is natural to suppose, that he would have brought his work to a more speedy conclusion. The Iliad, containing less than sixteen thousand verses, might have been dispatched in less than three hundred and twenty days by fifty verses in a day. The notes, compiled with the assistance of his mercenaries, could not be supposed to require more time than the text.

According to this calculation, the progress of Pope may seem to have been slow; but the distance is commonly very great between actual performances and speculative possibility. It is natural to suppose, that as much as has been done to-day may be done to-morrow; but on the morrow some difficulty emerges, or some external impediment obstructs. Indolence, interruption, business, and pleasure, all take their turns of retardation; and every long work is lengthened by a thousand causes that can, and ten thousand that cannot, be recounted. Perhaps no extensive and multifarious performance was ever effected within the term originally fixed in the undertaker's mind. He that runs against Time has an antagonist not subject to casualties.

The encouragement given to the translation, though report seems to have overrated it, was such as the world has not often seen. The subscribers were five hundred and seventy-five. The copies, for which subscriptions were given, were six hundred and fifty-four; and only six hundred and sixty were printed. For these copies Pope had nothing to pay; he therefore received, including the two hundred pounds a volume, five thousand three hundred and twenty pounds four shillings without deduction, as the books were supplied by Lintot.

By the success of his subscription Pope was relieved from those pecuniary distresses with which, notwithstanding his popularity, he had hitherto struggled. Lord Oxford had often lamented his disqualification for public employment, but never proposed a pension. While the translation of Homer was in its progress, Mr. Craggs, then secretary of state, offered to procure him a pension, which, at least during his ministry, might be enjoyed with secrecy. This was not accepted by Pope, who told him, however, that, if he should be pressed with want of money, he would send to him for occasional supplies. Craggs was not long in power, and was never solicited for money by Pope, who disdained to beg what he did not want.

With the product of this subscription, which he had too much discretion to squander, he secured his future life from want, by considerable annuities. The estate of the duke of Buckingham was found to have been charged with five hundred pounds a year, payable to Mr. Pope, which doubtless his translation enabled him to purchase.

It cannot be unwelcome to literary curiosity, that I deduce thus minutely the history of the English Iliad. It is certainly the noblest version of poetry which the world has ever seen; and its publication must therefore be considered as one of the great events in the annals of learning.

To those who have skill to estimate the excellence and difficulty of this great work, it must be very desirable to know how it was performed, and by what gradations it advanced to correctness. Of such an intellectual process the knowledge has very rarely been attainable; but happily there remains the original copy of the Iliad,

which, being obtained by Bolingbroke as a curiosity, descended from him to Mallet, and is now, by the solicitation of the late Dr. Maty, reposited in the Museum.

Between this manuscript, which is written upon accidental fragments of paper, and the printed edition, there must have been an intermediate copy, that was perhaps destroyed as it returned from the press.

From the first copy I have procured a few transcripts, and shall exhibit first the printed lines; then in a smaller print, those of the manuscripts, with all their variations. Those words in the small print, which are given in Italics, are cancelled in the copy, and the words placed under them adopted in their stead.

The beginning of the first book stands thus:

The wrath of Peleus' son, the direful spring
Of all the Grecian woes, O Goddess, sing,
That wrath which hurl'd to Pluto's gloomy reign
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain.

The stern Pelides' *rage*, O Goddess, sing.
wrath
Of all the woes *of Greece* the fatal spring,
Grecian
That strew'd with *warriours* dead the Phrygian plain,
heroes
And *peopled the dark hell with heroes* slain;
fill'd the shady hell with chiefs untimely

Whose limbs, unburied on the naked shore,
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore,
Since great *Achilles* and *Atrides* strove,
Such was the sovereign doom, and such the will of Jove.

Whose limbs unburied on the hostile shore,
Devouring dogs and greedy vultures tore,
Since first *Atrides* and *Achilles* strove,
Such was the sovereign doom, and such the will of Jove.

Declare, O Muse, in what ill-fated hour
Sprung the fierce strife, from what offended power?
Latona's son a dire contagion spread,
And heap'd the camp with mountains of the dead;
The king of men his reverend priest defy'd,
And for the king's offence the people dy'd.

Declare, O Goddess, what offended power
Enflam'd their *rage*, in that *ill-omen'd* hour;
anger fatal, hapless
Phœbus himself the *dire* debate procur'd,
fierce
T'avenge the wrongs his injur'd priest endur'd;
For this the god a dire infection spread,
And heap'd the camp with millions of the dead:
The king of men the sacred sire defy'd,
And for the king's offence the people dy'd.

For Chryses sought with costly gifts to gain
His captive daughter from the Victor's chain;

Suppliant the venerable father stands,
Apollo's awful ensigns grace his hands;
By these he begs, and, lowly bending down,
Extends the sceptre and the laurel crown.

For Chryses sought by *presents to regain*
costly gifts to gain
His captive daughter from the Victor's chain!
Suppliant the venerable father stands,
Apollo's awful ensigns grac'd his hands.
By these he begs, and, lowly bending down
The golden sceptre and the laurel crown,
Presents the sceptre
For these as ensigns of his God he bare,
The God that sends his golden shafts afar;
Then low on earth, the venerable man
Suppliant before the brother kings began.

He sued to all, but chief implor'd for grace
The brother kings of Atreus' royal race;
Ye kings and warriours, may your vows be crown'd,
And Troy's proud walls lie level with the ground;
May Jove restore you, when your toils are o'er,
Safe to the pleasures of your native shore.

To all he sued, but chief implor'd for grace
The brother kings of Atreus' royal race.
Ye *sons of Atreus*, may your vows be crown'd,
Kings and warriors
Your labours, by the Gods be all your labours crown'd,
So may the Gods your arms with conquest bless,
And Troy's proud walls *lie* level with the ground;
Till laid
And crown your labours with deserv'd success;
May Jove restore you, when your toils are o'er,
Safe to the pleasures of your native shore.

But, oh! relieve a wretched parent's pain,
And give Chryseis to these arms again;
If mercy fail, yet let my present move,
And dread avenging Phœbus, son of Jove.

But, oh! relieve a hapless parent's pain,
And give my daughter to these arms again;
Receive my gifts; if mercy fails, yet let my present move,
And fear *the God that deals his darts around.*
avenging Phœbus, son of Jove.

The Greeks, in shouts, their joint assent declare
The priest to reverence, and release the fair.
Not so Atrides; he, with kingly pride,
Repuls'd the sacred sire, and thus reply'd:

He said, the Greeks their joint assent declare,
The father said, the gen'rous Greeks relent,
T'accept the ransom, and release the fair!

Revere the priest, and speak their joint assent:
Not so *the tyrant*, he, with kingly pride,
Atrides
Repuls'd the sacred sire, and thus reply'd.
[Not so the tyrant. Dryden.]

Of these lines, and of the whole first book, I am told that there was yet a former copy, more varied, and more deformed with interlineations.

The beginning of the second book varies very little from the printed page, and is therefore set down without a parallel; the few differences do not require to be elaborately displayed.

Now pleasing sleep had seal'd each mortal eye:
Stretch'd in their tents the Grecian leaders lie;
Th' Immortals slumber'd on their thrones above,
All but the ever watchful eye of Jove,
To honour Thetis' son he bends his care,
And plunge the Greeks in all the woes of war.
Then bids an empty phantom rise to sight,
And thus *commands* the vision of the night:
directs
Fly hence, delusive dream, and, light as air,
To Agamemnon's royal tent repair;
Bid him in arms draw forth th' embattled train,
March all his legions to the dusty plain.
Now tell the king 'tis giv'n him to destroy
Declare ev'n now
The lofty *walls* of wide-extended Troy;
tow'rs
For now no more the Gods with Fate contend;
At Juno's suit the heavenly factions end.
Destruction *hovers* o'er yon devoted wall,
hangs
And nodding Ilium waits th' impending fall.

Invocation to the catalogue of ships.

Say, Virgins, seated round the throne divine,
All-knowing Goddesses! immortal Nine!
Since Earth's wide regions, Heav'n's unmeasur'd height,
And Hell's abyss, hide nothing from your sight,
(We, wretched mortals! lost in doubts below,
But guess by rumour, and but boast we know)
Oh! say what heroes fir'd by thirst of fame,
C , urg'd by wrongs, to Troy's destruction came!
To count them all, demands a thousand tongues,
A throat of brass, and adamantine lungs.

Now, Virgin Goddesses, immortal Nine!
That round Olympus' heavenly summit shine,
Who see through Heaven and Earth, and Hell profound,
And all things know, and all things can resound!
Relate what armies sought the Trojan land,
What nations follow'd, and what chiefs command;
(For doubtful Fame distracts mankind below,
And nothing can we tell, and nothing know)
Without your aid, to count th' unnumber'd train,
A thousand mouths, a thousand tongues were vain.

BOOK V. VER. I.

But Pallas now Tydides' soul inspires,
Fills with her force, and warms with all her fires;
Above the Greeks his deathless fame to raise,
And crown her hero with distinguish'd praise.
High on his helm celestial lightnings play,
His beamy shield emits a living ray;
Th' unwearied blaze incessant streams supplies,
Like the red star that fires th' autumnal skies.

But Pallas now Tydides' soul inspires,
Fills with her *rage*, and warms with all her fires;
force
O'er all the Greeks decrees his fame to raise,
Above the Greeks *her warrior's* fame to raise,
his deathless
And crown her hero with *immortal* praise:
distinguish'd
Bright from his beamy *crest* the lightnings play,
High on helm
From his broad buckler flash'd the living ray;
High on his helm celestial lightnings play,
His beamy shield emits a living ray;
The Goddess with her breath the flames supplies,
Bright as the star whose fires in autumn rise;
Her breath divine thick-streaming flames supplies,
Bright as the star that fires th' autumnal skies:
Th' unwearied blaze incessant streams supplies,
Like the red star that fires th' autumnal skies:

When first he rears his radiant orb to sight,
And, bath'd in Ocean, shoots a keener light.
Such glories Pallas on the chief bestow'd,
Such from his arms the fierce effulgence flow'd;
Onward she drives him furious to engage,
Where the fight burns, and where the thickest rage.

When fresh he rears his radiant orb to sight,
And gilds old Ocean with a blaze of light.
Bright as the star that fires th' autumnal skies,
Fresh from the deep, and gilds the seas and skies,
Such glories Pallas on her chief bestow'd,
Such sparkling rays from his bright armour flow'd;
Such from his arms the fierce effulgence flow'd;

Onward she drives him *headlong* to engage,
furious
Where the *war bleeds*, and where the *fiercest* rage.
fight burns, thickest

The sons of Dares first the combat sought,
A wealthy priest, but rich without a fault;
In Vulcan's fane the father's days were led,
The sons to toils of glorious battle bred;

There liv'd a Trojan—Dares was his name,
The priest of Vulcan, rich, yet void of blame;
The sons of Dares first the combat sought,
A wealthy priest, but rich without a fault.

CONCLUSION OF BOOK VIII. VER. 687.

As when the Moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er Heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole;
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies;
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.
So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,
And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays;
The long reflection of the distant fires
Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires.
A thousand piles the dusky horrours gild,
And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field.
Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,
Whose umber'd arms by fits thick flashes send;
Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn,
And ardent warriors wait the rising morn.

As when in stillness of the silent sight,
As when the Moon in all her lustre bright;
As when the Moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er Heaven's *clear* azure *sheds* her *silver* light;
pure spreads sacred
As still in air the trembling lustre stood,
And o'er its golden border shoots a flood;
When *no loose gale* disturbs the deep serene,
not a breath
And *no dim* cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
not a
Around her silver throne the planets glow,
And stars unnumber'd trembling beams bestow:

Around her throne the vivid planets roll
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole;
Clear gleams of light o'er the dark trees are seen,
o'er the dark trees a yellow sheds.
O'er the dark trees a yellower *green* they shed,
gleam,
verdure
And tip with silver all the *mountain* heads.
forest
And tip with silver every mountain's head.
The vallies open, and the forests rise,
The vales appear, the rocks in prospect rise,
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
All Nature stands reveal'd before our eyes;
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies.
The conscious shepherd, joyful at the sight,
Eyes the blue vault, and numbers every light.
The conscious *swains rejoicing at the sight,*
shepherds gazing with deligh
Eye the blue vault, and bless the *vivid* light,
glorious
useful
So many flames before *the navy* blaze,
proud Ilion
And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays;
Wide o'er the fields to Troy extend the gleams,
And tip the distant spires with fainter beams;
The long reflections of the distant fires
Gild the high walls, and tremble on the spires;
Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires;
A thousand fires at distant stations bright,
Gild the dark prospect, and dispel the night.

Of these specimens every man who has cultivated poetry, or who delights to trace the mind from the rudeness of its first conceptions to the elegance of its last, will naturally desire a greater number; but most other readers are already tired, and I am not writing only to poets and philosophers.

The Iliad was published volume by volume, as the translation proceeded; the four first books appeared in 1715. The expectation of this work was undoubtedly high, and every man who had connected his name with criticism, or poetry, was desirous of such intelligence as might enable him to talk upon the popular topic. Halifax, who, by having been first a poet, and then a patron of poetry, had acquired the right of being a judge, was willing to hear some books while they were yet unpublished. Of this rehearsal Pope afterwards gave the following account[1].

"The famous lord Halifax was rather a pretender to taste, than really possessed of it.—When I had finished the two or three first books of my translation of the Iliad, that lord desired to have the pleasure of hearing them read at his house—Addison, Congreve, and Garth, were there at the reading. In four or five places lord Halifax stopt me very civilly, and with a speech each time of much the same kind, 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Pope; but there is something in that passage that

[1] Spence.

does not quite please me. Be so good as to mark the place, and consider it a little at your leisure.—I am sure you can give it a little turn.'—I returned from lord Halifax's with Dr. Garth, in his chariot; and, as we were going along, was saying to the doctor, that my lord had laid me under a great deal of difficulty by such loose and general observations; that I had been thinking over the passages almost ever since, and could not guess at what it was that offended his lordship in either of them. Garth laughed heartily at my embarrassment; said I had not been long enough acquainted with lord Halifax to know his way yet; that I need not puzzle myself about looking those places over and over when I got home. 'All you need do (says he) is to leave them just as they are; call on lord Halifax two or three months hence, thank him for his kind observations on those passages, and then read them to him as altered. I have known him much longer than you have, and will be answerable for the event.' I followed his advice; waited on lord Halifax some time after; said, I hoped he would find his objections to those passages removed; read them to him exactly as they were at first; and his lordship was extremely pleased with them, and cried out, 'Ay, now they are perfectly right: nothing can be better."

It is seldom that the great or the wise suspect that they are despised or cheated. Halifax, thinking this a lucky opportunity of securing immortality, made some advances of favour and some overtures of advantage to Pope, which he seems to have received with sullen coldness. All our knowledge of this transaction is derived from a single letter (Dec. 1, 1714), in which Pope says, "I am obliged to you, both for the favours you have done me, and those you intend me. I distrust neither your will nor your memory, when it is to do good; and if I ever become troublesome or solicitous, it must not be out of expectation, but out of gratitude. Your lordship may cause me to live agreeably in the town, or contentedly in the country, which is really all the difference I set between an easy fortune and a small one. It is indeed a high strain of generosity in you to think of making me easy all my life, only because I have been so happy as to divert you some few hours: but, if I may have leave to add it is because you think me no enemy to my native country, there will appear a better reason; for I must of consequence be very much (as I sincerely am) yours, &c."

These voluntary offers, and this faint acceptance, ended without effect. The patron was not accustomed to such frigid gratitude: and the poet fed his own pride with the dignity of independence. They probably were suspicious of each other. Pope would not dedicate till he saw at what rate his praise was valued; he would be "troublesome out of gratitude, not expectation." Halifax thought himself entitled to confidence; and would give nothing, unless he knew what he should receive. Their commerce had its beginning in hope of praise on one side, and of money on the other, and ended because Pope was less eager of money than Halifax of praise. It is not likely that Halifax had any personal benevolence to Pope; it is evident that Pope looked on Halifax with scorn and hatred.

The reputation of this great work failed of gaining him a patron; but it deprived him of a friend. Addison and he were now at the head of poetry and criticism; and both in such a state of elevation, that, like the two rivals in the Roman state, one could no longer bear an equal, nor the other a superior. Of the gradual abate-

ment of kindness between friends, the beginning is often scarcely discernible to themselves, and the process is continued by petty provocations, and incivilities sometimes peevishly returned, and sometimes contemptuously neglected, which would escape all attention but that of pride, and drop from any memory but that of resentment. That the quarrel of these two wits should be minutely deduced, is not to be expected from a writer to whom, as Homer says, "nothing but rumour has reached, and who has no personal knowlege."

Pope doubtless approached Addison, when the reputation of their wit first brought them together, with the respect due to a man whose abilities were acknowledged, and who, having attained that eminence to which he was himself aspiring, had in his hands the distribution of literary fame. He paid court with sufficient diligence by his prologue to Cato, by his abuse of Dennis, and with praise yet more direct, by his poem on the Dialogues on Medals, of which the immediate publication was then intended. In all this there was no hypocrisy; for he confessed that he found in Addison something more pleasing than in any other man.

It may be supposed, that as Pope saw himself favoured by the world, and more frequently compared his own powers with those of others, his confidence increased, and his submission lessened; and that Addison felt no delight from the advances of a young wit, who might soon contend with him for the highest place. Every great man, of whatever kind be his greatness, has among his friends those who officiously or insidiously quicken his attention to offences, heighten his disgust, and stimulate his resentment. Of such adherents Addison doubtless had many; and Pope was now too high to be without them.

From the emission and reception of the Proposals for the Iliad, the kindness of Addison seems to have abated. Jervas the painter once pleased himself (Aug. 20, 1714) with imagining, that he had re-established their friendship; and wrote to Pope, that Addison once suspected him of two close a confederacy with Swift, but was now satisfied with his conduct. To this Pope answered, a week after, that his engagements to Swift were such as his services in regard to the subscription demanded, and that the Tories never put him under the necessity of asking leave to be grateful. "But," says he, "as Mr. Addison must be the judge in what regards himself, and seems to have no just one in regard to me, so I must own to you I expect nothing but civility from him." In the same letter he mentions Philips, as having been busy to kindle animosity between them; but in a letter to Addison, he expresses some consciousness of behaviour, inattentively deficient in respect.

Of Swift's industry in promoting the subscription there remains the testimony of Kennet, no friend to either him or Pope.

"Nov. 2, 1713, Dr. Swift came into the coffee-house, and had a bow from every body but me, who, I confess, could not but despise him. When I came to the anti-chamber to wait, before prayers, Dr. Swift was the principal man of talk and business, and acted as master of requests.—Then he instructed a young nobleman that the best poet in England was Mr. Pope (a papist), who had begun a translation of Homer into English verse, for which he must have them all subscribe; for, says he, the author shall not begin to print till I have a thousand guineas for him."

About this time it is likely that Steele, who was, with all his political fury, good-

natured and officious, procured an interview between these angry rivals, which ended in aggravated malevolence. On this occasion, if the reports be true, Pope made his complaint with frankness and spirit, as a man undeservedly neglected or opposed; and Addison affected a contemptuous unconcern, and, in a calm even voice, reproached Pope with his vanity, and, telling him of the improvements which his early works had received from his own remarks and those of Steele, said, that he, being now engaged in public business, had no longer any care for his poetical reputation, nor had any other desire, with regard to Pope, than that he should not, by too much arrogance, alienate the public.

To this Pope is said to have replied with great keenness and severity, upbraiding Addison with perpetual dependence, and with the abuse of those qualifications which he had obtained at the public cost, and charging him with mean endeavours to obstruct the progress of rising merit. The contest rose so high, that they parted at last without any interchange of civility.

The first volume of Homer was (1715) in time published; and a rival version of the first Iliad, for rivals the time of their appearance inevitably made them, was immediately printed, with the name of Tickell. It was soon perceived, that, among the followers of Addison, Tickell had the preference, and the critics and poets divided into factions. "I," says Pope, "have the town, that is, the mob, on my side; but it is not uncommon for the smaller party to supply by industry what it wants in numbers.—I appeal to the people as my rightful judges, and, while they are not inclined to condemn me, shall not fear the high-flyers at Button's." This opposition he immediately imputed to Addison, and complained of it in terms sufficiently resentful to Craggs, their common friend.

When Addison's opinion was asked, he declared the versions to be both good, but Tickell's the best that had ever been written; and sometimes said, that they were both good, but that Tickell had more of Homer.

Pope was now sufficiently irritated; his reputation and his interest were at hazard. He once intended to print together the four versions of Dryden, Mainwaring, Pope, and Tickell, that they might be readily compared, and fairly estimated. This design seems to have been defeated by the refusal of Tonson, who was the proprietor of the other three versions.

Pope intended, at another time, a rigorous criticism of Tickell's translation, and had marked a copy, which I have seen, in all places that appeared defective. But, while he was thus meditating defence or revenge, his adversary sunk before him without a blow; the voice of the public was not long divided, and the preference was universally given to Pope's performance.

He was convinced, by adding one circumstance to another, that the other translation was the work of Addison himself; but, if he knew it in Addison's lifetime, it does not appear that he told it. He left his illustrious antagonist to be punished by what has been considered as the most painful of all reflections, the remembrance of a crime perpetrated in vain.

The other circumstances of their quarrel were thus related by Pope [2].

"Philips seemed to have been encouraged to abuse me in coffee-houses, and

[2] Spence.

conversations: and Gildon wrote a thing about Wycherley, in which he had abused both me and my relations very grossly. Lord Warwick himself told me one day, that it was in vain for me to endeavour to be well with Mr. Addison; that his jealous temper would never admit of a settled friendship between us; and, to convince me of what he had said, assured me, that Addison had encouraged Gildon to publish those scandals, and had given him ten guineas after they were published. The next day, while I was heated with what I had heard, I wrote a letter to Mr. Addison, to let him know that I was not unacquainted with this behaviour of his; that, if I was to speak severely of him in return for it, it should be not in such a dirty way; that I should rather tell him, himself, fairly of his faults, and allow his good qualities; and that it should be something in the following manner; I then adjoined the first sketch of what has since been called my satire on Addison. Mr. Addison used me very civilly ever after [1]."

The verses on Addison, when they were sent to Atterbury, were considered by him as the most excellent of Pope's performances; and the writer was advised, since he knew where his strength lay, not to suffer it to remain unemployed.

This year (1715) being, by the subscription, enabled to live more by choice, having persuaded his father to sell their estate at Binfield, he purchased, I think only for his life, that house at Twickenham, to which his residence afterwards procured so much celebration, and removed thither with his father and mother.

Here he planted the vines and the quincunx which his verses mention; and being under the necessity of making a subterraneous passage to a garden on the other side of the road, he adorned it with fossile bodies, and dignified it with the title of a grotto, a place of silence and retreat, from which he endeavoured to persuade his friends and himself, that cares and passions could be excluded.

A grotto is not often the wish or pleasure of an Englishman, who has more frequent need to solicit than exclude the sun; but Pope's excavation was requisite as an entrance to his garden, and, as some men try to be proud of their defects, he extracted an ornament from an inconvenience, and vanity produced a grotto where necessity enforced a passage. It may be frequently remarked of the studious and speculative, that they are proud of trifles, and that their amusements seem frivolous and childish; whether it be that men, conscious of great reputation, think themselves above the reach of censure, and safe in the admission of negligent indulgencies, or that mankind expect from elevated genius an uniformity of greatness, and watch its degradation with malicious wonder; like him who, having followed with his eye an eagle into the clouds, should lament that she ever descended to a perch.

While the volumes of his Homer were annually published, he collected his former works (1717) into one quarto volume, to which he prefixed a preface, written with great sprightliness and elegance, which was afterwards reprinted, with some passages subjoined that he at first omitted; other marginal additions of the same kind he made in the later additions of his poems. Waller remarks, that poets lose half their praise, because the reader knows not what they have blotted. Pope's voracity of fame taught him the art of obtaining the accumulated honour, both of what he had published, and of what he had suppressed.

[1] See however the Life of Addison in the Biographia Britannica, last edition. *R.*

In this year his father died suddenly, in his seventy-fifth year, having passed twenty-nine years in privacy. He is not known but by the character which his son has given him. If the money with which he retired was all gotten by himself, he had traded very successfully in times when sudden riches were rarely attainable.

The publication of the Iliad was at last completed in 1720. The splendour and success of this work raised Pope many enemies, that endeavoured to depreciate his abilities. Burnet, who was afterwards a judge of no mean reputation, censured him in a piece called Homerides before it was published. Ducket likewise endeavoured to make him ridiculous. Dennis was the perpetual persecutor of all his studies. But, whoever his critics were, their writings are lost; and the names which are preserved are preserved in the Dunciad.

In this disastrous year (1720) of national infatuation, when more riches than Peru can boast were expected from the South Sea, when the contagion of avarice tainted every mind, and even poets panted after wealth, Pope was seized with the universal passion, and ventured some of his money. The stock rose in its price; and for a while he thought himself the lord of thousands. But this dream of happiness did not last long; and he seems to have waked soon enough to get clear with the loss of what he once thought himself to have won, and perhaps not wholly of that.

Next year he published some select poems of his friend Dr. Parnell, with a very elegant dedication to the earl of Oxford; who, after all his struggles and dangers, then lived in retirement, still under the frown of a victorious faction, who could take no pleasure in hearing his praise.

He gave the same year (1721) an edition of Shakspeare. His name was now of so much authority, that Tonson thought himself entitled, by annexing it, to demand a subscription of six guineas for Shakspeare's plays in six quarto volumes; nor did his expectation much deceive him; for, of seven hundred and fifty which he printed, he dispersed a great number at the price proposed. The reputation of that edition indeed sunk afterwards so low, that one hundred and forty copies were sold at sixteen shillings each.

On this undertaking, to which Pope was induced by a reward of two hundred and seventeen pounds twelve shillings, he seems never to have reflected afterwards without vexation; for Theobald, a man of heavy diligence, with very slender powers, first, in a book called Shakspeare Restored, and then in a formal edition, detected his deficiencies with all the insolence of victory; and, as he was now high enough to be feared and hated, Theobald had from others all the help that could be supplied, by the desire of humbling a haughty character.

From this time Pope became an enemy to editors, collaters, commentators, and verbal critics; and hoped to persuade the world, that he miscarried in this undertaking only by having a mind too great for such minute employment.

Pope in his edition undoubtedly did many things wrong, and left many things undone; but let him not be defrauded of his due praise. He was the first that knew, at least the first that told, by what helps the text might be improved. If he inspected the early editions negligently, he taught others to be more accurate. In his preface he expanded with great skill and elegance the character which had been

given of Shakspeare by Dryden; and he drew the public attention upon his works, which, though often mentioned, had been little read.

Soon after the appearance of the Iliad, resolving not to let the general kindness cool, he published proposals for a translation of the Odyssey, in five volumes, for five guineas. He was willing, however, now to have associates in his labour, being either weary with toiling upon another's thoughts, or having heard, as Ruffhead relates, that Fenton and Broome had already begun the work, and liking better to have them confederates than rivals.

In the patent, instead of saying, that he had "translated" the Odyssey, as he had said of the Iliad, he says, that he had "undertaken" a translation; and in the proposals the subscription is said to be not solely for his own use, but for that of "two of his friends who have assisted him in this work."

In 1723, while he was engaged in his new version, he appeared before the lords at the memorable trial of bishop Atterbury, with whom he had lived in great familiarity, and frequent correspondence. Atterbury had honestly recommended to him the study of the popish controversy, in hope of his conversion; to which Pope answered in a manner that cannot much recommend his principles, or his judgement. In questions and projects of learning, they agreed better. He was called at the trial to give an account of Atterbury's domestic life, and private employment, that it might appear how little time he had left for plots. Pope had but few words to utter, and in those few he made several blunders.

His letters to Atterbury express the utmost esteem, tenderness, and gratitude; "perhaps," says he, "it is not only in this world that I may have cause to remember the bishop of Rochester." At their last interview in the Tower, Atterbury presented him with a bible[4].

Of the Odyssey Pope translated only twelve books; the rest were the works of Broome and Fenton: the notes were written wholly by Broome, who was not over-liberally rewarded. The public was carefully kept ignorant of the several shares; and an account was subjoined at the conclusion, which is now known not to be true.

The first copy of Pope's books, with those of Fenton, are to be seen in the Museum. The parts of Pope are less interlined than the Iliad; and the latter books of the Iliad less than the former. He grew dexterous by practice, and every sheet enabled him to write the next with more facility. The books of Fenton had very few alterations by the hand of Pope. Those of Broome have not been found; but Pope complained, as it is reported, that he had much trouble in correcting them.

His contract with Lintot was the same as for the Iliad, except that only one hundred pounds were to be paid him for each volume. The number of subscribers were five hundred and seventy-four, and of copies eight hundred and nineteen; so that his profit, when he had paid his assistants, was still very considerable. The work was finished in 1725; and from that time he resolved to make no more translations.

The sale did not answer Lintot's expectations; and he then pretended to discover something of fraud in Pope, and commenced or threatened a suit in Chancery.

[4] The late Mr. Graves, of Claverton, informs us, that this bible was afterwards used in the chapel of Prior Park. Dr. Warburton probably presented it to Mr. Allen. C.

On the English Odyssey a criticism was published by Spence, at that time prelector of poetry at Oxford; a man whose learning was not very great, and whose mind was not very powerful. His criticism, however was commonly just; what he thought, he thought rightly; and his remarks were recommended by his coolness and candour. In him Pope had the first experience of a critic without malevolence, who thought it as much his duty to display beauties as expose faults; who censured with respect, and praised with alacrity.

With this criticism Pope was so little offended, that he sought the acquaintance of the writer, who lived with him from that time in great familiarity, attended him in his last hours, and compiled memorials of his conversation. The regard of Pope recommended him to the great and powerful; and he obtained very valuable preferments in the church.

Not long after, Pope was returning home from a visit in a friend's coach, which, in passing a bridge, was overturned into the water; the windows were closed, and being unable to force them open, he was in danger of immediate death, when the postillion snatched him out by breaking the glass, of which the fragments cut two of his fingers in such a manner, that he lost their use.

Voltaire, who was then in England, sent him a letter of consolation. He had been entertained by Pope at his table, where he talked with so much grossness, that Mrs. Pope was driven from the room. Pope discovered, by a trick, that he was a spy for the court, and never considered him as a man worthy of confidence.

He soon afterwards (1727) joined with Swift, who was then in England, to publish three volumes of Miscellanies, in which, amongst other things, he inserted The Memoirs of a Parish Clerk, in ridicule of Burnet's importance in his own History, and a Debate upon Black and White Horses, written in all the formalities of a legal process by the assistance, as it is said, of Mr. Fortescue, afterwards Master of the Rolls. Before these Miscellanies is a preface signed by Swift and Pope, but apparently written by Pope; in which he makes a ridiculous and romantic complaint of the robberies committed upon authors by the clandestine seizure and sale of their papers. He tells, in tragic strains, how "the cabinets of the sick and the closets of the dead have been broke open and ransacked;" as if those violences were often committed for papers of uncertain and accidental value, which are rarely provoked by real treasures; as if epigrams and essays were in danger where gold and diamonds are safe. A cat hunted for his musk is, according to Pope's account, but the emblem of a wit winded by booksellers.

His complaint, however, received some attestation; for the same year the letters, written by him to Mr. Cromwell, in his youth, were sold by Mrs. Thomas to Curll, who printed them.

In these Miscellanies was first published the "Art of Sinking in Poetry," which, by such a train of consequences as usually passes in literary quarrels, gave in a short time, according to Pope's account, occasion to the Dunciad.

In the following year (1728) he began to put Atterbury's advice in practice; and showed his satirical powers by publishing the Dunciad, one of his greatest and most elaborate performances, in which he endeavoured to sink into contempt all the writers by whom he had been attacked, and some others whom he thought unable to defend themselves.

At the head of the Dunces he placed poor Theobald, whom he accused of ingratitude; but whose real crime was supposed to be that of having revised Shakespeare more happily than himself. This satire had the effect which he intended, by blasting the characters which it touched. Ralph, who, unnecessarily interposing in the quarrel, got a place in a subsequent edition, complained that for a time he was in danger of starving, as the booksellers had no longer any confidence in his capacity.

The prevalence of this poem was gradual and slow; the plan, if not wholly new, was little understood by common readers. Many of the allusions required illustration; the names were often expressed only by the initial and final letters, and, if they had been printed at length, were such as few had known or recollected. The subject itself had nothing generally interesting, for whom did it concern to know, that one or another scribbler was a dunce? If therefore it had been possible for those who were attacked to conceal their pain and their resentment, the Dunciad might have made its way very slowly in the world.

This, however, was not to be expected; every man is of importance to himself, and, therefore, in his own opinion, to others; and, supposing the world already acquainted with all his pleasures and his pains, is perhaps the first to publish injuries or misfortunes, which had never been known unless related by himself, and at which those that hear them will only laugh; for no man sympathises with the sorrows of vanity.

The history of the Dunciad is very minutely related by Pope himself, in a dedication which he wrote to lord Middlesex in the name of Savage.

"I will relate the war of the *Dunces* (for so it has been commonly called), which began in the year 1727, and ended in 1730.

"When Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope thought it proper, for reasons specified in the Preface to their Miscellanies, to publish such little pieces of theirs as had casually got abroad, there was added to them the Treatise of the Bathos, or the Art of Sinking in Poetry. It happened, that, in one chapter of this piece, the several species of bad poets were ranged in classes, to which were prefixed almost all the letters of the alphabet (the greatest part of them at random:) but such was the number of poets eminent in that art, that some one or other took every letter to himself: all fell into so violent a fury, that, for half a year or more, the common newspapers (in most of which they had some property, as being hired writers) were filled with the most abusive falsehoods and scurrilities they could possibly devise; a liberty no way to be wondered at in those people, and in those papers, that, for many years during the uncontrouled licence of the press, had aspersed almost all the great characters of the age; and this with impunity, their own persons and names being utterly secret and obscure.

"This gave Mr. Pope the thought, that he had now some opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light these common enemies of mankind; since, to invalidate this universal slander, it sufficed to show what contemptible men were the authors of it. He was not without hopes, that, by manifesting the dulness of those who had only malice to recommend them, either the booksellers would not find their account in employing them, or the men themselves, when discovered, want courage to proceed in so unlawful an occupation. This it was that gave birth

to the Dunciad; and he thought it an happiness, that, by the late flood of slander on himself, he had acquired such a peculiar right over their names as was necessary to this design.

"On the 12th of March, 1729, at St. James's, that poem was presented to the king and queen (who had before been pleased to read it) by the right honourable sir Robert Walpole; and, some days after, the whole impression was taken and dispersed by several noblemen and persons of the first distinction.

"It is certainly a true observation, that no people are so impatient of censure as those who are the greatest slanderers, which was wonderfully exemplified on this occasion. On the day the book was first vended, a crowd of authors besieged the shop; entreaties, advices, threats of law and battery, nay cries of treason, were all employed to hinder the coming out of the Dunciad; on the other side, the booksellers and hawkers made as great efforts to procure it. What could a few poor authors do against so great a majority as the public? There was no stopping a current with a finger; so out it came.

"Many ludicrous circumstances attended it. The *Dunces*, (for by this name they were called) held weekly clubs, to consult of hostilities against the author; one wrote a letter to a great minister, assuring him Mr. Pope was the greatest enemy the government had; and another bought his image in clay, to execute him in effigy; with which sad sort of satisfaction the gentlemen were a little comforted.

"Some false editions of the book having an owl in their frontispiece, the true one, to distinguish it, fixed in his stead an ass laden with authors. Then another surreptitious one being printed with the same ass, the new edition in octavo returned for distinction to the owl again. Hence arose a great contest of booksellers against booksellers, and advertisements against advertisements; some recommending the edition of the owl, and others the edition of the ass; by which names they came to be distinguished, to the great honour also of the gentlemen of the Dunciad."

Pope appears by this narrative to have contemplated his victory over the Dunces with great exultation; and such was his delight in the tumult which he had raised, that for a while his natural sensibility was suspended, and he read reproaches and invectives without emotion, considering them only as the necessary effects of that pain which he rejoiced in having given.

It cannot however be concealed, that, by his own confession, he was the aggressor: for nobody believes that the letters in the Bathos were placed at random; and it may be discovered, that, when he thinks himself concealed, he indulges the common vanity of common men, and triumphs in those distinctions which he had affected to despise. He is proud that his book was presented to the king and queen by the right honourable sir Robert Walpole; he is proud that they had read it before; he is proud that the edition was taken off by the nobility and persons of the first distinction.

The edition of which he speaks was, I believe, that which, by telling in the text the names, and in the notes the characters, of those whom he had satirised, was made intelligible and diverting. The critics had now declared their approbation of the plan, and the common reader began to like it without fear; those who were strangers to petty literature, and therefore unable to decipher initials and blanks, had now names and persons brought within their view; and delighted in the visible

effect of those shafts of malice, which they had hitherto contemplated, as shot into the air.

Dennis, upon the fresh provocation now given him, renewed the enmity which for a time had been appeased by mutual civilities; and published remarks, which he had till then suppressed, upon the Rape of the Lock. Many more grumbled in secret, or vented their resentment in the newspapers by epigrams or invectives.

Ducket, indeed, being mentioned as loving Burnet with "pious passion," pretended that his moral character was injured, and for some time declared his resolution to take vengeance with a cudgel. But Pope appeased him, by changing "pious passion" to "cordial friendship," and by a note, in which he vehemently disclaims the malignity of meaning imputed to the first impression.

Aaron Hill, who was represented as diving for the prize, expostulated with Pope in a manner so much superior to all mean solicitation, that Pope was reduced to sneak and shuffle, sometimes to deny, and sometimes to apologize; he first endeavours to wound, and is then afraid to own that he meant a blow.

The Dunciad, in the complete edition, is addressed to Dr. Swift: of the notes, part were written by Dr. Arbuthnot; and an apologetical Letter was prefixed, signed by Cleland, but supposed to have been written by Pope.

After this general war upon dulness, he seems to have indulged himself awhile in tranquility; but his subsequent productions prove that he was not idle. He published (1731) a poem on Taste, in which he very particularly and severely criticises the house, the furniture, the gardens, and the entertainments, of Timon, a man of great wealth and little taste. By Timon he was universally supposed, and by the earl of Burlington, to whom the poem is addressed, was privately said, to mean the duke of Chandos; a man perhaps too much delighted with pomp and show, but of a temper kind and beneficent, and who had consequently the voice of the public in his favour.

A violent outcry was therefore raised against the ingratitude and treachery of Pope, who was said to have been indebted to the patronage of Chandos for a present of a thousand pounds, and who gained the opportunity of insulting him by the kindness of his invitation.

The receipt of the thousand pounds Pope publicly denied; but, from the reproach which the attack on a character so amiable brought upon him, he tried all means of escaping. The name of Cleland was again employed in an apology, by which no man was satisfied; and he was at last reduced to shelter his temerity behind dissimulation, and endeavour to make that disbelieved which he never had confidence openly to deny. He wrote an exculpatory letter to the duke, which was answered with great magnanimity, as by a man who accepted his excuse without believing his professions. He said, that to have ridiculed his taste, or his buildings, had been an indifferent action in another man; but that in Pope, after the reciprocal kindness that had been exchanged between them, it had been less easily excused.

Pope, in one of his Letters, complaining of the treatment which his poem had found, "owns that such critics can intimidate him, nay almost persuade him to write no more, which is a compliment this age deserves." The man who threatens the world is always ridiculous; for the world can easily go on without him, and in a short time will cease to miss him. I have heard of an idiot, who used to revenge

his vexations by lying all night upon the bridge. "There is nothing," says Juvenal, "that a man will not believe in his own favour." Pope had been flattered till he thought himself one of the moving powers in the system of life. When he talk d of laying down his pen, those who sat round him entreated and implored; and self-love did not suffer him to suspect that they went away and laughed.

The following year deprived him of Gay, a man whom he had known early, and whom he seemed to love with more tenderness than any other of his literary friends. Pope was now forty-four years old; an age at which the mind begins less easily to admit new confidence; and the will to grow less flexible; and when, therefore, the departure of an old friend is very acutely felt.

In the next year he lost his mother, not by an unexpected death, for she had lasted to the age of ninety-three: but she did not die unlamented. The filial piety of Pope was in the highest degree amiable and exemplary; his parents had the happiness of living till he was at the summit of poetical reputation, till he was at ease in his fortune, and without a rival in his fame, and found no diminution of his respect or tenderness. Whatever was his pride, to them he was obedient; and whatever was his irritability, to them he was gentle. Life has, among its soothing and quiet comforts, few things better to give than such a son.

One of the passages of Pope's life, which seems to deserve some inquiry, was a publication of Letters between him and many of his friends, which falling into the hands of Curll, a rapacious bookseller of no good fame, were by him printed and sold. This volume containing some letters from noblemen, Pope incited a prosecution against him in the house of lords for breach of privilege, and attended himself to stimulate the resentment of his friends. Curll appeared at the bar, and, knowing himself in no great danger, spoke of Pope with very little reverence: "He has," said Curll, "a knack at versifying, but in prose I think myself a match for him." When the orders of the house were examined, none of them appeared to have been infringed; Curll went away triumphant; and Pope was left to seek some other remedy.

Curll's account was, that one evening a man in a clergyman's gown, but with a lawyer's band, brought and offered to sale a number of printed volumes, which he found to be Pope's epistolary correspondence; that he asked no name, and was told none, but gave the price demanded, and thought himself authorised to use his purchase to his own advantage.

That Curll gave a true account of the transaction it is reasonable to believe, because no falsehood was ever detected; and when, some years afterwards, I mentioned it to Lintot, the son of Bernard, he declared his opinion to be, that Pope knew better than any body else how Curll obtained the copies, because another parcel was at the same time sent to himself, for which no price had ever been demanded, as he made known his resolution not to pay a porter, and consequently not to deal with a nameless agent.

Such care had been taken to make them public, that they were sent at once to two booksellers; to Curll, who was likely to seize them as a prey; and to Lintot, who might be expected to give Pope information of the seeming injury. Lintot, I believe, did nothing: and Curll did what was expected. That to make them public was the only purpose may be reasonably supposed, because the numbers offered to

to sale by the private messengers showed, that hope of gain could not have been the motive of the impression.

It seems that Pope, being desirous of printing his letters, and not knowing how to do, without imputation of vanity, what has in this country been done very rarely, contrived an appearance of compulsion; that, when he could complain that his letters were surreptitiously published, he might decently and defensively publish them himself.

Pope's private correspondence, thus promulgated, filled the nation with praises of his candour, tenderness, and benevolence, the purity of his purposes, and the fidelity of his friendship. There were some letters which a very good or a very wise man would wish suppressed; but, as they had been already exposed, it was impracticable now to retract them.

From the perusal of those Letters, Mr. Allen first conceived the desire of knowing him; and with so much zeal did he cultivate the friendship which he had newly formed, that, when Pope told his purpose of vindicating his own property by a genuine edition, he offered to pay the cost.

This however Pope did not accept; but in time solicited a subscription for a quarto volume, which appeared (1737), I believe, with sufficient profit. In the Preface he tells, that his letters were reposited in a friend's library, said to be the earl of Oxford's, and that the copy thence stolen was sent to the press. The story was doubtless received with different degrees of credit. It may be suspected, that the Preface to the Miscellanies was written to prepare the public for such an incident; and to strengthen this opinion, James Worsdale, a painter, who was employed in clandestine negotiations, but whose veracity was very doubtful, declared that he was the messenger who carried, by Pope's direction, the books to Curll.

When they were thus published and avowed, as they had relation to recent facts, and persons either then living or not yet forgotten, they may be supposed to have found readers; but as the facts were minute, and the characters, being either private, or literary, were little known, or little regarded, they awakened no popular kindness or resentment; the book never became much the subject of conversation; some read it as a contemporary history, and some perhaps as a model of epistolary language; but those who read it did not talk of it. Not much therefore was added by it to fame or envy; nor do I remember that it produced either public praise, or public censure.

It had, however, in some degree, the recommendation of novelty; our language had few Letters, except those of statesmen. Howell, indeed, about a century ago, published his letters, which are commended by Morhoff, and which alone, of his hundred volumes, continue his memory. Loveday's Letters were printed only once; those of Herbert and Suckling are hardly known. Mrs. Phillips's [Orinda's] are equally neglected. And those of Walsh seem written as exercises, and were never sent to any living mistress or friend. Pope's epistolary excellence had an open field; he had no English rival living or dead.

Pope is seen in this collection as connected with the other contemporary wits, and certainly suffers no disgrace in the comparison; but it must be remembered, that he had the power of favouring himself; he might have originally had publication in his mind, and have written with care, or have afterwards selected those which he

had most happily conceived, or most diligently laboured; and I know not whether there does not appear something more studied and artificial[1] in his productions than the rest, except one long letter by Bolingbroke, composed with the skill and industry of a professed author. It is indeed not easy to distinguish affectation from habit; he that has once studiously formed a style rarely writes afterwards with complete ease. Pope may be said to write always with his reputation in his head; Swift, perhaps, like a man who remembered he was writing to Pope; but Arbuthnot, like one who lets thoughts drop from his pen as they rise into his mind.

Before these letters appeared he published the first part of what he persuaded himself to think a system of Ethics, under the title of An Essay on Man; which, if his letter to Swift (of Sept. 14, 1725,) be rightly explained by the commentator, had been eight years under his consideration, and of which he seems to have desired the success with great solicitude. He had now many open, and doubtless many secret enemies. The Dunces were yet smarting with the war; and the superiority which he publicly arrogated, disposed the world to wish his humiliation.

All this he knew, and against all this he provided. His own name, and that of his friend to whom the work is inscribed, were in the first editions carefully suppressed; and the poem being of a new kind, was ascribed to one or another, as favour determined, or conjecture wandered; it was given, says Warburton, to every man, except him only who could write it. Those who like only when they like the author, and who are under the dominion of a name, condemned it; and those admired it who are willing to scatter praise at random, which, while it is unappropriated, excites no envy. Those friends of Pope, that were trusted with the secret, went about lavishing honours on the new-born poet, and hinting that Pope was never so much in danger from any former rival.

To those authors whom he had personally offended, and to those whose opinion the world considered as decisive, and whom he suspected of envy or malevolence, he sent his Essay as a present before publication, that they might defeat their own enmity by praises, which they could not afterwards decently retract.

With these precautions, 1733, was published the first part of the Essay on Man. There had been for some time a report, that Pope was busy upon a System of Morality; but this design was not discovered in the new poem, which had a form and a title with which its readers were unacquainted. Its reception was not uniform; some thought it a very imperfect piece, though not without good lines. When the author was unknown, some, as will always happen, favoured him as an adventurer, and some censured him as an intruder: but all thought him above neglect; the sale increased, and editions were multiplied.

The subsequent editions of the first Epistle exhibited two memorable corrections. At first, the poet and his friend

> Expatiate freely o'er this scene of man,
> A mighty maze *of walks without a plan:*

For which he wrote afterwards,

> A mighty maze, *but not without a plan:*

for, if there were no plan, it were in vain to describe or to trace the maze.

[1] These letters were evidently prepared for the press by Pope himself. Some of the originals, lately discovered, prove this beyond all dispute—in Mr. Bowles's edition of Pope's works recently published. C.

The other alteration was of these lines;

> And spite of pride, *and in thy reason's spite*,
> One truth is clear, whatever is, is right;

but having afterwards discovered, or been shown, that the "truth" which subsisted "in spite of reason" could not be very "clear," he substituted

> And spite of pride, *in erring reason's spite*.

To such oversights will the most vigorous mind be liable, when it is employed at once upon argument and poetry.

The second and third Epistles were published; and Pope was, I believe, more and more suspected of writing them; at last, in 1734, he avowed the fourth, and claimed the honour of a moral poet.

In the conclusion it is sufficiently acknowleged, that the doctrine of the Essay on Man was received from Bolingbroke, who is said to have ridiculed Pope, among those who enjoyed his confidence, as having adopted and advanced principles of which he did not perceive the consequence, and as blindly propagating opinions contrary to his own. That those communications had been consolidated into a scheme regularly drawn, and delivered to Pope, from whom it returned only transformed from prose to verse, has been reported, but can hardly be true. The Essay plainly appears the fabric of a poet; what Bolingbroke supplied could be only the first principles; the order, illustration, and embellishments, must all be Pope's.

These principles it is not my business to clear from obscurity, dogmatism, or falsehood; but they were not immediately examined; philosophy and poetry have not often the same readers; and the Essay abounded in splendid amplifications and sparkling sentences, which were read and admired with no great attention to their ultimate purpose; its flowers caught the eye, which did not see what the gay foliage concealed, and for a time flourished in the sunshine of universal approbation. So little was any evil tendency discovered, that, as innocence is unsuspicious, many read it for a manual of piety.

Its reputation soon invited a translator. It was first turned into French prose, and afterwards by Resnel into verse. Both translations fell into the hands of Crousaz, who first, when he had the version in prose, wrote a general censure, and afterwards reprinted Resnel's version, with particular remarks upon every paragraph.

Crousaz was a professor of Switzerland, eminent for his treatise of Logic, and his Examen de Pyrrhonisme; and however little known or regarded here, was no mean antagonist. His mind was one of those in which philosophy and piety are happily united. He was accustomed to argument and disquisition, and perhaps was grown too desirous of detecting faults; but his intentions were always right, his opinions were solid, and his religion pure.

His incessant vigilance for the promotion of piety disposed him to look with distrust upon all metaphysical systems of Theology, and all schemes of virtue and happiness purely rational; and therefore it was not long before he was persuaded that the positions of Pope, as they terminated for the most part in natural religion, were intended to draw mankind away from revelation, and to represent the whole course of things as a necessary concatenation of indissoluble fatality; and it is undeniable, that in many passages a religious eye may easily discover expressions not very favourable to morals, or to liberty.

About this time Warburton began to make his appearance in the first ranks of learning. He was a man of vigorous faculties, a mind fervent and vehement, supplied by incessant and unlimited inquiry, with wonderful extent and variety of knowledge, which yet had not oppressed his imagination, nor clouded his perspicacity. To every work he brought a memory full fraught, together with a fancy fertile of original combinations, and at once exerted the powers of the scholar, the reasoner, and the wit. But his knowledge was too multifarious to be always exact, and his pursuits too eager to be always cautious. His abilities gave him an haughty confidence, which he disdained to conceal or mollify; and his impatience of opposition disposed him to treat his adversaries with such contemptuous superiority, as made his readers commonly his enemies, and excited against the advocate the wishes of some who favoured the cause. He seems to have adopted the Roman emperor's determination, *oderint dum metuant*; he used no allurements of gentle language, but wished to compel rather than persuade.

His style is copious without selection, and forcible without neatness; he took the words that presented themselves; his diction is coarse and impure; and his sentences are unmeasured.

He had, in the early part of his life, pleased himself with the notice of inferior wits, and corresponded with the enemies of Pope. A letter was produced[2], when he had perhaps himself forgotten it, in which he tells Concanen, "Dryden I observe borrows for want of leisure, and Pope for want of genius; Milton out of pride, and Addison out of modesty." And when Theobald published Shakspeare, in opposition to Pope, the best notes were supplied by Warburton.

But the time was now come when Warburton was to change his opinion; and Pope was to find a defender in him, who had contributed so much to the exaltation of his rival.

The arrogance of Warburton excited against him every artifice of offence, and therefore it may be supposed that his union with Pope was censured as hypocritical inconstancy; but surely to think differently, at different times, of poetical merit, may be easily allowed. Such opinions are often admitted, and dismissed, without nice examination. Who is there that has not found reason for changing his mind about questions of greater importance?

Warburton, whatever was his motive, undertook, without solicitation, to rescue Pope from the talons of Crousaz, by freeing him from the imputation of favouring fatality, or rejecting revelation; and from month to month continued a vindication of the Essay on Man, in the literary journal of that time called The Republic of Letters.

Pope, who probably began to doubt the tendency of his own work, was glad that the positions, of which he perceived himself not to know the full meaning, could by any mode of interpretation be made to mean well. How much he was pleased with his gratuitous defender, the following letter evidently shows:

"SIR, "April 11, 1732.

"I have just received from Mr. R. two more of your letters. It is in the greatest hurry imaginable that I write this; but I cannot help thanking you in particular for

[2] This letter is in Mr. Malone's Supplement to Shakspeare, vol. I. p. 223. *C.*

your third letter, which is so extremely clear, short, and full, that I think Mr. Crousaz ought never to have another answer, and deserved not so good an one. I can only say, you do him too much honour, and me too much right, so odd as the expression seems; for you have made my system as clear as I ought to have done, and could not. It is indeed the same system as mine, but illustrated with a ray of your own, as they say our natural body is the same still when it is glorified. I am sure I like it better than I did before, and so will every man else. I know I meant just what you explain; but I did not explain my own meaning so well as you. You understand me as well as I do myself; but you express me better than I could express myself. Pray accept the sincerest acknowledgments. I cannot but wish these letters were put together in one book, and intend (with your leave) to procure a translation of part at least, or of all of them, into French; but I shall not proceed a step without your consent and opinion, &c."

By this fond and eager acceptance of an exculpatory comment, Pope testified, that, whatever might be the seeming or real import of the principles which he had received from Bolingbroke, he had not intentionally attacked religion; and Bolingbroke, if he meant to make him, without his own consent, an instrument of mischief, found him now engaged, with his eyes open, on the side of truth.

It is known, that Bolingbroke concealed from Pope his real opinions. He once discovered them to Mr. Hooke, who related them again to Pope, and was told by him, that he must have mistaken the meaning of what he heard; and Bolingbroke, when Pope's uneasiness excited him to desire an explanation, declared, that Hooke had misunderstood him.

Bolingbroke hated Warburton, who had drawn his pupil from him; and a little before Pope's death they had a dispute, from which they parted with mutual aversion.

From this time Pope lived in the closest intimacy with his commentator, and amply rewarded his kindness and his zeal; for he introduced him to Mr. Murray, by whose interest he became preacher at Lincoln's-inn; and to Mr. Allen, who gave him his niece and his estate, and by consequence a bishopric. When he died, he left him the property of his works; a legacy which may be reasonably estimated at four thousand pounds.

Pope's fondness for the Essay on Man appeared by his desire of its propagation. Dobson, who had gained reputation by his version of Prior's Solomon, was employed by him to translate it into Latin verse, and was for that purpose some time at Twickenham; but he left his work, whatever was the reason, unfinished; and, by Benson's invitation, undertook the longer task of Paradise Lost. Pope then desired his friend to find a scholar who should turn his Essay into Latin prose; but no such performance has ever appeared.

Pope lived at this time *among the great*, with that reception and respect to which his works entitled him, and which he had not impaired by any private misconduct or factious partiality. Though Bolingbroke was his friend, Walpole was not his enemy; but treated him with so much consideration as, at his request, to solicit and obtain from the French minister an abbey for Mr. Southcot, whom he considered himself as obliged to reward, by this exertion of his interest, for the benefit which he had received from his attendance in a long illness.

It was said, that, when the court was at Richmond, queen Caroline had declared her intention to visit him. This may have been only a careless effusion, thought on no more: the report of such notice, however, was soon in many mouths; and, if I do not forget or misapprehend Savage's account, Pope, pretending to decline what was not yet offered, left his house for a time, not, I suppose, for any other reason than lest he should be thought to stay at home in expectation of an honour which would not be conferred. He was therefore angry at Swift, who represents him as "refusing the visits of a queen," because he knew that what had never been offered had never been refused.

Beside the general system of morality, supposed to be contained in the Essay on Man, it was his intention to write distinct poems upon the different duties or conditions of life; one of which is the Epistle to Lord Bathurst (1733) On the Use of Riches, a piece on which he declared great labour to have been bestowed[3].

Into this poem some hints are historically thrown, and some known characters are introduced, with others of which it is difficult to say how far they are real or fictitious; but the praise of Kyrl, the Man of Ross, deserves particular examination, who, after a long and pompous enumeration of his public works and private charities, is said to have diffused all those blessings from *five hundred a-year*. Wonders are willingly told, and willingly heard. The truth is, that Kyrl was a man of known integrity and active benevolence, by whose solicitation the wealthy were persuaded to pay contributions to his charitable schemes; this influence he obtained by an example of liberality exerted to the utmost extent of his power, and was thus enabled to give more than he had. This account Mr. Victor received from the minister of the place; and I have preserved it, that the praise of a good man, being made more credible, may be more solid. Narrations of romantic and impracticable virtue will be read with wonder, but that which is unattainable is recommended in vain; that good may be endeavoured, it must be shewn to be possible.

This is the only piece in which the author has given a hint of his religion, by ridiculing the ceremony of burning the pope, and by mentioning with some indignation the inscription on the monument.

When this poem was first published, the dialogue, having no letters of direction, was perplexed and obscure. Pope seems to have written with no very distinct idea: for he calls that an Epistle to Bathurst, in which Bathurst is introduced as speaking.

He afterwards (1734) inscribed to lord Cobham his Characters of Men, written with close attention to the operations of the mind and modifications of life. In this poem he has endeavoured to establish and exemplify his favourite theory of the *ruling passion*, by which he means an original direction of desire to some particular object, an innate affection, which gives all action a determinate and invariable tendency, and operates upon the whole system of life, either openly, or more secretly by the intervention of some accidental or subordinate propension.

Of any passion, thus innate and irresistible, the existence may reasonably be doubted. Human characters are by no means constant; men change by change of place, of fortune, of acquaintance; he who is at one time a lover of pleasure, is

[3] Spence.

at another a lover of money. Those indeed who attain any excellence, commonly spend life in one pursuit; for excellence is not often gained upon easier terms. But to the particular species of excellence men are directed, not by an ascendant planet or predominating humour, but by the first book which they read, some early conversation which they heard, or some accident which excited ardour and emulation.

It must at least be allowed, that this *ruling passion*, antecedent to reason and observation, must have an object independent on human contrivance; for there can be no natural desire of artificial good. No man therefore can be born, in the strict acceptation, a lover of money; for he may be born where money does not exist: nor can he be born, in a moral sense, a lover of his country; for society, politically regulated, is a state contradistinguished from a state of nature; and any attention to that coalition of interests which makes the happiness of a country, is possible only to those whom inquiry and reflection have enabled to comprehend it.

This doctrine is in itself pernicious as well as false; its tendency is to produce the belief of a kind of moral predestination, or over-ruling principle which cannot be resisted; he that admits it is prepared to comply with every desire that caprice or opportunity shall excite, and to flatter himself, that he submits only to the lawful dominion of Nature, in obeying the resistless authority of his *ruling passion*.

Pope has formed his theory with so little skill, that, in the examples by which he illustrates and confirms it, he has confounded passions, appetites, and habits.

To the Characters of Men, he added soon after, in an epistle supposed to have been addressed to Martha Blount, but which the last edition has taken from her, the Characters of Women. This poem, which was laboured with great diligence, and in the author's opinion with great success, was neglected at its first publication, as the commentator supposes, because the public was informed, by an advertisement, that it contained *no character drawn from the life*; an assertion which Pope probably did not expect nor wish to have been believed, and which he soon gave his readers sufficient reason to distrust, by telling them in a note, that the work was imperfect, because part of his subject was *Vice too high* to be yet exposed.

The time however soon came, in which it was safe to display the dutchess of Marlborough under the name of Atossa; and her character was inserted with no great honour to the writer's gratitude.

He published from time to time (between 1730 and 1740) Imitations of different poems of Horace, generally with his name, and once, as was suspected, without it. What he was upon moral principles ashamed to own, he ought to have suppressed. Of these pieces it is useless to settle the dates, as they had seldom much relation to the times, and perhaps had been long in his hands.

This mode of imitation, in which the ancients are familiarised, by adapting their sentiments to modern topics, by making Horace say of Shakspeare what he originally said of Ennius, and accommodating his satires on Pantolabus and Nomentanus to the flatterers and prodigals of our own time, was first practised in the reign of Charles the Second by Oldham and Rochester; at least I remember no instances more ancient. It is a kind of middle composition between translation and original design, which pleases when the thoughts are unexpectedly applicable, and the parallels lucky. It seems to have been Pope's favourite amusement; for he has carried it farther than any former poet.

He published likewise a revival, in smoother numbers, of Dr. Donne's Satires, which was recommended to him by the duke of Shrewsbury and the Earl of Oxford. They made no great impression on the public. Pope seeems to have known their imbecility, and therefore suppressed them while he was yet contending to rise in reputation, but ventured them when he thought their deficiencies more likely to be imputed to Donne than to himself.

The Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, which seems to be derived in its first design from from *Boileau's Address à son Esprit*, was published in January 1735, about a month before the death of him to whom it is inscribed. It is to be regretted, that either honour or pleasure should have been missed by Arbuthnot; a man estimable for his learning, amiable for his life, and venerable for his piety.

Arbuthnot was a man of great comprehension, skilful in his profession, versed in the sciences, acquainted with ancient literature, and able to animate his mass of knowledge by a bright and active imagination; a scholar with great brilliance of wit; a wit, who, in the crowd of life, retained and discovered a noble ardour of religious zeal.

In this poem Pope seems to reckon with the public. He vindicates himself from censures; and with dignity, rather than arrogance, enforces his own claims to kindness and respect.

Into this poem are interwoven several paragraphs which had been before printed as a fragment, and among whom the satirical lines upon Addison, of which the last couplet has been twice corrected. It was at first,

> Who would not smile if such a man there be?
> Who would not laugh if Addison were he.

Then,

> Who would not grieve if such a man there be?
> Who would not laugh if Addison were he?

At last it is,

> Who but must laugh if such a man there be?
> Who would not weep if Atticus were he?

He was at this time at open war with lord Hervey, who had distinguished himself as a steady adherent to the ministry; and, being offended with a contemptuous answer to one of his pamphlets [4], had summoned Pulteney to a duel. Whether he or Pope made the first attack, perhaps, cannot now be easily known: he had written an invective against Pope, whom he calls, "Hard as thy heart, and as thy birth obscure;" and hints that his father was a *hatter* [5]. To this Pope wrote a reply in verse and prose; the verses are in this poem; and the prose, though it was never sent, is printed among his Letters, but to a cool reader of the present time exhibits nothing but tedious malignity.

His last Satires, of the general kind, were two Dialogues, named, from the year in which they were published, Seventeen Hundred and Thirty-eight. In these poems many are praised, and many reproached. Pope was then entangled in the opposition; a follower of the prince of Wales, who dined at his house, and the friend of many who obstructed and censured the conduct of the ministers. His political

[4] Entituled, Sedition and Defamation displayed, 8vo, 1733. *R.*

[5] Among many MSS. letters, &c. relating to Pope which I have lately seen, is a lampoon in the bible-style, of much humour, but irreverent, in which Pope is ridiculed as the son of a *hatter*. *C.*

partiality was too plainly shown: he forgot the prudence with which he passed, in his earlier years, uninjured and unoffending, through much more violent conflicts of faction.

In the first Dialogue, having an opportunity of praising Allen, of Bath, he asked his leave to mention him as a man not illustrious by any merit of his ancestors, and called him in his verses "low-born Allen." Men are seldom satisfied with praise introduced or followed by any mention of defect. Allen seems not to have taken any pleasure in his epithet, which was afterwards softened [6] into "humble Allen."

In the second dialogue he took some liberty with one of the Foxes, among others; which Fox, in a reply to Lyttelton, took an opportunity of repaying, by reproaching him with the friendship of a lampooner, who scattered his ink without fear or decency, and against whom he hoped the resentment of the legislature would quickly be discharged.

About this time Paul Whitehead, a small poet, was summoned before the lords for a poem called Manners, together with Dodsley his publisher. Whitehead, who hung loose upon society, sculked and escaped; but Dodsley's shop and family made his appearance necessary. He was, however, soon dismissed; and the whole process was probably intended rather to intimidate Pope, than to punish Whitehead.

Pope never afterwards attempted to join the patriot with the poet, nor drew his pen upon statesmen. That he desisted from his attempts of reformation is imputed, by his commentator, to his despair of prevailing over the corruption of the time. He was not likely to have been ever of opinion, that the dread of his satire would countervail the love of power or of money; he pleased himself with being important and formidable, and gratified sometimes his pride, and sometimes his resentment; till at last he began to think he should be more safe, if he were less busy.

The Memoirs of Scriblerus, published about this time, extend only to the first book of a work projected in concert by Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot, who used to meet in the time of queen Anne, and denominated themselves the Scriblerus Club. Their purpose was to censure the abuses of learning by a fictitious life of an infatuated scholar. They were dispersed; the design was never completed; and Warburton laments its miscarriage, as an event very disastrous to polite letters.

If the whole may be estimated by this specimen, which seems to be the production of Arbuthnot, with a few touches perhaps by Pope, the want of more will not be much lamented; for the follies which the writer ridicules are so little practised, that they are not known; nor can the satire be understood but by the learned: he raises phantoms of absurdity, and then drives them away. He cures diseases that were never felt.

For this reason this joint production of three great writers has never obtained any notice from mankind; it has been little read, or when read has been forgotten, as no man could be wiser, better, or merrier, by remembering it.

The design cannot boast of much originality; for, besides its general resemblance to Don Quixote, there will be found in it particular imitations of the History of Mr. Ouffle.

[6] On a hint from Warburton. There is however reason to think from the appearance of the house in which Allen was born at St. Blaise, that he was not of a *low* but of a *decayed* family. C.

Swift carried so much of it into Ireland as supplied him with hints for his Travels; and with those the world might have been contented, though the rest had been suppressed.

Pope had sought for images and sentiments in a region not known to have been explored by many other of the English writers; he had consulted the modern writers of Latin poetry, a class of authors whom Boileau endeavoured to bring into contempt, and who are too generally neglected. Pope, however, was not ashamed of their acquaintance, nor ungrateful for the advantages which he might have derived from it. A small selection from the Italians, who wrote in Latin, had been published at London, about the latter end of the last century, by a man[7] who concealed his name, but whom his preface shows to have been well qualified for his undertaking. This collection Pope amplified by more than half, and (1740) published it in two volumes, but injuriously omitted his predecessor's preface. To these books, which had nothing but the mere text, no regard was paid; the authors were still neglected, and the editor was neither praised nor censured.

He did not sink into idleness; he had planned a work, which he considered as subsequent to his Essay on Man, of which he has given this account to Dr. Swift:

"March 23, 1736.

"If ever I write any more Epistles in verse, one of them shall be addressed to you. I have long concerted it, and begun it; but I would make what bears your name as finished as my last work ought to be, that is to say, more finished than any of the rest. The subject is large, and will divide into four Epistles, which naturally follow the Essay on Man; viz. 1. Of the Extent and Limits of human Reason and Science. 2. A View of the useful and therefore attainable, and of the unuseful and therefore unattainable, Arts. 3. Of the Nature, Ends, Application, and Use, of different Capacities. 4. Of the Use of Learning, of the Science of the World, and of Wit. It will conclude with a satire against the Misapplication of all these, exemplified by Pictures, Characters, and Examples."

This work in its full extent, being now afflicted with an asthma, and finding the powers of life gradually declining, he had no longer courage to undertake; but, from the materials which he had provided, he added, at Warburton's request, another book to the Dunciad, of which the design is to ridicule such studies as are either hopeless or useless, as either pursue what is unattainable, or what, if it be attained, is of no use.

When this book was printed (1742) the laurel had been for some time upon the head of Cibber; a man whom it cannot be supposed that Pope could regard with much kindness or esteem, though in one of the Imitations of Horace he has liberally enough praised the Careless Husband. In the Dunciad, among other worthless scribblers, he had mentioned Cibber; who, in his Apology, complains of the great poet's unkindness as more injurious, "because," says he, "I never have offended him."

It might have been expected that Pope should have been, in some degree, mollified by this submissive gentleness, but no such consequence appeared. Though he

[7] Since discovered to have been Atterbury, afterwards bishop of Rochester.—See the Collection of that prelate's Epistolary Correspondence, vol. IV. p. 6. *N.*

condescended to commend Cibber once, he mentioned him afterwards contemptuously in one of his Satires, and again in his Epistle to Arbuthnot; and in the fourth book of the Dunciad attacked him with acrimony, to which the provocation is not easily discoverable. Perhaps he imagined, that, in ridiculing the laureat, he satirised those by whom the laurel had been given, and gratified that ambitious petulance with which he affected to insult the great.

The severity of this satire left Cibber no longer any patience. He had confidence enough in his own powers to believe, that he could disturb the quiet of his adversary, and doubtless did not want instigators, who, without any care about the victory, desired to amuse themselves by looking on the contest. He therefore gave the town a pamphlet, in which he declares his resolution from that time never to bear another blow without returning it, and to tire out his adversary by perseverance, if he cannot conquer him by strength.

The incessant and unappeasable malignity of Pope he imputes to a very distant cause. After the Three Hours after Marriage had been driven off the stage, by the offence which the mummy and crocodile gave the audience, while the exploded scene was yet fresh in memory, it happened that Cibber played Bayes in the Rehearsal; and, as it had been usual to enliven the part by the mention of any recent theatrical transactions, he said, that he once thought to have introduced his lovers disguised in a Mummy and a Crocodile. "This," says he, "was received with loud claps, which indicated contempt of the play." Pope, who was behind the scenes, meeting him as he left the stage, attacked him, as he says, with all the virulence of "a Wit out of his senses;" to which he replied, "that he would take no other notice of what was said by so particular a man, than to declare, that, as often as he played that part he would repeat the same provocation."

He shows his opinion to be, that Pope was one of the authors of the play which he so zealously defended; and adds an idle story of Pope's behaviour at a tavern.

The pamphlet was written with little power of thought or language, and, if suffered to remain without notice, would have been very soon forgotten. Pope had now been enough acquainted with human life to know, if his passion had not been too powerful for his understanding, that, from a contention like his with Cibber, the world seeks nothing but diversion, which is given at the expense of the higher character. When Cibber lampooned Pope, curiosity was excited; what Pope would say of Cibber nobody inquired, but in hope that Pope's asperity might betray his pain and lessen his dignity.

He should therefore have suffered the pamphlet to flutter and die, without confessing that it stung him. The dishonour of being shown as Cibber's antagonist could never be compensated by the victory. Cibber had nothing to lose; when Pope had exhausted all his malignity upon him, he would rise in the esteem both of his friends and his enemies. Silence only could have made him despicable; the blow which did not appear to be felt would have been struck in vain.

But Pope's irascibility prevailed, and he resolved to tell the whole English world that he was at war with Cibber; and, to show that he thought him no common adversary, he prepared no common vengeance; he published a new edition of the Dunciad[s], in which he degraded Theobald from his painful preeminence, and enthroned

[s] In 1743.

Cibber in his stead. Unhappily the two heroes were of opposite characters, and Pope was unwilling to lose what he had already written; he has therefore depraved his poem by giving to Cibber the old books, the old pedantry, and the sluggish pertinacity of Theobald.

Pope was ignorant enough of his own interest, to make another change, and introduced Osborne contending for the prize among the booksellers. Osborne was a man entirely destitute of shame, without sense of any disgrace but that of poverty. He told me, when he was doing that which raised Pope's resentment, that he should be put into the Dunciad; but he had the fate of Cassandra. I gave no credit to his prediction, till in time I saw it accomplished. The shafts of satire were directed equally in vain against Cibber and Osborne; being repelled by the impenetrable impudence of one, and deadened by the impassive dulness of the other. Pope confessed his own pain by his anger; but he gave no pain to those who had provoked him. He was able to hurt none but himself; by transferring the same ridicule from one to another, he reduced himself to the insignificance of his own magpie, who from his cage calls cuckold at a venture.

Cibber, according to his engagement, repaid the Dunciad with another pamphlet[9], which, Pope said, "would be as good as a dose of hartshorn to him;" but his tongue and his heart were at variance. I have heard Mr. Richardson relate, that he attended his father the painter on a visit, when one of Cibber's pamphlets came into the hands of Pope, who said, "These things are my diversion." They sat by him while he perused it, and saw his features writhing with anguish; and young Richardson said to his father when they returned, that he hoped to be preserved from such diversion as had been that day the lot of Pope.

From this time, finding his diseases more oppressive, and his vital powers gradually declining, he no longer strained his faculties with any original composition, nor proposed any other employment for his remaining life than the revisal and correction of his former works; in which he received advice and assistance from Warburton, whom he appears to have trusted and honoured in the highest degree.

He laid aside his Epic Poem, perhaps without much loss to mankind; for his hero was Brutus the Trojan, who, according to a ridiculous fiction, established a colony in Britain. The subject therefore was of the fabulous age; the actors were a race upon whom imagination has been exhausted, and attention wearied, and to whom the mind will not easily be recalled, when it is invited in blank verse, which Pope had adopted with great imprudence, and, I think, without due consideration of the nature of our language. The sketch is, at least in part, preserved by Ruffhead; by which it appears, that Pope was thoughtless enough to model the names of his heroes with terminations not consistent with the time or country in which he places them.

He lingered through the next year; but perceived himself, as he expresses it, "going down the hill." He had for at least five years been afflicted with an asthma, and other disorders, which his physicians were unable to relieve. Towards the end of his life he consulted Dr. Thomson, a man who had, by large promises, and free censures of the common practice of physic, forced himself up into sudden reputation. Thomson declared his distemper to be a dropsy, and evacuated

[9] In 1744.

part of the water by tincture of jalap; but confessed that his belly did not subside. Thomson had many enemies, and Pope was persuaded to dismiss him.

While he was yet capable of amusement and conversation, as he was one day sitting in the air with lord Bolingbroke and lord Marchmont, he saw his favourite Martha Blount at the bottom of the terrace, and asked lord Bolingbroke to go and hand her up. Bolingbroke, not liking his errand, crossed his legs and sat still; but lord Marchmont, who was younger and less captious, waited on the lady, who, when he came to her, asked, "What, is he not dead yet?" She is said to have neglected him, with shameful unkindness, in the latter time of his decay; yet, of the little which he had to leave she had a very great part. Their acquaintance began early; the life of each was pictured on the other's mind; their conversation therefore was endearing, for when they met, there was an immediate coalition of congenial notions. Perhaps he considered her unwillingness to approach the chamber of sickness as female weakness, or human frailty; perhaps he was conscious to himself of peevishness and impatience, or, though he was offended by her inattention, might yet consider her merit as overbalancing her fault; and, if he had suffered his heart to be alienated from her, he could have found nothing that might fill her place; he could have only shrunk within himself; it was too late to transfer his confidence or fondness.

In May, 1744, his death was approaching[1]; on the sixth, he was all day delirious, which he mentioned four days afterwards as a sufficient humiliation of the vanity of man; he afterwards complained of seeing things as through a curtain, and in false colours, and one day, in the presence of Dodsley, asked what arm it was that came out from the wall. He said that his greatest inconvenience was inability to think.

Bolingbroke sometimes wept over him in this state of helpless decay; and being told by Spence, that Pope, at the intermission of his deliriousness, was always saying something kind either of his present or absent friends, and that his humanity seemed to have survived his understanding, answered, "It has so." And added, "I never in my life knew a man that had so tender a heart for his particular friends, or more general friendship for mankind." At another time he said, "I have known Pope these thirty years, and value myself more in his friendship than"—His grief then suppressed his voice.

Pope expressed undoubting confidence of a future state. Being asked by his friend Mr. Hooke, a papist, whether he would not die like his father and mother, and whether a priest should not be called; he answered, "I do not think it is essential, but it will be very right; and I thank you for putting me in mind of it."

In the morning, after the priest had given him the last sacraments, he said, "There is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship, and indeed friendship itself is only a part of virtue."

He died in the evening of the thirtieth day of May, 1744, so placidly, that the attendants did not discern the exact time of his expiration. He was buried at Twickenham, near his father and mother, where a monument has been erected to him by his commentator, the bishop of Gloucester.

[1] Spence.

He left the care of his papers to his executors; first to lord Bolingbroke[2]; and, if he should not be living, to the earl of Marchmont; undoubtedly expecting them to be proud of the trust, and eager to extend his fame. But let no man dream of influence beyond his life. After a decent time, Dodsley the bookseller went to solicit preference as the publisher, and was told, that the parcel had not been yet inspected; and, whatever was the reason, the world has been disappointed of what was "reserved for the next age."

He lost, indeed, the favour of Bolingbroke by a kind of posthumous offence. The political pamphlet called The Patriot King had been put into his hands, that he might procure the impression of a very few copies, to be distributed, according to the author's direction, among his friends, and Pope assured him, that no more had been printed than were allowed; but, soon after his death, the printer brought and resigned a complete edition of fifteen hundred copies, which Pope had ordered him to print, and retain in secret. He kept, as was observed, his engagement to Pope better than Pope had kept it to his friend, and nothing was known of the transaction, till, upon the death of his employer, he thought himself obliged to deliver the books to the right owner, who, with great indignation, made a fire in his yard, and delivered the whole impression to the flames.

Hitherto nothing had been done which was not naturally dictated by resentment of violated faith; resentment more acrimonious, as the violator had been more loved or more trusted. But here the anger might have stopped; the injury was private, and there was little danger from the example.

Bolingbroke, however, was not yet satisfied; his thirst of vengeance incited him to blast the memory of the man over whom he had wept in his last struggles; and he employed Mallet, another friend of Pope, to tell the tale to the public with all its aggravations. Warburton, whose heart was warm with his legacy, and tender by the recent separation, thought it proper for him to interpose; and undertook, not indeed to vindicate the action, for breach of trust has always something criminal, but to extenuate it by an apology. Having advanced what cannot be denied, that moral obliquity is made more or less excusable by the motives that produce it, he inquires what evil purpose could have induced Pope to break his promise. He could not delight his vanity by usurping the work, which, though not sold in shops, had been shown to a number more than sufficient to preserve the author's claim; he could not gratify his avarice, for he could not sell his plunder till Bolingbroke was dead; and even then, if the copy was left to another, his fraud would be defeated, and if left to himself would be useless.

Warburton therefore supposes, with great appearance of reason, that the irregularity of his conduct proceeded wholly from his zeal for Bolingbroke, who might perhaps have destroyed the pamphlet, which Pope thought it his duty to preserve, even without its author's approbation. To this apology an answer was written in A Letter to the most impudent Man living.

He brought some reproach upon his own memory by the petulant and contemptuous mention made in his will of Mr. Allen, and an affected repayment of his benefac-

[2] This is somewhat inaccurately expressed. Lord Bolingbroke was not an executor: Pope's papers were left to him specifically, or in case of his death, to lord Marchmont. *C.*

tions. Mrs. Blount, as the known friend and favourite of Pope, had been invited to the house of Allen, where she comported herself with such indecent arrogance, that she parted from Mrs. Allen in a state of irreconcileable dislike, and the door was for ever barred against her. This exclusion she resented with so much bitterness, as to refuse any legacy from Pope, unless he left the world with a disavowal of obligation to Allen. Having been long under her dominion, now tottering in the decline of life, and unable to resist the violence of her temper, or perhaps, with the prejudice of a lover, persuaded that she had suffered improper treatment, he complied with her demand, and polluted his will with female resentment. Allen accepted the legacy, which he gave to the Hospital at Bath, observing, that Pope was always a bad accomptant, and that, if to 150l. he had put a cipher more, he had come nearer to the truth [3].

THE person of Pope is well known not to have been formed by the nicest model. He has, in his account of the Little Club, compared himself to a spider, and by another is described as protuberant behind and before. He is said to have been beautiful in his infancy; but he was of a constitution originally feeble and weak; and, as bodies of a tender frame are easily distorted, his deformity was probably in part the effect of his application. His stature was so low, that, to bring him to a level with common tables, it was necessary to raise his seat. But his face was not displeasing, and his eyes were animated and vivid.

By natural deformity, or accidental distortion, his vital functions were so much disordered, that his life was a "long disease." His most frequent assailment was the head-ach, which he used to relieve by inhaling the steam of coffee, which he very frequently required.

Most of what can be told concerning his petty peculiarities was communicated by a female domestic of the earl of Oxford, who knew him perhaps after the middle

[3] This account of the difference between Pope and Mr. Allen is not so circumstantial as it was in Johnson's power to have made it. The particulars communicated to him concerning it he was too indolent to commit to writing; the business of this note is to supply his omissions.

Upon an invitation in which Mrs. Blount was included, Mr. Pope made a visit to Mr. Allen at Prior-park; and having occasion to go to Bristol for a few days, left Mrs. Blount behind him. In his absence, Mrs. Blount, who was of the Romish persuasion, signified an inclination to go to the Popish chapel at Bath, and desired of Mr. Allen the use of his chariot for the purpose; but he being at that time mayor of the city, suggested the impropriety of having his carriage seen at the door of a place of worship, to which as a magistrate he was at least restrained from giving a sanction, and might be required to suppress, and therefore desired to be excused. Mrs. Blount resented this refusal, and told Pope of it at his return, and so infected him with her rage, that they both left the house abruptly *.

An instance of the like negligence may be noted in his relation of Pope's love of painting, which differs much from the information I gave him on that head. A picture of Betterton certainly copied from Kneller by Pope †, Lord Mansfield once showed me at Caenwood-house, adding, that it was the only one he ever finished, for that the weakness of his eyes was an obstruction to his use of the pencil. *H.*

* This is altogether wrong. Pope kept up his friendship with Mr. Allen to the last, as appears by his letters, and Mrs. Blount remained in Mr. Allen's house some time after the coolness took place between her and *Mrs.* Allen. Allen's conversation with Pope on this subject, and his letters to Mrs. Blount, all whose quarrels he was obliged to share, appear in Mr. Bowles's edition of Pope's Works. C.

† See p. 60.

of life. He was then so weak as to stand in perpetual need of female attendance; extremely sensible of cold, so that he wore a kind of fur doublet, under a shirt of a very coarse warm linen with fine sleeves. When he rose, he was invested in boddice made of stiff canvass, being scarcely able to hold himself erect till they were laced, and he then put on a flannel waistcoat. One side was contracted. His legs were so slender, that he enlarged their bulk with three pair of stockings, which were drawn on and off by the maid; for he was not able to dress or undress himself, and neither went to bed nor rose without help. His weakness made it very difficult for him to be clean.

His hair had fallen almost all away: and he used to dine sometimes with lord Oxford, privately, in a velvet cap. His dress of ceremony was black, with a tye-wig, and a little sword.

The indulgence and accommodation which his sickness required, had taught him all the unpleasing and unsocial qualities of a valetudinary man. He expected that every thing should give way to his ease or humour; as a child, whose parents will not hear her cry, has an unresisted dominion in the nursery.

C'est que l'enfant toûjours est homme,
C'est que l'homme est toûjours enfant.

When he wanted to sleep he "nodded in company;" and once slumbered at his own table while the prince of Wales was talking of poetry.

The reputation which his friendship gave procured him many invitations; but he was a very troublesome inmate. He brought no servant, and had so many wants, that a numerous attendance was scarcely able to supply them. Wherever he was, he left no room for another, because he exacted the attention, and employed the activity, of the whole family. His errands were so frequent and frivolous, that the footmen in time avoided and neglected him; and the earl of Oxford discharged some of the servants for their resolute refusal of his messages. The maids, when they had neglected their business, alleged, that they had been employed by Mr. Pope. One of his constant demands was of coffee in the night, and to the woman that waited on him in his chamber he was very burthensome: but he was careful to recompense her want of sleep; and lord Oxford's servant declared, that in the house where her business was to answer his call, she would not ask for wages.

He had another fault, easily incident to those who, suffering much pain, think themselves entitled to whatever pleasures they can snatch. He was too indulgent to his appetite: he loved meat highly seasoned and of strong taste; and, at the intervals of the table, amused himself with biscuits and dry conserves. If he sat down to a variety of dishes, he would oppress his stomach with repletion; and, though he seemed angry when a dram was offered him, did not forbear to drink it. His friends, who knew the avenues to his heart, pampered him with presents of luxury, which he did not suffer to stand neglected. The death of great men is not always proportioned to the lustre of their lives. Hannibal, says Juvenal, did not perish by the javelin or the sword; the slaughters of Cannæ were revenged by a ring. The death of Pope was imputed by some of his friends to a silver saucepan, in which it was his delight to heat potted lampreys.

That he loved too well to eat, is certain; but that his sensuality shortened his life

will not be hastily concluded, when it is remembered, that a conformation so irregular lasted six and fifty years, notwithstanding such pertinacious diligence of study and meditation.

In all his intercourse with mankind, he had great delight in artifice, and endeavoured to attain all his purposes by indirect and unsuspected methods. "He hardly drank tea without a stratagem." If, at the house of his friends, he wanted any accommodation, he was not willing to ask for it in plain terms, but would mention it remotely as something convenient; though, when it was procured, he soon made it appear for whose sake it had been recommended. Thus he teized lord Orrery till he obtained a screen. He practised his arts on such small occasions, that lady Bolingbroke used to say, in a French phrase, that "he played the politician about cabbages and turnips." His unjustifiable impression of The Patriot King, as it can be imputed to no particular motive, must have proceeded from his general habit of secrecy and cunning: he caught an opportunity of a sly trick, and pleased himself with the thought of outwitting Bolingbroke.

In familiar or convivial conversation, it does not appear that he excelled. He may be said to have resembled Dryden, as being not one that was distinguished by vivacity in company. It is remarkable, that so near his time, so much should be known of what he has written, and so little of what he has said: traditional memory retains no sallies of raillery, nor sentences of observation; nothing either pointed or solid, either wise or merry. One apophthegm only stands upon record. When an objection, raised against his inscription for Shakspeare, was defended by the authority of Patrick, he replied—horresco referens—that "he would allow the publisher of a dictionary to know the meaning of a single word, but not of two words put together."

He was fretful and easily displeased, and allowed himself to be capriciously resentful. He would sometimes leave lord Oxford silently, no one could tell why, and was to be courted back by more letters and messages than the footmen were willing to carry. The table was indeed infested by lady Mary Wortley, who was the friend of lady Oxford, and who, knowing his peevishness, could by no entreaties be restrained from contradicting him, till their disputes were sharpened to such asperity, that one or the other quitted the house.

He sometimes condescended to be jocular with servants or inferiors; but by no merriment, either of others or his own, was he ever seen excited to laughter.

Of his domestic character, frugality was a part eminently remarkable. Having determined not to be dependent, he determined not to be in want, and therefore wisely and magnanimously rejected all temptations to expense, unsuitable to his fortune. This general care must be universally approved; but it sometimes appeared in petty artifices of parsimony, such as the practice of writing his compositions on the back of letters, as may be seen in the remaining copy of the Iliad, by which perhaps in five years five shillings were saved; or in a niggardly reception of his friends, and scantiness of entertainment, as, when he had two guests in a house, he would set at supper a single pint upon the table; and, having himself taken two small glasses, would retire, and say, "Gentlemen, I leave you to your wine." Yet he tells his friends, that "he has a heart for all, a house for all, and, whatever they may think, a fortune for all."

He sometimes, however, made a splendid dinner, and is said to have wanted no part of the skill or elegance which such performances require. That this magnificence should be often displayed, that obstinate prudence with which he conducted his affairs would not permit; for his revenue, certain and casual, amounted only to about eight hundred pounds a year, of which however he declares himself able to assign one hundred to charity [1].

Of this fortune, which, as it arose from public approbation, was very honourably obtained, his imagination seems to have been too full; it would be hard to find a man, so well entitled to notice by his wit, that ever delighted so much in talking of his money. In his letters and in his poems, his garden and his grotto, his quincunx and his vines, or some hints of his opulence, are always to be found. The great topic of his ridicule is poverty; the crimes with which he reproaches his antagonists are their debts, their habitation in the Mint, and their want of a dinner. He seems to be of an opinion not very uncommon in the world, that to want money is to want every thing.

Next to the pleasure of contemplating his possessions, seems to be that of enumerating the men of high rank with whom he was acquainted, and whose notice he loudly proclaims not to have been obtained by any practices of meanness or servility; a boast which was never denied to be true, and to which very few poets have ever aspired. Pope never set his genius to sale, he never flattered those whom he did not love, or praised those whom he did not esteem. Savage however remarked, that he began a little to relax his dignity when he wrote a distich for his highness's dog.

His admiration of the great seems to have increased in the advance of life. He passed over peers and statesmen to inscribe his Iliad to Congreve, with a magnanimity of which the praise had been complete, had his friend's virtue been equal to his wit. Why he was chosen for so great an honour, it is not now possible to know; there is no trace in literary history of any particular intimacy between them. The name of Congreve appears in the Letters among those of his other friends, but without any observable distinction or consequence.

To his latter works, however, he took care to annex names dignified with titles, but was not very happy in his choice: for, except lord Bathurst, none of his noble friends were such as that a good man would wish to have his intimacy with them known to posterity; he can derive little honour from the notice of Cobham, Burlington, or Bolingbroke.

Of his social qualities, if an estimate be made from his letters, an opinion too favourable cannot easily be formed; they exhibit a perpetual and unclouded effulgence of general benevolence and particular fondness. There is nothing but liberality, gratitude, constancy, and tenderness. It has been so long said as to be commonly believed, that the true characters of men may be found in their letters, and that he who writes to his friend lays his heart open before him. But the truth is, that such were the simple friendships of the Golden Age, and are now the

[1] P. . of it arose from an annuity of two hundred pounds a year, which he had purchased either of the late duke of Buckinghamshire, or the dutchess his mother, and which was charged on some estate of that family. [See p. 64.] The deed by which it was granted was some years in my custody. *H.*

friendships only of children. Very few can boast of hearts which they dare lay open to themselves, and of which, by whatever accident exposed, they do not shun a distinct and continued view; and, certainly, what we hide from ourselves we do not show to our friends. There is, indeed, no transaction which offers stronger temptations to fallacy and sophistication than epistolary intercourse. In the eagerness of conversation, the first emotions of the mind often burst out before they are considered; in the tumult of business, interest and passion have their genuine effect; but a friendly letter is a calm and deliberate performance in the cool of leisure, in the stillness of solitude, and surely no man sits down to depreciate by design his own character.

Friendship has no tendency to secure veracity; for by whom can a man so much wish to be thought better than he is, as by him whose kindness he desires to gain or keep? Even in writing to the world there is less constraint; the author is not confronted with his reader, and takes his chance of approbation among the different dispositions of mankind; but a letter is addressed to a single mind, of which the prejudices and partialities are known; and must therefore please, if not by favouring them, by forbearing to oppose them.

To charge those favourable representations, which men give of their own minds, with the guilt of hypocritical falsehood, would show more severity than knowledge. The writer commonly believes himself. Almost every man's thoughts, while they are general, are right; and most hearts are pure while temptation is away. It is easy to awaken generous sentiments in privacy; to despise death when there is no danger; to glow with benevolence when there is nothing to be given. While such ideas are formed, they are felt; and self-love does not suspect the gleam of virtue to be the meteor of fancy.

If the letters of Pope are considered merely as compositions, they seem to be premeditated and artificial. It is one thing to write, because there is something which the mind wishes to discharge; and another, to solicit the imagination, because ceremony or vanity require something to be written. Pope confesses his early letters to be vitiated with *affectation and ambition:* to know whether he disentangled himself from these perverters of epistolary integrity, his book and his life must be set in comparison.

One of his favourite topics is contempt of his own poetry. For this, if it had been real, he would deserve no commendation; and in this he was certainly not sincere, for his high value of himself was sufficiently observed; and of what could he be proud but of his poetry? He writes, he says, when "he has just nothing else to do;" yet Swift complains that he was never at leisure for conversation, because he had "always some poetical scheme in his head." It was punctually required that his writing box should be set upon his bed before he rose; and lord Oxford's domestic related, that, in the dreadful winter of forty, she was called from her bed by him four times in one night, to supply him with paper, lest he should lose a thought.

He pretends insensibility to censure and criticism, though it was observed by all who knew him, that every pamphlet disturbed his quiet, and that his extreme irritability laid him open to perpetual vexation; but he wished to despise his critics, and therefore hoped that he did despise them.

As he happened to live in two reigns when the court paid little attention to poetry,

he nursed in his mind a foolish disesteem of kings, and proclaims that "he never sees courts." Yet a little regard shown him by the prince of Wales melted his obduracy; and he had not much to say when he was asked by his royal highness, "How he could love a prince while he disliked kings?"

He very frequently professes contempt of the world, and represents himself as looking on mankind, sometimes with gay indifference, as on emmets of a hillock, below his serious attention; and sometimes with gloomy indignation, as on monsters more worthy of hatred than of pity. These were dispositions apparently counterfeited. How could he despise those whom he lived by pleasing, and on whose approbation his esteem of himself was superstructed? Why should he hate those to whose favour he owed his honour and his ease? Of things that terminate in human life, the world is the proper judge; to despise its sentence, if it were possible, is not just; and if it were just, is not possible. Pope was far enough from this unreasonable temper: he was sufficiently *a fool to Fame*, and his fault was, that he pretended to neglect it. His levity and his sullenness were only in his letters; he passed through common life, sometimes vexed, and sometimes pleased, with the natural emotions of common men.

His scorn of the great is too often repeated to be real; no man thinks much of that which he despises; and as falsehood is always in danger of inconsistency, he makes it his boast at another time that he lives among them.

It is evident, that his own importance swells often in his mind. He is afraid of writing, lest the clerks of the Post-office should know his secrets; he has many enemies; he considers himself as surrounded by universal jealousy: "after many deaths, and many dispersions, two or three of us," says he, "may still be brought together, not to plot, but to divert ourselves, and the world too, if it pleases:" and they can live together, and "show what friends wits may be, in spite of all the fools in the world." All this, while it was likely that the clerks did not know his hand; he certainly had no more enemies than a public character like his inevitably excites; and with what degree of friendship the wits might live, very few were so much fools as ever to inquire.

Some part of this pretended discontent he learned from Swift, and expresses it, I think, most frequently in his correspondence with him. Swift's resentment was unreasonable, but it was sincere; Pope's was the mere mimicry of his friend, a fictitious part which he began to play before it became him. When he was only twenty-five years old, he related that 'a glut of study and retirement had thrown him on the world," and that there was danger lest "a glut of the world should throw him back upon study and retirement." To this Swift answered with great propriety, that Pope had not yet acted or suffered enough in the world to have become weary of it. And, indeed, it must have been some very powerful reason that can drive back to solitude him who has once enjoyed the pleasures of society.

In the letters both of Swift and Pope there appears such narrowness of mind, as makes them insensible of any excellence that has not some affinity with their own, and confines their esteem and approbation to so small a number, that whoever should form his opinion of the age from their representation, would suppose them to have lived amidst ignorance and barbarity, unable to find among their cotemporaries either virtue or intelligence, and persecuted by those that could not understand them.

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When Pope murmurs at the world, when he professes contempt of fame, when he speaks of riches and poverty, of success and disappointment, with negligent indifference, he certainly does not express his habitual and settled sentiments, but either wilfully disguises his own character, or, what is more likely, invests himself with temporary qualities, and sallies out in the colours of the present moment. His hopes and fears, his joys and sorrows, acted strongly upon his mind: and, if he differed from others, it was not by carelessness; he was irritable and resentful; his malignity to Philips, whom he had first made ridiculous, and then hated for being angry, continued too long. Of his vain desire to make Bentley contemptible, I never heard any adequate reason. He was sometimes wanton in his attacks; and before Chandos, lady Wortley, and Hill, was mean in his retreat.

The virtues which seem to have had most of his affection, were liberality and fidelity of friendship, in which it does not appear that he was other than he describes himself. His fortune did not suffer his charity to be splendid and conspicuous; but he assisted Dodsley with a hundred pounds, that he might open a shop; and of the subscription of forty pounds a year that he raised for Savage, twenty were paid by himself. He was accused of loving money; but his love was eagerness to gain, not solicitude to keep it.

In the duties of friendship he was zealous and constant; his early maturity of mind commonly united him with men older than himself, and therefore, without attaining any considerable length of life, he saw many companions of his youth sink into the grave; but it does not appear that he lost a single friend by coldness or by injury; those who loved him once, continued their kindness. His ungrateful mention of Allen in his will, was the effect of his adherence to one whom he had known much longer, and whom he naturally loved with greater fondness. His violation of the trust reposed in him by Bolingbroke, could have no motive inconsistent with the warmest affection; he either thought the action so near to indifferent, that he forgot it, or so laudable, that he expected his friend to approve it.

It was reported, with such confidence as almost to enforce belief, that in the papers intrusted to his executors was found a defamatory life of Swift, which he had prepared as an instrument of vengeance, to be used if any provocation should be ever given. About this I inquired of the earl of Marchmont, who assured me that no such piece was among his remains.

The religion in which he lived and died was that of the church of Rome, to which in his correspondence with Racine he professes himself a sincere adherent. That he was not scrupulously pious in some part of his life, is known by many idle and indecent applications of sentences taken from the Scriptures; a mode of merriment which a good man dreads for its profaneness, and a witty man disdains for its easiness and vulgarity. But to whatever levities he has been betrayed, it does not appear that his principles were ever corrupted, or that he ever lost his belief of revelation. The positions which he transmitted from Bolingbroke he seems not to have understood, and was pleased with an interpretation that made them orthodox.

A man of such exalted superiority, and so little moderation, would naturally have all his delinquencies observed and aggravated; those who could not deny that he was excellent, would rejoice to find that he was not perfect.

Perhaps it may be imputed to the unwillingness with which the same man is allowed to possess many advantages, that his learning has been depreciated. He certainly was, in his early life, a man of great literary curiosity; and, when he wrote his Essay on Criticism, had, for his age, a very wide acquaintance with books. When he entered into the living world, it seems to have happened to him as to many others, that he was less attentive to dead masters; he studied in the academy of Paracelsus, and made the universe his favourite volume. He gathered his notions fresh from reality, not from the copies of authors, but the originals of Nature. Yet there is no reason to believe, that literature ever lost his esteem; he always professed to love reading; and Dobson, who spent some time at his house translating his Essay on Man, when I asked him what learning he found him to possess, answered, "More than I expected." His frequent references to history, his allusions to various kinds of knowledge, and his images selected from art and nature, with his observations on the operations of the mind and the modes of life, show an intelligence perpetually on the wing, excursive, vigorous, and diligent, eager to pursue knowledge, and attentive to retain it.

From this curiosity arose the desire of travelling, to which he alludes in his verses to Jervas, and which, though he never found an opportunity to gratify it, did not leave him till his life declined.

Of his intellectual character, the constituent and fundamental principle was good sense, a prompt and intuitive perception of consonance and propriety. He saw immediately, of his own conceptions, what was to be chosen, and what to be rejected; and, in the works of others, what was to be shunned, and what was to be copied.

But good sense alone is a sedate and quiescent quality, which manages its possessions well, but does not increase them; it collects few materials for its own operations, and preserves safety, but never gains supremacy. Pope had likewise genius; a mind active, ambitious, and adventurous, always investigating, always aspiring; in its widest searches, still longing to go forward, in its highest flights still wishing to be higher; always imagining something greater than it knows, always endeavouring more than it can do.

To assist these powers, he is said to have had great strength and exactness of memory. That which he had heard or read was not easily lost; and he had before him not only what his own meditations suggested, but what he had found in other writers that might be accommodated to his present purpose.

These benefits of nature he improved by incessant and unwearied diligence; he had recourse to every source of intelligence, and lost no opportunity of information; he consulted the living as well as the dead; he read his compositions to his friends, and was never content with mediocrity, when excellence could be attained. He considered poetry as the business of his life; and, however he might seem to lament his occupation, he followed it with constancy; to make verses was his first labour, and to mend them was his last.

From his attention to poetry he was never diverted. If conversation offered anything that could be improved, he committed it to paper; if a thought, or perhaps an expression more happy than was common, rose to his mind, he was careful to write it; an independent distich was preserved for an opportunity of insertion; and

some little fragments have been found containing lines, or parts of lines, to be wrought upon at some other time.

He was one of those few whose labour is their pleasure: he was never elevated to negligence, nor wearied to impatience; he never passed a fault unamended by indifference, nor quitted it by despair. He laboured his works first to gain reputation, and afterwards to keep it.

Of composition there are different methods. Some employ at once memory and invention, and, with little intermediate use of the pen, form and polish large masses by continued meditation, and write their productions only when, in their own opinion, they have completed them. It is related of Virgil, that his custom was to pour out a great number of verses in the morning, and pass the day in retrenching exuberances, and correcting inaccuracies. The method of Pope, as may be collected from his translation, was to write his first thoughts in his first words, and gradually to amplify, decorate, rectify, and refine them.

With such faculties, and such dispositions, he excelled every other writer in poetical prudence: he wrote in such a manner as might expose him to few hazards. He used almost always the same fabric of verse; and, indeed, by those few essays which he made of any other, he did not enlarge his reputation. Of this uniformity the certain consequence was readiness and dexterity. By perpetual practice, language had in his mind a systematical arrangement; having always the same use for words, he had words so selected and combined as to be ready at his call. This increase of facility he confessed himself to have perceived in the progress of his translation.

But what was yet of more importance, his effusions were always voluntary, and his subjects chosen by himself. His independence secured him from drudging at a task, and labouring upon a barren topic; he never exchanged praise for money, nor opened a shop of condolence or congratulation. His poems, therefore, were scarcely ever temporary. He suffered coronations and royal marriages to pass without a song; and derived no opportunities from recent events, or any popularity from the accidental disposition of his readers. He was never reduced to the necessity of soliciting the Sun to shine upon a birth-day, of calling the Graces and Virtues to a wedding, or of saying what multitudes have said before him. When he could produce nothing new, he was at liberty to be silent.

His publications were for the same reason never hasty. He is said to have sent nothing to the press till it had lain two years under his inspection; it is at least certain, that he ventured nothing without nice examination. He suffered the tumult of imagination to subside, and the novelties of invention to grow familiar. He knew that the mind is always enamoured of its own productions, and did not trust his first fondness. He consulted his friends, and listened with great willingness to criticism; and, what was of more importance, he consulted himself, and let nothing pass against his own judgment.

He professed to have learned his poetry from Dryden, whom, whenever an opportunity was presented, he praised through his whole life with unvaried [illegible] perhaps his character may receive some illustration, if he be [illegible] master.

Integrity of understanding and nicety of discernment were not allotted in a

proportion to Dryden than to Pope. The rectitude of Dryden's mind was sufficiently shown by the dismission of his poetical prejudices, and the rejection of unnatural thoughts and rugged numbers. But Dryden never desired to apply all the judgment that he had. He wrote, and professed to write, merely for the people; and when he pleased others, he contented himself. He spent no time in struggles to rouse latent powers; he never attempted to make that better which was already good, nor often to mend what he must have known to be faulty. He wrote, as he tells us, with very little consideration; when occasion or necessity called upon him, he poured out what the present moment happened to supply, and, when once it had passed the press, ejected it from his mind; for when he had no pecuniary interest, he had no further solicitude.

Pope was not content to satisfy; he desired to excel, and therefore always endeavoured to do his best; he did not court the candour, but dared the judgment, of his reader, and, expecting no indulgence from others, he showed none to himself. He examined lines and words with minute and punctilious observation, and retouched every part with indefatigable diligence, till he had left nothing to be forgiven.

For this reason he kept his pieces very long in his hands, while he considered and reconsidered them. The only poems which can be supposed to have been written with such regard to the times as might hasten their publication, were the two satires of Thirty-eight; of which Dodsley told me, that they were brought to him by the author, that they might be fairly copied. "Almost every line," he said, "was then written twice over; I gave him a clean transcript, which he sent some time afterwards to me for the press, with almost every line written twice over a second time."

His declaration, that his care for his works ceased at their publication, was not strictly true. His parental attention never abandoned them; what he found amiss in the first edition, he silently corrected in those that followed. He appears to have revised the Iliad, and freed it from some of its imperfections; and the Essay on Criticism received many improvements after its first appearance. It will seldom be found, that he altered without adding clearness, elegance, or vigour. Pope had perhaps the judgment of Dryden; but Dryden certainly wanted the diligence of Pope.

In acquired knowledge, the superiority must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastic, and who before he became an author had been allowed more time for study, with better means of information. His mind has a larger range, and he collects his images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation; and those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope.

Poetry was not the sole praise of either; for both excelled likewise in prose; but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied; that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden observes the motions of his own mind; Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by

the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and levelled by the roller.

Of genius, that power which constitutes a poet; that quality without which judgment is cold, and knowledge is inert; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates; the superiority must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred, that of this poetical vigour Pope had only a little, because Dryden had more; for every other writer since Milton must give place to Pope; and even of Dryden it must be said, that, if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems. Dryden's performances were always hasty, either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by domestic necessity; he composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought, and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce, or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden therefore are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

This parallel will, I hope, when it is well considered, be found just; and if the reader should suspect me, as I suspect myself, of some partial fondness for the memory of Dryden, let him not too hastily condemn me; for meditation and inquiry may, perhaps, show him the reasonableness of my determination.

THE Works of Pope are now to be distinctly examined, not so much with attention to slight faults or petty beauties, as to the general character and effect of each performance.

It seems natural for a young poet to initiate himself by pastorals, which, not professing to imitate real life, require no experience; and, exhibiting only the simple operation of unmingled passions, admit no subtle reasoning or deep inquiry. Pope's Pastorals are not however composed but with close thought; they have reference to the times of the day, the seasons of the year, and the periods of human life. The last, that which turns the attention upon age and death, was the author's favourite. To tell of disappointment and misery, to thicken the darkness of futurity, and perplex the labyrinth of uncertainty, has been always a delicious employment of the poets. His preference was probably just. I wish, however, that his fondness had not overlooked a line in which the *Zephyrs* are made *to lament in silence*.

To charge these Pastorals with want of invention, is to require what was never intended. The imitations are so ambitiously frequent, that the writer evidently means rather to show his literature than his wit. It is surely sufficient for an author of sixteen, not only to be able to copy the poems of antiquity with judicious selection, but to have obtained sufficient power of language, and skill in metre, to exhibit a series of versification, which had in English poetry no precedent, nor has since had an imitation.

The design of Windsor Forest is evidently derived from Cooper's Hill with more attention to Waller's poem on the Park; but Pope cannot be denied to excel his masters in variety and elegance, and the art of interchanging descriptions, narrative

and morality. The objection made by Dennis is the want of plan, of a regular subordination of parts terminating in the principal and original design. There is this want in most descriptive poems, because as the scenes, which they must exhibit successively, are all subsisting at the same time, the order in which they are shown must by necessity be arbitrary, and more is not to be expected from the last part than from the first. The attention, therefore, which cannot be detained by suspense, must be excited by diversity, such as his poem offers to its reader.

But the desire of diversity may be too much indulged; the parts of Windsor Forest which deserve least praise, are those which were added to enliven the stillness of the scene, the appearance of Father Thames, and the transformation of Lodona. Addison had, in his Campaign, derided the Rivers that "rise from their oozy beds" to tell stories of heroes; and it is therefore strange that Pope should adopt a fiction not only unnatural but lately censured. The story of Lodona is told with sweetness; but a new metamorphosis is a ready and puerile expedient; nothing is easier than to tell how a flower was once a blooming virgin, or a rock an obdurate tyrant.

The Temple of Fame, has, as Steele warmly declared, "a thousand beauties." Every part is splendid; there is a great luxuriance of ornaments; the original vision of Chaucer was never denied to be much improved; the allegory is very skilfully continued, the imagery is properly selected, and learnedly displayed; yet, with all this comprehension of excellence, as its scene is laid in remote ages, and its sentiments, if the concluding paragraph be excepted, have little relation to general manners or common life, it never obtained much notice, but is turned silently over, and seldom quoted or mentioned with either praise or blame.

That the Messiah excels the Pollio is no great praise, if it be considered from what original the improvements are derived.

The Verses on the unfortunate Lady have drawn much attention by the illaudable singularity of treating suicide with respect; and they must be allowed to be written in some parts with vigorous animation, and in others with gentle tenderness; nor has Pope produced any poem in which the sense predominates more over the diction. But the tale is not skilfully told; it is not easy to discover the character of either the lady or her guardian. History relates, that she was about to disparage herself by a marriage with an inferior; Pope praises her for the dignity of ambition, and yet condemns the uncle to detestation for his pride: the ambitious love of a niece may be opposed by the interest, malice, or envy of an uncle, but never by his pride. On such an occasion a poet may be allowed to be obscure, but inconsistency can never be right[2].

The Ode for St. Cecilia's Day was undertaken at the desire of Steele: in this the author is generally confessed to have miscarried, yet he has miscarried only as

[2] The account herein before given of this lady and her catastrophe, cited by Johnson from Ruffhead with a kind of acquiescence in the truth thereof, seems no other than might have been extracted from the verses themselves. I have in my posession a letter to Dr. Johnson containing the name of the lady; and a reference to a gentleman well known in the literary world for her history. Him I have seen; and, from a memorandum of some particulars to the purpose communicated to him by a lady of quality, he informed me, that the unfortunate lady's name was Withinbury, corruptly pronounced Winbury; that she was in love with Pope, and would have married him; that her guardian, though she was deformed in person, looking upon such a match as beneath her, sent her to a convent; and that a noose, and not a sword, put an end to her life. *H.*

compared with Dryden; for he has far outgone other competitors. Dryden's plan is better chosen; history will always take stronger hold of the attention than fable: the passions excited by Dryden are the pleasures and pains of real life; the scene of Pope is laid in imaginary existence; Pope is read with calm acquiescence, Dryden with turbulent delight; Pope hangs upon the ear, and Dryden finds the passes of the mind.

Both the odes want the essential constituent of metrical compositions, the stated recurrence of settled numbers. It may be alleged, that Pindar is said by Horace to have written *numeris lege solutis:* but as no such lax performances have been transmitted to us, the meaning of that expression cannot be fixed; and perhaps the like return might properly be made to a modern Pindarist, as Mr. Cobb received from Bentley, who, when he found his criticisms upon a Greek Exercise, which Cobb had presented, refuted one after another by Pindar's authority, cried out at last, "Pindar was a bold fellow, but thou art an impudent one."

If Pope's ode be particularly inspected, it will be found that the first stanza consists of sounds well chosen indeed, but only sounds.

The second consists of hyperbolical common-places, easily to be found, and perhaps without much difficulty to be as well expressed.

In the third, however, there are numbers, images, harmony, and vigour, not unworthy the antagonist of Dryden. Had all been like this—but every part cannot be the best.

The next stanzas place and detain us in the dark and dismal regions of mythology, where neither hope nor fear, neither joy nor sorrow, can be found: the poet however faithfully attends us: we have all that can be performed by elegance of diction, or sweetness of versification; but what can form avail without better matter?

The last stanza recurs again to common-places. The conclusion is too evidently modelled by that of Dryden; and it may be remarked, that both end with the same fault; the comparison of each is literal on one side, and metaphorical on the other.

Poets do not always express their own thoughts; Pope, with all this labour in the praise of music, was ignorant of its principles, and insensible of its effects.

One of his greatest, though of his earliest works, is the Essay on Criticism, which, if he had written nothing else, would have placed him among the first critics and the first poets, as it exhibits every mode of excellence that can embellish or dignify didactic composition; selection of matter, novelty of arrangement, justness of precept, splendour of illustration, and propriety of digression. I know not whether it be pleasing to consider that he produced this piece at twenty, and never afterwards excelled it: he that delights himself with observing that such powers may be so soon attained, cannot but grieve to think that life was ever after at a stand.

To mention the particular beauties of the Essay would be unprofitably tedious, but I cannot forbear to observe, that the comparison of a student's progress in the sciences with the journey of a traveller in the Alps, is perhaps the best that English poetry can show. A simile, to be perfect, must both illustrate and ennoble the subject; must show it to the understanding in a clearer view, and display it to the fancy with greater dignity, but either of these qualities may be sufficient to recommend it. In didactic poetry, of which the great purpose is instruction, that may be praised which illustrates, though it does not ennoble; in heroics, that may

be admitted which ennobles, though it does not illustrate. That it may be complete, it is required to exhibit, independently of its references, a pleasing image; for a simile is said to be a short episode. To this antiquity was so attentive, that circumstances were sometimes added, which, having no parallels, served only to fill the imagination, and produced what Perault ludicrously called "comparisons with a long tail." In their similies the greatest writers have sometimes failed; the ship-race, compared with the chariot-race, is neither illustrated nor aggrandised; land and water make all the difference: when Apollo, running after Daphne, is likened to a greyhound chasing a hare, there is nothing gained; the ideas of pursuit and flight are too plain to be made plainer; and a god and the daughter of a god are not represented much to their advantage by a hare and dog. The simile of the Alps has no useless parts, yet affords a striking picture by itself; it makes the foregoing position better understood, and enables it to take faster hold on the attention; it assists the apprehension, and elevates the fancy.

Let me likewise dwell a little on the celebrated paragraph, in which it is directed, that "the sound should seem an echo to the sense;" a precept which Pope is allowed to have observed beyond any other English poet.

This notion of representative metre, and the desire of discovering frequent adaptations of the sound to the sense, have produced, in my opinion, many wild conceits and imaginary beauties. All that can furnish this representation are the sounds of the words considered singly, and the time in which they are pronounced. Every language has some words framed to exhibit the noises which they express, as *thump, rattle, growl, hiss.* These however are but few, and the poet cannot make them more, nor can they be of any use but when sound is to be mentioned. The time of pronunciation was, in the dactylic measures of the learned languages, capable of considerable variety; but that variety could be accommodated only to motion or duration, and different degrees of motion were perhaps expressed by verses rapid or slow, without much attention of the writer, when the image had full possession of his fancy; but our language having little flexibility, our verses can differ very little in their cadence. The fancied resemblances, I fear, arise sometimes merely from the ambiguity of words; there is supposed to be some resemblance between a *soft* line and a *soft* couch, or between *hard* syllables and *hard* fortune.

Motion, however, may be in some sort exemplified; and yet it may be suspected, that in such resemblances the mind often governs the ear, and the sounds are estimated by their meaning. One of their most successful attempts has been to describe the labour of Sisyphus:

> With many a weary step, and many a groan,
> Up a high hill he heaves a huge round stone;
> The huge round stone, resulting with a bound,
> Thunders impetuous down, and smokes along the ground.

Who does not perceive the stone to move slowly upward, and roll violently back? But see the same numbers to another sense;

> While many a merry tale, and many a song,
> Cheer'd the rough road, we wish'd the rough road long.
> The rough road then, returning in a round,
> Mock'd our impatient steps, for all was fairy ground.

We have now surely lost much of the delay, and much of the rapidity.

But, to show how little the greatest master of numbers can fix the principles of representative harmony, it will be sufficient to remark, that the poet, who tells us, that

> When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
> The line too labours, and the words move slow:
> Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
> Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main;

when he had enjoyed for about thirty years the praise of Camilla's lightness of *foot*, he tried another experiment upon *sound* and *time*, and produced this memorable triplet;

> Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
> The varying verse, the full resounding line,
> The long majestic march, and energy divine.

Here are the swiftness of the rapid race, and the march of slow-paced majesty, exhibited by the same poet in the same sequence of syllables, except that the exact prosodist will find the line of *swiftness* by one time longer than that of *tardiness*.

Beauties of this kind are commonly fancied; and, when real, are technical and nugatory, not to be rejected, and not to be solicited.

To the praises which have been accumulated on The Rape of the Lock by readers of every class, from the critic to the waiting-maid, it is difficult to make any addition. Of that which is universally allowed to be the most attractive of all ludicrous compositions, let it rather be now inquired from what sources the power of pleasing is derived.

Dr. Warburton, who excelled in critical perspicacity, has remarked, that the preternatural agents are very happily adapted to the purposes of the poem. The heathen deities can no longer gain attention: we should have turned away from a contest between Venus and Diana. The employment of allegorical persons always excites conviction of its own absurdity; they may produce effects, but cannot conduct actions: when the phantom is put in motion, it dissolves: thus Discord may raise a mutiny; but Discord cannot conduct a march, nor besiege a town. Pope brought into view a new race of Beings, with powers and passions proportionate to their operation. The Sylphs and Gnomes act, at the toilet and the tea-table, what more terrific and more powerful phantoms perform on the stormy ocean, or the field of battle; they give their proper help, and do their proper mischief.

Pope is said, by an objector, not to have been the inventor of this petty nation; a charge which might with more justice have been brought against the author of the Iliad, who doubtless adopted the religious system of his country; for what is there, but the names of his agents, which Pope has not invented? Has he not assigned them characters and operations never heard of before? Has he not, at least, given them their first poetical existence? If this is not sufficient to denominate his work original, nothing original ever can be written.

In this work are exhibited, in a very high degree, the two most engaging powers of an author. New things are made familiar, and familiar things are made new. A race of aërial people, never heard of before, is presented to us in a manner so clear and easy, that the reader seeks for no further information, but immediately mingles

with his new acquaintance, adopts their interests, and attends their pursuits, loves a Sylph, and detests a Gnome.

That familiar things are made new, every paragraph will prove. The subject of the poem is an event below the common incidents of common life; nothing real is introduced that is not seen so often as to be no longer regarded; yet the whole detail of a female-day is here brought before us, invested with so much art of decoration, that, though nothing is disguised, every thing is striking, and we feel all the appetite of curiosity for that from which we have a thousand times turned fastidiously away.

The purpose of the poet is, as he tells us, to laugh at "the little unguarded follies of the female sex." It is therefore without justice that Dennis charges the Rape of the Lock with the want of a moral, and for that reason sets it below the Lutrin, which exposes the pride and discord of the clergy. Perhaps neither Pope nor Boileau has made the world much better than he found it; but, if they had both succeeded, it were easy to tell who would have deserved most from public gratitude. The freaks, and humours, and spleen, and vanity, of women, as they embroil families in discord, and fill houses with disquiet, do more to obstruct the happiness of life in a year, than the ambition of the clergy in many centuries. It has been well observed, that the misery of man proceeds not from any single crush of overwhelming evil, but from small vexations continually repeated.

It is remarked by Dennis likewise, that the machinery is superfluous; that, by all the bustle of preternatural operation, the main event is neither hastened nor retarded. To this charge an efficacious answer is not easily made. The Sylphs cannot be said to help or to oppose; and it must be allowed to imply some want of art, that their power has not been sufficiently intermingled with the action. Other parts may likewise be charged with want of connection; the game at *ombre* might be spared; but, if the lady had lost her hair while she was intent upon her cards, it might have been inferred, that those who are too fond of play will be in danger of neglecting more important interests. Those perhaps are faults; but what are such faults to so much excellence!

The Epistle of Eloise to Abelard is one of the most happy productions of human wit: the subject is so judiciously chosen, that it would be difficult, in turning over the annals of the world, to find another which so many circumstances concur to recommend. We regularly interest ourselves most in the fortune of those who most deserve our notice. Abelard and Eloise were conspicuous in their days for eminence of merit. The heart naturally loves truth. The adventures and misfortunes of this illustrious pair are known from undisputed history. Their fate does not leave the mind in hopeless dejection; for they both found quiet and consolation in retirement and piety. So new and so affecting is their story, that it supersedes invention; and imagination ranges at full liberty without straggling into scenes of fable.

The story, thus skilfully adopted, has been diligently improved. Pope has left nothing behind him, which seems more the effect of studious perseverance and laborious revisal. Here is particularly observable the *curiosa felicitas*, a fruitful soil and careful cultivation. Here is no crudeness of sense, nor asperity of language.

The sources from which sentiments, which have so much vigour and efficacy, have been drawn, are shown to be the mystic writers by the learned author of the Essay on the Life and Writings of Pope; a book which teaches how the brow of Criticism

may be smoothed, and how she may be enabled, with all her severity, to attract and to delight.

The train of my disquition has now conducted me to that poetical wonder, the translation of the Iliad, a performance which no age or nation can pretend to equal. To the Greeks translation was almost unknown; it was totally unknown to the inhabitants of Greece. They had no recourse to the Barbarians for poetical beauties, but sought for every thing in Homer, where, indeed, there is but little which they might not find.

The Italians have been very diligent translators; but I can hear of no version, unless perhaps Anguilara's Ovid may be excepted, which is read with eagerness. The Iliad of Salvini every reader may discover to be punctiliously exact; but it seems to be the work of a linguist skilfully pedantic; and his countrymen, the proper judges of its power to please, reject it with disgust.

Their predecessors the Romans have left some specimens of translations behind them, and that employment must have had some credit in which Tully and Germanicus engaged; but, unless we suppose, what is perhaps true, that the plays of Terence were versions of Menander, nothing translated seems ever to have risen to high reputation. The French, in the meridian hour of their learning, were very laudably industrious to enrich their own language with the wisdom of the ancients; but found themselves reduced, by whatever necessity, to turn the Greek and Roman poetry into prose. Whoever could read an author, could translate him. From such rivals little can be feared.

The chief help of Pope in this arduous undertaking was drawn from the versions of Dryden. Virgil had borrowed much of his imagery from Homer, and part of the debt was now paid by his translator. Pope searched the pages of Dryden for happy combinations of heroic diction; but it will not be denied, that he added much to what he found. He cultivated our language with so much diligence and art, that he has left in his Homer a treasure of poetical elegances to posterity. His version may be said to have tuned the English tongue; for, since its appearance, no writer, however deficient in other powers, has wanted melody. Such a series of lines, so elaborately corrected, and so sweetly modulated, took possession of the public ear; the vulgar was enamoured of the poem, and the learned wondered at the translation.

But in the most general applause discordant voices will always be heard. It has been objected by some, who wish to be numbered among the sons of learning, that Pope's version of Homer is not Homerical: that it exhibits no resemblance of the original and characteristic manner of the Father of Poetry, as it wants his awful simplicity, his artless grandeur[3], his unaffected majesty. This cannot be totally denied; but it must be remembered, that *necessitas quod cogit defendit*; that may be lawfully done which cannot be forborn. Time and place will always enforce re-

[3] Bentley was one of these. He and Pope, soon after the publication of Homer, met at Dr. Mead's at dinner; when Pope, desirous of his opinion of the translation, addressed him thus: "Dr. Bentley, I ordered my bookseller to send you your books; I hope you received them." Bentley, who had purposely avoided saying any thing about Homer, pretended not to understand him, and asked, "Books! books! what books?" "My Homer," replied Pope, "which you did me the honour to subscribe for." "Oh," said Bentley, "ay, now I recollect—your translation:—it is a pretty poem, Mr. Pope; but you must not call it Homer." *H.*

gard. In estimating this translation, consideration must be had of the nature of our language, the form of our metre, and, above all, of the change which two thousand years have made in the modes of life, and the habits of thought. Virgil wrote in a language of the same general fabric with that of Homer, in verses of the same measure, and in an age nearer to Homer's time by eighteen hundred years; yet he found, even then, the state of the world so much altered, and the demand for elegance so much increased, that mere nature would be endured no longer; and perhaps, in the multitude of borrowed passages, very few can be shown which he has not embellished.

There is a time when nations, emerging from barbarity, and falling into regular subordination, gain leisure to grow wise, and feel the shame of ignorance and the craving pain of unsatisfied curiosity. To this hunger of the mind plain sense is grateful: that which fills the void removes uneasiness, and to be free from pain for a while is pleasure: but repletion generates fastidiousness; a saturated intellect soon becomes luxurious, and knowledge finds no willing reception till it is recommended by artificial diction. Thus it will be found, in the progress of learning, that in all nations the first writers are simple, and that every age improves in elegance. One refinement always makes way for another; and what was expedient to Virgil was necessary to Pope.

I suppose many readers of the English Iliad, when they have been touched with some unexpected beauty of the lighter kind, have tried to enjoy it in the original, where, alas! it was not to be found. Homer doubtless owes to his translator many Ovidian graces not exactly suitable to his character; but to have added can be no great crime, if nothing be taken away. Elegance is surely to be desired, if it be not gained at the expense of dignity. A hero would wish to be loved, as well as to be reverenced.

To a thousand cavils one answer is sufficient; the purpose of a writer is to be read, and the criticism which would destroy the power of pleasing must be blown aside. Pope wrote for his own age and his own nation: he knew, that it was necessary to colour the images and point the sentiments of his author; he therefore made him graceful, but lost him some of his sublimity.

The copious notes with which the version is accompanied, and by which it is recommended to many readers, though they were undoubtedly written to swell the volumes, ought not to pass without praise: commentaries which attract the reader by the pleasure of perusal have not often appeared; the notes of others are read to clear difficulties, those of Pope to vary entertainment.

It has however been objected with sufficient reason, that there is in the commentary too much of unseasonable levity and affected gaiety; that too many appeals are made to the ladies, and the ease which is so carefully preserved is sometimes the ease of a trifler. Every art has its terms, and every kind of instruction its proper style; the gravity of common critics may be tedious, but is less despicable than childish merriment.

Of the Odyssey nothing remains to be observed: the same general praise may be given to both translations, and a particular examination of either would require a large volume. The notes were written by Broome, who endeavoured, not unsuccessfully, to imitate his master.

Of the Dunciad the hint is confessedly taken from Dryden's Mac Flecknoe; but the plan is so large and diversified, as justly to claim the praise of an original, and affords the best specimen that has yet appeared of personal satire ludicrously pompous.

That the design was moral, whatever the author might tell either his readers or himself, I am not convinced. The first motive was the desire of revenging the contempt with which Theobald had treated his Shakspeare, and regaining the honour which he had lost, by crushing his opponent. Theobald was not of bulk enough to fill a poem, and therefore it was necessary to find other enemies with other names, at whose expense he might divert the public.

In this design there was petulance and malignity enough; but I cannot think it very criminal. An author places himself uncalled before the tribunal of Criticism, and solicits fame at the hazard of disgrace. Dulness or deformity are not culpable in themselves, but may be very justly reproached when they pretend to the honour of wit or the influence of beauty. If bad writers were to pass without reprehension, what should restrain them? Impune diem consumpserit ingens Telephus; and upon bad writers only will censure have much effect. The satire, which brought Theobald and Moore into contempt, dropped impotent from Bentley, like the javelin of Priam.

All truth is valuable, and satirical criticism may be considered as useful when it rectifies errour and improves judgment; he that refines the public taste is a public benefactor.

The beauties of this poem are well known; its chief fault is the grossness of its images. Pope and Swift had an unnatural delight in ideas physically impure, such as every other tongue utters with unwillingness, and of which every ear shrinks from the mention.

But even this fault, offensive as it is, may be forgiven for the excellence of other passages; such as the formation and dissolution of Moore, the account of the Traveller, the misfortune of the Florist, and the crowded thoughts and stately numbers which dignify the concluding paragraph.

The alterations which have been made in the Dunciad, not always for the better, require that it should be published, as in the present collection, with all its variations.

The Essay on Man was a work of great labour and long consideration, but certainly not the happiest of Pope's performances. The subject is not very proper for poetry; and the poet was not sufficiently master of his subject; metaphysical morality was to him a new study; he was proud of his acquisitions, and, supposing himself master of great secrets, was in haste to teach what he had not learned. Thus he tells us, in the first Epistle, that from the nature of the Supreme Being may be deduced an order of beings such as mankind, because Infinite Excellence can do only what is best. He finds out that these beings must be "somewhere;" and that "all the question is, whether man be in a wrong place." Surely if, according to the poet's Leibnitian reasoning, we may infer that man ought to be, only because he is, we may allow that his place is the right place because he has it. Supreme Wisdom is not less infallible in disposing than in creating. But what is meant by *somewhere* and *place*, and *wrong place*, it had been vain to ask Pope, who probably had never asked himself.

Having exalted himself into the chair of wisdom, he tells us much that every man knows, and much that he does not know himself; that we see but little, and that the order of the universe is beyond our comprehension; an opinion not very uncommon; and that there is a chain of subordinate beings "from infinite to nothing," of which himself and his readers are equally ignorant. But he gives us one comfort, which, without his help, he supposes unattainable, in the position "that though we are fools, yet God is wise."

This Essay affords an egregious instance of the predominance of genius, the dazzling splendour of imagery, and the seductive powers of eloquence. Never were penury of knowledge and vulgarity of sentiment so happily disguised. The reader feels his mind full, though he learns nothing; and, when he meets it in its new array, no longer knows the talk of his mother and his nurse. When these wonder-working sounds sink into sense, and the doctrine of the Essay, disrobed of its ornaments, is left to the powers of its naked excellence, what shall we discover? That we are, in comparison with our Creator, very weak and ignorant; that we do not uphold the chain of existence; and that we could not make one another with more skill than we are made. We may learn yet more: that the arts of human life were copied from the instinctive operations of other animals; that if the world be made for man, it may be said that man was made for geese. To these profound principles of natural knowledge are added some moral instructions equally new; that self-interest, well understood, will produce social concord; that men are mutual gainers by mutual benefits; that evil is sometimes balanced by good; that human advantages are unstable and fallacious, of uncertain duration and doubtful effect; that our true honour is, not to have a great part, but to act it well; that virtue only is our own; and that happiness is always in our power.

Surely a man of no very comprehensive search may venture to say, that he has heard all this before; but it was never till now recommended by such a blaze of embellishments, or such sweetness of melody. The vigorous contraction of some thoughts, the luxuriant amplification of others, the incidental illustrations, and sometimes the dignity, sometimes the softness of the verses, enchain philosophy, suspend criticism, and oppress judgment by overpowering pleasure.

This is true of many paragraphs; yet, if I had undertaken to exemplify Pope's felicity of composition before a rigid critic, I should not select the Essay on Man; for it contains more lines unsuccessfully laboured, more harshness of diction, more thoughts imperfectly expressed, more levity without elegance, and more heaviness without strength, than will easily be found in all his other works.

The Characters of Men and Women are the product of diligent speculation upon human life; much labour has been bestowed upon them, and Pope very seldom laboured in vain. That his excellence may be properly estimated, I recommend a comparison of his Characters of Women, with Boileau's Satire; it will then be seen with how much more perspicuity female nature is investigated, and female excellence selected; and he is surely no mean writer to whom Boileau should be found inferior. The Characters of Men, however, are written with more, if not with deeper, thought, and exhibit many passages exquisitely beautiful. The Gem and the Flower will not easily be equalled. In the women's part are some defects; the character of Atossa is not so neatly finished as that of Clodio; and some of the

female characters may be found perhaps more frequently among men; what is said of Philomede was true of Prior.

In the Epistles to Lord Bathurst and Lord Burlington, Dr. Warburton has endeavoured to find a train of thought which was never in the writer's head, and, to support his hypothesis, has printed that first which was published last. In one, the most valuable passage is perhaps the eulogy on good sense; and the other, the end of the duke of Buckingham.

The Epistle to Arbuthnot, now arbitrarily called the Prologue to the Satires, is a performance consisting, as it seems, of many fragments wrought into one design, which, by this union of scattered beauties, contains more striking paragraphs than could probably have been brought together into an occasional work. As there is no stronger motive to exertion than self defence, no part has more elegance, spirit, or dignity, than the poet's vindication of his own character. The meanest passage is the satire upon Sporus.

Of the two poems which derived their names from the year, and which are called the Epilogue to the Satires, it was very justly remarked by Savage, that the second was in the whole more strongly conceived, and more equally supported, but that it had no single passages equal to the contention in the first for the dignity of Vice, and the celebration of the triumph of Corruption.

The Imitations of Horace seem to have been written as relaxations of his genius. This employment became his favourite by its facility; the plan was ready to his hand, and nothing was required but to accommodate as he could the sentiments of an old author to recent facts or familiar images; but what is easy is excellent; such imitations cannot give pleasure to common readers; the man of learning may be sometimes surprised and delighted by an unexpected parallel; but the comparison requires knowledge of the original, which will likewise often detect strained applications. Between Roman images and English manners, there will be an irreconcileable dissimilitude, and the work will be generally uncouth and party-coloured; neither original nor translated, neither ancient nor modern[1].

Pope had, in proportions very nicely adjusted to each other, all the qualities that constitute genius. He had invention, by which new trains of events are formed, and new scenes of imagery displayed, as in the Rape of the Lock; and by which extrinsic and adventitious embellishments and illustrations are connected with a known subject, as in the Essay on Criticism. He had imagination, which strongly impresses on the writer's mind, and enables him to convey to the reader, the various forms of nature, incidents of life, and energies of passion, as in his Eloisa, Windsor Forest, and the

[1] In one of these poems is a couplet, to which belongs a story that I once heard the reverend Dr. Riley relate

> Slander or poison dread from Delia's rage;
> Hard words, or hanging, if your judge be ****.

Sir Francis Page, a judge well known in his time, conceiving that his name was meant to fill up the blank, sent his clerk to Mr. Pope to complain of the insult. Pope told the young man, that the blank might be supplied by many monosyllables, other than the judge's name:—"but, sir," said the clerk, "the judge says that no other word will make sense of the passage."—"So then it seems," says Pope, "your master is not only a judge, but a poet: as that is the case, the odds are against me. Give my respects to the judge, and tell him, I will not contend with one that has the advantage of me, and he may fill up the blank as he pleases." *H.*

Ethic Epistles. He had judgment, which selects from life or nature what the present purpose requires, and by separating the essence of things from its concomitants, often makes the representation more powerful than the reality; and he had colours of language before him, ready to decorate his matter with every grace of elegant expression, as when he accommodates his diction to the wonderful multiplicity of Homer's sentiments and descriptions.

Poetical expression includes sound as well as meaning; "Music," says Dryden, "is inarticulate poetry;" among the excellences of Pope, therefore, must be mentioned the melody of his metre. By perusing the works of Dryden, he discovered the most perfect fabric of English verse, and habituated himself to that only which he found the best; in consequence of which restraint, his poetry has been censured as too uniformly musical, and as glutting the ear with unvaried sweetness. I suspect this objection to be the cant of those who judge by principles rather than perception; and who would even themselves have less pleasure in his works, if he had tried to relieve attention by studied discords, or affected to break his lines and vary his pauses.

But though he was thus careful of his versification, he did not oppress his powers with superfluous rigour. He seems to have thought with Boileau, that the practice of writing might be refined till the difficulty should overbalance the advantage. The construction of his language is not always strictly grammatical; with those rhymes which prescription had conjoined he contented himself, without regard to Swift's remonstrances, though there was no striking consonance; nor was he very careful to vary his terminations, or to refuse admission, at a small distance, to the same rhymes.

To Swift's edict for the exclusion of alexandrines and triplets he paid little regard; he admitted them, but, in the opinion of Fenton, too rarely; he uses them more liberally in his translation than his poems.

He has a few double rhymes; and always, I think, unsuccessfully, except once in in the Rape of the Lock.

Expletives he very early ejected from his verses; but he now and then admits an epithet rather commodious than important. Each of the six first lines of the Iliad might lose two syllables with very little diminution of the meaning; and sometimes, after all his art and labour, one verse seems to be made for the sake of another. In his latter productions the diction is sometimes vitiated by French idioms, with which Bolingbroke had perhaps infected him.

I have been told, that the couplet by which he declared his own ear to be most gratified was this:

> Lo! where Mæotis sleeps, and hardly flows
> The freezing Tanaïs through a waste of snows.

but the reason of this preference I cannot discover.

It is remarked by Watts, that there is scarcely a happy combination of words, or a phrase poetically elegant in the English language, which Pope has not inserted into his version of Homer. How he obtained possession of so many beauties of speech, it were desirable to know. That he gleaned from authors, obscure as well as eminent, what he thought brilliant or useful, and preserved it all in a regular collection, is not unlikely. When, in his last year, Hall's Satires were shown him, he wished that he had seen them sooner.

New sentiments and new images others may produce; but to attempt any farther improvement of versification will be dangerous. Art and diligence have now done their best, and what shall be added will be the effort of tedious toil and needless curiosity.

After all this, it is surely superfluous to answer the question that has once been asked, Whether Pope was a poet? otherwise than by asking in return, if Pope be not a poet, where is poetry to be found? To circumscribe poetry by a definition, will only show the narrowness of the definer, though a definition which shall exclude Pope will not easily be made. Let us look round upon the present time, and back upon the past; let us inquire to whom the voice of mankind has decreed the wreath of poetry; let their productions be examined, and their claims stated, and the pretensions of Pope will be no more disputed. Had he given the world only his version, the name of poet must have been allowed him; if the writer of the Iliad were to class his successors, he would assign a very high place to his translator, without requiring any other evidence of genius.

The following letter, of which the original is in the hands of lord Hardwicke, was communicated to me by the kindness of Mr. Jodrell.

" TO MR. BRIDGES, AT THE BISHOP OF LONDON'S, AT FULHAM.

" SIR,

" The favour of your letter, with your remarks, can never be enough acknowledged; and the speed with which you discharged so troublesome a task doubles the obligation.

" I must own, you have pleased me very much by the commendations so ill bestowed upon me; but, I assure you, much more by the frankness of your censure, which I ought to take the more kindly of the two, as it is more advantageous to a scribbler to be improved in his judgement than to be soothed in his vanity. The greater part of those deviations, from the Greek, which you have observed, I was led into by Chapman and Hobbes; who are, it seems, as much celebrated for their knowlege of the original, as they are decried for the badness of their translations. Chapman pretends to have restored the genuine sense of the author, from the mistakes of all formal explainers, in several hundred places: and the Cambridge editors of the large Homer in Greek and Latin attributed so much to Hobbes, that they confess they have corrected the old Latin interpretation very often by his version. For my part, I generally took the author's meaning to be as you have explained it; yet their authority, joined to the knowledge of my own imperfectness in the language, overruled me. However, sir, you may be confident I think you in the right, because you happen to be of my opinion: for, men (let them say what they will) never approve any other's sense, but as it squares with their own. But you have made me much more proud of, and positive in my judgement, since it is strengthened by yours. I think your criticisms, which regard the expression, very just, and shall make my profit of them: to give you some proof that I am in earnest, I will alter three verses on your bare objection, though I have Mr. Dryden's example for each of them. And this, I hope, you will account no small piece of obedience, from one, who values the authority of one true poet above that of twenty critics or commentators. But though I speak thus of commentators, I will continue to read carefully all I can procure, to make up, that way, for my own want of critical understanding in the original beauties of Homer. Though

the greatest of them are certainly those of invention and design, which are not at all confined to the language: for the distinguishing excellences of Homer are (by the consent of the best critics of all nations) first in the manners, (which include all the speeches, as being no other than the representations of each person's manners by his words) and then in that rapture and fire, which carries you away with him, with that wonderful force, that no man that has a true poetical spirit is master of himself, while he reads him. Homer makes you interested and concerned before you are aware, all at once, whereas Virgil does it by soft degrees. This, I believe, is what a translator of Homer ought principally to imitate; and it is very hard for any translator to come up to it, because the chief reason why all translations fall short of their originals is, that the very constraint they are obliged to, renders them heavy and dispirited.

"The great beauty of Homer's language, as I take it, consists in that noble simplicity which runs through all his works; (and yet his diction, contrary to what one would imagine consistent with simplicity, is at the same time very copious.) I don't know how I have run into this pedantry in a letter, but I find I have said too much, as well as spoken too inconsiderately: what farther thoughts I have upon this subject, I shall be glad to communicate to you (for my own improvement) when we meet; which is a happiness I very earnestly desire, as I do likewise some opportunity of proving how much I think myself obliged to your friendship, and how truly I am, sir,

"your most faithful, humble servant,

"A. POPE."

The Criticism upon Pope's Epitaphs, which was printed in the Universal Visitor, is placed here, being too minute and particular to be inserted in the Life.

EVERY art is best taught by example. Nothing contributes more to the cultivation of propriety, than remarks on the works of those who have most excelled. I shall therefore endeavour, at this *visit*, to entertain the young students in poetry with an examination of Pope's Epitaphs.

To define an epitaph is useless; every one knows that it is an inscription on a tomb. An epitaph, therefore, implies no particular character of writing, but may be composed in verse or prose It is indeed commonly panegyrical; because we are seldom distinguished with a stone but by our friends; but it has no rule to restrain or modify it, except this, that it ought not to be longer than common beholders may be expected to have leisure and patience to peruse.

I.

ON CHARLES EARL OF DORSET,

IN THE CHURCH OF WYTHYHAM, SUSSEX.

Dorset, the grace of courts, the Muse's pride,
Patron of arts, and judge of nature, dy'd.
The scourge of pride, though sanctify'd or great,
Of fops in learning, and of knaves in state;
Yet soft in nature, though severe his lay,
His anger moral, and his wisdom gay.
Blest satyrist! who touch'd the means so true,
As show'd, Vice had his hate and pity too.

Blest courtier! who could king and country please,
Yet sacred kept his friendships, and his ease.
Blest peer! his great forefather's every grace
Reflecting, and reflected on his race;
There other Buckhursts, other Dorsets shine,
And patriots still, or poets, deck the line.

The first distich of this epitaph contains a kind of information which few would want, that the man for whom the tomb was erected, *died*. There are indeed some qualities worthy of praise ascribed to the dead, but none that were likely to exempt him from the lot of man, or incline us much to wonder that he should die. What is meant by "judge of nature," is not easy to say. Nature is not the object of human judgement; for it is vain to judge where we cannot alter. If by nature is meant what is commonly called nature by the critics, a just representation of things really existing, and actions really performed, nature cannot be properly opposed to art; nature being, in this sense, only the best effect of *art*.

The scourge of pride—

Of this couplet, the second line is not, what is intended, an illustration of the former. *Pride*, in the *great*, is indeed well enough connected with knaves in state, though *knaves* is a word rather too ludicrous and light; but the mention of *sanctified* pride will not lead the thoughts to *fops in learning*, but rather to some species of tyranny or oppression, something more gloomy and more formidable than foppery.

Yet soft his nature—

This is a high compliment, but was not first bestowed on Dorset by Pope. The next verse is extremely beautiful.

Blest satyrist!—

In this distich is another line of which Pope was not the author. I do not mean to blame these imitations with much harshness; in long performances they are scarcely to be avoided; and in shorter they may be indulged, because the train of the composition may naturally involve them, or the scantiness of the subject allow little choice. However, what is borrowed is not to be enjoyed as our own; and it is the business of critical justice to give every bird of the Muses his proper feather.

Blest courtier!—

Whether a courtier can properly be commended for keeping his *ease sacred*, may perhaps be disputable. To please king and country, without sacrificing friendship to any change of times, was a very uncommon instance of prudence or felicity, and deserved to be kept separate from so poor a commendation as care of his ease. I wish our poets would attend a little more accurately to the use of the word *sacred*, which surely should never be applied in a serious composition, but where some reference may be made to a higher Being, or where some duty is exacted or implied. A man may keep his friendship sacred, because promises of friendship are very awful ties; but methinks he cannot, but in a burlesque sense, be said to keep his ease *sacred*.

Blest peer!—

The blessing ascribed to the *peer* has no connection with his peerage: they might happen to any other man whose ancestors were remembered, or whose posterity are likely to be regarded.

I know not whether this epitaph be worthy either of the writer or the man entombed.

II.

ON SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL,

ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL SECRETARIES OF STATE TO KING WILLIAM III. WHO, HAVING RESIGNED HIS PLACE, DIED IN HIS RETIREMENT AT EASTHAMSTEAD IN BERKSHIRE, 1716.

A pleasing form; a firm, yet cautious mind;
Sincere, though prudent; constant, yet resign'd;
Honour unchang'd, a principle profest,
Fix'd to one side, but moderate to the rest;
An honest courtier, yet a patriot too;
Just to his prince, and to his country true;
Fill'd with the sense of age, the fire of youth,
A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth;
A generous faith, from superstition free;
A love to peace, and hate of tyranny;
Such this man was; who now, from Earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that liberty he lov'd.

In this epitaph, as in many others, there appears, at the first view, a fault which I think scarcely any beauty can compensate. The name is omitted. The end of an epitaph is to convey some account of the dead; and to what purpose is any thing told of him whose name is concealed? An epitaph, and a history of a nameless hero, are equally absurd, since the virtues and qualities so recounted in either are scattered at the mercy of fortune to be appropriated by guess. The name, it is true, may be read upon the stone; but what obligation has it to the poet, whose verses wander over the Earth, and leave their subject behind them, and who is forced, like an unskilful painter, to make his purpose known by adventitious help?

This epitaph is wholly without elevation, and contains nothing striking or particular; but the poet is not to be blamed for the defects of his subject. He said perhaps the best that could be said. There are, however, some defects which were not made necessary by the character in which he was employed. There is no opposition between an *honest courtier* and a *patriot*; for, an *honest courtier* cannot but be a *patriot*.

It was unsuitable to the nicety required in short compositions, to close his verse with the word *too*: every rhyme should be a word of emphasis; nor can this rule be safely neglected, except where the length of the poem makes slight inaccuracies excusable, or allows room for beauties sufficient to overpower the effects of petty faults.

At the beginning of the seventh line the word *filled* is weak and prosaic, having no particular adaptation to any of the words that follow it.

The thought in the last line is impertinent, having no connection with the foregoing character, nor with the condition of the man described. Had the epitaph been written on the poor conspirator [2] who died lately in prison, after a confinement of more than forty years, without any crime proved against him, the sentiment had been just and pathetical; but why should Trumbull be congratulated upon his liberty, who had never known restraint?

[2] Major Bernardi; who died in Newgate, Sept. 20, 1736. See Gent. Mag. vol. I. p. 125. *N.*

III.

ON THE HON. SIMON HARCOURT,

ONLY SON OF THE LORD CHANCELLOR HARCOURT, AT THE CHURCH OF STANTON-HARCOURT IN OXFORDSHIRE, 1720.

To this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near,
Here lies the friend most lov'd, the son most dear:
Who ne'er knew joy, but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief but when he dy'd.
How vain is reason, eloquence how weak!
If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak.
Oh, let thy once-lov'd friend inscribe thy stone,
And with a father's sorrows mix his own!

This epitaph is principally remarkable for the artful introduction of the name, which is inserted with a peculiar felicity, to which chance must concur with genius, which no man can hope to attain twice, and which cannot be copied but with servile imitation.

I cannot but wish, that, of this inscription, the two last lines had been omitted, as they take away from the energy what they do not add to the sense.

IV.

ON JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

JACOBVS CRAGGS,
REGI MAGNAE BRITANNIAE A SECRETIS
ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBVS,
PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPVLI AMOR ET DELICIAE:
VIXIT TITVLIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR,
ANNOS HEV PAVCOS, XXXV.
OB. FEB. XVI. M.DCC.XX.

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear!
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the Muse he lov'd.

The lines on Craggs were not originally intended for an epitaph; and therefore some faults are to be imputed to the violence with which they are torn from the poem that first contained them. We may, however, observe some defects. There is a redundancy of words in the couplet: it is superfluous to tell of him, who was *sincere*, *true*, and *faithful*, that he was *in honour clear*.

There seems to be an opposition intended in the fourth line, which is not very obvious: where is the relation between the two positions, that he *gained no title* and *lost no friend?*

It may be proper here to remark the absurdity of joining, in the same inscription, Latin and English, or verse and prose. If either language be preferable to the other, let that only be used; for no reason can be given why part of the information should be given in one tongue, and part in another, on a tomb, more than in any other place, or any other occasion; and to tell all that can be con-

veniently told in verse, and then to call in the help of prose, has always the appearance of a very artless expedient, or of an attempt unaccomplished. Such an epitaph resembles the conversation of a foreigner, who tells part of his meaning by words, and conveys part by signs.

V.

INTENDED FOR MR. ROWE.

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY [3].

Thy reliques, Rowe, to this fair urn we trust,
And, sacred, place by Dryden's awful dust;
Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,
To which thy tomb shall guide inquiring eyes.
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest!
Blest in thy genius, in thy love too blest!
One grateful woman to thy fame supplies
What a whole thankless land to his denies.

Of this inscription the chief fault is, that it belongs less to Rowe, for whom it is written, than to Dryden, who was buried near him; and indeed gives very little information concerning either.

To wish *peace to thy shade* is too mythological to be admitted into a Christian temple: the ancient worship has infected almost all our other compositions, and might therefore be contented to spare our epitaphs. Let fiction, at least, cease with life, and let us be serious over the grave.

VI.

ON MRS. CORBET,

WHO DIED OF A CANCER IN HER BREAST [4].

Here rests a woman, good without pretence,
Blest with plain reason, and with sober sense;
No conquest she, but o'er herself, desir'd:
No arts essay'd, but not to be admir'd;
Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
Convinc'd that virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, so compos'd a mind,
So firm, yet soft, so strong, yet so refin'd,
Heaven, as its purest gold, by tortures try'd;
The saint sustain'd it, but the woman dy'd.

I have always considered this as the most valuable of all Pope's epitaphs; the subject of it is a character not discriminated by any shining or eminent peculiarities; yet that which really makes, though not the splendour, the felicity of life, and that which every wise man will choose for his final and lasting companion in the languor of age, in the quiet of privacy, when he departs weary and disgusted from the ostentatious, the volatile, and the vain. Of such a character, which the dull overlook, and the gay despise, it was fit that the value should be made known, and the dignity established. Domestic virtue, as it is exerted without great occasions, or conspicuous consequences, in an even unnoted tenour, required the genius of Pope

[3] This was altered much for the better as it now stands on the monument in the abbey, erected to Rowe and his daughter. Warb.

[4] In the North aile of the parish church of St. Margaret, Westminster. *H.*

to display it in such a manner as might attract regard, and enforce reverence. Who can forbear to lament, that this amiable woman has no name in the verses?

If the particular lines of this inscription be examined, it will appear less faulty than the rest. There is scarcely one line taken from common places, unless, it be that in which *only virtue* is said to be *our own.* I once heard a lady of great beauty and elegance object to the fourth line, that it contained an unnatural and incredible panegyric. Of this let the ladies judge.

VII.

ON THE MONUMENT OF THE HON. ROBERT DIGBY, AND OF HIS SISTER MARY,

ERECTED BY THEIR FATHER THE LORD DIGBY, IN THE CHURCH OF SHERBORNE, IN DORSETSHIRE, 1727.

Go! fair example of untainted youth,
Of modest wisdom, and pacific truth:
Compos'd in sufferings, and in joy sedate,
Good without noise, without pretension great.
Just of thy word, in every thought sincere,
Who knew no wish but what the world might hear:
Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace, and friend of human kind:
Go, live! for Heaven's eternal year is thine,
Go, and exalt thy moral to divine.
And thou, blest maid! attendant on his doom,
Pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb,
Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more!
Go, then, where only bliss sincere is known!
Go, where to love and to enjoy are one!
Yet take these tears, Mortality's relief,
And, till we share your joys, forgive our grief:
These little rites, a stone, a verse receive,
'Tis all a father, all a friend can give!

This epitaph contains of the brother only a general indiscriminate character, and of the sister tells nothing but that she died. The difficulty in writing epitaphs is to give a particular and appropriate praise. This, however, is not always to be performed, whatever be the diligence or ability of the writer; for, the greater part of mankind *have no character at all*, have little that distinguishes them from others equally good or bad, and therefore nothing can be said of them which may not be applied with equal propriety to a thousand more. It is indeed no great panegyric, that there is enclosed in this tomb one who was born in one year, and died in another; yet many useful and amiable lives have been spent, which yet leave little materials for any other memorial. These are however not the proper subjects of poetry; and whenever friendship, or any other motive, obliges a poet to write on such subjects, he must be forgiven if he sometimes wanders in generalities, and utters the same praises over different tombs.

The scantiness of human praises can scarcely be made more apparent, than by remarking how often Pope has, in the few epitaphs which he composed, found it

necessary to borrow from himself. The fourteen epitaphs, which he has written, comprise about an hundred and forty lines, in which there are more repetitions than will easily be found in all the rest of his works. In the eight lines which make the character of Digby, there is scarce any thought, or word, which may not be found in the other epitaphs.

The ninth line, which is far the strongest and most elegant, is borrowed from Dryden. The conclusion is the same with that on Harcourt, but is here more elegant and better connected.

VIII.

ON SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY, 1723.

Kneller, by Heaven, and not a master, taught,
Whose art was Nature, and whose pictures thought;
Now for two ages, having snatch'd from Fate
Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,
Lies crown'd with princes honours, poets lays,
Due to his merit, and brave thirst of praise.
Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works; and dying, fears herself may die.

Of this epitaph the first couplet is good, the second not bad, the third is deformed with a broken metaphor, the word *crowned* not being applicable to the *honours* or the *lays*; and the fourth is not only borrowed from the epitaph on Raphael, but of a very harsh construction.

IX.

ON GENERAL HENRY WITHERS,

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY, 1729.

Here, Withers, rest! thou bravest, gentlest mind,
Thy country's friend, but more of human kind.
O! born to arms! O! worth in youth approv'd!
O! soft humanity in age belov'd!
For thee the hardy veteran drops a tear,
And the gay courtier feels the sigh sincere.
Withers, adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy martial spirit, or thy social love!
Amidst corruption, luxury, and rage,
Still leave some ancient virtues to our age;
Nor let us say, (those English glories gone)
The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

The epitaph on Withers affords another instance of common-places, though somewhat diversified, by mingled qualities, and the peculiarity of a profession.

The second couplet is abrupt, general, and unpleasing; exclamation seldom succeeds in our language; and, I think, it may be observed that the particle O! used at the beginning of a sentence, always offends.

The third couplet is more happy; the value expressed for him, by different sorts of men, raises him to esteem; there is yet something of the common cant of superficial satirists, who suppose that the insincerity of a courtier destroys all his sensations, and that he is equally a dissembler to the living and the dead.

At the third couplet I should wish the epitaph to close, but that I should be un-

willing to lose the two next lines, which yet are dearly bought if they cannot be retained without the four that follow them.

X.

ON MR. ELIJAH FENTON.

AT EASTHAMSTEAD, IN BERKSHIRE, 1730.

This modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, Here lies an honest man:
A poet, blest beyond the poet's fate,
Whom Heaven kept sacred from the proud and great:
Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
Content with science in the vale of peace.
Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From Nature's temperate feast rose satisfy'd,
Thank'd Heaven that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

The first couplet of this epitaph is borrowed from Crashaw. The four next lines contain a species of praise peculiar, original, and just. Here, therefore, the inscription should have ended, the latter part containing nothing but what is common to every man who is wise and good. The character of Fenton was so amiable, that I cannot forbear to wish for some poet or biographer to display it more fully for the advantage of posterity. If he did not stand in the first rank of genius, he may claim a place in the second; and, whatever criticism may object to his writings, censure could find very little to blame in his life.

XI.

ON MR. GAY,

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY, 1732.

Of manners gentle, of affection mild;
In wit, a man; simplicity, a child;
With native humour tempering virtuous rage,
Form'd to delight at once and lash the age:
Above temptation, in a low estate;
And uncorrupted, ev'n among the great:
A safe companion and an easy friend,
Unblam'd through life, lamented in thy end.
These are thy honours! not that here thy bust
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—Here lies Gay!

As Gay was the favourite of our author, this epitaph was probably written with an uncommon degree of attention; yet it is not more successfully executed than the rest, for it will not always happen that the success of a poet is proportionate to his labour. The same observation may be extended to all works of imagination, which are often influenced by causes wholly out of the performer's power, by hints of which he perceives not the origin, by sudden elevations of mind which he cannot produce in himself, and which sometimes rise when he expects them least.

The two parts of the first line are only echoes of each other; *gentle manners* and *mild affections*, if they mean any thing, must mean the same.

That Gay was a *man in wit* is a very frigid commendation; to have the wit of a man is not much for poet. The *wit of man*[5], and the *simplicity of a child*, make a poor and vulgar contrast, and raise no ideas of excellence either intellectual or moral.

In the next couplet *rage* is less properly introduced after the mention of *mildness* and *gentleness*, which are made the constituents of his character; for a man so *mild* and *gentle* to *temper* his *rage*, was not difficult.

The next line is inharmonious in its sound, and mean in its conception; the opposition is obvious, and the word *lash*, used absolutely, and without any modification, is gross and improper.

To be *above temptation* in poverty, and *free from corruption among the great*, is indeed such a peculiarity as deserved notice. But to be a *safe companion* is a praise merely negative, arising not from possession of virtue, but the absence of vice, and that one of the most odious.

As little can be added to his character, by asserting, that he was *lamented in his end*. Every man that dies is, at least by the writer of his epitaph, supposed to be lamented; and therefore this general lamentation does no honour to Gay.

The first eight lines have no grammar; the adjectives are without any substantive, and the epithets without a subject.

The thought in the last line, that Gay is buried in the bosoms of the *worthy* and the *good*, who are distinguished only to lengthen the line, is so dark that few understand it; and so harsh when it is explained, that still fewer approve.

XII.

INTENDED FOR SIR ISAAC NEWTON,

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

Isaacus Newtonius:
Quem immortalem
Testantur, *Tempus*, *Natura*, *Cœlum*:
Mortalem
Hoc Marmor fatetur.

Nature, and Nature's laws, lay hid in night;
God said *Let Newton be!* And all was light.

Of this epitaph, short as it is, the faults seem not to be very few. Why part should be Latin, and part English, it is not easy to discover. In the Latin the opposition of *immortalis* and *mortalis* is a mere sound, or a mere quibble; he is not *immortal* in any sense contrary to that in which he is *mortal*.

In the verses the thought is obvious, and the words *night* and *light* are too nearly allied.

[5] Her *wit* was more than *man*, her *innocence* a *child*.
Dryden on Mrs. Killigrew. C.

XIII.

ON EDMUND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,

WHO DIED IN THE NINETEENTH YEAR OF HIS AGE, 1735.

If modest youth, with cool reflection crown'd,
And every opening virtue blooming round,
Could save a parent's justest pride from fate,
Or add one patriot to a sinking state;
This weeping marble had not ask'd thy tear,
Or sadly told how many hopes lie here!
The living virtue now had shone approv'd,
The senate heard him, and his country lov'd.
Yet softer honours, and less noisy fame,
Attend the shade of gentle Buckingham:
In whom a race, for courage fam'd and art,
Ends in the milder merit of the heart:
And, chiefs or sages long to Britain given,
Pays the last tribute of a saint to Heaven.

This epitaph Mr. Warburton prefers to the rest; but I know not for what reason. To *crown* with *reflection* is surely a mode of speech approaching to nonsense. *Opening virtues blooming round*, is something like tautology; the six following lines are poor and prosaic. *Art* is in another couplet used for *arts*, that a rhyme may be had to *heart*. The six last lines are the best, but not excellent.

The rest of his sepulchral performances hardly deserve the notice of criticism. The contemptible Dialogue between He and She should have been suppressed for the author's sake.

In his last epitaph on himself, in which he attempts to be jocular upon one of the few things that make wise men serious, he confounds the living man with the dead:

Under this stone, or under this sill,
Or under this turf, &c.

When a man is once buried, the question under what he is buried, is easily decided. He forgot that, though he wrote the epitaph in a state of uncertainty, yet it could not be laid over him till his grave was made. Such is the folly of wit when it is ill employed.

The world has but little new; even this wretchedness seems to have been borrowed from the following tuneless lines:

Ludovici Areosti humantur ossa
Sub hoc marmore, vel sub hac humo, seu
Sub quicquid voluit benignus hæres
Sive hærede benignior comes, seu
Opportunis incidens Viator:
Nam scire haud potuit futura, sed nec
Tanti erat vacuum sibi cadaver
Ut urnam cuperet parare vivens,
Vivens ista tamen sibi paravit.
Quæ inscribi voluit suo sepulchro
Olim siquod haberet is sepulchrum.

Surely Ariosto did not venture to expect that his trifle would have ever had such an illustrious imitator.

DR. WARBURTON'S ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

OCTAVO EDITION OF MR. POPE'S WORKS, 1751.

Mr. Pope, in his last illness, amused himself, amidst the care of his higher concerns, in preparing a corrected and complete edition of his writings; and, with his usual delicacy, was even solicitous to prevent any share of the offence they might occasion, from falling on the friend whom he had engaged to give them to the public.

In discharge of this trust, the public has here a complete edition of his works, executed in such a manner, as, I am persuaded, would have been to his satisfaction.

The editor hath not, for the sake of profit, suffered the author's name to be made cheap by a subscription; nor his works to be defrauded of their due honours by a vulgar or inelegant impression; nor his memory to be disgraced by any pieces unworthy of his talents or virtue. On the contrary, he hath, at a very great expense, ornamented this edition with all the advantages which the best artists in paper, printing, and sculpture, could bestow upon it.

If the public hath waited longer than the deference due to it should have suffered, it was owing to a reason which the editor need not to make a secret; it was his regard to the family-interests of his deceased friend. Mr. Pope, at his death, left large impressions of several parts of his works, unsold; the property of which was adjudged to belong to his executors; and the editor was willing they should have time to dispose of them to the best advantage, before the publication of this edition (which hath been long prepared) should put a stop to the sale.

But it may be proper to be a little more particular concerning the superiority of this edition above all the preceding, so far as Mr. Pope himself was concerned. What the Editor hath done, the reader must collect for himself.

The first volume, and the original poems in the second, are here printed from a copy corrected throughout by the author himself, even to the very preface; which, with several additional notes in his own hand, he delivered to the editor a little before his death. The juvenile translations, in the other part of the second volume, it was never his intention to bring into this edition of his works, on account of the levity of some, the freedom of others, and the little importance of any: but these being the property of other men, the editor had it not in his power to follow the author's intention.

The third volume, all but the Essay on Man, (which, together with the Essay on Criticism, the author, a little before his death, had corrected and published in quarto, as a specimen of his projected edition) was printed by him in his last illness (but never published) in the manner it is now given. The disposition of the Epistle on the Characters of Men is quite altered; that on the Characters of Women, much enlarged; and the Epistles on Riches and Taste, corrected and improved. To these advantages of the third volume must be added a great number of fine verses taken from the author's manuscript copies of these poems, communicated by him for this purpose to the editor. These, when he first published the poems to which they belong, he thought proper, for various reasons, to omit. Some from the manuscript copy of the Essay on Man, which tended to discredit fate, and to recommend the moral government of God, had, by the editor's advice, been restored to their places in the last edition of that poem. The rest, together with others of the like sort from his manuscript copy of the other Ethic Epistles, are here inserted at the bottom of the page, under the title of Variations.

The fourth volume contains the Satires, with their Prologue, the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot; and Epilogue, the two poems entitled MDCCXXXVIII. The Prologue and Epilogue are here given with the like advantages as the Ethic Epistles in the foregoing volume, that is to say, with the variations, or additional verses, from the author's manuscripts. The Epilogue to the Satires is likewise enriched with many and large notes, now first printed from the author's own manuscript.

The fifth volume contains a correcter and completer edition of the Dunciad than hath been hitherto published; of which, at present, I have only this further to add, that it was at my request he laid the plan of a fourth book. I often told him, it was a pity so fine a poem should remain disgraced by the meanness of its subject, the most insignificant of all dunces, bad rhymers, and malevolent cavillers; that he ought to raise and ennoble it, by pointing his satire against the most pernicious of all, minute-philosophers and free-thinkers. I imagined too, it was for the interest of religion, to have it known, that so great a genius had a due abhorrence of these pests of virtue and society. He came readily into my opinion; but, at the same time, told me it would create him many enemies: he was not mistaken; for, though the terrour of his pen kept them for some time in respect, yet on his death they rose with unrestrained fury, in numerous coffee-house tables, and Grub-street libels. The plan of this admirable satire was artfully contrived to show, that the follies and defects of a fashionable education naturally led to, and necessarily ended in, free-thinking; with design to point out the only remedy adequate to so fatal an evil. It was to advance the same ends of virtue and religion, that the editor prevailed on him to alter every thing in his moral writings that might be suspected of having the least glance towards fate, or naturalism; and to add what was proper to convince the world, that he was warmly on the side of moral government and a revealed will: and it would be injustice to his memory not to declare, that he embraced these occasions with the most unfeigned pleasure.

The sixth volume consists of Mr. Pope's Miscellaneous Pieces, in verse and prose[1]. Amongst the verse several fine poems make now their appearance in his works: and of the prose, all that is good, and nothing but what is exquisitely so, will be found in this edition.

The seventh, eighth, and ninth volumes, consist entirely of his Letters; the more valuable, as they are the only true models which we, or perhaps any of our neighbours have, of familiar epistles. This collection is now made more complete by the addition of several new pieces. Yet, excepting a short explanatory letter to Col. M. and the letters to Mr. A. and Mr. W. (the latter of which are given to show the editor's inducements, and the engagements he was under, to intend the care of this edition) excepting these, I say, the rest are all published from the author's own printed, though not published, copies, delivered to the editor.

On the whole, the advantages of this edition, above the preceding, are these: That it is the first complete collection which has ever been made of his original writings; that all his principal poems, of early or later date, are here given to the public with his last corrections and improvements; that a great number of his verses are here first printed from the manuscript copies of his principal poems of later date; that many new notes of the author's are here added to his poems; and lastly, that several pieces, both in prose and verse, make now their first appearance before the public.

The author's life deserves a just volume; and the editor intends to give it. For to have been one of the first poets in the world is but his second praise. He was in a higher class: he was one of the noblest works of God: he was an honest man[2]; a man who alone possessed more real virtue than, in very corrupt times, needing a satirist like him, will sometimes fall to the share of multitudes. In this history of his life, will be contained a large account of his writings; a critique on the nature, force, and extent of his genius, exemplified from these writings; and a vindication of his moral character, exemplified by his more distinguished virtues; his filial piety, his disinterested friendship, his reverence for the constitution of his country, his love and dmiration of virtue, and (what was the necessary effect) his hatred and contempt of vice, his extensive charity to the indigent, his warm benevolence to mankind, his supreme veneration of the deity, and, above all, his sincere belief of revelation. Nor shall his faults be concealed; it is not for the interest of his virtues that they

[1] The prose is not within the plan of this edition.

[2] A wit 's a feather, and a chief's a rod;
An honest man 's the noblest work of God.

should: nor indeed could they be concealed, if we were so minded; for they shine through his virtues; no man being more a dupe to the specious appearances of virtue in others. In a word, I mean not to be his panegyrist, but his historian. And may I, when envy and calumny take the same advantage of my absence, (for, while I live, I will freely trust it to my life to confute them) may I find a friend as careful of my honest fame as I have been of his! Together with his works, he hath bequeathed me his Dunces; so that, as the property is transferred, I could wish they would now let his memory alone. The veil which death draws over the good is so sacred, that to throw dirt upon the shrine scandalizes even barbarians. And though Rome permitted her slaves to calumniate her best citizens on the day of triumph, yet the same petulancy at their funeral would have been rewarded with execration and a gibbet. The public may be malicious, but is rarely vindictive or ungenerous. It would abhor these insults on a writer dead, though it had borne with the ribaldry, or even set the ribalds on work, when he was alive. And in this there was no great harm; for he must have a strange impotency of mind whom such miserable scribblers can ruffle. Of all that gross Bœotian phalanx who have written scurrilously against me, I know not so much as one whom a writer of reputation would not wish to have his enemy, or whom a man of honour would not be ashamed to own for his friend. I am indeed but slightly conversant in their works, and know little of the particulars of their defamation. To my authorship they are heartily welcome: but if any of them have been so abandoned by truth as to attack my moral character in any instance whatsoever, to all and every one of these, and their abettors, I give the lye in form, and in the words of honest Father Valerian, Mentiris impudentissime.

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS PASTORALS.

In those more dull, as more censorious days,
When few dare give, and fewer merit praise,
A Muse sincere, that never flattery knew,
Pays what to friendship and desert is due.
Young, yet judicious; in your verse are found,
Art strengthening Nature, sense improv'd by sound.
Unlike those wits, whose numbers glide along
So smooth, no thought e'er interrupts the song;
Laboriously enervate they appear,
And write not to the head, but to the ear:
Our minds unmov'd and unconcern'd they lull,
And are at best most musically dull:
So purling streams with even murmurs creep,
And hush the heavy hearers into sleep.
As smoothest speech is most deceitful found,
The smoothest numbers oft are empty sound.
But wit and judgment join at once in you,
Sprightly as youth, as age consummate too:
Your strains are regularly bold, and please
With unforc'd care, and unaffected ease,
With proper thoughts, and lively images;
Such as by Nature to the ancients shown,
Fancy improves, and judgment makes your own:
For great men's fashions to be follow'd are,
Although disgraceful 'tis their cloaths to wear.
Some, in a polish'd style write pastoral;
Arcadia speaks the language of the Mall.
Like some fair shepherdess, the sylvan Muse
Should wear those flowers her native fields produce;
And the true measure of the shepherd's wit
Should, like his garb, be for the country fit:
Yet must his pure and unaffected thought
More nicely than the common swain's be wrought;
So, with becoming art, the players dress
In silks the shepherd, and the shepherdess;
Yet still unchang'd the form and mode remain,
Shap'd like the homely russet of the swain.
Your rural Muse appears to justify
The long-lost graces of simplicity:
So rural beauties captivate our sense
With virgin charms, and native excellence:
Yet long her modesty those charms conceal'd,
Till by men's envy to the world reveal'd;
For wits industrious to their trouble seem,
And needs will envy what they must esteem.
Live, and enjoy their spite! nor mourn that fate,
Which would, if Virgil liv'd, on Virgil wait;
Whose Muse did once, like thine, in plains delight;
Thine shall, like his, soon take a higher flight:
So larks, which first from lowly fields arise,
Mount by degrees, and reach at last the skies.

W. WYCHERLEY.

TO MR. POPE.

ON HIS WINDSOR-FOREST.

Hail! sacred bard! a Muse unknown before
Salutes thee from the bleak Atlantic shore.
To our dark world thy shining page is shown,
And Windsor's gay retreat becomes our own.
The eastern pomp had just bespoke our care,
And India pour'd her gaudy treasures here:
A various spoil adorn'd our naked land,
The pride of Persia glitter'd on our strand,
And China's earth was cast on common sand:
Toss'd up and down the glossy fragments lay,
And dress'd the rocky shelves, and pav'd the painted bay.
Thy treasures next arriv'd: and now we boast
A nobler cargo on our barren coast:
From thy luxuriant forest we receive
More lasting glories than the East can give.
Where'er we dip in thy delightful page,
What pompous scenes our busy thoughts engage!
The pompous scenes in all their pride appear,
Fresh in the page, as in the grove they were:
Nor half so true the fair Lodona shows
The sylvan state that on her border grows,
While she the wondering shepherd entertains
With a new Windsor in her watery plains;
The juster lays the lucid wave surpass,
The living scene is in the Muse's glass.
Nor sweeter notes the echoing forests cheer,
When Philomela sits and warbles there,
Than when you sing the greens and opening glades,
And give us harmony as well as shades:
A Titian's hand might draw the grove; but you
Can paint the grove, and add the music too.
With vast variety thy pages shine;
A new creation starts in every line.
How sudden trees rise to the reader's sight,
And make a doubtful scene of shade and light,
And give at once the day, at once the night!
And here again what sweet confusion reigns,
In dreary deserts mix'd with painted plains!
And see! the deserts cast a pleasing gloom,
And shrubby heaths rejoice in purple bloom;
Whilst fruitful crops rise by their barren side,
And bearded groves display their annual pride.
Happy the man who strings his tuneful lyre
Where woods, and brooks, and breathing fields inspire!
Thrice happy you! and worthy best to dwell
Amidst the rural joys you sing so well.
I in a cold, and in a barren clime,
Cold as my thought, and barren as my rhyme,
Here on the Western beach attempt to chime.
O joyless flood! O rough tempestuous main!
Border'd with weeds, and solitudes obscene!
Snatch me, ye gods! from these Atlantic shores,
And shelter me in Windsor's fragrant bowers;

Or to my much-lov'd Isis' walk convey,
And on her flowery banks for ever lay.
Thence let me view the venerable scene,
The awful dome, the groves eternal green,
Where sacred Hough long found his fam'd retreat,
And brought the Muses to the sylvan seat;
Reform'd the wits, unlock'd the classic store,
And made that music which was noise before.
There with illustrious bards I spent my days,
Not free from censure, nor unknown to praise;
Enjoy'd the blessings that his reign bestow'd,
Nor envy'd Windsor in the soft abode.
The golden minutes smoothly danc'd away,
And tuneful bards beguil'd the tedious day:
They sung, nor sung in vain, with numbers fir'd
That Maro taught, or Addison inspir'd.
Ev'n I essay'd to touch the trembling string:
Who could hear them, and not attempt to sing?
Rous'd from these dreams by thy commanding
I rise and wander through the field or plain; [strain,
Led by thy Muse, from sport to sport I run,
Mark the stretch'd line, or hear the thundering gun.
Ah! how I melt with pity, when I spy
On the cold earth the fluttering pheasant lie!
His gaudy robes in dazzling lines appear,
And every feather shines and varies there.
Nor can I pass the generous courser by;
But while the prancing steed allures my eye,
He starts, he's gone! and now I see him fly
O'er hills and dales; and now I lose the course,
Nor can the rapid sight pursue the flying horse.
Oh, could thy Virgil from his orb look down,
He'd view a courser that might match his own!
Fir'd with the sport, and eager for the chase,
Lodona's murmurs stop me in the race.
Who can refuse Lodona's melting tale?
The soft complaint shall over Time prevail;
The tale be told when shades forsake her shore,
The nymph be sung when she can flow no more.
Nor shall the song, old Thames! forbear to shine,
At once the subject and the song divine.
Peace, sung by thee, shall please ev'n Britons more
Than all their shouts for victory before.
Oh! could Britannia imitate thy stream,
The world should tremble at her awful name;
From various springs divided waters glide,
In different colours roll a different tide,
Murmur along their crooked banks a while,
At once they murmur and enrich the isle;
A while distinct through many channels run,
But meet at last, and sweetly flow in one;
There joy to lose their long-distinguish'd names,
And make one glorious and immortal Thames.

FR. KNAP.

TO MR. POPE.

BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

ANNE COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA.

The Muse, of every heavenly gift allow'd
To be the chief, is public, though not proud.
Widely extensive is the poet's aim,
And in each verse he draws a bill on Fame.
For none have wit (whatever they pretend)
Singly to raise a patron or a friend;
But whatsoe'er the theme or object be,
Some commendations to themselves foresee.
Then let us find in your foregoing page,
The celebrating poems of the age;
Nor by injurious scruples think it fit,
To hide their judgments who applaud your wit:
But let their pens, to yours, the heralds prove,
Who strive for you, as Greece for Homer strove;
Whilst he who best your poetry asserts,
Asserts his own, by sympathy of parts.
Me panegyric verse does not inspire,
Who never well can praise what I admire,
Nor in those lofty trials dare appear,
But gently drop this counsel in your ear:
Go on, to gain applauses by desert;
Inform the head, whilst you dissolve the heart:
Inflame the soldier with harmonious rage,
Elate the young, and gravely warm the sage:
Allure, with tender verse, the female race;
And give their darling passion, courtly grace:
Describe the forest still in rural strains,
With vernal sweets fresh-breathing from the plains;
Your tales be easy, natural, and gay,
Nor all the poet in that part display;
Nor let the critic there his skill unfold,
For Boccace thus and Chaucer tales have told:
Sooth, as you only can, each different taste,
And for the future charm us in the past.
Then, should the verse of every artful hand
Before your numbers eminently stand,
In you no vanity could thence be shown,
Unless, since short in beauty of your own,
Some envious scribbler might in spite declare,
That for comparison you plac'd them there.
But Envy could not against you succeed:
'Tis not from friends that write, or foes that read;
Censure or praise must from ourselves proceed.

TO MR. POPE.

BY MISS JUD. COWPER, AFTERWARDS MRS. MADAN.

O Pope! by what commanding wondrous art
Dost thou each passion to each breast impart?
Our beating hearts with sprightly measures move,
Or melt us with a tale of hapless love!
Th' elated mind's impetuous starts controul,
Or gently sooth to peace the troubled soul!
Graces till now that singly met our view,
And singly charm'd, unite at once in you;
A style polite, from affectation free,
Virgil's correctness, Homer's majesty!
Soft Waller's ease, with Milton's vigour wrought,
And Spencer's bold luxuriancy of thought.
In each bright page, strength, beauty, genius shine,
While nervous judgment guides each flowing line.
No borrow'd tinsel glitters o'er these lays,
And to the mind a false delight conveys:
Throughout the whole with blended power is found,
The weight of sense, and elegance of sound:
A lavish fancy, wit, and force, and fire,
Graces each motion of th' immortal lyre.
The matchless strains our ravish'd senses charm:
How great the thought! the images how warm!
How beautifully just the turns appear!
The language how majestically clear!
With energy divine each period swells,
And all the bard th' inspiring god reveals.
Lost in delights, my dazzled eyes I turn,
Where Thames leans hoary o'er his ample urn;

Where his rich waves fair Windsor's towers surround,
And bounteous rush amid poetic ground.
O Windsor! sacred to thy blissful seats,
Thy sylvan shades, the Muses' lov'd retreats;
Thy rising hills, low vales, and waving woods,
Thy sunny glades, and celebrated floods!
But chief Lodona's silver tides, that flow
Cold and unsullied as the mountain snow;
Whose virgin name no time nor change can hide,
Though ev'n her spotless waves should cease to glide:
In mighty Pope's immortalizing strains,
Still shall she grace and range the verdant plains;
By him selected for the Muses' theme,
Still shine a blooming maid, and roll a limpid stream.

Go on, and, with thy rare resistless art,
Rule each emotion of the various heart;
The spring and test of verse unrivall'd reign,
And the full honours of thy youth maintain;
Sooth, with thy wonted ease and power divine,
Our souls, and our degenerate tastes refine:
In judgement o'er our favourite follies sit,
And soften Wisdom's harsh reproofs to Wit.

Now war and arms thy mighty aid demand,
And Homer wakes beneath thy powerful hand;
His vigour, genuine heat, and manly force,
In thee rise worthy of their sacred source;
His spirit heighten'd, yet his sense entire,
As gold runs purer from the trying fire.
O, for a Muse like thine, while I rehearse
Th' immortal beauties of thy various verse!
Now light as air th' enlivening numbers move,
Soft as the downy plumes of fabled Love,
Gay as the streaks that stain the gaudy bow,
Smooth as Meander's crystal mirrors flow.

But, when Achilles, panting for the war,
Joins the fleet coursers to the whirling car;
When the warm hero, with celestial might,
Augments the terrour of the raging fight,
From his fierce eyes refulgent lightnings stream
(As Sol emerging darts a golden gleam);
In rough hoarse verse we see th' embattled foes;
In each loud strain the fiery onset glows;
With strength redoubled here Achilles shines,
And all the battle thunders in thy lines.

So the bright magic of the painter's hand
Can cities, streams, tall towers, and far stretch'd plains command;
Here spreading woods embrown the beauteous scene,
There the wide landscape smiles with livelier green;
The floating glass reflects the distant sky,
And o'er the whole the glancing sun-beams fly;
Buds open, and disclose the inmost shade;
The ripen'd harvest crowns the level glade.
But when the artist does a work design,
Where bolder rage informs each breathing line;
When the stretch'd cloth a rougher stroke receives,
And Cæsar awful in the canvas lives;
When Art like lavish'd Nature's self supplies
Grace to the limbs, and spirit to the eyes;
When ev'n the passions of the mind are seen,
And the soul speaks in the exalted mien;
When all is just, and regular, and great,
We own the mighty master's skill, as boundless as complete.

LORD MIDDLESEX TO MR. POPE.

ON READING MR. ADDISON'S ACCOUNT OF THE ENGLISH POETS.

If all who e'er invok'd the tuneful Nine,
In Addison's majestic numbers shine,
Why then should Pope, ye bards, ye critics, tell,
Remain unsung, who sings himself so well?
Hear then, great bard, who can alike inspire
With Waller's softness, or with Milton's fire;
Whilst I, the meanest of the Muses' throng,
To thy just praises tune th' advent'rous song.

How am I fill'd with rapture and delight,
When gods and mortals, mix'd, sustain the fight!
Like Milton, then, though in more polish'd strains,
Thy chariots rattle o'er the smoking plains.
What though archangel 'gainst archangel arms,
And highest Heaven resounds with dire alarms!
Doth not the reader with like dread survey
The wounded gods repuls'd with foul dismay?

But when some fair-one guides your softer verse,
Her charms, her godlike features, to rehearse;
See how her eyes with quicker lightnings arm,
And Waller's thoughts in smoother numbers charm!

When fools provoke, and dunces urge thy rage,
Flecknoe improv'd bites keener in each page.
Give o'er, great bard, your fruitless toil give o'er,
For still king Tibbald scribbles as before;
Poor Shakespeare suffers by his pen each day,
While Grub-street alleys own his lawful sway.

Now turn, my Muse, thy quick, poetic eyes,
And view gay scenes and opening prospects rise.
Hark! how his rustic numbers charm around,
While groves to groves, and hills to hills resound!
The listening beasts stand fearless as he sings,
And birds attentive close their useless wings.
The swains and satyrs trip it o'er the plain,
And think old Spencer is reviv'd again.
But when once more the godlike man begun
In words smooth flowing from his tuneful tongue
Ravish'd they gaze, and struck with wonder say,
Sure Spenser's self ne'er sung so sweet a lay:
Sure once again Eliza glads the Isle,
That the kind Muses thus propitious smile—
Why gaze ye thus? Why all this wonder, swains?—
'Tis Pope that sings, and Carolina reigns.

But hold, my Muse! whose aukward verse betrays,
Thy want of skill, nor shows the poet's praise;
Cease then, and leave some fitter bard to tell
How Pope in every strain can write, in every strain excel.

TO MR. POPE,

ON THE PUBLISHING HIS WORKS.

He comes, he comes! bid every bard prepare
The song of triumph, and attend his car.
Great Sheffield's Muse the long procession heads,
And throws a lustre o'er the pomp she leads;
First gives the plan she fir'd him to obtain,
Crowns his gay brow, and shows him how to reign.
Thus young Alcides, by old Chiron taught,
Was form'd for all the miracles he wrought:
Thus Chiron did the youth he taught applaud,
Pleas'd to behold the earnest of a God. [joice!
But hark! what shouts, what gathering crouds re-
Unstain'd their praise by any venal voice,

Such as th' ambitious vainly think their due,
When prostitutes, or needy flatterers sue.
And see the chief! before him laurels borne;
Trophies from undeserving temples torn:
Here Rage enchain'd reluctant raves; and there
Pale Envy dumb, and sick'ning with despair,
Prone to the Earth she bends her loathing eye,
Weak to support the blaze of majesty.
But what are they that turn the sacred page?
Three lovely virgins, and of equal age;
Intent they read, and all enamour'd seem,
As he that met his likeness in the stream:
The Graces these; and see how they contend,
Who most shall praise, who best shall recommend.
The chariot now the painful steep ascends,
The pæans cease; thy glorious labour ends.
Here fix'd, the bright eternal temple stands,
Its prospect an unbounded view commands:
Say, wondrous youth, what column wilt thou chuse,
What laurel'd arch for thy triumphant Muse?
Though each great ancient court thee to his shrine,
Though every laurel through the dome be thine,
(From the proud epic, down to those that shade
The gentler brow of the soft Lesbian maid)
Go to the good and just, and awful train,
Thy soul's delight, and glory of the fane:
While through the Earth thy dear remembrance flies,
"Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies."

TO MR. POPE.

BY MR. HARTE.

To move the springs of nature as we please;
To think with spirit, but to write with ease;
With living words to warm the conscious heart,
Or please the soul with nicer charms of art;
For this the Grecian soar'd in epic strains,
And softer Maro left the Mantuan plains:
Melodious Spenser felt the lover's fire,
And awful Milton strung his heavenly lyre.
'Tis yours, like these, with curious toil to trace
The powers of language, harmony, and grace;
How Nature's self with living lustre shines,
How judgment strengthens, and how art refines;
How to grow bold with conscious sense of fame,
And force a pleasure which we dare not blame;
To charm us more through negligence than pains,
And give ev'n life and actions to the strains:
Led by some law, whose powerful impulse guides
Each happy stroke, and in the soul presides;
Some fairer image of perfection given
T' inspire mankind, itself deriv'd from Heaven.
O ever worthy, ever crown'd with praise,
Blest in thy life, and blest in all thy lays!
Add that the Sisters every thought refine,
Or ev'n thy life be faultless as thy line;
Yet Envy still with fiercer rage pursues,
Obscures the virtue, and defames the Muse.
A soul like thine, in pains, in grief resign'd,
Views with vain scorn the malice of mankind:
Not critics, but their planets, prove unjust;
And are they blam'd who sin because they must?
Yet sure not so must all peruse thy lays:
I cannot rival—and yet dare to praise.
A thousand charms at once my thoughts engage;
Sappho's soft sweetness, Pindar's warmer rage,
Statius' free vigour, Virgil's studious care,
And Homer's force, and Ovid's easier air.
So seems some picture, where exact design,
And curious pains, and strength, and sweetness join;
Where the free thought its pleasing grace bestows,
And each warm stroke with living colour glows;
Soft without weakness, without labour fair,
Wrought up at once with happiness and care!
How blest the man that from the world removes,
To joys that Mordaunt[1], or his Pope, approves;
Whose taste exact each author can explore,
And live the present and past ages o'er;
Who, free from pride, from penitence, or strife,
Moves calmly forward to the verge of life:
Such be my days, and such my fortunes be,
To live by reason, and to write by thee!
Nor deem this verse, though humble, a disgrace:
All are not born the glory of their race:
Yet all are born t' adore the great man's name,
And trace his footsteps in the paths to Fame.
The Muse, who now this early homage pays,
First learn'd from thee to animate her lays:
A Muse as yet unhonour'd, but unstain'd,
Who prais'd no vices, no preferment gain'd;
Unbiass'd or to censure or commend,
Who knows no envy, and who grieves no friend;
Perhaps too fond to make those virtues known,
And fix her fame immortal on thy own.

THE TRIUMVIRATE OF POETS.

BY MRS. TOLLET[2].

Britain with Rome and Greece contended long
For lofty genius and poetic song,
Till this Augustan age with Three was blest,
To fix the prize, and finish the contest.
In Addison, immortal Virgil reigns;
So pure his numbers, so refin'd his strains:
Of nature full, with more impetuous heat,
In Prior Horace shines, sublimely great.
Thy country, Homer! we dispute no more,
For Pope has fix'd it to his native shore.

[1] Earl of Peterborough, conqueror of Valencia. *D.*

[2] Of whom see in Congreve's Poems, vol. x.

THE

POEMS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

WITH HIS LAST

CORRECTIONS, ADDITIONS, AND IMPROVEMENTS;

PRINTED VERBATIM FROM THE OCTAVO EDITION OF

MR. WARBURTON.

——— Horace avec Boileau;
Vous y cherchiez le vrai, vous y goûtiez le beau;
Quelques traits échappés d'une utile morale,
Dans leurs piquans écrits brillent par intervalle.
Mais Pope approfondit ce qu'ils ont effleuré;
D'un esprit plus hardi, d'un pas plus assuré,
Il porta le flambeau dans l'abime de l'Etre,
Et l'homme avec lui seul apprit à se connoître.
L'art quelquefois frivole, & quelquefois divin,
L'art des vers est dans Pope utile au genre humain.

Voltaire, au Roi de Prusse.

PREFACE.

I AM inclined to think, that both the writers of books and the readers of them are generally not a little unreasonable in their expectations. The first seem to fancy that the world must approve of whatever they produce, and the latter to imagine that authors are obliged to please them at any rate. Methinks, as, on the one hand, no single man is born with a right of controling the opinions of all the rest; so, on the other, the world has no title to demand, that the whole care and time of any particular person should be sacrificed to its entertainment. Therefore I cannot but believe, that writers and readers are under equal obligations, for as much fame, or pleasure, as each affords the other.

Every one acknowledges, it would be a wild notion to expect perfection in any work of man: and yet one would think the contrary was taken for granted, by the judgment commonly passed upon poems. A critic supposes he has done his part, if he proves a writer to have failed in an expression, or erred in any particular point: and can it then be wondered at, if the poets, in general, seem resolved not to own themselves in any errour? For as long as one side will make no allowances, the other will be brought to no acknowlegements[1].

[1] In the former editions it was thus—"For as long as one side despises a well-meant endeavour, the other will not be satisfied with a moderate approbation."—But the author altered it, as these words were rather a consequence from the conclusion he would draw, than the conclusion itself, which he has now inserted.

I am afraid this extreme zeal on both sides is ill placed; poetry and criticism being by no means the universal concern of the world, but only the affair of idle men who write in their closets, and of idle men who read there.

Yet sure, upon the whole, a bad author deserves better usage than a bad critic: for a writer's endeavour, for the most part, is to please his readers, and he fails merely through the misfortune of an ill judgment; but such a critic's is to put them out of humour; a design he could never go upon without both that and an ill temper.

I think a good deal may be said to extenuate the fault of bad poets. What we call a genius, is hard to be distinguished, by a man himself, from a strong inclination; and if his genius be ever so great, he cannot at first discover it any other way, than by giving way to that prevalent propensity, which renders him the more likely to be mistaken. The only method he has, is to make the experiment by writing, and appealing to the judgment of others: now if he happens to write ill, (which is certainly no sin in itself) he is immediately made an object of ridicule. I wish we had the humanity to reflect, that even the worst authors might, in their endeavour to please us, deserve something at our hands. We have no cause to quarrel with them but for their obstinacy in persisting to write; and this too may admit of alleviating circumstances. Their particular friends may be either ignorant or insincere; and the rest of the world in general is too well bred to shock them with a truth, which generally their booksellers are the first that inform them of. This happens not till they have spent too much of their time, to apply to any profession which might better fit their talents; and till such talents as they have are so far discredited, as to be but of small service to them. For (what is the hardest case imaginable) the reputation of a man generally depends upon the first steps he makes in the world; and people will establish their opinion of us, from what we do at that season, when we have least judgment to direct us.

On the other hand, a good poet no sooner communicates his works with the same desire of information, but it is imagined he is a vain young creature given up to the ambition of fame; when perhaps the poor man is all the while trembling with the fear of being ridiculous. If he is made to hope he may please the world, he falls under very unlucky circumstances: for, from the moment he prints, he must expect to hear no more truth, than if he were a prince or a beauty. If he has not very good sense, (and indeed there are twenty men of wit for one man of sense) his living thus in a course of flattery may put him in no small danger of becoming a coxcomb: if he has, he will consequently have so much diffidence as not to reap any great satisfaction from his praise; since, if it be given to his face, it can scarce be distinguished from flattery, and if in his absence, it is hard to be certain of it. Were he sure to be commended by the best and most knowing, he is as sure of being envied by the worst and most ignorant, which are the majority; for it is with a fine genius, as with a fine fashion, all those are displeased at it who are not able to follow it: and it is to be feared that esteem will seldom do any man so much good, as ill-will does him harm. Then there is a third class of people who make the largest part of mankind, those of ordinary or indifferent capacities; and these (to a man) will hate, or suspect him: a hundred honest gentlemen will dread him as a wit, and a hundred innocent women as a satirist. In a word, whatever be his fate in poetry, it is ten to one but he must give up all the reasonable aims of life for it. There are indeed some advantages accruing from a genius to poetry, and they are all I can think of: the agreeable power of self-amusement when a man is idle or alone; the privilege of being admitted into the best company; and the freedom of saying as many careless things as other people, without being so severely remarked upon.

I believe, if any one, early in his life, should contemplate the dangerous fate of authors, he would scarce be of their number on any consideration. The life of a wit is a warfare upon earth; and the present spirit of the learned world is such, that to attempt to serve it (any way) one must have the constancy of a martyr, and a resolution to suffer for its sake. I could wish people would believe, what I am pretty certain they will not, that I have been much less concerned about fame than I durst declare till this occasion, when methinks I should find more credit than I could heretofore, since my writings have had their fate already, and it is too late to think of prepossessing the reader in their favour. I would plead it as some merit in me, that the world has never been prepared for these trifles by prefaces, biassed by recommendations, dazzled with the names of great patrons, wheedled with fine reasons and pretences, or troubled with excuses. I confess it was want of consideration that made me an author: I writ because it amused me; I corrected be-

cause it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write; and I published because I was told I might please such as it was a credit to please. To what degree I have done this, I am really ignorant; I had too much fondness for my productions to judge of them at first, and too much judgment to be pleased with them at last. But I have reason to think they can have no reputation which will continue long, or which deserves to do so; for they have always fallen short not only of what I read of others, but even of my own ideas of poetry.

If any one should imagine I am not in earnest, I desire him to reflect, that the ancients (to say the least of them) had as much genius as we; and that to take more pains, and employ more time, cannot fail to produce more complete pieces. They constantly applied themselves not only to that art, but to that single branch of an art, to which their talent was most powerfully bent; and it was the business of their lives to correct and finish their works for posterity. If we can pretend to have used the same industry, let us expect the same immortality: though, if we took the same care, we should still lie under a further misfortune: they writ in languages that became universal and everlasting, while ours are extremely limited both in extent and in duration. A mighty foundation for our pride! when the utmost we can hope, is but to be read in one island, and to be thrown aside at the end of one age.

All that is left us is to recommend our productions by the imitation of the ancients; and it will be found true, that, in every age, the highest character for sense and learning has been obtained by those who have been most indebted to them. For, to say truth, whatever is very good sense, must have been common sense in all times; and what we call learning, is but the knowledge of the sense of our predecessors. Therefore they who say our thoughts are not our own, because they resemble the ancients, may as well say our faces are not our own, because they are like our fathers: and indeed it is very unreasonable, that people should expect us to be scholars, and yet be angry to find us so.

I fairly confess, that I have served myself all I could by reading; that I made use of the judgment of authors dead and living; that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errours, both by my friends and enemies. But the true reason these pieces are not more correct, is owing to the consideration how short a time they and I have to live: one may be ashamed to consume half one's days in bringing sense and rhyme together; and what critic can be so unreasonable, as not to leave a man time enough for any more serious employment, or more agreeable amusement?

The only plea I shall use for the favour of the public, is, that I have as great a respect for it, as most authors have for themselves; and that I have sacrificed much of my own self-love for its sake, in preventing not only many mean things from seeing the light, but many which I thought tolerable. I would not be like those authors, who forgive themselves some particular lines for the sake of a whole poem, and, vice versa, a whole poem for the sake of some particular lines. I believe, no one qualification is so likely to make a good writer, as the power of rejecting his own thoughts; and it must be this (if any thing) that can give me a chance to be one. For what I have published, I can only hope to be pardoned; but for what I have burned, I deserve to be praised. On this account the world is under some obligation to me, and owes me the justice in return, to look upon no verses as mine that are not inserted in this collection. And perhaps nothing could make it worth my while to own what are really so, but to avoid the imputation of so many dull and immoral things, as, partly by malice, and partly by ignorance, have been ascribed to me. I must further acquit myself of the presumption of having lent my name to recommend any miscellanies, or works of other men; a thing I never thought becoming a person who has badly credit enough to answer for his own.

In this office of collecting my pieces, I am altogether uncertain, whether to look upon myself as a man building a monument, or burying the dead.

If time shall make it the former, may these Poems (as long as they last) remain as a testimony that their author never made his talents subservient to the mean and unworthy ends of party or self-interest; the gratification of public prejudices or private passions; the flattery of the undeserving, or the insult of the unfortunate. If I have written well, let it be considered, that it is what no man can do without good sense, a quality that not only renders one capable of being a good writer, but a good man. And if I have made any acquisition in the opinion of any one under the notion of the former, let it be continued to me under no other title than that of the latter.

But if this publication be only a more solemn funeral of my remains, I desire it to be known, that I die in charity, and in my senses; without any murmurs against the justice of this age, or any mad appeals to posterity. I declare I shall think the world in the right, and quietly submit to every truth

which time shall discover to the prejudice of these writings; not so much as wishing so irrational a thing, as that every body should be deceived merely for my credit. However, I desire it may be then considered, that there are very few things in this collection which were not written under the age of five-and-twenty; so that my youth may be made (as it never fails to be in executions) a case of compassion: that I was never so concerned about my works as to vindicate them in print, believing, if any thing was good, it would defend itself, and what was bad could never be defended: that I used no artifice to raise or continue a reputation, depreciated no dead author I was obliged to, bribed no living one with unjust praise, insulted no adversary with ill language; or, when I could not attack a rival's works, encouraged reports against his morals. To conclude, if this volume perish, let it serve as a warning to the critics, not to take too much pains for the future to destroy such things as will die of themselves; and a memento mori to some of my vain contemporaries the poets, to teach them, that, when real merit is wanting, it avails nothing to have been encouraged by the great, commended by the eminent, and favoured by the public in general.

Nov. 10, 1716.

VARIATIONS IN THE AUTHOR'S MANUSCRIPT PREFACE.

After page, 138 l. 44. it followed thus: For my part, I confess had I seen things in this view, at first, the public had never been troubled either with my writings, or with this apology for them. I am sensible how difficult it is to speak of one's self with decency: but when a man must speak of himself, the best way is to speak truth of himself, or, he may depend upon it, others will do it for him. I'll therefore make this preface a general confession of all my thoughts of my own poetry, resolving with the same freedom to expose myself, as it is in the power of any other to expose them. In the first place, I thank God and nature, that I was born with a love to poetry; for nothing more conduces to fill up all the intervals of our time, or, if rightly used, to make the whole course of life entertaining: Cantantes licet usque (minus via lædet). It is a vast happiness to possess the pleasures of the head, the only pleasures in which a man is sufficient to himself, and the only part of him which, to his satisfaction, he can employ all day long. The Muses are amicæ omnium horarum; and, like our gay acquaintance, the best company, in the world as long as one expects no real service from them. I confess there was a time when I was in love with myself, and my first productions were the children of self-love upon innocence. I had made an Epic Poem, and Panegyrics on all the princes in Europe, and thought myself the greatest genius that ever was. I cannot but regret those delightful visions of my childhood, which, like the fine colours we see when our eyes are shut, are vanished for ever. Many trials, and sad experience, have so undeceived me by degrees, that I am utterly at a loss at what rate to value myself. As for fame, I shall be glad of any I can get, and not repine at any I miss; and as for vanity, I have enough to keep me from hanging myself, or even from wishing those hanged who would take it away. It was this that made me write. The sense of my faults made me correct; besides, that it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write.

At p. 139. l. 25. In the first place, I own, that I have used my best endeavours to the finishing these pieces: that I made what advantage I could of the judgment of authors dead and living; and that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errours by my friends and my enemies: and that I expect no favour on account of my youth, business, want of health, or any such idle excuses. But the true reason they are not yet more correct, is owning to the consideration how short a time they, and I, have to live. A man that can expect but sixty years, may be ashamed to employ thirty in measuring syllables, and bringing sense and rhyme together. We spend our youth in pursuit of riches or fame, in hopes to enjoy them when we are odd; and when we are old, we find it too late to enjoy any thing. I therefore hope the wits will pardon me, if I reserve some of my time to save my soul; and that some wise men will be of my opinion, even if I should think a part of it better spent in the enjoyments of life, than in pleasing the critics.

PASTORALS;

WITH

A DISCOURSE ON PASTORAL.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1704.

Rura mihi, et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem, sylvâsque, inglorius! Virg.

THE Pastorals were written at the age of sixteen, and then passed through the hands of Mr. Walsh, Mr. Wycherley, G. Granville, afterwards lord Lansdowne, sir William Trumbull, Dr. Garth, lord Halifax, lord Somers, Mr. Maynwaring, and others. All these gave our author the greatest encouragement, and particularly Mr. Walsh, whom Mr. Dryden, in his Postscript to Virgil, calls the best critic of his age. "The author (says he) seems to have a particular genius for this kind of poetry, and a judgment which much exceeds his years. He has taken very freely from the ancients; but what he has mixed of his own with theirs, is no way inferior to what he has taken from them. It is not flattery at all to say, that Virgil had written nothing so good at his age. His Preface is very judicious and learned." Letter to Mr. Wycherley, April, 1705. The lord Lansdowne about the same time, mentioning the youth of our Poet, says (in a printed Letter of the Character of Mr. Wycherley), "that if he goes on as he has begun in his Pastoral way, as Virgil first tried his strength, we may hope to see English poetry vie with the Roman," &c. Notwithstanding the early time of their production, the author esteemed these as the most correct in the versification and musical in the numbers, of all his works. The reason for his labouring them into so much softness, was, doubtless, that this sort of poetry derives almost its whole beauty from a natural ease of thought, and smoothness of verse; whereas, that of most other kinds consists in the strength and fulness of both. In a letter of his to Mr. Walsh about this time, we find an enumeration of several niceties in versification, which perhaps have never been strictly observed in any English poem, except in these Pastorals. They were not printed till 1709.

A DISCOURSE ON PASTORAL POETRY[1].

THERE are not, I believe, a greater number of any sort of verses than of those which are called Pastorals, nor a smaller than those which are truly so. It therefore seems necessary to give some account of this kind of poem; and it is my design to comprize in this short paper the substance of those numerous dissertations the critics have made on the subject, without omitting any of their rules in my own favour. You will also find some points reconciled, about which they seem to differ; and a few remarks, which, I think, have escaped their observation.

The original of poetry is ascribed to that age which succeeded the creation of the world; and as the keeping of flocks seems to have been the first employment of mankind, the most ancient sort of poetry was probably pastoral[2]. It is natural to imagine, that the leisure of those ancient shepherds admitting

[1] Written at sixteen years of age.
[2] Fontenelle's Discourse on Pastorals.

and inviting some diversion, none was so proper to that solitary and sedentary life as singing; and that in their songs they took occasion to celebrate their own felicity. From hence a poem was invented, and afterwards improved to a perfect image of that happy time; which, by giving us an esteem for the virtues of a former age, might recommend them to the present. And since the life of shepherds was attended with more tranquillity than any other rural employment, the poets choose to introduce their persons, from whom it received the name of Pastoral.

A pastoral is an imitation of the action of a shepherd, or one considered under that character. The form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mixed of both [3]; the fable simple, the manners not too polite nor too rustic: the thoughts are plain, yet admit a little quickness and passion, but that short and flowing: the expression humble, yet as pure as the language will afford; neat, but not florid; easy, and yet lively. In short, the fable, manners, thoughts, and expressions, are full of the greatest simplicity in nature.

The complete character of this poem consists in simplicity [4], brevity, and delicacy; the two first of which render an eclogue natural, and the last delightful.

If we could copy Nature, it may be useful to take this idea along with us, that pastoral is an image of what they call the Golden Age. So that we are not to describe our shepherds as shepherds at this day really are, but as they may be conceived then to have been, when the best of men followed the employment. To carry this resemblance yet further, it would not be amiss to give these shepherds some skill in astronomy, as far as it may be useful to that sort of life. And an air of piety to the Gods should shine through the poem, which so visibly appears in all the works of antiquity; and it ought to preserve some relish of the old way of writing: the connection should be loose, the narrations and descriptions short [5], and the periods concise: yet it is not sufficient, that the sentences only be brief; the whole eclogue should be so too; for we cannot suppose poetry in those days to have been the business of men, but their recreation at vacant hours.

But with respect to the present age, nothing more conduces to make these composures natural, than when some knowledge in rural affairs is discovered [6]. This may be made to appear rather done by chance than on design, and sometimes is best shown by inference; lest by too much study to seem natural, we destroy that easy simplicity from whence arises the delight: for what is inviting in this sort of poetry proceeds not so much from the idea of that business, as the tranquility of a country life.

We must therefore use some illusion to render a pastoral delightful; and this consists in exposing the best side only of a shepherd's life, and in concealing its miseries [7]. Nor is it enough to introduce shepherds discoursing together in a natural way; but a regard must be had to the subject, that it contain some particular beauty in itself, and that it be different in every eclogue. Besides, in each of them a designed scene or prospect is to be presented to our view, which should likewise have its variety [8]. This variety is obtained in a great degree by frequent comparisons, drawn from the most agreeable objects of the country; by interrogations to things inanimate; by beautiful digressions, but those short; sometimes by insisting a little on circumstances; and, lastly, by elegant turns on the words, which render the numbers extremely sweet and pleasing. As for the numbers themselves, though they are properly of the heroic measure, they should be the smoothest, the most easy and flowing imaginable.

It is by rules like these that we ought to judge of pastoral. And since the instructions given for any art are to be delivered as that art is in perfection, they must of necessity be derived from those in whom it is acknowledged so to be. It is therefore from the practice of Theocritus and Virgil (the only undisputed authors of pastoral) that the critics have drawn the foregoing notions concerning it.

Theocritus excels all others in nature and simplicity. The subjects of his Idyllia are purely pastoral; but he is not so exact in his persons, having introduced reapers [9] and fishermen as well as shepherds. He is apt to be too long in his descriptions, of which that of the cup in the first pastoral is a remarkable instance. In the manners he seems a little defective, for his swains are sometimes abusive and immodest, and perhaps too much inclining to rusticity; for instance, in his fourth and fifth Idyllia. But it is enough that all others learned their excellence from him, and that his dialect alone has a secret charm in it, which no other could ever attain.

[3] Heinsius in Theocr.
[4] Rapin, de Carm. Past. p. 2.
[5] Rapin, Reflex. sur l'Art Poet. d'Arist. p. 2. Reflex. 27.
[6] Pref. to Virg. Past. in Dryd. Virg.
[7] Fontenelle's Disc. of Pastorals.
[8] See the forementioned Preface.
[9] ΘΕΡΙΣΤΑΙ, Idyl. x, and ΑΛΙΕΙΣ, Idyl. xxi.

Virgil, who copies Theocritus, refines upon his original: and in all points, where judgment is principally concerned, he is much superior to his master. Though some of his subjects are not pastoral in themselves, but only seem to be such; they have a wonderful variety in them, which the Greek was a stranger to[1]. He exceeds him in regularity and brevity, and falls short of him in nothing but simplicity and propriety of style; the first of which perhaps was the fault of his age, and the last of his language.

Among the moderns, their success has been greatest who have most endeavoured to make these ancients their pattern. The most considerable genius appears in the famous Tasso, and our Spenser. Tasso in his Aminta has as far excelled all the pastoral writers, as in his Gierusalemme he has outdone the epic poets of his country. But as his piece seems to have been the original of a new sort of poem, the pastoral comedy, in Italy, it cannot so well be considered as a copy of the ancients. Spenser's Calendar, in Mr. Dryden's opinion, is the most complete work of this kind which any nation has produced ever since the time of Virgil[2]: not but that he may be thought imperfect in some few points. His eclogues are somewhat too long, if we compare them with the ancients. He is sometimes too allegorical, and treats of matters of religion in a pastoral style, as the Mantuan had done before him. He has employed the lyric measure, which is contrary to the practice of the old poets. His stanza is not still the same, nor always well chosen. This last may be the reason his expression is sometimes not concise enough; for the tetrastic has obliged him to extend his sense to the length of four lines, which would have been more closely confined in the couplet.

In the manners, thoughts, and characters, he comes near to Theocritus himself; though, notwithstanding all the care he has taken, he is certainly inferior in his dialect: for the Doric had its beauty and propriety in the time of Theocritus; it was used in part of Greece, and frequent in the mouths of many of the greatest persons: whereas the old English and country phrases of Spenser were either entirely obsolete, or spoken only by people of the lowest condition. As there is a difference betwixt simplicity and rusticity, so the expression of simple thoughts should be plain, but not clownish. The addition he has made of a calendar to his eclogues, is very beautiful; since by this, besides the general moral of innocence and simplicity, which is common to other authors of pastoral, he has one peculiar to himself; he compares human life to the several seasons, and at once exposes to his readers a view of the great and little worlds, in their various changes and aspects. Yet the scrupulous division of his pastorals into months, has obliged him either to repeat the same description, in other words, for three months together; or, when it was exhausted before, entirely to omit it: whence it comes to pass that some of his eclogues (as the sixth, eighth, and tenth, for example) have nothing but their titles to distinguish them. The reason is evident, because the year has not that variety in it to furnish every month with a particular description, as it may every season.

Of the following eclogues I shall only say, that these four comprehend all the subjects which the critics upon Theocritus and Virgil will allow to be fit for pastoral: that they have as much variety of description, in respect of the several seasons, as Spenser's: that, in order to add to this variety, the several times of the day are observed, the rural employments in each season or time of day, and the rural scenes or places proper to such employments; not without some regard to the several ages of man, and the different passions proper to each age.

But after all, if they have any merit, it is to be attributed to some good old authors, whose works as I had leisure to study, so, I hope, I have not wanted care to imitate.

[1] Rapin. Refl. on Arist. part. 2. Refl. 27.——Pref. to the Ecl. in Dryden's Virg.

[2] Dedication to Virg. Ecl.

POEMS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE.

PASTORALS.

SPRING.

THE FIRST PASTORAL, OR DAMON.

TO SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

FIRST in these fields I try the sylvan strains,
Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains:
Fair Thames, flow gently from thy sacred spring,
While on thy banks Sicilian Muses sing;
Let vernal airs through trembling osiers play,
And Albion's cliffs resound the rural lay.
You that, too wise for pride, too good for power,
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
And, carrying with you all the world can boast,
To all the world illustriously are lost!
O let my Muse her slender reed inspire,
Till in your native shades you tune the lyre:
So when the nightingale to rest removes,
The thrush may chant to the forsaken groves,
But charm'd to silence, listens while she sings,
And all th' aërial audience clap their wings.
Soon as the flocks shook off the nightly dews,
Two swains, whom love kept wakeful, and the Muse,
Pour'd o'er the whitening vale their fleecy care,
Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair:
The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side,
Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

DAPHNIS.

Hear how the birds, on every bloomy spray,
With joyous music wake the dawning day!
Why sit we mute, when early linnets sing,
When warbling Philomel salutes the Spring?
Why sit we sad, when Phosphor shines so clear,
And lavish Nature paints the purple year?

STREPHON.

Sing then, and Damon shall attend the strain,
While yon slow oxen turn the furrow'd plain.
Here the bright crocus and blue violet glow;
Here western winds on breathing roses blow.
I'll stake yon lamb, that near the fountain plays,
And from the brink his dancing shade surveys. 34

DAPHNIS.

And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines,
And swelling clusters bend the curling vines: 36

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 34. The first reading was,
And his own image from the bank surveys.

Ver. 36. And clusters lurk beneath the curling vines.

Four figures rising from the work appear
The various seasons of the rolling year;
And what is that which binds the radiant sky,
Where twelve fair signs in beauteous order lie?

DAMON.

Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing;
Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring,
Now leaves the trees, and flowers adorn the ground;
Begin, the vales shall every note rebound.

STREPHON.

Inspire me, Phœbus, in my Delia's praise,
With Waller's strains, or Granville's moving lays!
A milk-white bull shall at your altars stand,
That threats a fight, and spurns the rising sand.

DAPHNIS.

O Love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize, 49
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes;
No lambs or sheep for victims I'll impart,
Thy victim, Love, shall be the shepherd's heart.

STREPHON.

Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then, hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
But feigns a laugh, to see me search around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

DAPHNIS.

The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green,
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

STREPHON.

O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow, 61
And trees weep amber on the banks of Po;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 49. Originally thus in the MS

Pan, let my numbers equal Strephon's lays,
Of Parian stone thy statue will I raise;
But if I conquer, and augment my fold,
Thy Parian statue shall be chang'd to gold.

Ver. 61. It stood thus at first:

Let rich Iberia golden fleeces boast,
Her purple wool the proud Assyrian coast,
Blest Thames's shores, &c.

Ver. 61. Originally thus in the MS.

Go, flowery wreath, and let my Sylvia know,
Compar'd to thine how bright her beauties show:
Then die; and dying, teach the lovely maid
How soon the brightest beauties are decay'd.

Blest Thames's shores the brightest beauties yield,
Feed here, my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

DAPHNIS.

Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves;
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves:
If Windsor shades delight the matchless maid,
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windsor-shade.

STREPHON.

All Nature mourns, the skies relent in showers,
Hush'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping flowers;
If Delia smile, the flowers begin to spring,
The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

DAPHNIS.

All Nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair,
The Sun's mild lustre warms the vital air;
If Sylvia smiles, new glories gild the shore,
And vanquish'd Nature seems to charm no more.

STREPHON.

In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
But Delia always; absent from her sight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

DAPHNIS.

Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day;
Ev'n spring displeases, when she shines not here;
But, bless'd with her, 'tis spring throughout the year.

STREPHON.

Say, Daphnis, say, in what glad soil appears,
A wondrous tree that sacred monarchs bears:
Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,
And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes.

DAPHNIS.

Nay, tell me first, in what more happy fields
The thistle springs, to which the lily yields:
And then a nobler prize I will resign;
For Sylvia, charming Sylvia, shall be thine.

DAMON.

Cease to contend; for, Daphnis, I decree,
The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee.
Blest swains, whose nymphs in every grace excel;
Blest nymphs, whose swains those graces sing so well!
Now rise, and haste to yonder woodbine bowers,
A soft retreat from sudden vernal showers;
The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,
While opening blooms diffuse their sweets around.
For see! the gathering flocks to shelter tend,
And from the Pleiads fruitful showers descend.

VARIATIONS.

DAPHNIS.

Go, tuneful bird, that pleas'd the woods so long,
Of Amaryllis learn a sweeter song:
To Heav'n arising then her notes convey,
For Heav'n alone is worthy such a lay.

Ver. 69, &c. These verses were thus at first:

All Nature mourns, the birds their songs deny,
Nor wasted brooks the thirsty flowers supply;
If Delia smile, the flowers begin to spring,
The brooks to murmur, and the birds to sing.

Ver. 99. was originally,

The turf with country dainties shall be spread,
And trees with twining branches shade your head.

SUMMER.

THE SECOND PASTORAL, OR ALEXIS.

TO DR. GARTH.

A SHEPHERD'S boy (he seeks no better name)
Led forth his flocks along the silver Thame,
Where dancing sun-beams on the waters play'd,
And verdant alders form'd a quivering shade.
Soft as he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow,
The flocks around a dumb compassion show,
The Naiads wept in every watery bower,
And Jove consented in a silent shower.
Accept, O Garth, the Muse's early lays,
That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays;
Hear what from love unpractis'd hearts endure,
From love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.
Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
Defence from Phœbus', not from Cupid's beams,
To you I mourn; nor to the deaf I sing,
The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,
They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee.
The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,
While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.
Where stray ye, Muses, in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeless love?
In those fair fields where sacred Isis glides,
Or else where Cam his winding vales divides?
As in the crystal spring I view my face, 27
Fresh rising blushes paint the watery glass;
But since those graces please thy eyes no more,
I shun the fountains which I sought before.
Once I was skill'd in every herb that grew,
And every plant that drinks the morning dew;
Ah, wretched shepherd, what avails thy art,
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!
Let other swains attend the rural care,
Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces sheer:
But nigh yon mountain let me tune my lays,
Embrace my love, and bind my brows with bays.
That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death:
He said: Alexis, take this pipe, the same
That taught the groves my Rosalinda's name.
But now the reeds shall hang on yonder tree,
For ever silent, since despis'd by thee.
O! were I made by some transforming power
The captive bird that sings within thy bower!
Then might my voice thy listening ears employ,
And I those kisses he receives enjoy.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 1, 2, 3, 4. were thus printed in the first edition:

A faithful swain, whom love had taught to sing,
Bewail'd his fate beside a silver spring;
Where gentle Thames his winding waters leads
Through verdant forests, and through flowery meads.

Ver. 3. Originally thus in the MS.

There to the winds he plain'd his hapless love,
And Amaryllis fill'd the vocal grove.

Ver. 27.

Oft in the crystal spring I cast a view,
And equall'd Hylas, if the glass be true;
But since those graces meet my eyes no more
I shun, &c.

And yet my numbers please the rural throng,
Rough satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the song:
The nymphs, forsaking every cave and spring,
Their early fruit and milk-white turtles bring!
Each amorous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
On you their gifts are all bestow'd again:
For you the swains the fairest flowers design,
And in one garland all their beauties join;
Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,
In whom all beauties are compris'd in one.
See what delights in sylvan scenes appear!
Descending gods have found Elysium here.
In woods bright Venus with Adonis stray'd,
And chaste Diana haunts the forest shade.
Come, lovely nymph, and bless the silent hours,
When swains from shearing seek their nightly bowers;
When weary reapers quit the sultry field,
And crown'd with corn their thanks to Ceres yield.
This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
But in my breast the serpent Love abides.
Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,
But your Alexis knows no sweets but you.
Oh deign to visit our forsaken seats,
The mossy fountains, and the green retreats!
Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade;
Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade:
Where'er you tread, the blushing flowers shall rise,
And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.
Oh! how I long with you to pass my days,
Invoke the Muses, and resound your praise!
Your praise the birds shall chant in every grove,
And winds shall waft it to the powers above.
But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,
The wondering forests soon should dance again,
The moving mountains hear the powerful call,
And headlong streams hang listening in their fall!
But see, the shepherds shun the noon-day heat,
The lowing herds to murmuring brooks retreat,
To closer shades the panting flocks remove;
Ye gods! and is there no relief for love?
But soon the Sun with milder rays descends
To the cool ocean, where his journey ends:
On me Love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
By night he scorches, as he burns by day.

AUTUMN.

THE THIRD PASTORAL, OR HYLAS AND ÆGON.

TO MR. WYCHERLEY.

Beneath the shade a spreading beech displays,
Hylas and Ægon sung their rural lays:
This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent love;
And Delia's name and Doris' fill'd the grove.
Ye Mantuan nymphs, your sacred succours bring;
Hylas and Ægon's rural lays I sing.
Thou, whom the Nine with Plautus' wit inspire,
The art of Terence and Menander's fire;
Whose sense instructs us, and whose humour charms,
Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms!
Oh, skill'd in Nature! see the hearts of swains,
Their artless passions, and their tender pains.
Now setting Phœbus shone serenely bright,
And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light;
When tuneful Hylas, with melodious moan,
Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.
As some sad turtle his lost love deplores,
And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores;
Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,
Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
For her, the feather'd quires neglect their song:
For her, the limes their pleasing shades deny!
For her, the lilies hang their heads and die.
Ye flowers that droop, forsaken by the Spring,
Ye birds, that, left by Summer, cease to sing,
Ye trees that fade when Autumn heats remove,
Say, is not absence death to those who love?
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
Curs'd be the fields that cause my Delia's stay;
Fade every blossom, wither every tree,
Die every flower, and perish all, but she.
What have I said? where'er my Delia flies,
Let Spring attend, and sudden flowers arise!
Let opening roses knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from every thorn.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
The birds shall cease to tune their evening song,
The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.
Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
Not balmy sleep to labourers faint with pain,
Not showers to larks, or sun-shine to the bee,
Are half so charming as thy sight to me.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
Come, Delia, come; ah, why this long delay?
Through rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds;
Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds.
Ye powers, what pleasing frenzy sooths my mind!
Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?
She comes, my Delia comes!—Now cease my lay,
And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away!
Next Ægon sung, while Windsor groves admir'd;
Rehearse, ye Muses, what yourselves inspir'd.
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Of perjur'd Doris, dying I complain;
Here where the mountains, lessening as they rise,
Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies;
While labouring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
In their loose traces from the field retreat;
While curling smokes from village-tops are seen,
And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Beneath yon poplar oft we pass'd the day:
Oft on the rind I carv'd her amorous vows,
While she with garlands hung the bending boughs:
The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;
So dies her love, and so my hopes decay.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 79, 80.

Your praise the tuneful birds to Heaven shall bear,
And listening wolves grow milder as they hear.

So the verses were originally written; but the author, young as he was, soon found the absurdity, which Spenser himself over-looked, of introducing wolves into England.

Ver. 91. Me Love inflames, nor will his fires allay.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 48. Originally thus in the MS.

With him through Libya's burning plains I'll go,
On Alpine mountains tread th' eternal snow;
Yet feel no heat but what our loves impart,
And dread no coldness but in Thyrsis' heart.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain;
Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine;
Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove;
Just gods! shall all things yield returns but love!
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
The shepherds cry, "Thy flocks are left a prey."
Ah! what awails it me the flocks to keep,
Who lost my heart while I preserv'd my sheep?
Pan came, and ask'd, what magic caus'd my smart,
Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?
What eyes but hers, alas, have power to move!
And is there magic but what dwells in love?
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains!
I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flowery plains.
From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
Forsake mankind, and all the world—but love!
I know thee, Love! on foreign mountains bred,
Wolves gave thee suck, and savage tigers fed.
Thou wert from Etna's burning entrails torn,
Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Farewell, ye woods, adieu the light of day!
One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains;
No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains!
Thus sung the shepherds till th' approach of night,
The skies yet blushing with departed light,
When falling dews with spangles deck the glade,
And the low Sun had lengthen'd every shade.

WINTER.

THE FOURTH PASTORAL, OR DAPHNE.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. TEMPEST.

LYCIDAS.

Thyrsis, the music of that murmuring spring
Is not so mournful as the strains you sing;
Nor rivers winding through the vales below,
So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.
Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces lie,
The Moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky,
While silent birds forget their tuneful lays,
O sing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praise!

THYRSIS.

Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,
Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost.
Here shall I try the sweet Alexis' strain,
That call'd the listening Dryads to the plain?
Thames heard the numbers as he flow'd along,
And bade his willows learn the moving song.

LYCIDAS.

So may kind rains their vital moisture yield,
And swell the future harvest of the field.
Begin; this charge the dying Daphne gave,
And said, "Ye shepherds sing around my grave!"
Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,
And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn.

THYRSIS.

Ye gentle Muses, leave your crystal spring,
Let nymphs and sylvans cypress garlands bring;
Ye weeping Loves, the stream with myrtles hide,
And break your bows as when Adonis dy'd;
And with your golden darts, now useless grown,
Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone:

"Let Nature change, let Heaven and Earth deplore,
Fair Daphne's dead, and Love is now no more!"
'Tis done, and Nature's various charms decay:
See gloomy clouds obscure the cheerful day!
Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,
Their faded honours scatter'd on her bier.
See where, on earth, the flowery glories lie;
With her they flourish'd, and with her they die.
Ah, what avail the beauties Nature wore?
Fair Daphne's dead, and Beauty is no more!
For her the flocks refuse their verdant food,
The thirsty heifers shun the gliding flood:
The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan,
In notes more sad than when they sing their own;
In hollow caves sweet Echo silent lies,
Silent, or only to her name replies;
Her name with pleasure once she taught the shore,
Now Daphne's dead, and Pleasure is no more!
No grateful dews descend from evening skies,
Nor morning odours from the flowers arise;
No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,
Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield.
The balmy Zephyrs, silent since her death,
Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath;
Th' industrious bees neglect their golden store;
Fair Daphne's dead, and Sweetness is no more!
No more the mounting larks, while Daphne sings,
Shall, listening in mid air, suspend their wings;
No more the birds shall imitate her lays,
Or, hush'd with wonder, hearken from the sprays:
No more the streams their murmurs shall forbear,
A sweeter music than their own to hear;
But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,
Fair Daphne's dead, and Music is no more!
Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
And told in sighs to all the trembling trees;
The trembling trees in every plain and wood,
Her fate remurmur to the silver flood:
The silver flood, so lately calm, appears
Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears;
The winds, and trees, and floods, her death deplore,
Daphne our grief! our glory now no more!
But see! where Daphne wondering mounts on high
Above the clouds, above the starry sky!
Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green!
There while you rest in Amaranthine bowers,
Or from those meads select unfading flowers,
Behold us kindly, who your name implore,
Daphne, our goddess, and our grief no more!

LYCIDAS.

How all things listen, while thy Muse complains!
Such silence waits on Philomela's strains,
In some still evening, when the whispering breeze
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees.
To thee, bright goddess, oft a lamb shall bleed,
If teeming ewes increase my fleecy breed.
While plants their shade, or flowers their odours give,
Thy name, thy honour, and thy praise, shall live!

THYRSIS.

But see, Orion sheds unwholesome dews;
Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 29. Originally thus in the MS.
'Tis done, and Nature's chang'd since you are gone;
Behold, the clouds have "put their mourning on."
Ver. 83. Originally thus in the MS.
While vapours rise, and driving snows descend,
Thy honour, name, and praise, shall never end.

Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay,
Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.
Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains, streams, and groves;
Adieu, ye shepherds' rural lays and loves;
Adieu, my flocks; farewell, ye sylvan crew;
Daphne, farewell! and all the world adieu!

MESSIAH.

A SACRED ECLOGUE,

IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In reading several passages of the prophet Isaiah, which foretel the coming of Christ, and the felicities attending it, I could not but observe a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts, and those in the Pollio of Virgil. This will not seem surprising, when we reflect, that the Eclogue was taken from a Sibylline prophecy on the same subject. One may judge that Virgil did not copy it line for line; but selected such ideas as best agreed with the nature of pastoral poetry, and disposed them in that manner which served most to beautify his piece. I have endeavoured the same in this imitation of him, though without admitting any thing of my own; since it was written with this particular view, that the reader, by comparing the several thoughts, might see how far the images and descriptions of the prophet are superior to those of the poet. But as I fear I have prejudiced them by my management, I shall subjoin the passages of Isaiah, and those of Virgil, under the same disadvantage of a literal translation.

MESSIAH.

A SACRED ECLOGUE.

Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!

NOTE.

Ver. 89, &c.] These four last lines allude to the several subjects of the four pastorals, and to the several scenes of them particularized before in each.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 8. A Virgin shall conceive—All crimes shall cease, &c.] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 6.

Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna;
Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto.
Te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,
Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras—
Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

"Now the Virgin returns, now the kingdom of Saturn returns, now a new progeny is sent down from high Heaven. By means of thee, whatever reliques of our crimes remain, shall be wiped away, and free the world from perpetual fears. He shall govern the Earth in peace, with the virtues of his Father."

From Jesse's[1] root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:
Th' æthereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye Heavens[2]! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
The sick[3] and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storm a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail;
Returning Justice[4] lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from Heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See, Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring:
See lofty Lebanon[5] his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance:
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way[6]! a God, a God appears!

IMITATIONS.

Isaiah, ch. vii. ver. 14. "Behold a Virgin shall conceive and bear a Son—Chap. ix. ver. 6, 7. Unto us a Child is born; unto us a Son is given; the Prince of Peace: of the increase of his government, and of his peace, there shall be no end: Upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order and to establish it, with judgment and with justice, for ever and ever."

Ver. 23. See Nature hastes, &c.] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 18.

At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuscula cultu,
Errantes hederas passim cum baccare tellus,
Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho—
Ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.

"For thee, O Child, shall the Earth, without being tilled, produce her early offerings; winding ivy, mixed with baccar, and colocassia with smiling acanthus. Thy cradle shall pour forth pleasing flowers about thee."

Isaiah. Ch. xxxi. ver. 1. "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." Ch. lx. ver. 13. "The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of thy sanctuary."

Ver. 29. Hark! a glad voice, &c.
Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 46.

Aggredere ô magnos (aderit jam tempus) honores,
Cara deûm soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum—

Ecl. v. ver 62.

Ipsa lætitiâ voces ad sidera jactant
Intonsi montes, ipsæ jam carmina rupes,
Ipsa sonant arbusta, Deus, Deus ille Menalca!

"O come and receive the mighty honours: the time draws nigh, O beloved offspring of the gods! O great increase of Jove! The uncultivated mountains send shouts of joy to the stars; the very rocks sing in verse, the very shrubs cry out, A God, a God!"

Isaiah, Ch. xl. ver. 3, 4. "The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord! make straight in the desert a highway for our God! Every valley shall be exalted

[1] Isai. xi. ver. 1. [2] Ch. xlv. ver. 8.
[3] Ch. xxv. ver. 4. [4] Ch. ix. ver. 7.
[5] Ch. xxxv. ver. 2. [6] Ch. xl. ver. 3, 4.

A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, Earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains; and ye vallies, rise!
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold:
Hear him, ye deaf; and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day:
'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear,
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In adamantine[8] chains shall Death be bound,
And Hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good shepherd[7] tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air;
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd father[1] of the future age.
No more shall nation[2] against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a plow-share end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son[3]
Shall finish what his short-liv'd sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts[4] with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.

IMITATIONS.

and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain." Ch. iv. ver. 23. "Break forth into singing, ye mountains; O forest, and every tree therein, for the Lord hath redeemed Israel."

Ver. 67. The swain in barren deserts] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 28.

Molli paulatim flavescet campus aristâ,
Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva,
Et durae quercus sudabunt roscida mella.

"The fields shall grow yellow with ripen'd ears, and the red grape shall hang upon the wild brambles, and the hard oaks shall distil honey like dew."

Isaiah, Ch. xxxv. ver. 7. "The parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water: In the habitations where dragons lay, shall be grass, and reeds and rushes." Ch. lv. ver. 13. "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle-tree."

[7] Ch. xliii. ver. 18. Ch. xxxv. ver. 5, 6.
[8] Ch. xxv. ver. 8. [9] Ch. xl. ver. 11.
[1] Ch. ix. ver. 6, [2] Ch. ii. ver. 4.
[3] Ch. lxv. ver. 21, 22. [4] Ch. xxxv. ver. 1, 7.

Waste sandy valleys[5], once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:
To leafless shrubs the flowery palms succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs[6] with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead: 77
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents[7] lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleas'd, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem[8], rise!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes! [85
See a long race[9] thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barbarous nations[1] at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabean[2] springs!
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See Heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising Sun[3] shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 77. The lambs with wolves, &c.] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 21.

Ipsæ lacte domum referent distenta capellæ
Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones—
Occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni
Occidet.—

"The goats shall bear to the fold their udders distended with milk; nor shall the herds be afraid of the greatest lions. The serpent shall die, and the herb that conceals poison shall die."

Isaiah, Ch. xi. ver. 6. &c. "The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them.—And the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the den of the cockatrice."

Ver. 85. Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!] The thoughts of Isaiah, which compose the latter part of the poem, are wonderfully elevated, and much above those general exclamations of Virgil, which make the loftiest part of his Pollio.

Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo!
—toto surget gens aurea mundo!
—Incipient magni procedere menses!
Aspice, venturo lætentur ut omnia sæclo! &c.

The reader needs only to turn to the passages of Isaiah, here cited.

[5] Ch. xli. ver. 19. and Ch. lv. ver. 13.
[6] Ch. xi. ver. 6, 7, 8. [7] Ch. lxv. ver. 25.
[8] Ch. lx. ver. 1. [9] Ch. lx. ver. 4.
[1] Ch. lx. ver. 3. [2] Ch. lx. ver 6.
[3] Ch. lx ver. 19, 20.

The seas[4] shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

WINDSOR-FOREST.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GEORGE LORD LANSDOWNE.

"Non injussa cano: Te nostræ, Vare, myricæ,
Te Nemus omne canet: nec Phœbo gratior ulla est,
Quam sibi quæ Vari præscripsit pagina nomen."
Virg.

This poem was written at two different times: the first part of it, which relates to the country, in the year 1704, at the same time with the pastorals: the latter part was not added till the year 1713, in which it was published.

WINDSOR-FOREST.

Thy forests, Windsor! and thy green retreats,
At once the Monarch's and the Muse's seats,
Invite my lays. Be present, sylvan maids!
Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.
Granville commands; your aid, O Muses, bring!
What Muse for Granville can refuse to sing?
The groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song;
These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, should be like in fame.
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again;
Not chaos-like together crush'd and bruis'd,
But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd;
Where order in variety we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
And part admit, and part exclude the day;
As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress.
There, interspers'd in lawns and opening glades,
Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades,
Here in full light the russet plains extend:
There, wrapt in clouds, the bluish hills ascend.
Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dies,
And 'midst the desert, fruitful fields arise,
That, crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,
Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn.
Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber, or the balmy tree,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 3, &c. Originally thus:

Chaste goddess of the woods,
Nymphs of the vales, and Naiads of the floods,
Lead me through arching bow'rs, and glimm'ring glades,
Unlock your springs——

Ver. 23. Originally thus:

Why should I sing our better suns or air,
Whose vital draughts prevent the leach's care,
While through fresh fields th' enliv'ning odours breathe,
Or spread with vernal blooms the purple heath?

While by our oaks the precious loads are borne,
And realms commanded which those trees adorn.
Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,
Though Gods assembled grace his towering height,
Than what more humble mountains offer here,
Where, in their blessings, all those Gods appear.
See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd,
Here blushing Flora paints th' enamel'd ground,
Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand;
Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,
And Peace and Plenty tell, a Stuart reigns.
Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,
A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste,
To savage beasts and savage laws a prey,
And kings more furious and severe than they;
Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods:
Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves
(For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves). [49
What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,
And ev'n the elements a tyrant sway'd?
In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain;
Soft showers distill'd, and suns grew warm in vain;
The swain with tears his frustrate labour yields,
And, famish'd, dies amidst his ripen'd fields.
What wonder then, a beast or subject slain 57
Were equal crimes in a despotic reign?
Both doom'd alike for sportive tyrants bled,
But, while the subject starv'd, the beast was fed.
Proud Nimrod first the bloody chase began,
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man:
Our haughty Norman boasts that barbarous name,
And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.
The fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains,
From men their cities, and from gods their fanes:
The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;
The hollow winds through naked temples roar;
Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd;
O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind;
The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
And savage howlings fill the sacred quires. 72
Aw'd by his nobles, by his commons curst,
Th' oppressor rul'd tyrannic where he durst,
Stretch'd o'er the poor and church his iron rod,
And serv'd alike his vassals and his God.
Whom ev'n the Saxon spar'd, and bloody Dane,
The wanton victims of his sport remain.
But see, the man who spacious regions gave
A waste for beasts, himself denv'd a grave!
Stretch'd on the lawn his second hope survey,
At once the chaser, and at once the prey:
Lo Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
Bleeds in the forest like a wounded hart.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 49. Originally thus in the MS.

From towns laid waste, to dens and caves they ran
(For who first stoop'd to be a slave was man).

Ver. 57, &c.

No wonder savages or subjects slain—
But subjects starv'd, while savages were fed.

It was originally thus; but the word Savages is not properly applied to beasts, but to men; which occasioned the alteration.

Ver. 72. And wolves with howling fill, &c.]

The author thought this an errour, wolves not being common in England at the time of the Conqueror.

[4] Ch. li. ver. 6. and Ch. liv. ver. 10.

Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects cries,
Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise.
Then gathering flocks on unknown mountains fed,
O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread,
The forests wonder'd at th' unusual grain,
And secret transport touch'd the conscious swain.
Fair Liberty, Britannia's goddess, rears
Her chearful head, and leads the golden years.
Ye vigorous swains! while youth ferments your blood,
And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,
Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset,
Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
And in the new-shorn field the partridge feeds;
Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds;
But when the tainted gales the game betray,
Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey:
Secure they trust th' unfaithful field beset,
Till hovering o'er them sweeps the swelling net.
Thus (if small things we may with great compare)
When Albion sends her eager sons to war,
Some thoughtless town, with ease and plenty blest,
Near and more near, the closing lines invest;
Sudden they seize th' amaz'd, defenceless prize,
And high in air Britannia's standard flies.
See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dies,
His purple crest, and scarlet circled eyes,
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?
Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny.
To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare:
(Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow beasts pursue,
And learn of man each other to undo)
With slaughtering guns th' unwearied fowler roves,
When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves;
Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the watery glade.
He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
Straight a short thunder breaks the frozen sky:
Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
The clamorous lapwings feel the leaden death;
Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.
In genial spring, beneath the quivering shade,
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand:
With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed.
Our plenteous streams a various race supply,
The bright-ey'd perch with fins of Tyrian dye,
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,
The yellow carp, in scales bedropp'd with gold,
Swift trouts, diversify'd with crimson stains,
And pikes, the tyrants of the watery plains.
Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car:
The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,
Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
Rouze the fleet hart, and cheer the opening hound.
Th' impatient courser pants in every vein,
And, pawing, seems to beat the distant plain:
Hills, vales, and floods, appear already cross'd,
And, ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost.
See the bold youth strain up the threatening steep,
Rush through the thickets, down the valleys sweep,
Hang o'er their coursers heads with eager speed,
And Earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.
Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,
Th' immortal huntress, and her virgin-train;
Nor envy, Windsor! since thy shades have seen
As bright a goddess, and as chaste a queen;
Whose care, like her's, protects the sylvan reign,
The Earth's fair light, and empress of the main.
Here, too, 'tis sung, of old Diana stray'd,
And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor shade;
Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,
Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove;
Here, arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
Her buskin'd Virgins trac'd the dewy lawn.
Above the rest a rural nymph was fam'd,
Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd.
(Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,
The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last.)
Scarce could the goddess from her nymph be known,
But by the crescent, and the golden zone.
She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care;
A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair;
A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,
And with her dart the flying deer she wounds.
It chanc'd, as, eager of the chase, the maid
Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,
Pan saw and lov'd, and burning with desire
Pursued her flight; her flight increas'd his fire.
Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly,
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
When through the clouds he drives the trembling doves;
As from the god she flew with furious pace,
Or as the god, more furious, urg'd the chase.
Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;
Now close behind, his sounding steps she hears:
And now his shade reach'd her as she run,
His shadow lengthen'd by the setting Sun;
And now his shorter breath, with sultry air,
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair,
In vain on father Thames she calls for aid,
Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 91.
Oh may no more a foreign master's rage,
With wrongs yet legal, curse a future age!
Still spread, fair Liberty! thy heav'nly wings,
Breathe plenty on the fields, and fragrance on the springs,

Ver. 97.
When yellow autumn summer's heat succeeds,
And into wine the purple harvest bleeds,
The partridge, feeding in the new-shorn fields,
Both morning sports and ev'ning pleasure yields,

Ver. 107. It stood thus in the first edition:
Pleas'd, in the general's sight, the host lie down
Sudden before some unsuspecting town;
The young, the old, one instant makes our prize,
And o'er their captive heads Britannia's standard flies.

Ver. 126. O'er rustling leaves around the naked groves.

Ver. 129. The fowler lifts his levell'd tube on high.

Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain;
"Ah, Cynthia! ah—though banish'd from thy train;
Let me, O let me, to the shades repair,
My native shades!—there weep, and murmur there!"
She said, and, melting as in tears she lay,
In a soft silver stream dissolv'd away.
The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps,
For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;
Still bears the name the hapless virgin bore,
And bathes the forest where she rang'd before.
In her chaste current oft the goddess laves,
And with celestial tears augments the waves.
Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies
The headlong mountains and the downward skies,
The watery landscape of the pendant woods,
And absent trees that tremble in the floods;
In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen,
And floating forests paint the waves with green;
Through the fair scene roll slow the lingering streams,
Then foaming pour along, and rush into the Thames.
Thou, too, great father of the British floods!
With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods;
Where towering oaks their growing honours rear,
And future navies on thy shores appear.
Not Neptune's self from all her streams receives
A wealthier tribute, than to thine he gives.
No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear,
No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear.
Nor Po so swells the fabling poet's lays,
While led along the skies his current strays,
As thine, which visits Windsor's fam'd abodes,
To grace the mansion of our earthly gods:
Nor all his stars above a lustre show,
Like the bright beauties on thy banks below;
Where Jove, subdued by mortal passion still,
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.
Happy the man whom this bright court approves,
His sovereign favours, and his country loves:
Happy next him, who to these shades retires,
Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires,
Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
Successive study, exercise, and ease.
He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,
And of their fragrant physic spoils the fields;
With chymic art exalts the mineral powers,
And draws the aromatic souls of flowers:
Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high;
O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye;
Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,
Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er:
Or wandering thoughtful in the silent wood,
Attends the duties of the wise and good,
T' observe a mean, be to himself a friend,
To follow Nature, and regard his end;
Or looks on Heaven with more than mortal eyes,
Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,
Amid her kindred stars familiar roam,
Surveys the region, and confess her home!

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 233. It stood thus in the MS.
And force great Jove if Jove's a lover still,
To change Olympus, &c.

Ver. 235.
Happy the man, who to the shades retires,
But doubly happy, if the Muse inspires,
Blest whom the sweets of home-felt quiet please;
But far more blest, who study joins with ease,
Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd,
Thus Atticus and Trumbull thus retir'd.
Ye sacred Nine! that all my soul possess,
Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless,
Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd scenes,
The bowery mazes, and surrounding greens;
To Thames's banks which fragrant breezes fill,
Or where ye, Muses, sport on Cooper's Hill;
(On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow,
While last the mountain, or while Thames shall flow):
I seem through consecrated walks to rove,
I hear soft music die along the grove:
Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
By god-like poets venerable made:
Here his first lays majestic Denham sung;
There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.
O early lost! what tears the river shed,
When the sad pomp along his banks was led!
His drooping swans on every note expire,
And on his willows hung each Muse's lyre.
Since Fate relentless stopp'd their heavenly voice,
No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice;
Who now shall charm the shades, where Cowley strung
His living harp, and lofty Denham sung?
But hark! the groves rejoice, the forest rings!
Are these reviv'd? or is it Granville sings!
'Tis yours, my lord, to bless our soft retreats,
And call the Muses to their ancient seats;
To paint anew the flowery sylvan scenes,
To crown the forests with immortal greens,
Make Windsor hills in lofty numbers rise,
And lift her turrets nearer to the skies;
To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
And add new lustre to her silver star.
Here noble Surrey felt the sacred rage,
Surrey, the Granville of a former age:
Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance;
In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre,
To the same notes, of love, and soft desire:
Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
Then fill'd the groves, as heavenly Mira now.
Oh wouldst thou sing what heroes Windsor bore,
What kings first breath'd upon her winding shore,
Or raise old warriors, whose ador'd remains
In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains!
With Edward's acts adorn the shining page,
Stretch his long triumphs down through every age,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 267. It stood thus in the MS.
Methinks around your holy scenes I rove,
And hear your music echoing through the grove,
With transport visit each inspiring shade,
By god-like poets venerable made.

Ver. 275.
What sighs, what murmurs, fill the vocal shore!
His tuneful swans were heard to sing no more.

Ver. 290. her silver star.] All the lines that follow were not added to the poem till the year 1713. What immediately follows this, and made the conclusion, were these:

My humble Muse, in unambitious strains,
Paints the green forests and the flowery plains,
Where I obscurely pass my careless days,
Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise,
Enough for me that to the listening swains
First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.

Draw monarchs chain'd, and Cressi's glorious field,
The lilies blazing on the regal shield: [307
Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
And leave inanimate the naked wall,
Still in thy song shall vanquish'd France appear,
And bleed for ever under Britain's spear.
Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,
And palms eternal flourish round his urn.
Here o'er the martyr-king the marble weeps,
And, fast behind him, once-fear'd Edward sleeps!
Whom not th' extended Albion could contain,
From old Belerium to the northern main,
The grave unites; where e'en the great find rest,
And blended lie th' oppressor and th' opprest!
Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known:
(Obscure the place, and uninscrib'd the stone)
Oh fact accurs'd! what tears has Albion shed! 321
Heavens, what new wounds! and how her old have bled!
She saw her sons with purple deaths expire,
Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,
A dreadful series of intestine wars,
Inglorious triumphs, and dishonest scars.
At length great Anna said,—"Let discord cease!" 327
She said, the world obey'd, and all was peace!
In that blest moment from his oozy bed
Old father Thames advanc'd his reverend head. 330
His tresses dropp'd with dews, and o'er the stream
His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam:
Grav'd on his urn appear'd the Moon, that guides
His swelling waters, and alternate tides;
The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd,
And on their banks Augusta rose in gold;
Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood
Who swell with tributary urns his flood!
First the fam'd authors of his ancient name,
The winding Isis, and the fruitful Thame:
The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd;
The Loddon slow, with verdant alders crown'd;
Cole, whose dark streams his flowery islands lave;
And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave:
The blue, transparent Vandalis appears;
The gulphy Lee his sedgy tresses rears;
And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood;
And silent Darent stain'd with Danish blood.
High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd,
(His sea-green mantle waving with the wind)

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 307. Originally thus in the MS.
When brass decays, when trophies lie o'erthrown,
And mouldering into dust drops the proud stone.
Ver. 321. Originally thus in the MS.
Oh fact accurs'd! oh sacrilegious brood,
Sworn to rebellion, principled in blood!
Since that dire morn, what tears has Albion shed!
Gods! what new wounds, &c.
Ver. 327. Thus in the MS.
Till Anna rose, and bade the Furies cease;
Let there be peace—she said, and all was peace.
Between verse 330 and 331, originally stood these lines:
From shore to shore exulting shouts he heard,
O'er all his banks a lambent light appear'd:
With sparkling flames Heaven's glowing concave shone,
Fictitious stars, and glories not her own.
He saw, and gently rose above the stream;
His shining horns diffuse a golden gleam:
With pearl and gold his towery front was drest,
The tributes of the distant East and West.
The god appear'd: he turn'd his azure eyes
Where Windsor-domes and pompous turrets rise;
Then bow'd, and spoke; the winds forget to roar,
And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore.
"Hail, sacred Peace! hail, long-expected days,
That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise!
Though Tyber's streams immortal Rome behold,
Though foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold,
From Heaven itself the seven-fold Nilus flows,
And harvests on a hundred realms bestows;
These now no more shall be the Muses' themes,
Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams.
Let Volga's banks with iron squadrons shine, 363
And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine;
Let barbarous Ganges arm a servile train:
Be mine the blessing of a peaceful reign.
No more my sons shall dye with British blood
Red Iber's sands, or Ister's foaming flood:
Safe on my shore each unmolested swain
Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain:
The shady empire shall retain no trace
Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chase:
The trumpet sleep, while cheerful horns are blown,
And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone.
Behold! th' ascending villas on my side,
Project long shadows o'er the crystal tide.
Behold! Augusta's glittering spires increase,
And temples rise, the beauteous works of Peace.
I see, I see, where two fair cities bend
Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend!
There mighty nations shall inquire their doom,
The world's great oracle in times to come;
There kings shall sue, and suppliant states be seen
Once more to bend before a British queen.
"Thy trees, fair Windsor! now shall leave their woods, 385
And half thy forests rush into thy floods;
Bear Britain's thunder, and her cross display,
To the bright regions of the rising day:
Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen pole;
Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales!
For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
The pearly shell its lucid globe unfold,
And Phœbus warm the ripening ore to gold.
The time shall come, when free as seas or wind
Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,
Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
And seas but join the regions they divide;
Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
And the new world launch forth to seek the old.
Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,
And feather'd people crowd my wealthy side,
And naked youths and painted chiefs admire
Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire!
Oh, stretch thy reign, fair Peace! from shore to shore
Till conquest cease and slavery be no more: [shore.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 363. Originally thus in the MS.
Let Venice boast her towers amidst the main,
Where the rough Adrian swells and roars in vain;
Here not a town, but spacious realm shall have
A sure foundation on the rolling wave.
Ver. 385, &c. were originally thus in the MS.
Now shall our fleets the bloody cross display
To the rich regions of the rising day,
Or those green isles, where headlong Titan steeps
His hissing axle in th' Atlantic deeps:
Tempt icy seas, &c.

Till the freed Indians in their native groves
Reap their own fruits, and woo their sable loves;
Peru once more a race of kings behold,
And other Mexico's be roof'd with gold.
Exil'd by thee from Earth to deepest Hell,
In brazen bonds shall barbarous Discord dwell:
Gigantic Pride, pale Terrour, gloomy Care,
And mad Ambition, shall attend her there:
There purple Vengeance bath'd in gore retires,
Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:
There hateful Envy her own snakes shall feel,
And Persecution mourn her broken wheel:
There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
And gasping Furies thirst for blood in vain."

Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days:
The thoughts of gods let Granville's verse recite,
And bring the scenes of opening fate to light:
My humble Muse, in unambitious strains,
Paints the green forests and the flowery plains,
Where Peace descending bids her olive spring,
And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing.
Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careless days,
Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise;
Enough to me, that to the listening swains
First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY,

M DCC VIII.

AND OTHER PIECES FOR MUSIC.

ODE FOR MUSIC

ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

Descend, ye Nine! descend, and sing;
The breathing instruments inspire;
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!
In a sadly-pleasing strain
Let the warbling lute complain:
Let the loud trumpet sound,
Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound:
While, in more lengthen'd notes and slow,
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers soft and clear
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies;
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air trembling, the wild music floats;
Till, by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

By Music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft, assuasive voice applies;
Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds;
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Listening Envy drops her snakes;
Intestine war no more our passions wage,
And giddy factions hear away their rage.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
How martial music every bosom warms!
So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,
While Argo saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main.
Transported demi-gods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Inflam'd with glory's charms:
Each chief his sevenfold shield display'd,
And half unsheath'd the shining blade:
And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound
To arms, to arms, to arms!

But when through all th' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegeton surrounds,
Love, strong as Death, the poets led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What sounds were heard,
What scenes appear'd,
O'er all the dreary coasts!
Dreadful gleams,
Dismal screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortur'd ghosts!
But hark! he strikes the golden lyre;
And see! the tortur'd ghosts respire.
See, shady forms advance!
Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
And the pale spectres dance!
The Furies sink upon their iron beds, [heads,
And snakes uncurl'd hang listening round their

By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er the elysian flowers;
By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of asphodel,
Or amaranthine bowers;
By the hero's armed shades,
Glittering through the gloomy glades;
By the youths that dy'd for love,
Wandering in the myrtle grove,
Restore, restore Eurydice to life:
Oh take the husband, or return the wife!
He sung, and Hell consented
To hear the poet's prayer;
Stern Proserpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus Song could prevail
O'er Death, and o'er Hell,
A conquest how hard and how glorious!
Though Fate had fast bound her
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet Music and Love were victorious.

But soon, too soon the lover turns his eyes:
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.

Now under hanging mountains,
Beside the falls of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in meanders
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan;
And calls her ghost,
For ever, ever, ever lost!
Now with Furies surrounded,
Despairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidst Rhodope's snows:
See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies;
Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals' cries—
Ah see, he dies!
Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung;
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue;
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And Fate's severest rage disarm:
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal powers incline their ear;
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;
And angels lean from Heaven to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater power is given:
His numbers rais'd a shade from Hell,
Her's lift the soul to Heaven.

TWO CHORUSES,

TO THE TRAGEDY OF BRUTUS.

ALTERED FROM SHAKESPEARE BY THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, AT WHOSE DESIRE THESE TWO CHORUSES WERE COMPOSED, TO SUPPLY AS MANY, WANTING IN HIS PLAY. THEY WERE SET MANY YEARS AFTERWARDS BY THE FAMOUS BONONCINI, AND PERFORMED AT BUCKINGHAM-HOUSE.

CHORUS OF ATHENIANS.

STROPHE I.

Ye shades, where sacred truth is sought;
Groves, where immortal sages taught;
Where heavenly visions Plato fir'd,
And Epicurus lay inspir'd!
In vain your guiltless laurels stood
Unspotted long with human blood.
War, horrid war, your thoughtful walks invades,
And steel now glitters in the Muses' shades.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Oh heaven-born sisters! source of art!
Who charm the sense, or mend the heart;
Who lead fair Virtue's train along,
Moral truth and mystic song!
To what new crime, what distant sky,
Forsaken, friendless, shall ye fly?
Say, will ye bless the bleak Atlantic shore?
Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more?

STROPHE II.

When Athens sinks by fates unjust,
When wild Barbarians spurn her dust;
Perhaps ev'n Britain's utmost shore
Shall cease to blush with stranger's gore,
See Arts her savage sons control,
And Athens rising near the pole!
Till some new tyrant lifts his purple hand,
And civil madness tears them from the land.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Ye gods! what justice rules the ball!
Freedom and Arts together fall;
Fools grant whate'er Ambition craves,
And men, once ignorant are slaves.
Oh curs'd effects of civil hate,
In every age, in every state!
Still, when the lust of tyrant power succeeds,
Some Athens perishes, some Tully bleeds.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

SEMICHORUS.

Oh tyrant Love! hast thou possest
The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous breast!
Wisdom and Wit in vain reclaim,
And Arts but soften us to feel thy flame.
Love, soft intruder, enters here,
But entering learns to be sincere.
Marcus with blushes owns he loves,
And Brutus tenderly reproves.
Why, Virtue, dost thou blame desire,
Which Nature has imprest?
Why, Nature, dost thou soonest fire
The mild and generous breast;

CHORUS.

Love's purer flames the gods approve;
The gods and Brutus bend to Love:
Brutus for absent Porcia sighs,
And sterner Cassius melts at Junia's eyes.
What is loose love? a transient gust,
Spent in a sudden storm of lust;
A vapour fed from wild desire,
A wandering, self-consuming fire.
But Hymen's kinder flames unite,
And burn for ever one;
Chaste as cold Cynthia's virgin light,
Productive as the Sun.

SEMICHORUS.

Oh source of every social tye,
United wish, and mutual joy!
What various joys on one attend,
As son, as father, brother, husband,
Whether his hoary sire he spies,
While thousand grateful thoughts arise;
Or meets his spouse's fonder eye;
Or views his smiling progeny;
What tender passions take their turns,
What home-felt raptures move!
His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
With reverence, hope and love.

CHORUS.

Hence, guilty joys, distastes, surmises;
Hence, false tears, deceits, disguises,
Dangers, doubts, delays, surprizes;

Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine:
Purest love's unwasting treasure,
Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure;
Days of ease, and nights of pleasure;
Sacred Hymen! these are thine.

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

WRITTEN WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS ABOUT TWELVE YEARS OLD.

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.
Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.
Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years, slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,
Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
Together mix'd; sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.
Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

ODE.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

AN

ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1709[1].

Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum. Hor.

THE Poem is in one book, but divided into three principal parts or members. The first [to ver. 201.] give rules for the study of the art of criticism; the second [from thence to ver. 560.] exposes the causes of wrong judgment; and the third [from thence to the end] marks out the morals of the critic. When the reader hath well considered the whole, and hath observed the regularity of the plan, the masterly conduct of the several parts, the penetration into Nature, and the compass of learning so conspicuous throughout, he should then be told, that it was the work of an author who had not attained the twentieth year of his age.—A very learned critic has shown, that Horace had the same attention to method in his Art of Poetry.

CONTENTS OF THE ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

PART I.

INTRODUCTION. That it is as great a fault to judge ill, as to write ill, and a more dangerous one to to the public, ver. 1.

That a true taste is as rare to be found as a true genius, ver. 9 to 18.

That most men are born with some taste, but spoiled by false education, ver. 10 to 25.

The multitude of critics, and causes of them, ver. 26 to 45.

That we are to study our own taste, and know the limits of it, ver. 46 to 67.

Nature the best guide of judgment, ver. 68 to 87.

Improved by art and rules, which are but methodized nature, ver. 88.

Rules derived from the practice of ancient poets, ver. 88 to 110.

That therefore the ancients are necessary to be studied by a critic, particularly Homer and Virgil, ver. 120 to 138.

Of licences, and the use of them by the ancients, ver. 140 to 180.

Reverence due to the ancients, and praise of them, ver. 181, &c.

PART II. VER. 203, &c.

Causes hindering a true judgment. 1. Pride, ver. 201. 2. Imperfect learning, ver. 215. 3. Judging by parts, and not by the whole, ver. 233 to 288. Critics in wit, language, versification, only, 288, 305, 339, &c. 4. Being too hard to please, or too apt to admire, ver. 384. 5. Partiality—too much love to a sect,—to the ancients or moderns, ver. 394. 6. Prejudice or prevention, ver. 408. 7. Singularity, ver. 424. 8. Inconstancy, ver. 430. 9. Party spirit, ver. 352, &c. 10. Envy, ver. 466. Against envy, and in praise of good-nature, ver. 508, &c. When severity is chiefly to be used by the critics, ver. 526, &c.

PART III. VER. 560, &c.

Rules for the conduct of manners in a critic. 1. Candour, ver. 563. Modesty, ver. 566. Good-breeding, ver. 572. Sincerity and freedom of advice, ver. 578. 2. When one's counsel is to be restrained, ver. 584. Character of an incorrigible poet, ver. 600; and of an impertinent critic, ver. 610, &c. Character of a good critic, ver. 629. The history of criticism, and characters of the best critics: Aristotle, ver. 645. Horace, ver. 653. Dionysius, ver. 665. Petronius, ver. 667. Quin-

[1] Mr. Pope told me himself, that the Essay on Criticism was indeed written in 1707, though said 1709 by mistake. *J. Richardson.*

tilian, ver. 670. Longinus, ver. 675. Of the decay of criticism, and its revival. Erasmus, ver. 693. Vida, ver. 705. Boileau, ver. 714. Lord Roscommon, &c. ver. 725. Conclusion.

AN

ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But of the two, less dangerous is th' offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;
A fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.
'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share;
Both must alike from Heaven derive their light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well:
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true;
But are not critics to their judgment too?
Yet, if we look more closely, we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind:
Nature affords at least a glimmering light;
The lines, though touch'd but faintly, are drawn
But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd, [right.
Is by ill-colouring but the more disgrac'd,
So by false learning is good sense defac'd:
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools.
In search of wit these lose their common sense,
And then turn critics in their own defence:
Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,
Or with a rival's or an eunuch's spite.
All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side.
If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,
There are who judge still worse than he can write.
Some have at first for wits, then poets past;
Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last.
Some neither can for wits nor critics pass,
As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
Those half-learn'd witlings, numerous in our isle,
As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile;
Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's so equivocal:
To tell them would a hundred tongues require,
Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.

VARIATIONS.

Between ver. 25 and 26 were these lines, since omitted by the author:

Many are spoil'd by that pedantic throng,
Who with great pains teach youth to reason wrong:
Tutors, like virtuosos, oft inclin'd
By strange transfusion to improve the mind,
Draw off the sense we have, to pour in new;
Which yet, with all their skill, they ne'er could do.

Ver. 30, 31. In the first edition thus:

Those hate as rivals all that write; and others
But envy wits, as eunuchs envy lovers.

Ver 32. "All fools," in the first edition: "All such," in edition, 1717; since restored.

But you, who seek to give and merit fame,
And justly bear a critic's noble name,
Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taste, and learning, go;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,
And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.
Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit:
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains;
Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
The solid power of understanding fails;
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's soft figures melt away.
One science only will one genius fit;
So vast is art, so narrow human wit:
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft in those confin'd to single parts.
Like kings, we lose the conquests gain'd before,
By vain ambition still to make them more:
Each might his several province well command,
Would all but stoop to what they understand.
First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same:
Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of art.
Art from that fund each just supply provides;
Works without show, and without pomp presides:
In some fair body thus th' informing soul
With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
Each motion guides, and every nerve sustains;
Itself unseen, but in th' effects remains.
Some, to whom Heaven in wit has been profuse,
Want as much more, to turn it to its use;
For wit and judgment often are at strife,
Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
'Tis more to guide, than spur the Muse's steed;
Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed:
The winged courser, like a generous horse,
Shows most true mettle when you check his course.
Those rules of old discover'd, not devis'd,
Are Nature still, but Nature methodis'd:
Nature, like Liberty, is but restrain'd
By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.
Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites,
When to repress, and when indulge our flights:
High on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd,
And pointed out those arduous paths they trod:
Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.
Just precepts thus from great example given,
She drew from them what they deriv'd from Heaven.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 63. Ed. 1. But ev'n in those, &c.

Ver. 74.

That art is best, which most resembles her;
Which still presides, yet never does appear.

Ver. 76. ——the secret soul.

Ver. 80.

There are whom Heaven has bless with store of wit,
Yet want as much again to manage it. [wit,

Ver. 90. Ed. 1. Nature, like Monarchy, &c.

Ver. 92. First learned Greece just precepts did indite,
When to repress, and when indulge our flight.

Ver. 98. From great examples useful rules were given.

The gen'rous critic fann'd the poet's fire,
And taught the world with reason to admire.
Then Criticism the Muse's handmaid prov'd,
To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd:
But following wits from that intention stray'd,
Who could not win the mistress, woo'd the maid;
Against the poets their own arms they turn'd
Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.
So modern 'pothecaries, taught the art
By doctors' bills to play the doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.
Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
Nor time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they:
Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made.
These leave the sense, their learning to display,
And those explain the meaning quite away.

You then, whose judgment the right course would
Know well each ancient's proper character: [steer,
His fable, subject, scope in every page;
Religion, country, genius of his age:
Without all these at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticise.
Be Homer's works your study and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night;
Thence from your judgment, thence your maxims
bring,
And trace the Muses upward to their spring:
Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse;
And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse.

When first young Maro, in his boundless mind
A work t' outlast immortal Rome design'd,
Perhaps he seem'd above the critic's law,
And but from Nature's fountains scorn'd to draw:
But when t'examine every part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.
Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold design,
And rules as strict his labour'd work confine,
As if the Stagirite o'erlook'd each line.
Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;
To copy Nature, is to copy them.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 104, this line is omitted:
Set up themselves, and drove a separate trade.
Ver. 116. Ed. 1. These lost, &c.
Ver. 117. And these explain'd, &c.
Ver. 123. Ed. 1. You may confound, but, &c.
Ver. 123. Cavil you may, but never criticize.]
The author after this verse originally inserted the following, which he has however omitted in all the editions:

Zoilus, had these been known, without a name
Had dy'd, and Perault ne'er been damn'd to fame:
The sense of sound antiquity had reign'd,
And sacred Homer yet been unprophan'd.
None e'er had thought his comprehensive mind
To modern customs, modern rules confin'd,
Who for all ages writ, and all mankind.

Ver. 126. Thence form your judgment, thence your notions bring.
Ver. 130.
When first young Maro sung of kings and wars
Ere warning Phœbus touch his trembling ears.
Ver. 130. Ed. 1. When first great Maro, &c.
Ver. 136.
Convinc'd, amaz'd, he check'd the bold design;
And did his work to rules as strict confine,

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
For there's a happiness as well as care.
Music resembles poetry: in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach.
If, where the rules not far enough extend,
(Since rules were made but to promote their end)
Some lucky license answer to the full
Th' intent propos'd, that license is a rule.
Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track;
From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of Art,
Which, without passing thro' the judgment, gains
The heart, and all its end at once attains.
In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes,
Which out of Nature's common order rise,
The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.
Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
And rise to faults true critics dare not mend.
But though the ancients thus their rules invade
(As kings dispense with laws themselves have made)
Moderns, beware! or, if you must offend
Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end:
Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need;
And have, at least, their precedent to plead.
The critic else proceeds without remorse,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts
Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults.
Some figures monstrous and mis-shap'd appear,
Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportion'd to their light or place,
Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always must display
His powers in equal ranks, and fair array,
But with th' occasion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay sometimes seem to fly.
Those oft are stratagems which errours seem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.

Still green with bays each ancient altar stands,
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
Secure from flames, from Envy's fiercer rage,
Destructive War, and all-involving Age.
See from each clime the learn'd their incense bring!
Hear, in all tongues consenting Pæans ring!
In praise so just let every voice be join'd,
And fill the general chorus of mankind.
Hail, bards triumphant! born in happier days;
Immortal heirs of universal praise!
Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!
O may some spark of your celestial fire,
The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,

VARIATIONS.

Ver 145. Ed. 1. And which a master's hand, &c.
After ver. 158, the first edition reads,
But care in poetry must still be had,
It asks discretion ev'n in running mad;
And though the ancients, &c.
And what are now ver. 159, 160, followed ver. 151.
Ver. 178. Ed. 1.
Oft hide his force, nay seem sometimes to fly.
Ver. 184. Ed. 1. Destructive War, and all-devouring Age.
Ver. 186. Ed. 1.
Hear, in all tongues applauding Pæans ring!

(That, on weak wings, from far pursues your flights;
Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
To teach vain wits a science little known,
T' admire superior sense, and doubt their own!
Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is Pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever Nature has in worth deny'd,
She gives in large recruits of needful Pride!
For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind:
Pride where Wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.
If once right Reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself; but, your defects to know,
Make use of every friend—and every foe.
A little learning is a dangerous thing!
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fir'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of Arts,
While, from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprise
New distant scenes of endless science rise!
So pleas'd at first the towering Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;
Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:
But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way;
Th' increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit that its author writ:
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
The generous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.
But, in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low,
That, shunning faults, one quiet tenour keep;
We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
In wit, as Nature, what affects our hearts
Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;
'Tis not a lip, or eye we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.
Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
(The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!)
No single parts unequally surprise,
All comes united to th' admiring eyes;
No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear;
The whole at once is bold and regular.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 197. Ed. 1. That with weak wings, &c.
Ver. 219.
Fird with the charms fair Science does impart,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of Art.
Ver. 223. Ed. 1. But more advanc'd, survey, &c.
Ver. 225.
So pleas'd at first the towering Alps to try,
Fill'd with ideas of fair Italy,
The traveller beholds with chearful eyes
The lessening vales, and seems to tread the skies.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
T' avoid great errours must the less commit;
Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays,
For not to know some trifles, is a praise.
Most critics, fond of some subservient art,
Still make the whole depend upon a part:
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one lov'd folly sacrifice.
Once on a time, La Mancha's knight, they say,
A certain bard encountering on the way,
Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage,
As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian stage;
Concluding all were desperate sots and fools,
Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
Our author, happy in a judge so nice,
Produc'd his play, and begg'd the knight's advice:
Made him observe the subject, and the plot,
The manners, passions, unities; what not?
All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
Were but a combat in the lists left out.
"What! leave the combat out?" exclaims the knight.
Yes, or we must renounce the Stagirite.
"Not so by Heaven!" (he answers in a rage)
"Knights, squires, and steeds must enter on the stage."
So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain:
"Then build a new, or act it in a plain."
Thus critics, of less judgment than caprice,
Curious not knowing, not exact but nice,
Form short ideas; and offend in arts
(As most in manners) by a love to parts.
Some to conceit alone their taste confine,
And glittering thoughts struck out at every line;
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit;
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets like painters, thus unskill'd to trace
The naked nature, and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover every part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True wit is Nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;
Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit;
For works may have more wit than does them good,
As bodies perish through excess of blood.
Others for language all their care express,
And value books, as women men, for dress:
Their praise is still,—the style is excellent:
The sense, they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves; and where they most abound
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colours spreads on every place;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 259. As men of breeding, oft the men of wit
Ver 265. They talk of principles, but parts they prize.
Ver. 270. As e'er could Dennis of the laws o' th' stage
Ver. 272. Ed. 1. That durst, &c.
Ver. 298. Ed. 1.
What oft was thought, but ne'er before express'd

The face of Nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay:
But true expression, like th' unchanging Sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon;
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent, as more suitable:
A vile conceit in pompous words express'd,
Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd:
For different styles with different subjects sort,
As several garbs, with country, town, and court.
Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense;
Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.
Unlucky, as Fungosa in the play,
These sparks with awkward vanity display
What the fine gentleman wore yesterday,
And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
As apes our grandsires in their doublets drest.
In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
Alike fantastic, if too new or old:
Be not the first by whom the new are try'd,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.
But most by numbers judge a poet's song;
And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong:
In the bright Muse though thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These, equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes;
Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
In the next line it "whispers through the trees:"
If chrystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "sleep:"
Then at the last and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes and know
What's roundly smooth or languishingly slow;
And praise the easy vigour of a line,
Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join.
True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense:
Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow:
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.
Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise!
While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor stood subdued by sound!
The power of music all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.
Avoid extremes; and shun the fault of such,
Who still are pleased too little or too much.
At every trifle scorn to take offence,
That always shows great pride, or little sense;
Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move;
For Fools admire, but men of sense approve:
As things seem large which we through mists descry,
Dulness is ever apt to magnify.
Some foreign writers, some our own despise;
The ancients only, or the moderns prize:
Thus wit, like faith, by each man is apply'd
To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.
Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
And force that sun but on a part to shine,
Which not alone the southern wit sublimes,
But ripens spirits in cold northern climes;
Which from the first has shone on ages past,
Enlights the present, and shall warm the last;
Though each may feel increases and decays,
And see now clearer and now darker days.
Regard not then if wit be old or new,
But blame the false, and value still the true.
Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the town;
They reason and conclude by precedent,
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors names, not works, and then
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
That in proud dulness joins with quality;
A constant critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonsense for my lord.
What woeful stuff this madrigal would be,
In some starv'd hackney-sonneteer, or me!
But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the style refines!
Before his sacred name flies every fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought!
The vulgar thus through imitation err;
As oft the learn'd by being singular;
So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purposely go wrong:
So schismatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damn'd for having too much wit.
Some praise at morning what they blame at night,
But always think the last opinion right.
A Muse by these is like a mistress us'd,
This hour she's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;
While their weak heads, like towns unfortify'd,
'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 320. Ed. 1.
A vile conceit in pompous style express'd.
Ver. 338. Ed. 1 And smooth or rough, with such,
Ver. 363, 364. These lines are added. [&c.
Ver. 368. But when loud billows, &c.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 394. Ed. 1. Some the French writers, &c.
Ver. 413. Ed. 1. Nor praise nor damn, &c.
Ver. 428. So schismatics the dull, &c.

Ask them the cause; they're wiser still, they say;
And still tomorrow's wiser than to day.
We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.
Once school-divines this zealous isle o'erspread;
Who knew most sentences was deepest read:
Faith, gospel, all, seem'd made to be disputed,
And none had sense enough to be confuted:
Scotists and Thomists, now in peace remain,
Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane.
If Faith itself has different dresses worn,
What wonder modes in Wit should take their turn?
Oft, leaving what is natural and fit, [447
The current folly proves the ready wit;
And authors think their reputation safe,
Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.
Some, valuing those of their own side or mind,
Still make themselves the measure of mankind:
Fondly we think we honour merit then,
When we but praise ourselves in other men.
Parties in wit attend on those of state,
And public faction doubles private hate.
Pride, Malice, Folly, against Dryden rose,
In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaux:
But sense surviv'd, when merry jests were past;
For rising merit will buoy up at last.
Might he return, and bless once more our eyes,
New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise:
Nay, should great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would start up from the dead.
Envy will Merit, as its shade, pursue;
But, like a shadow, proves the substance true:
For envy'd Wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own.
When first that sun too powerful beams displays,
It draws up vapours which obscure its rays;
But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.
Be thou the first, true merit to befriend;
His praise is lost, who stays till all commend.
Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.
No longer now that golden age appears,
When patriarch-wits surviv'd a thousand years:
Now length of fame (our second life) is lost,
And bare threescore is all ev'n that can boast;
Our sons their fathers' failing language see,
And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.
So when the faithful pencil has design'd
Some bright idea of the master's mind, 485
Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready Nature waits upon his hand:
When the ripe colours soften and unite,
And sweetly melt into just shade and light;

When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure just begins to live; [490
The treacherous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away!
Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings; 495
In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
But soon the shortliv'd vanity is lost;
Like some fair flower the early spring supplies,
That gayly blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
What is this Wit, which must our cares employ?
The owner's wife, that other men enjoy; [500
The most our trouble still when most admir'd,
And still the more we give, the more requir'd:
Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with ease,
Sure some to vex, but never all to please;
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun;
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!
If Wit so much from Ignorance undergo, 505
Ah, let not Learning too commence its foe!
Of old, those met rewards, who could excel,
And such were prais'd who but endeavour'd well;
Though triumphs were to generals only due,
Crowns were reserved to grace the soldiers too. 510
Now they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown,
Employ their pains to spurn some others down;
And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the sport of fools:
But still the worst with most regret commend,
For each ill author is as bad a friend. 515
To what base ends, and by what abject ways,
Are mortals urg'd through sacred lust of praise!
Ah, ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
Nor in the critic let the man be lost.
Good-nature and good sense must ever join;
To err, is human; to forgive, divine.
But if in noble minds some dregs remain,
Not yet purg'd off, of spleen and sour disdain;
Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.
No pardon vile obscenity should find,
Though wit and art conspire to move your mind;
But dulness with obscenity must prove
As shameful sure as impotence in love.
In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
Sprang the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increase:
When love was all an easy monarch's care;
Seldom at council, never in a war:
Jilts rul'd the state, and statesmen farces writ;
Nay wits had pensions, and young lords had wit:
The fair sat panting at a courtier's play,
And not a mask went unimprov'd away:

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 447. Between this and ver. 448.
The rhyming clowns that gladded Shakespeare's age,
No more with crambo entertain the stage.
Who now in anagrams their patron praise,
Or sing their mistress in acrostic lays?
Ev'n pulpits pleas'd with merry puns of yore;
Now all are banish'd to th' Hibernian shore!
Thus leaving what was natural and fit,
The current folly prov'd their ready wit;
And authors thought their reputation safe,
Which liv'd as long as fools were pleas'd to laugh.

Ver. 485. Ed. 1. Some fair idea, &c.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 490. Ed. 1. When mellowing time does, &c.
Ver. 492. The treacherous colours in few years de-
Ver. 495. Repays not half that envy, &c. [cay.
Ver. 498.
Like some fair flower that in the spring does rise.
Ver. 500. What is this wit that does our cares em-
Ver. 502. [ploy?
The more his trouble as the more admir'd;
Where wanted, scorn'd: and envy'd where ac-
quir'd;
Maintain'd with pains, but forfeited with ease,
&c.

Ver. 508. Ed. 1. Too much does Wit, &c.
Ver. 514. Now those that reach, &c.
Ver. 519. And each, &c.
Ver. 521. Are mortals urg'd by sacred, &c.

The modest fan was lifted up no more,
And virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before.
The following license of a foreign reign
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain;
Then unbelieving priests reform'd the nation, [547
And taught more pleasant methods of salvation;
Where Heaven's free subjects might their rights dis-
Lest God himself should seem too absolute: [pute,
Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare,
And Vice admir'd to find a flatterer there!
Encourag'd thus, Wit's Titans brav'd the skies,
And the press groan'd with licens'd blasphemies.
These monsters, critics! with your darts engage,
Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage!
Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,
Will needs mistake an author into vice;
All seems infected that th' infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

Learn then what morals critics ought to show:
For 'tis but half a judge's task, to know. [562
'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning, join;
In all you speak, let truth and candour shine;
That not alone what to your sense is due
All may allow, but seek your friendship too.

Be silent always, when you doubt your sense:
And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence:
Some positive, persisting fops we know,
Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so; 569
But you, with pleasure, own your errours past,
And make each day a critique on the last.

'Tis not enough your counsel still be true;
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do:
Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot. 575
Without good-breeding truth is disapprov'd;
That only makes superior sense belov'd.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence;
For the worst avarice is that of sense.
With mean complacence, ne'er betray your trust,
Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.
Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;
Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise.

'Twere well might critics still this freedom take:
But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares tremendous, with a threatening eye, 586
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 547. The Author has here omitted the two following lines, as containing a national reflection, which in his stricter judgment he could not but disapprove on any people whatever:

Then first the Belgians' morals were extoll'd;
We their religion had, and they our gold.

Ver. 562. 'Tis not enough, wit, art, and learning join.
Ver. 564. That not alone what to your judgment's
Ver. 569. That if once wrong, &c. [due.
Ver. 575. And things ne'er know, &c. [prov'd
Ver. 576. Without good-breeding truth is not ap-

NOTE.

Ver. 586. And stares tremendous, &c.] This picture was taken to himself by John Dennis, a furious old critic by profession, who, upon no other provocation, wrote against this Essay, and its author, in a manner perfectly lunatic: for, as to the mention made of him in ver. 270, he took it as a compliment, and said it was treacherously meant to cause him to overlook this abuse of his person.

Fear most to tax an honourable fool,
Whose right it is, uncensur'd, to be dull!
Such, without wit, are poets when they please,
As without learning they can take degrees.
Leave dangerous truths to unsuccessful satires,
And flattery to some fulsome dedicators,
Whom, when they praise, the world believes no
more
Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.
'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain: 597
Your silence there is better than your spite,
For who can rail so long as they can write?
Still humming on, their drowzy course they keep,
And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep.
False steps but help them to renew the race,
As, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.
What crowds of these, impenitently bold,
In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
Still run on poets, in a raging vein,
Ev'n to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,
Strain out the last dull dropping of their sense,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence!

Such shameless bards we have: and yet 'tis true,
There are as mad, abandon'd critics too.
The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
And always listening to himself appears.
All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
From Dryden's Fables down to Durfey's Tales:
With him most authors steal their works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own Dispensary. 619
Name a new play, and he's the poet's friend,
Nay show'd his faults—but when would poets
No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd. [mend?
Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's church-
yard:
Nay, fly to altars; there they'll talk you dead, 624
For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
It still looks home, and short excursions makes;
But rattling nonsense in full vollies breaks,
And, never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
Bursts out, resistless, with a thundering tide.
But where's the man, who counsel can bestow,
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbiass'd, or by favour, or by spite;
Not dully prepossess'd, nor blindly right; 634
Though learn'd, well-bred; and though well-bred,
Modestly bold and humanly severe: [sincere;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 597. And charitably let dull fools be vain.
Ver. 600.

Still humming on, their old dull course they keep.

NOTE.

Ver. 619. Garth did not write, &c.] A common slander at that time in prejudice of that deserving author. Our poet did him this justice, when that slander most prevailed; and it is now (perhaps the sooner for this very verse) dead and forgotten.

Ver. 623. Between this and ver. 624.

In vain you shrug and sweat, and strive to fly;
These know no manners but of poetry:
They 'll stop a hungry chaplain in his grace,
To treat of unities of time and place.

Ver. 624. Nay run to altars, &c.
Ver. 634. Not dully prepossess'd, or blindly right.

Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
And gladly praise the merit of a foe?
Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd;
A knowledge both of books and human kind;
Generous converse; a soul exempt from pride;
And love to praise, with reason on his side?
Such once were critics; such the happy few
Athens and Rome in better ages knew:
The mighty Stagyrite first left the shore, [646
Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore:
He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
Led by the light of the Maeonian star.
Poets, a race long unconfin'd and free,
Still fond and proud of savage liberty,
Receiv'd his laws; and stood convinc'd 'twas fit,
Who conquer'd Nature, should preside o'er Wit.
Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into sense,
Will like a friend, familiarly convey
The truest notions in the easiest way. 656
He who supreme in judgment, as in wit,
Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,
Yet judg'd with coolness, though he sung with fire;
His precepts teach but what his works inspire.
Our critics take a contrary extreme,
They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm:
Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations
By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.
See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine,
And call new beauties forth from every line!
Fancy and art in gay Petronius please, [668
The scholar's learning, with the courtier's ease.
In grave Quintilian's copious work, we find
The justest rules and clearest method join'd:
Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace,
But less to please the eye, than arm the hand, 673
Still fit for use, and ready at command.
Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inspire,
And bless their critic with a poet's fire.
An ardent judge, who, zealous in his trust,
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just;
Whose own example strengthens all his laws;
And is himself that great Sublime he draws.

VARIATIONS.

Between ver. 646 and 649, *I found the following lines, since suppressed by the author:*

That bold Columbus of the realms of wit,
Whose first discovery's not exceeded yet,
Led by the light of the Maeonian star,
He steer'd securely and discover'd far.

He, when all Nature was subdued before,
Like his great pupil, sigh'd, and long'd for more:
Fancy's wild regions yet unvanquish'd lay,
A boundless empire, and that own'd no sway.
Poets, &c.

After ver. 648, the first edition reads,

Not only Nature did his laws obey,
But Fancy's boundless empire own'd his sway.

Ver. 655. Does, like a friend, &c.

Ver. 655, 656. These lines are not in Ed. 1.

Ver. 668. The scholar's learning and the courtier's
Ver. 673, &c. [ease.

Nor thus alone the curious eye to please,
But to be found, when need requires, with ease.
The Muses sure Longinus did inspire,
And bless'd their critic with a poet's fire.
An ardent judge, that zealous, &c.

Thus long succeeding critics justly reign'd,
License repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd.
Learning and Rome alike in empire grew,
And Arts still follow'd where her eagles flew;
From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom;
And the same age saw Learning fall, and Rome.
With Tyranny, then Superstition join'd,
As that the body, this enslav'd the mind;
Much was believed, but little understood, 689
And to be dull was construed to be good:
A second deluge Learning thus o'er-ran,
And the Monks finish'd what the Goths began.
At length Erasmus, that great injur'd name,
(The glory of the priesthood, and the shame!)
Stem'd the wild torrent of a barbarous age,
And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.
But see! each Muse, in Leo's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays;
Rome's ancient Genius, o'er its ruins spread,
Shakes off the dust, and rears his reverend head.
Then Sculpture and her sister-arts revive;
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;
With sweeter notes each rising temple rung;
A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung.
Immortal Vida: on whose honour'd brow
The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow:
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!
But soon, by impious arms from Latium chas'd,
Their ancient bounds the banish'd Muses pass'd:
Thence arts o'er all the northern world advance,
But critic-learning flourish'd most in France:
The rules a nation, born to serve, obeys;
And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.
But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despis'd,
And kept unconquer'd, and unciviliz'd;
Fierce for the liberties of Wit, and bold,
We still defy'd the Romans, as of old.
Yet some there were among the sounder few
Of those who less presum'd, and better knew,
Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
And here restor'd Wit's fundamental laws. [723
Such was the Muse, whose rules and practice tell,
"Nature's chief master-piece is writing well."
Such was Roscommon, not more learn'd than good,
With manners generous as his noble blood;
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And every author's merit but his own.
Such late was Walsh—the Muse's judge and friend,
Who justly knew to blame or to commend;
To failings mild, but zealous for desert;
The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.
This humble praise, lamented shade! receive,
This praise at least a grateful Muse may give:
The Muse, whose early voice you taught to sing,
Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
(Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
But in low numbers short excursions tries: [view,
Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 689. All was believed, but nothing understood.

Between ver. 690 and 691, the author omitted these two:

Vain wits and critics were no more allow'd,
When none but saints had license to be proud.

Ver. 723, 724. These lines are not in Ed. 1.

Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame:
Averse alike, to flatter or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK:

AN HEROI-COMICAL POEM.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR M DCC XII.

Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;
Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis.
Mart.

It appears by the motto, that the following poem was written or published at the lady's request: But there are some further circumstances not unworthy relating. Mr. Caryl (a gentleman who was secretary to queen Mary, wife of James II. whose fortunes he followed into France, author of the comedy of Sir Solomon Single, and of several translations in Dryden's Miscellanies) originally proposed the subject to him, in a view of putting an end, by this piece of ridicule, to a quarrel that was risen between two noble families, those of lord Petre and of Mrs. Fermor, on the trifling occasion of his having cut off a lock of her hair. The author sent it to the lady, with whom he was acquainted; and she took it so well as to give about copies of it. That first sketch (we learn from one of his letters) was written in less than a fortnight, in 1711, in two Cantos only; and it was so printed, first, in a Miscellany of Bern. Lintot's, without the name of the author: but it was received so well, that he made it more considerable the next year, by the addition of the machinery of the Sylphs, and extended it to five Cantos. We shall give the reader the pleasure of seeing in what manner these additions were inserted, so as to seem not to be added, but to grow out of the poem. See Canto I. ver. 19, &c.

This insertion he always esteemed, and justly, the greatest effort of his skill and art as a poet.

TO MRS. ARABELLA FERMOR.

MADAM,

It will be in vain to deny that I have some regard for this piece, since I dedicate it to you; yet you may bear me witness, it was intended only to divert a few young ladies, who have good sense and good humour enough to laugh not only at their sex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a secret, it soon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offered to a bookseller, you had the good-nature for my sake to consent to the publication of one more correct. This I was forced to, before I had executed half my design, for the machinery was entirely wanting to complete it.

The machinery, madam, is a term invented by the critics, to signify that part which the deities, angels, or demons, are made to act in a poem: for the ancient poets are in one respect like many modern ladies; let an action be never so trivial in itself, they always make it appear of the utmost importance. These machines I determined to raise on a very new and odd foundation, the Rosicrusian doctrine of spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard words before a lady; but it is so much the concern of a poet to have his works understood, and particularly by your sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The Rosicrusians are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in a French book called Le Comte de Gabalis, which, both in its title and size, is so like a novel, that many of the fair sex have read it for one by mistake. According to these gentlemen, the four elements are inhabited by spirits which they call Sylphs, Gnomes, Nymphs, and Salamanders. The Gnomes, or Demons of Earth, delight in mischief; but the Sylphs, whose habitation is in the air, are the best-conditioned creatures imaginable; for they say, any mortals may enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these gentle spirits, upon a condition very easy to all true adepts, an inviolate preservation of chastity.

As to the following cantos, all the passages of them are as fabulous as the vision at the beginning, or the transformation at the end (except the loss of your hair, which I always mention with reverence). The human persons are as fictitious as the airy ones; and the character of Belinda, as it is now managed, resembles you in nothing but in beauty.

If this poem had as many graces as there are in your person, or in your mind, yet I could never hope it should pass through the world half so uncensured as you have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occasion of assuring you, that I am, with the truest esteem,

madam,
your most obedient, humble servant,
A. POPE.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO I.

What dire offence from amorous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing—this verse to Caryl, Muse! is due:
This ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view:
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If she inspire, and he approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, goddess! could compel
A well-bred lord t' assault a gentle belle?
O say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?
In tasks so bold, can little men engage? 11
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?

Sol through white curtains shot a timorous ray,
And ope'd those eyes that must eclipse the day:

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 11, 12. It was in the first editions,
And dwells such rage in softest bosoms then,
And lodge such daring souls in little men?

Ver. 13, &c. stood thus in the first edition:
Sol through white curtains did his beams display,
And ope'd those eyes which brighter shone than they;

Now lap-dogs give themselves the rouzing shake,
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.
Belinda still her downy pillow prest, 19
Her guardian Sylph prolong'd the balmy rest:
'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed
The morning dream that hover'd o'er her head.
A youth more glittering than a birth-night beau
(That ev'n in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say:
"Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
Of thousand bright inhabitants of air!
If e'er one vision touch thy infant thought,
Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught;
Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled green,
Or virgins visited by angel-powers,
With golden crowns and wreaths of heavenly flowers;
Hear, and believe! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
To maids alone and children are reveal'd;
What, though no credit doubting wits may give,
The fair and innocent shall still believe.
Know then, unnumber'd spirits round thee fly,
The light militia of the lower sky:
These, though unseen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring.
Think what an equipage thou hast in air,
And view with scorn two pages and a chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once enclos'd in woman's beauteous mould;
Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
From earthly vehicles to these of air.
Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead:
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And though she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
And love of ombre, after death survive.
For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their first elements their souls retire:
The sprites of fiery termagants in flame
Mount up, and take a Salamander's name.
Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.
The graver prude sinks downward to a Gnome,
In search of mischief still on Earth to roam.
The light coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.
"Know farther yet; whoever fair and chaste
Rejects mankind, is by some Sylph embrac'd:
For, spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.
What guards the purity of melting maids,
In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
Safe from the treacherous friend, the daring spark,
The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
When music softens, and when dancing fires?
'Tis but their Sylph, the wise celestials know,
Though honour is the word with men below.
"Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,
For life predestin'd to the Gnomes embrace.
These swell their prospects, and exalt their pride,
When offers are disdain'd, and love deny'd:
Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
While peers, and dukes, and all their sweeping train,
And garters, stars, and coronets appear,
And in soft sounds, 'your grace' salutes their ear.
'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
Teach infant cheeks a bidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau.
"Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
The Sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way,
Through all the giddy circle they pursue,
And old impertinence expel by new.
What tender maid but must a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from every part,
They shift the moving Toy-shop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots strive,
Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
This erring mortals, levity may call:
Oh, blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.
"Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,
In the clear mirror of thy ruling star
I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning sun descend;
But Heaven reveals not what, or how, or where:
Warn'd by the Sylph, oh pious maid, beware!
This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but most beware of man!" [long,
He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too
Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first open'd on a billet-doux;
Wounds, charms, and ardours were no sooner read,
But all the vision vanish'd from thy head.
And now, unveil'd, the toilet stands display'd,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, rob'd in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of Pride.
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful Beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,

VARIATIONS.

Shock just had given himself the rouzing shake,
And nymphs prepar'd their chocolate to take;
Thrice the wrought slipper knock'd against the ground,
And striking watches the tenth hour resound.

Ver. 19. Belinda still, &c.] All the verses from hence to the end of this canto were added afterwards.

Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face:
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy Sylphs surround their darling care:
These set the head, and those divide the hair;
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

CANTO II.

Not with more glories in th' ethereal plain,
The Sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver'd Thames.
Fair nymphs and well-dress'd youths around her shone,
But every eye was fix'd on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those:
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the Sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the Sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide:
If to her share some female errours fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.
This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourish'd two locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray;
Slight lines of hair surprize the finny prey;
Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And Beauty draws us with a single hair.
Th' adventurous baron the bright locks admir'd;
He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd.
Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask if fraud or force attain'd his ends.
For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd
Propitious Heaven, and every power ador'd;
But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built,
Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
And all the trophies of his former loves.
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three amorous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize:
The powers gave ear, and granted half his prayer;
The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air.
But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides:
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And soften'd sounds along the waters die;
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gentle play,
Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay,
All but the Sylph—with careful thoughts oppress'd
Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons straight his denizens of air;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair:
Soft o'er the shrouds aërial whispers breathe,
That seem'd but zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the Sun their insect wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light.
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,
Dipp'd in the richest tinctures of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
While every beam new transient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd;
His purple pinions opening to the Sun,
He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun:
"Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear!
Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Demons, hear!
Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assign'd
By laws eternal to th' aërial kind.
Some in the fields of purest ether play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day;
Some guide the course of wandering orbs on high,
Or roll the planets through the boundless sky;
Some, less refin'd, beneath the Moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintery main,
Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
Others on earth o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of these the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British throne.
"Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale;
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flowers;
To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in showers,
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.
"This day, black omens threat the brightest fair
That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care:
Some dire disaster, or by force, or slight;
But what, or where, the Fates have wrapp'd in night.
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail China-jar receive a flaw:
Or stain her honour, or her new brocade;
Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade;
Or lose her heart, or necklace at a ball;
Or whether Heaven has doom'd that Shock must fall.
Haste then, ye spirits! to your charge repair:
The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favourite lock;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.
"To fifty chosen Sylphs, of special note,
We trust th' important charge, the petticoat:
Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
Though stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale

VARIATION.

Ver. 4. Lanch'd on the bosom.] From hence the poem continues, in the first edition, to ver. 46.

The rest the winds dispers'd in empty air;

all after, to the end of this canto, being additional.

Form a strong lining about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.
Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
Be stopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogg'd he beats his silken wings in vain;
Or alum styptics with contracting power
Shrink his thin essence like a shrivel'd flower:
Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below!"
He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend:
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.

CANTO III.

Close by those meads, for ever crown'd with flowers,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighbouring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.
Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court;
In various talk th' instructive hours they past,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At every word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.
Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The Sun obliquely shoots his burning ray:
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang, that jurymen may dine;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the toilet cease.
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,
At Ombre singly to decide their doom;
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 1. Close by those meads,] The first edition continues from this line to ver. 24. of this Canto.

Ver. 11, 12. Originally in the first edition,

In various talk the cheerful hours they past,
Of, who was bit, or who capotted last.

Ver. 24. And the long labours of the toilet cease.] All that follows of the game at Ombre, was added since the first edition, till ver. 105, which connected thus:

Sudden the board with cups and spoons is crown'd.
Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aërial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore;
For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.
Behold, four kings in majesty rever'd,
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard;
And four fair queens, whose hands sustain a flower,
Th' expressive emblem of their softer power;
Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band;
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
And party-coloured troops, a shining train,
Drawn forth to combat on the velvet plain.
The skilful nymph reviews her force with care:
Let spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they were.
Now move to war her sable Matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillio first, unconquerable lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.
As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more hard
Gain'd but one trump, and one plebeian card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd,
The rest, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
Ev'n mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade!
Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the baron Fate inclines the field.
His warlike Amazon her host invades,
Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
The Club's black tyrant first her victim dy'd,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barbarous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs in state unwieldy spread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?
The baron now his Diamonds pours apace;
Th' embroider'd king who shows but half his face,
And his refulgent queen, with powers combin'd,
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With thrones promiscuous strow the level green.
Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye,
The pierc'd battalions disunited fall,
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.
And now (as oft in some distemper'd state)
On one nice trick depends the general fate,
An Ace of Hearts steps forth: the king unseen
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive queen:
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.

The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.
O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.
Sudden, these honours shall be snatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.
For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round:
On shining Altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide:
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Strait hover round the fair her airy band;
Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant lock to gain.
Ah cease, rash youth; desist ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just Gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair!
But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then, Clarissa drew, with tempting grace,
A two edg'd weapon from her shining case:
So ladies, in Romance, assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the Lock a thousand Sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the virgin's thought;
As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
He watch'd th' ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his power expir'd,
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.
The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,
T' enclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd;
Fate urg'd the sheers, and cut the Sylph in twain,
(But airy substance soon unites again)
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!
Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horrour rend th' affrighted skies.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 103. Sudden the board, &c.] From hence the first edition continues to ver. 134.

Ver. 134. In the first edition it was thus:

As o'er the fragrant stream she bends her head,
First he expands the glittering forfex wide
T' inclose the Lock; then joins it to divide:
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, for ever and for ever. Ver.

All that is between was added afterwards. [154.

Not louder shrieks to pitying Heaven are cast,
When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their last!
Or when rich China vessels, fall'n from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie!
Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine
(The victor cry'd), the glorious prize is mine!
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British fair,
As long as Atalantis shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praise, shall live!
What time would spare, from steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, submit to Fate,
Steel could the labour of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust th' imperial powers of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel
The conquering force of unresisted steel?

CANTO IV.

But anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress'd,
And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,
Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad virgin! for thy ravish'd hair.
For, that sad moment, when the Sylphs withdrew, 11
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sully'd the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repair'd to search the gloomy cave of Spleen.
Swift on his sooty pinions flits the Gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.
No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,
The dreaded east is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.
Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place,
But differing far in figure and in face.
Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;
With store of prayers, for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons.
There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 11. For, that sad moment, &c.] All the lines from hence to the 94th verse, describe the house of Spleen, and are not in the first edition; instead of them followed only these:

While her rack'd soul repose and peace requires,
The fierce Thalestris fans the rising fires;

and continued at the 94th verse of this canto.

Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
The fair-ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.
A constant vapour o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;
Dreadful, as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.
Unnumber'd throngs on every side are seen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.
Here living tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout:
A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod, walks;
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pye talks;
Men prove with child, as powerful fancy works,
And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.
Safe past the Gnome through this fantastic band,
A branch of healing spleen-wort in his hand,
Then thus address'd the power—"Hail, wayward queen!
Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of vapours, and of female wit,
Who give th' hysteric, or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray.
A nymph there is, that all thy power disdains,
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But, oh! if e'er thy Gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like citron-waters, matrons' cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game;
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caus'd suspicion where no soul was rude,
Or discompos'd the head-dress of a prude,
Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease,
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease:
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin:
That single act gives half the world the spleen."
The goddess with a discontented air
Seems to reject him, though she grants his prayer.
A wonderous bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.
Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound.
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
And all the Furies issued at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
"O wretched maid!" she spread her hands, and cry'd,
(While Hampton's echoes, wretched maid! reply'd)
"Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence, to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance bound,
For this with torturing irons wreath'd around?
For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,
And bravely bore the double loads of lead!
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the fops envy, and the ladies stare!
Honour forbid! at whose unrival'd shrine
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say,
Already see you a degraded toast,
And all your honour in a whisper lost!
How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
Expos'd through crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze!
Sooner shall grass in Hyde-park Circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow!
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall.
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!"
She said; then raging to sir Plume repairs,
And bids her beau demand the precious hairs:
(Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)
With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
And thus broke out—"My Lord, why, what the
devil?
"Z—ds! damn the Lock! 'fore Gad, you must be
civil!
"Plague on't! 'tis past a jest—nay pr'ythee, pox!
"Give her the hair"—he spoke, and rapp'd his box.
"It grieves me much (reply'd the peer again)
Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain;
But by this Lock, this sacred Lock, I swear,
(Which never more shall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honours shall renew,
Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear."
He spoke, and, speaking, in proud triumph spread
The long-contended honours of her head.
But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not so;
He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.
Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half-languishing, half-drown'd in tears;
On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head,
Which, with a sigh, she rais'd; and thus she said:
"For ever curs'd be this detested day,
Which snatch'd my best, my favourite curl away;
Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton-Court these eyes had never seen!
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid
By love of courts to numerous ills betray'd.
Oh had I rather unadmir'd remain'd
In some lone isle, or distant northern land;
Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn ombre, none e'er taste bohea!
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
What mov'd my mind with youthful lords to roam?
Oh had I stay'd, and said my prayers at home!
'Twas this, the morning omens seem'd to tell,
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
The tott'ring china shook without a wind,
Nay Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of Fate,
In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!
See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
My hand shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares:
These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;

The Sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers demands,
And tempts, once more, thy sacrilegious hands.
Oh hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!"

CANTO V.

She said: the pitying audience melt in tears;
But Fate and Jove had stopp'd the baron's ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.
Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan; 7
Silence ensued, and thus the nymph began.
"Say, why are beauties prais'd and honour'd most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?
Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,
Why angels call'd, and angel-like ador'd?
Why round our coaches crowd the white-glov'd beaux?
Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains:
That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
Behold the first in virtue as in face!
Oh! if to dance all night and dress all day,
Charm'd the small-pox, or chas'd old-age away;
Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
To patch, nay ogle, may become a saint;
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
But since, alas! frail beauty must decay;
Curl'd or uncurl'd, since Locks will turn to grey;
Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
And she who scorns a man, must die a maid;
What then remains, but well our power to use,
And keep good-humour still, whate'er we lose?
And trust me, dear! good-humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll; [fail.
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."
So spoke the dame, but no applause ensued:
Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her prude.
"To arms, to arms!" the fierce virago cries, 37
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin th' attack;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack;
Heroes' and heroines' shouts confus'dly rise,
And base and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapon in their hands are found;
Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.
So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,
And heavenly breasts with human passions rage;
'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms;
Jove's thunder roars, Heaven trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound:
Earth shakes her nodding towers, the ground gives way,
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!
Triumphant Umbriel on a sconce's height 53
Clapp'd his glad wings, and sate to view the fight:
Propp'd on their bodkin-spears, the sprites survey
The growing combat, or assist the fray.
While through the press enrag'd Thalestris flies
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A beau and witling perish'd in the throng,
One dy'd in metaphor, and one in song.
"O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,"
Cry'd Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance sir Fopling upwards cast,
"Those eyes are made so killing"—was his last.
Thus on Mæander's flowery margin lies
Th' expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.
When bold sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain,
But, at her smile, the beau reviv'd again.
Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.
See, fierce Belinda on the baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
Nor fear'd the chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold lord, with manly strength endu'd,
She with one finger and a thumb subdued:
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
The Gnomes direct, to every atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.
Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.
"Now meet thy fate," incens'd Belinda cry'd,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great-great-grandsire wore about his neck,
In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)
"Boast not my fall (he cry'd, insulting foe!
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind:
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive."
"Restore the Lock," she cries; and all around,
"Restore the Lock!" the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
In every place is sought, but sought in vain:

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 7. Then grave Clarissa, &c.] A new character introduced in the subsequent editions, to open more clearly the moral of the poem, in a parody of the speech of Sarpedon to Glaucus in Homer.

Ver. 37. To arms, to arms!] From hence the first edition goes on to the conclusion, except a very few short insertions added, to keep the machinery in view to the end of the poem.

VARIATION.

Ver. 53. Triumphant Umbriel] These four lines added, for the reason before mentioned.

With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
So Heaven decrees! with Heaven who can contest?
Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on Earth are treasur'd there.
There heroes' wits are kept in ponderous vases,
And beaux in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases:
There broken vows and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers' hearts with ends of ribband bound;
The courtier's promises, and sick man's prayers,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.
But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
Though mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes:
(So Rome's great founder to the Heavens withdrew,
To Proculus alone confess'd in view)
A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
The Heaven bespangling with dishevell'd light.
The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies, 131
And pleas'd pursue its progress through the skies.
This the beau-monde shall from the Mall survey,
And hail with music its propitious ray.
This the blest lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.
This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks through Galileo's eyes;
And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.
Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn thy ravish'd hair,
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost.
For, after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
This Lock, the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

What beckoning ghost, along the moon-light shade,
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd,
Why *dimly* gleams the visionary sword?
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it, in Heaven, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?
Why bade ye else, ye powers! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes;
The glorious fault of angels and of gods:
Thence to their images on Earth it flows,
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen prisoners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
Like eastern kings a lazy state they keep,
And, close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.
From these perhaps (ere Nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow,
And separate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.
But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks now fading at the blast of Death;
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal Justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates;
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
(While the long funerals blacken all the way)
"Lo! these were they, whose souls the Furies steel'd,
And curst with hearts unknowing how to yield."
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow,
For others good, or melt at others woe.
What can atone (oh ever-injur'd shade!)
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier:
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!
What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public show?
What though no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face?
What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dress'd,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground now sacred by thy reliques made.
So, peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!
Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart,
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

VARIATION.

Ver. 131. The Sylphs behold,] These two lines added for the same reason, to keep in view the machinery of the poem.

PROLOGUE

TO MR. ADDISON'S TRAGEDY OF CATO.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through every age;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to Virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying Love, we but our weakness show,
And wild Ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more generous cause,
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:
He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure Heaven itself surveys,
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies every deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Cæsar 'midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state;
As her dead father's reverend image past,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast;
The triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from every eye;
The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by;
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.
Britons, attend: be worth like this approv'd,
And show, you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdued;
Your scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation, and Italian song.
Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage:
Such plays alone should win a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

EPILOGUE

TO MR. ROWE'S JANE SHORE,

DESIGNED FOR MRS. OLDFIELD.

Prodigious this! the frail-one of our play
From her own sex should mercy find to-day!
You might have held the pretty head aside,
Peep'd in your fans, been serious, thus, and cry'd,
"The play may pass—but that strange creature Shore,
I can't—indeed now—I so hate a whore!—"
Just as a blockhead rubs his thoughtless skull,
And thanks his stars he was not born a fool;
So from a sister sinner you shall hear,
"How strangely you expose yourself, my dear!"
But let me die, all raillery apart,
Our sex are still forgiving at their heart;
And, did not wicked custom so contrive,
We'd be the best, good-natur'd things alive.
There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale,
That virtuous ladies envy while they rail;
Such rage without betrays the fire within;
In some close corner of the soul, they sin;
Still hoarding up, most scandalously nice,
Amidst their virtues a reserve of vice.
The godly dame, who fleshly failings damns,
Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams.
Would you enjoy soft nights, and solid dinners?
Faith, gallants, board with saints, and bed with sinners.
Well, if our author in the wife offends,
He has a husband that will make amends:
He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving,
And sure such kind good creatures may be living.
In days of old they pardon'd breach of vows,
Stern Cato's self was no relentless spouse:
Plu—Plutarch, what's his name, that writes his life?
Tells us, that Cato dearly lov'd his wife:
Yet if a friend, a night or so, should need her,
He'd recommend her as a special breeder.
To lend a wife, few here would scruple make;
But, pray, which of you all would take her back?
Though with the stoic chief our stage may ring,
The stoic husband was the glorious thing.
The man had courage, was a sage, 'tis true,
And lov'd his country—but what's that to you?
Those strange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,
But the kind cuckold might instruct the city:
There many an honest man may copy Cato,
Who ne'er saw naked sword, or look'd in Plato.
If, after all, you think it a disgrace,
That Edward's miss thus perks it in your face;
To see a piece of failing flesh and blood,
In all the rest so impudently good;
Faith let the modest matrons of the town
Come here in crowds, and stare the strumpet down.

SAPPHO TO PHAON.

Say, lovely youth, that dost my heart command
Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sappho's hand?
Must then her name the wretched writer prove,
To thy remembrance lost, as to thy love?
Ask not the cause that I new numbers chuse,
The lute neglected, and the lyric Muse;
Love taught my tears in sadder notes to flow,
And tun'd my heart to elegies of woe.
I burn, I burn, as when through ripen'd corn
By driving winds the spreading flames are borne.
Phaon to Etna's scorching fields retires,
While I consume with more than Etna's fires!

Ecquid, ut inspecta est studiosæ litera dextræ,
Protinus est oculis cognita nostra tuis?
An, nisi legisses auctoris nomina Sapphûs,
Hoc breve nescires unde movetur opus?
Forsitan et quare mea sint alterna requiras
Carmina, cum lyricis sim magis apta modis.
Flendus amor meus est: elegeïa flebile carmen;
Non facit ad lacrymas barbitos ulla meas.
Uror, ut, indomitis ignem exercentibus Euris,
Fertilis accensis messibus ardet ager.
Arva Phaon celebrat diversa Typhoïdos Ætnæ,
Me calor Ætnæo non minor igne coquit.

No more my soul a charm in music finds,
Music has charms alone for peaceful minds.
Soft scenes of solitude no more can please,
Love enters there, and I'm my own disease.
No more the Lesbian dames my passion move,
Once the dear objects of my guilty love;
All other loves are lost in only thine,
Ah, youth ungrateful to a flame like mine!
Whom would not all those blooming charms surprise,
Those heavenly looks, and dear deluding eyes?
The harp and bow would you like Phœbus bear,
A brighter Phœbus Phaon might appear;
Would you with ivy wreathe your flowing hair,
Not Bacchus' self with Phaon could compare:
Yet Phœbus lov'd, and Bacchus felt the flame,
One Daphne warm'd, and one the Cretan dame:
Nymphs that in verse no more could rival me,
Than ev'n those gods contend in charms with thee.
The Muses teach me all their softest lays,
And the wide world resounds with Sappho's praise.
Though great Alcæus more sublimely sings,
And strikes with bolder rage the sounding strings,
No less renown attends the moving lyre,
Which Venus tunes, and all her Loves inspire;
To me what Nature has in charms deny'd,
Is well by Wit's more lasting flames supply'd.
Though short my stature, yet my name extends
To Heaven itself, and Earth's remotest ends.
Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame
Inspir'd young Perseus with a generous flame;
Turtles and doves of differing hues unite,
And glossy jet is pair'd with shining white.
If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign,
But such as merit, such as equal thine,
By none, alas! by none thou canst be mov'd:
Phaon alone by Phaon must be lov'd!

Yet once thy Sappho could thy cares employ,
Once in her arms you center'd all your joy:
No time the dear remembrance can remove,
For, oh! how vast a memory has Love!
My music, then, you could for ever hear,
And all my words were music to your ear.
You stopp'd with kisses my enchanting tongue,
And found my kisses sweeter than my song.
In all I pleas'd, but most in what was best;
And the last joy was dearer than the rest.
Then with each word, each glance, each motion fir'd,
You still enjoy'd, and yet you still desir'd,
Till all dissolving in the trance we lay,
And in tumultuous raptures dy'd away.
The fair Sicilians now thy soul inflame;
Why was I born, ye gods! a Lesbian dame?
But ah, beware, Sicilian nymphs! nor boast
That wandering heart which I so lately lost;
Nor be with all those tempting words abus'd.
Those tempting words were all to Sappho us'd.
And you that rule Sicilia's happy plains,
Have pity, Venus, on your poet's pains!
Shall fortune still in one sad tenour run,
And still increase the woes so soon begun?
Inur'd to sorrow from my tender years,
My parent's ashes drank my early tears:
My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame,
Ignobly burn'd in a destructive flame:
An infant daughter late my griefs increas'd,
And all a mother's cares distract my breast.
Alas, what more could Fate itself impose,
But thee, the last and greatest of my woes?
No more my robes in waving purple flow,
Nor on my hand the sparkling diamonds glow;

Nec mihi, dispositis quæ jungam carmina nervis,
Proveniunt; vacuæ carmina mentis opus.
Nec me Pyrrhiades Methymniadesve puellæ,
Nec me Lesbiadum cætera turba juvant.
Vilis Anactorie, vilis mihi candida Cydno:
Non oculis grata est Atthis, ut ante, meis;
Atque aliæ centum, quas non sine crimine amavi:
Improbe, multarum quod fuit, unus habes.
Est in te facies, sunt apti lusibus anni.
O facies oculis insidiosa meis!
Sume fidem et pharetram; fies manifestus Apollo:
Accedant capiti cornua; Bacchus eris.
Et Phœbus Daphnen, et Gnosida Bacchus amavit;
Nec nôrat lyricos illa, vel illa modos.
At mihi Pegasides blandissima carmina dictant;
Jam canitur toto nomen in orbe meum.
Nec plus Alcæus, consors patriæque lyræque,
Laudis habet, quamvis grandius ille sonet.
Si mihi difficilis formam natura negavit;
Ingenio formæ damna rependo meæ.
Sum brevis; at nomen, quod terras impleat omnes,
Est mihi; mensuram nominis ipsa fero.
Candida si non sum, placuit Cepheia Perseo
Andromede, patriæ fusca colore suæ:
Et variis albæ junguntur sæpe columbæ,
Et niger à viridi turtur amatur ave.
Si, nisi quæ facies poterit te digna videri,
Nulla futura tua est; nulla futura tua est.
At me cum legeres, etiam formosa videbar;
Unam jurabas usque decere loqui.
Cantabam, memini (meminerunt omnia amantes)
Oscula cantanti tu mihi rapta dabas.

Hæc quoque laudabas; omnique à parte placebam,
Sed tum præcipuè, cum fit amoris opus.
Tunc te plus solito lascivia nostra juvabat,
Crebraque mobilitas, aptaque verba joco;
Quique, ubi jam amborum fuerat confusa voluptas,
Plurimus in lasso corpore languor erat.
Nunc tibi Sicelides veniunt nova præda puellæ;
Quid mihi cum Lesbo? Sicelis esse volo.
At vos erronem tellure remittite nostrum,
Nisiades matres, Nisiadesque nurus.
Neu vos decipiant blandæ mendacia linguæ:
Quæ dicit vobis, dixerat ante mihi.
Tu quoque quæ montes celebras, Erycina, Sicanos,
(Nam tua sum) vati consule, diva, tuæ.
An gravis inceptum peragit fortuna tenorem?
Et manet in cursu semper acerba suo?
Sex mihi natales ierant, cum lecta parentis
Ante diem lacrymas ossa bibere meas.
Arsit inops frater, victus meretricis amore;
Mistaque cum turpi damna pudore tulit.
Factus inops agili peragit freta cærula remo:
Quasque malè amisit, nunc male quærit opes:
Me quoque, quod nonni bene multa fideliter, odit.
Hoc mihi libertas, hoc pia lingua dedit.
Et tanquam desint, quæ me sine fine fatigent,
Accumulat curas filia parva meas.
Ultima tu nostris accedis causa querelis:
Non agitur vento nostra carina suo.
Ecce, jacent collo sparsi sine lege capilli;
Nec premit articulos lucida gemma meos.
Veste tegor vili: nullum est in crinibus aurum:
Non Arabo noster rore capillus olet.

No more my locks in ringlets curl'd diffuse
The costly sweetness of Arabian dews,
Nor braids of gold the varied tresses bind,
That fly disorder'd with the wanton wind:
For whom should Sappho use such arts as these?
He 's gone, whom only she desir'd to please!
Cupid's light darts my tender bosom move,
Still is there cause for Sappho still to love:
So from my birth the Sisters fix'd my doom,
And gave to Venus all my life to come;
Or, while my Muse in melting notes complains,
My yielding heart keeps measure to my strains.
By charms like thine, which all my soul have won,
Who might not—ah! who would not be undone?
For those Aurora Cephalus might scorn,
And with fresh blushes paint the conscious morn:
For those might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's sleep,
And bid Endymion nightly tend his sheep:
Venus for those had rapt thee to the skies,
But Mars on thee might look with Venus' eyes.
O scarce a youth, yet scarce a tender boy!
O useful time for lovers to employ!
Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race,
Come to these arms, and melt in this embrace!
The vows you never will return, receive;
And take at least the love you will not give.
See, while I write, my words are lost in tears!
The less my sense, the more my love appears.
Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu;
(At least to feign was never hard to you!) [said;
"Farewell, my Lesbian love," you might have
Or coldly thus, "Farewell, oh Lesbian maid!"
No tear did you, no parting kiss receive,
Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.
No lover's gift your Sappho could confer,
And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.
No charge I gave you, and no charge could give,
But this, "Be mindful of our loves, and live."

Cui colar infelix? aut cui placuisse laborem?
Ille mihi cultus unicus auctor abest.
Molle meum levibus cor est violabile telis;
Et semper causa est, cur ego semper amem.
Sive ita nascenti legem dixêre sorores,
Nec data sunt vitæ fila severa meæ;
Sive abeunt studia in mores, artesque magistræ,
Ingenium nobis molle Thalia facit.
Quid mirum, si me primæ lanuginis ætas
Abstulit, atque anni, quos vir amare potest?
Hunc ne pro Cephalo raperes, Aurora, timebam:
Et faceres; sed te prima rapina tenet.
Hunc si conspiciat, quæ conspicit omnia, Phœbe;
Jussus erit somnos continuare Phaon.
Hunc Venus in cœlum curru vexisset eburno;
Sed videt et Marti posse placere suo.
O nec adhuc juvenis, nec jam puer! utilis ætas!
O decus, atque ævi gloria magna tui!
Huc ades, inque sinus, formose, relabere nostros:
Non ut ames oro, verum ut amare sinas.
Scribimus, et lacrymis oculi rorantur obortis:
Aspice, quam sit in hôc multa litura loco.
Si tam certus eras hinc ire, modestius isses,
Et modo dixisses: "Lesbi puella, vale."
Non tecum lacrymas, non oscula summa tulisti;
Denique non timui, quod dolitura fui.
Nil de te mecum est, nisi tantum injuria: nec tu,
Admoneat quod te, pignus amantis habes.
Non mandata dedi; neque enim mandata dedissem
Ulla, nisi ut nolles inunemor esse mei.

Now by the Nine, those powers ador'd by me,
And Love, the god that ever waits on thee,
When first I heard (from whom I hardly knew)
That you were fled, and all my joys with you,
Like some sad statue, speechless, pale I stood,
Grief chill'd my breast, and stopp'd my freezing blood;
No sigh to rise, no tear had power to flow,
Fix'd in a stupid lethargy of woe:
But when its way th' impetuous passion found,
I rend my tresses, and my breast I wound;
I rave, then weep; I curse, and then complain;
Now swell to rage, now melt to tears again.
Not fiercer pangs distract the mournful dame,
Whose first-born infant feeds the funeral flame.
My scornful brother with a smile appears,
Insults my woes, and triumphs in my tears:
His hated image ever haunts my eyes;
"And why this grief? thy daughter lives," he cries.
Stung with my love, and furious with despair,
All torn my garments, and my bosom bare,
My woes, thy crimes, I to the world proclaim;
Such inconsistent things are love and shame!
'Tis thou art all my care and my delight,
My daily longing, and my dream by night:
O night, more pleasing than the brightest day,
When Fancy gives what absence takes away,
And, dress'd in all its visionary charms,
Restores my fair deserter to my arms!
Then round your neck in wanton wreaths I twine;
Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine:
A thousand tender words I hear and speak;
A thousand melting kisses give, and take:
Then fiercer joys; I blush to mention these,
Yet, while I blush, confess how much they please.
But when, with day, the sweet delusions fly,
And all things wake to life and joy, but I;
As if once more forsaken, I complain,
And close my eyes to dream of you again:

Per tibi, qui nunquam longe discedat, Amorem,
Perque novem juro, numina nostra, Deas;
Cum mihi nescio quis, fugiunt tua gaudia, dixit:
Nec me flere diu, nec potuisse loqui:
Et lacrymæ deerant oculis, et lingua palato:
Astrictum gelido frigore pectus erat.
Postquam sé dolor invenit; nec pectora plangi,
Nec puduit scissis exululare comis:
Non aliter quam si nati pia mater adempti
Portet ad extructos corpus inane rogos.
Gaudet, et e nostro crescit mœrore Charaxus
Frater; et ante oculos itque reditque meos.
Utque pudenda mei videatur causa doloris:
Quid dolet hæc? certe filia vivit, ait.
Non veniunt in idem pudor atque amor: omne videbat
Vulgus; eram lacero pectus aperta sinu.
Tu mihi cura, Phaon; te somnia nostra reducunt;
Somnia formoso candidiora die.
Illic te invenio, quanquam regionibus absis;
Sed non longa satis gaudia somnus habet.
Sæpe tuos nostra cervice onerare lacertos,
Sæpe tuæ videor supposuisse meos.
Blandior interdum, verisque simillima verba
Eloquor; et vigilant sensibus ora meis.
Oscula cognosco; quæ tu committere linguæ,
Aptaque consuêras accipere, apta dare.
Ulteriora pudet narrare; sed omnia fiunt.
Et juvat, et sine te non libet esse mihi.
At cum se Titan ostendit, et omnia secum;
Tam cito me somnos destituisse queror.

Then frantic rise, and like some fury rove
Thro' lonely plains, and thro' the silent grove;
As if the silent grove, and lonely plains,
That knew my pleasures, could relieve my pains.
I view the grotto, once the scene of love,
The rocks around, the hanging roofs above,
That charm'd me more, with native moss o'ergrown,
Than Phrygian marble, or the Parian stone.
I find the shades that veil'd our joys before;
But, Phaon gone, those shades delight no more.
Here the press'd herbs with bending tops betray
Where oft entwin'd in amorous folds we lay;
I kiss that earth which once was press'd by you,
And all with tears the withering herbs bedew.
For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,
And birds defer their songs till thy return:
Night shades the groves, and all in silence lie,
All but the mournful Philomel and I:
With mournful Philomel I join my strain,
Of Tereus she, of Phaon I complain.
A spring there is, whose silver waters show,
Clear as a glass, the shining sands below;
A flowery lotos spreads its arms above,
Shades all its banks, and seems itself a grove;
Eternal greens the mossy margin grace,
Watch'd by the sylvan Genius of the place.
Here as I lay, and swell'd with tears the flood,
Before my sight a watery virgin stood:
She stood and cry'd, "O you that love in vain!
Fly hence, and seek the fair Leucadian main.
There stands a rock, from whose impending steep
Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep;
There injur'd lovers, leaping from above,
Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.
Deucalion once with hopeless fury burn'd,
In vain he lov'd, relentless Pyrrha scorn'd:

Antra nemusque peto, tanquam nemus antraque prosint.
Conscia deliciis illa fuere tuis.
Illuc mentis inops, ut quam furialis Erichtho
Impulit, in collo crine jacente feror.
Antra vident oculi scabro pendentia topho,
Quæ mihi Mygdonii marmoris instar erant.
Invenio sylvam, quæ sæpe cubilia nobis
Præbuit, et multa texit opaca coma.
At non invenio dominum sylvæque, meumque.
Vile solum locus est: dos erat ille loci.
Agnovi pressas noti mihi cespitis herbas:
De nostro curvum pondere gramen erat.
Incubui, tetigique locum qua parte fuisti;
Grata prius lacrymas combibit herba meas.
Quinetiam rami positis lugere videntur
Frondibus; et nullæ dulce queruntur aves.
Sola virum non ulta pie mœstissima mater
Concinit Ismarium Daulias ales Ityn.
Ales Ityn, Sappho desertos cantat amores:
Hactenus, ut media cætera nocte silent.
Est nitidus, vitroque magis perlucidus omni,
Fons sacer; hunc multi numen habere putant.
Quem supra ramos expandit aquatica lotos,
Una nemus; tenero cespite terra viret.
Hic ego cum lassos posuissem fletibus artus,
Constitit ante oculos Naïas una meos.
Constitit, et dixit, "Quoniam non ignibus æquis
Uteris, Ambracias terra petenda tibi.
Phœbus ab excelso, quantum patet, aspicit æquor:
Actiacum populi Leucadiumque vocant.

But when from hence he plung'd into the main,
Deucalion scorn'd, and Pyrrha lov'd in vain.
Haste, Sappho, haste, from high Leucadia throw
Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below!"
She spoke, and vanish'd with the voice—I rise,
And silent tears fall trickling from my eyes.
I go, ye nymphs! those rocks and seas to prove;
How much I fear, but ah, how much I love!
I go, ye nymphs, where furious love inspires;
Let female fears submit to female fires.
To rocks and seas I fly from Phaon's hate,
And hope from seas and rocks a milder fate.
Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,
And softly lay me on the waves below!
And thou, kind Love, my sinking limbs sustain,
Spread thy soft wings, and waft me o'er the main,
Nor let a lover's death the guiltless flood prophane!
On Phœbus' shrine my harp I'll then bestow,
And this inscription shall be plac'd below.
"Here she who sung, to him that did inspire,
Sappho to Phœbus consecrates her lyre;
What suits with Sappho, Phœbus, suits with thee;
The gift, the giver, and the god agree."
But why, alas, relentless youth, ah, why
To distant seas must tender Sappho fly?
Thy charms than those may far more powerful be,
And Phœbus' self is less a god to me.
Ah! canst thou doom me to the rocks and sea,
O far more faithless, and more hard than they?
Ah! canst thou rather see this tender breast
Dash'd on these rocks, than to thy bosom press'd;
This breast, which once, in vain! you lik'd so well;
Where the Loves play'd, and where the Muses dwell?
Alas! the Muses now no more inspire,
Untun'd my lute, and silent is my lyre;
My languid numbers have forgot to flow,
And fancy sinks beneath a weight of woe.

Hinc se Deucalion Pyrrhæ succensus amore
Misit, et illæso corpore pressit aquas.
Nec mora: versus amor tetigit lentissima Pyrrhæ
Pectora; Deucalion igne levatus erat.
Hanc legem locus ille tenet, pete protinus altam
Leucada; nec saxo desiluisse time."
Ut monuit, cum voce abiit. Ego frigida surgo:
Nec gravidæ lacrymas continuere genæ.
Ibimus, ô nymphæ, monstrataque saxa petemus.
Sit procul insano victus amore timor.
Quicquid erit, melius quam nunc erit: aura, subito.
Et mea non magnum corpora pondus habent.
Tu quoque, mollis amor, pennas suppone cadenti:
Ne sim Leucadiæ mortua crimen aquæ.
Inde chelyn Phœbo communia munera ponam:
Et sub ea versus unus et alter erunt.
"Grata lyram posui tibi, Phœbe, poëtria Sappho:
Convenit illa mihi, convenit illa tibi."
Cur tamen Actiacas miseram me mittis ad oras,
Cum profugum possis ipse referre pedem?
Tu mihi Leucadiâ potes esse salubrior undâ:
Et forma et meritis tu mihi Phœbus eris.
An potes, ô scopulis undaque ferocior illa,
Si moriar, titulum mortis habere meæ?
At quanto melius jungi mea pectora tecum,
Quam poterant saxis præcipitanda dari!
Hæc sunt illa, Phaon, quæ tu laudare solebas;
Visaque sunt toties ingeniosa tibi.
Nunc vellem facunda forent: dolor artibus obstat;
Ingeniumque meis substitit omne malis.
Non mihi respondent veteres in carmina vires.
Plectra dolore tacent: muta dolore lyra est.

Ye Lesbian virgins, and ye Lesbian dames,
Themes of my verse, and objects of my flames,
No more your groves with my glad songs shall ring,
No more these hands shall touch the trembling
My Phaon's fled, and I those arts resign, [string:
(Wretch that I am, to call that Phaon mine!)
Return, fair youth, and bring along
Joy to my soul, and vigour to my song:
Absent from thee, the poet's flame expires;
But ah! how fiercely burn the lover's fires?
Gods! can no prayers, no sighs, no numbers move
One savage heart, or teach it how to love?
The winds my prayers, my sighs, my numbers
The flying winds have lost them all in air! [bear,
Oh when, alas! shall more auspicious gales
To these fond eyes restore thy welcome sails?
If you return—ah why these long delays?
Poor Sappho dies while careless Phaon stays.
O, launch thy bark, nor fear the watery plain;
Venus for thee shall smooth her native main.
O launch thy bark, secure of prosperous gales;
Cupid for thee shall spread the swelling sails.
If you will fly—(yet ah! what cause can be,
Too cruel youth, that you should fly from me?)
If hot from Phaon I must hope for ease,
Ah let me seek it from the raging seas:
To raging seas unpity'd I'll remove,
And either cease to live, or cease to love!

Lesbides æquoreæ, nupturaque nuptaque proles;
Lesbides, Æolia nomina dicta lyra;
Lesbides, infamem quæ me fecistis amatæ;
Desinite ad citharas turba venire meas.
Abstulit omne Phaon, quod vobis ante placebat.
(Me miseram! dixi quam modo pene, meus!)
Efficite ut redeat: vates quoque vestra redibit.
Ingenio vires ille dat, ille rapit.
Ecquid ago precibus? pectusne agreste movetur?
An riget? et zephyri verba caduca ferunt?
Qui mea verba ferunt, vellem tua vela referrent.
Hoc te, si saperes, lente, decebat opus.
Sive redis, puppique tuæ votiva parantur
Munera; quid laceras pectora nostra mora?
Solve ratem: Venus orta mari, mare præstat eunti.
Aura dabit cursum; tu modo solve ratem.
Ipse gubernabit residens in puppe Cupido:
Ipse dabit tenera vela legetque manu.
Sive juvat longe fugisse Pelasgida Sappho;
(Non tamen invenies, cur ego digna fuga.)
[O saltem miseræ, crudelis, epistola dicat:
Ut mihi Leucadiæ fata petantur aquæ.]

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

ARGUMENT.

Abelard and Eloïsa flourished in the twelfth century; they were two of the most distinguished persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation, that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained the history of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloïsa. This awakening all her tenderness, those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion.

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

In these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heavenly-pensive Contemplation dwells,
And ever musing Melancholy reigns;
What means this tumult in a vestal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
And Eloïsa yet must kiss the name.
Dear, fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,
Nor pass these lips in holy silence seal'd:
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where, mix'd with God's, his lov'd idea lies:
O, write it not, my hand—the name appears
Already written—wash it out, my tears!
In vain lost Eloïsa weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.
Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;
Ye grots and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn!
Shrines! where their vigils pale-eyed virgins keep;
And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!
Though cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
All is not Heaven's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel Nature holds out half my heart;
Nor prayers nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears, for ages taught to flow in vain.
Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh, name for ever sad! for ever dear!
Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.
I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led through a sad variety of woe:
Now warm in love, now withering in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!
There stern Religion quench'd th' unwilling flame,
There dy'd the best of passions, love and fame.
Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine.
Nor foes nor Fortune take this power away;
And is my Abelard less kind than they?
Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare,
Love but demands what else were shed in prayer;
No happier task these faded eyes pursue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.
Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;
Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief.
Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover or some captive maid;
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires,
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole.
Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
When Love approach'd me under Friendship's name;
My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of th' All-beauteous Mind.

Those smiling eyes, attempering every ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
Guiltless I gaz'd; Heaven listen'd while you sung;
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
From lips like those what precept fail'd to move?
'Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love:
Back through the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
Nor wish'd an angel whom I lov'd a man.
Dim and remote the joys of saints I see,
Nor envy them that Heaven I lose for thee.
How oft, when press'd to marriage, have I said,
Curse on all laws but those which Love has made!
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
Before true passion all those views remove;
Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to love?
The jealous god, when we profane his fires,
Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
Who seek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn them all:
Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove;
No, make me mistress to the man I love.
If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than mistress, make me that to thee!
Oh, happy state! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and Nature law:
All then is full, possessing and possess'd,
No craving void left aching in the breast:
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
This sure is bliss (if bliss on Earth there be)
And once the lot of Abelard and me.
Alas, how chang'd! what sudden horrours rise!
A naked lover bound and bleeding lies!
Where, where was Eloise? her voice, her hand,
Her ponyard had oppos'd the dire command.
Barbarian, stay! that bloody stroke restrain;
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more; by shame, by rage suppress'd,
Let tears and burning blushes speak the rest.
Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?
As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,
The shrines all trembled and the lamps grew pale:
Heaven scarce believ'd the conquest it survey'd,
And saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew,
Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you:
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call;
And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.
Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;
Those still at least are left thee to bestow.
Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd;
Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.
Ah, no! instruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes,
Full in my view set all the bright abode,
And make my soul quit Abelard for God.
Ah, think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy prayer.
From the false world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.
You rais'd these hallow'd walls; the desert smil'd,
And Paradise was open'd in the wild.
No weeping orphan saw his father's stores
Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
No silver saints, by dying misers given,
Here bribe the rage of ill-requited Heaven;
But such plain roofs as Piety could raise,
And only vocal with the Maker's praise.
In these lone walls, (their days eternal bound)
These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,
Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows shed a solemn light;
Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears,
'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.
See how the force of others' prayers I try,
(O pious fraud of amorous charity!)
But why should I on others' prayers depend?
Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!
Ah, let thy handmaid, sister, daughter, move,
And all those tender names in one, thy love!
The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
The wandering streams that shine between the hills,
The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
No more these scenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to rest the visionary maid:
But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long-sounding aisles, and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence, and a dread repose;
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades every flower and darkens every green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horrour on the woods.
Yet here for ever, ever must I stay;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
Death, only Death, can break the lasting chain;
And here, ev'n then, shall my cold dust remain;
Here all its frailties, all its flames resign,
And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.
Ah, wretch! believ'd the spouse of God in vain,
Confess'd within the slave of love and man.
Assist me, Heaven! but whence arose that prayer?
Sprung it from piety, or from despair?
Ev'n here where frozen Chastity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleasures, and solicit new;
Now turn'd to Heaven, I weep my past offence,
Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget!
How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence?
How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how distinguish penitence from love?
Unequal task! a passion to resign,
For Hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine!
Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
How often must it love, how often hate!
How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
Conceal, disdain,—do all things but forget!
But let Heaven seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd:
Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inspir'd!

Oh, come, oh, teach me Nature to subdue,
Renounce my love, my life, myself—and you.
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.
How happy is the blameless vestal's lot;
The world forgetting, by the world forgot!
Eternal sun-shine of the spotless mind!
Each prayer accepted, and each wish resign'd;
Labour and rest that equal periods keep;
"Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep;"
Desires compos'd, affections ever even;
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to Heaven.
Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
And whispering angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes;
For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring;
For her white virgins hymenæals sing;
To sounds of heavenly harps she dies away,
And melts in visions of eternal day.
Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
Far other raptures of unholy joy:
When, at the close of each sad, sorrowing day,
Fancy restores what Vengeance snatch'd away,
Then Conscience sleeps, and leaving Nature free,
All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.
O curst, dear horrours of all-conscious night!
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
Provoking demons all restraint remove,
And stir within me every source of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.
I wake:—no more I hear, no more I view,
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud; it hears not what I say:
I stretch my empty arms; it glides away.
To dream once more I close my willing eyes;
Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise!
Alas, no more! methinks we wandering go
Through dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe,
Where round some mouldering tower pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies;
Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.
For thee the Fates, severely kind, ordain
A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain;
Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repose;
No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.
Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,
Or moving spirit bade the waters flow;
Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiven,
And mild as opening gleams of promis'd Heaven.
Come, Abelard! for what hast thou to dread?
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
Nature stands check'd; Religion disapproves;
Ev'n thou art cold—yet Eloïsa loves.
Ah, hopeless, lasting flames! like those that burn
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.
What scenes appear where'er I turn my view!
The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue,
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee,
Thy image steals between my God and me,
Thy voice I seem in every hymn to hear,
With every bead I drop too soft a tear.
When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight:
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd,
While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.
While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous drops just gathering in my eye,
While, praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
And dawning grace is opening on my soul:
Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art!
Oppose thyself to Heaven; dispute my heart;
Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
Blot out each bright idea of the skies; [tears;
Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those
Take back my fruitless penitence and prayers;
Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God!
No, fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole;
Rise Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign!
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks, (which yet I view!)
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu!
O Grace serene! O Virtue heavenly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted Care!
Fresh-blooming Hope, gay daughter of the sky!
And Faith, our early immortality!
Enter, each mild, each amicable guest;
Receive and wrap me in eternal rest!
See in her cell sad Eloïsa spread,
Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,
And more than Echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamp around,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound.
"Come, sister, come!" (it said, or seem'd to say)
"Thy place is here, sad sister, come away!
Once like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
Love's victim then, though now a sainted maid:
But all is calm in this eternal sleep;
Here Grief forgets to groan, and Love to weep:
Ev'n Superstition loses every fear;
For God, not man, absolves our frailties here."
I come, I come! prepare your roseate bowers,
Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flowers.
Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow;
Thou, Abelard! the last sad office pay,
And smooth my passage to the realms of day;
See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul!
Ah, no—in sacred vestments mayst thou stand,
The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
Present the cross before my lifted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
Ah, then thy once lov'd Eloïsa see!
It will be then no crime to gaze on me.
See from my cheek the transient roses fly!
See the last sparkle languish in my eye!
Till every motion, pulse, and breath be o'er;
And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.
O Death all eloquent! you only prove
What dust we doat on, when 'tis man we love.
Then too, when Fate shall thy fair frame de-
(That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy) [stroy,
In trance extatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee round,
From opening skies may streaming glories shine,
And saints embrace thee with a love like mine!

May one kind grave unite each hapless name,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart shall beat no more;
If ever chance two wandering lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,
O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other sheds;
Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
"O, may we never love as these have lov'd!"
From the full choir, when loud hosannas rise,
And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
Amid that scene if some relenting eye
Glance on the stone where our cold relics lie,
Devotion's self shall steal a thought from Heaven,
One human tear shall drop, and be forgiven.
And sure if Fate some future bard shall join
In sad similitude of griefs to mine,
Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
And image charms he must behold no more;
Such, if there be, who loves so long, so well;
Let him our sad, our tender story tell!
The well-sung woes will sooth my pensive ghost;
He best can paint them who shall feel them most!

TRANSLATIONS AND IMITATIONS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following Translations were selected from many others done by the author in his youth; for the most part indeed but a sort of exercises, while he was improving himself in the languages, and carried by his early bent to poetry to perform them rather in verse than prose. Mr. Dryden's Fables came out about that time, which occasioned the Translations from Chaucer. They were first separately printed in Miscellanies by J. Tonson and B. Lintot, and afterwards collected in the quarto edition of 1717. The Imitations of English authors, which follow, were done as early, some of them at fourteen or fifteen years old.

THE

TEMPLE OF FAME.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1711.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The hint of the following piece was taken from Chaucer's House of Fame. The design is in a manner entirely altered, the descriptions and most of the particular thoughts my own; yet I could not suffer it to be printed without this acknowledgment. The reader, who would compare this with Chaucer, may begin with his third book of Fame, there being nothing in the two first books that answers to their title: wherever any hint is taken from him, the passage itself is set down in the marginal notes.

The poem is introduced in the manner of the Provençal poets, whose works were for the most part visions, or pieces of imagination, and constantly descriptive. From these, Petrarch and Chaucer frequently borrowed the idea of their poems. See the Trionfi of the former, and the Dream, Flower and the Leaf, &c. of the latter. The author of this therefore chose the same sort of exordium.

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

In that soft season, when descending showers
Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flowers;
When opening buds salute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray;
As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest,
And love itself was banish'd from my breast,
(What time the morn mysterious visions brings,
While purer slumbers spread their golden wings)
A train of phantoms in wild order rose,
And join'd, this intellectual scene compose.
I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas and skies;
The whole creation open to my eyes:
In air self-balanc'd hung the globe below,
Where mountains rise, and circling oceans flow;
Here naked rocks, and empty wastes were seen;
There towering cities, and the forests green:
Here sailing ships delight the wandering eyes;
There trees and intermingled temples rise:
Now a clear sun the shining scene displays;
The transient landscape now in clouds decays.
O'er the wide prospect as I gaz'd around,
Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,
Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
Or billows murmuring on the hollow shore:

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 11, &c.] These verses are hinted from the following of Chaucer, *Book ii.*

Though beheld I fields and plains,
Now hills and now mountains,
Now valeis, and now forestes,
And now unneth great bestes,
Now rivers, now citees,
Now towns, now great trees,
Now shippes sayling in the see.

Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld, [ceal'd.
Whose towering summit ambient clouds con-
High on a rock of ice the structure lay,
Steep its ascent, and slippery was the way;
The wonderous rock like Parian marble shone,
And seem'd, to distant sight, of solid stone.
Inscriptions here of various names I view'd,
The greater part by hostile time subdued;
Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,
And poets once had promis'd they should last.
Some fresh engrav'd appear'd of wits renown'd;
I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
Critics I saw, that other names deface,
And fix their own, with labour, in their place:
Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
Or disappear'd, and left the first behind.
Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,
But felt th' approaches of too warm a sun;
For Fame, impatient of extremes, decays
Not more by Envy, than excess of Praise.
Yet part no injuries of Heaven could feel,
Like crystal faithful to the graving steel:
The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,
Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 27. High on a rock of ice, &c.] Chaucer's third book of Fame.

It stood upon so high a rock,
Higher standeth none in Spayne—
What manner stone this rock was,
For it was like a lymed glass,
But that it shone full more clere;
But of what congeled matere
It was, I niste redily;
But at the last espied I,
And found that it was every dele,
A rock of ice, and not of stele.

Ver. 31. Inscriptions here, &c.]

Tho' saw I all the hill y-graye
With famous folkes names fele,
That had been in much wele
And her fames wide y-blow;
But well unneth might I know,
Any letters for to rede
Their names by, for out of drede
They weren almost off-thawen so,
That of the letters one or two
Were molte away of every name,
So unfamous was woxe her fame;
But men said, what may ever last?

Ver. 41. Nor was the work impair'd, &c.

Tho' gan I in myne harte cast,
That they were molte away for heate,
And not away with stormes beate,

Ver. 45. Yet part no injuries, &c.]

For on that other side I sey,
Of that hill which northward ley,
How it was written full of names
Of folke, that had before great fames,
Of old time, and yet they were
As fresh as men had written hem there
That self-day, or that houre
That I on hem gan to poure:
But well I wiste what it made;
It was conserved with the shade
(All the writing that I sye)
Of the castle that stoode on high,
And stood eke in so cold a place,
That heat might it not deface.

Their names inscrib'd unnumber'd ages past
From Time's first birth, with Time itself shall last;
These ever new, nor subject to decays,
Spread and grow brighter with the length of days.
So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of frost)
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;
Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play;
Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent sky;
As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
The gather'd winter of a thousand years.
On this foundation Fame's high temple stands;
Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.
Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.
Four faces had the dome, and every face,
Of various structure, but of equal grace!
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
Salute the different quarters of the sky.
Here fabled chiefs in darker ages born,
Or worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race,
The walls in venerable order grace:
Heroes in animated marble frown,
And legislators seem to think in stone.
Westward, a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd,
On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold,
And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.
In shaggy spoils here Theseus was beheld,
And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield:
There great Alcides, stooping with his toil,
Rests on his club, and holds th' Hesperian spoil:
Here Orpheus sings; trees moving to the sound
Start from their roots, and form a shade around:
Amphion there the loud creating lyre
Strikes, and behold a sudden Thebes aspire!
Cythæron's echoes answer to his call,
And half the mountain rolls into a wall:
There might you see the lengthening spires ascend,
The domes swell up, the widening arches bend,
The growing towers like exhalations rise,
And the huge columns heave into the skies.
The eastern front was glorious to behold,
With diamond flaming, and Barbaric gold.
There Ninus shone, who spread th' Assyrian fame,
And the great founder of the Persian name:
There in long robes the royal Magi stand,
Grave Zoroaster waves the circling wand:
The sage Chaldæns rob'd in white appear'd,
And Brachmans, deep in desert woods rever'd.
These stopp'd the Moon, and call'd th' unbody'd shades
To midnight banquets in the glimmering glades;
Made visionary fabrics round them rise,
And airy spectres skim before their eyes;
Of talismans and sigils knew the power,
And careful watch'd the planetary hour.
Superior, and alone, Confucius stood,
Who taught that useful science, to be good.
But on the south, a long majestic race
Of Egypt's priests the gilded niches grace,
Who measur'd Earth, describ'd the starry spheres,
And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
High on his car Sesostris struck my view
Whom sceptre'd slaves in golden harness drew:
His hands a bow and pointed javelin hold;
His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold.

Between the statues obelisks were plac'd,
And the learn'd walls with hieroglyphics grac'd.
Of Gothic structure was the northern side,
Overwrought with ornaments of barbarous pride.
There huge Colosses rose, with trophies crown'd,
And Runic characters were grav'd around.
There sat Zamolxis with erected eyes,
And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
There on rude iron columns, smear'd with blood,
The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood,
Druids and bards (their once loud harps unstrung)
And youths that died to be by poets sung.
These and a thousand more of doubtful fame,
To whom old fables gave a lasting name,
In ranks adorn'd the temple's outward face;
The wall in lustre and effect like glass,
Which, o'er each object casting various dyes,
Enlarges some, and others multiplies:
Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall,
For thus romantic Fame increases all.
The temple shakes, the sounding gates unfold,
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold:
Rais'd on a thousand pillars wreath'd around
With laurel-foliage, and with eagles crown'd:
Of bright transparent beryl were the walls,
The freezes gold, and gold the capitals:
As Heaven with stars, the roof with jewels glows,
And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
Full in the passage of each spacious gate,
The sage historians in white garments wait;
Grav'd o'er their seats the form of Time was found,
His scythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.
Within stood heroes, who through loud alarms
In bloody fields pursued renown in arms.
High on a throne with trophies charg'd, I view'd
The youth that all things but himself subdued;
His feet on sceptres and tiaras trod,
And his horn'd head bely'd the Lybian god.
There Cæsar, grac'd with both Minervas, shone;
Cæsar, the world's great master, and his own;
Unmov'd, superior still in every state,
And scarce detested in his country's fate.
But chief were those, who not for empire fought,
But with their toils their people's safety bought:
High o'er the rest Epaminondas stood;
Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;
Bold Scipio, saviour of the Roman state;
Great in his triumphs, in retirement great;
And wise Aurelius, in whose well-taught mind
With boundless power unbounded virtue join'd,
His own strict judge, and patron of mankind.
Much suffering heroes next their honours claim,
Those of less noisy, and less guilty fame,
Fair Virtue's silent train: supreme of these
Here ever shines the godlike Socrates;
He whom ungrateful Athens could expell
At all times just, but when he sign'd the shell:
Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
With Agis, not the last of Spartan names:
Unconquer'd Cato shows the wound he tore,
And Brutus his ill genius meets no more.

IMITATION.

Ver. 132. The wall in lustre, &c.]
It shone lighter than a glass,
And made well more than it was,
As kind of thing Fame is.

But in the centre of the hallow'd choir,
Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire;
Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand,
Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.
High on the first, the mighty Homer shone;
Eternal adamant compos'd his throne;
Father of verse! in holy fillets drest,
His silver beard wav'd gently o'er his breast;
Though blind, a boldness in his looks appears;
In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.
The wars of Troy were round the pillar seen:
Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian queen;
Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall,
Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall.
Motion and life did every part inspire,
Bold was the work, and prov'd the master's fire;
A strong expression most he seem'd t' affect,
And here and there disclos'd a brave neglect.
A golden column next in rank appear'd,
On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd;
Finish'd the whole, and labour'd every part,
With patient touches of unwearied Art:
The Mantuan there in sober triumph sate,
Compos'd his posture, and his look sedate;
On Homer still he fix'd a reverent eye,
Great without pride, in modest majesty.
In living sculpture on the sides were spread
The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead;
Eliza stretch'd upon the funeral pyre,
Æneas bending with his aged sire:

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 179. Six pompous columns, &c.]
From the dees many a pillere,
Of metal that shone not full clere, &c.
Upon a pillere saw I stonde
That was of lede and iron fine,
Him of the sect Saturnine,
The Ebraicke Josephus the old, &c.
Upon an iron pillere strong,
That painted was all endlong,
With tigers' blood in every place,
The Tholosan that hight Stace,
That bear of Thebes up the name, &c.

Ver. 182.]
Full wonder high on a pillere
Of iron, he the great Omer,
And with him Dares and Tytus, &c.

Ver. 198, &c.]
There saw I stond on a pillere
That was of tinned iron clere,
The Latin poet Virgyle,
That hath bore up of a great while
The fame of pious Æneas:
And next him on a pillere was
Of copper, Venus' clerke Ovide,
That hath sowen wondrous wide
The great god of love's fame—
Tho saw I on a pillere by
Of iron wrought full sternly,
The great poet Dan Lucan,
That on his shoulders bore up then
As hye as that I might see,
The fame of Julius and Pompee.
And next him on a pillere stode
Of sulphure, like as he were wode,
Dan Claudian, sothe for to tell,
That bare up all the fame of Hell, &c.

Troy flam'd in burning gold, and o'er the throne
ARMS AND THE MAN in golden cyphers shone.
Four swans sustain a car of silver bright, [flight:
With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for
Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring god.
Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
And boldly sinks into the sounding strings.
The figur'd games of Greece the column grace,
Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race.
The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run;
The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone;
The champions in distorted postures threat;
And all appear'd irregularly great.
Here happy Horace tun'd th' Ausonian lyre
To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire:
Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuse
The softer spirit of the Sapphic Muse.
The polish'd pillar different sculptures grace;
A work outlasting monumental brass.
Here smiling Loves and Bacchanals appear,
The Julian star and great Augustus here.
The doves that round the infant poet spread
Myrtles and bays, hung hovering o'er his head.
Here, in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,
Sate fix'd in thought the mighty Stagirite;
His sacred head a radiant zodiac crown'd,
And various animals his sides surround;
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superior worlds, and look all Nature through.
With equal rays immortal Tully shone,
The Roman rostra deck'd the consul's throne:
Gathering his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand
In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.
Behind, Rome's genius waits with civic crowns,
And the great father of his country owns.
These massy columns in a circle rise,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies:
Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aching sight,
So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height.
Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat
With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great;
The vivid emeralds there revive the eye,
The flaming rubies show their sanguine dye,
Bright azure rays from lively sapphires stream,
And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.
With various-colour'd light the pavement shone,
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne;
The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
When on the goddess first I cast my sight,
Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height; 259
But swell'd to larger size, the more I gaz'd,
Till to the roof her towering front she rais'd.
With her, the temple every moment grew,
And ampler vistas open'd to my view:
Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
And arches widen, and long aisles extend.
Such was her form, as antient bards have told,
Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet infold;

IMITATION.

Ver. 259. Scarce seem'd her stature, &c.]
Methought that she was so lite,
That the length of a cubite
Was longer than she seemed be;
But thus soone in a while she,
Herself tho wonderly straight,
That with her feet she the Earth right,
And with her head she touchyd Heaven—

A thousand busy tongues the goddess bears,
And thousand open eyes, and thousand listening ears.
Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine 270
(Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine:
With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing;
For Fame they raise their voice, and tune the string;
With Time's first birth began the heavenly lays,
And last, eternal, through the length of days
Around these wonders as I cast a look, 276
The trumpet sounded, and the temple shook,
And all the nations, summon'd at the call,
From different quarters fill the crowded hall:
Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard;
In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd;
Thick as the bees, that with the spring renew
Their flowery toils, and sip the fragrant dew,
When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,
O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly,
Or, settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,
And a low murmur runs along the field.
Millions of suppliant crouds the shrine attend,
And all degrees before the goddess bend;
The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage,
And boasting youth, and narrative old-age.
Their pleas were different, their request the same;
For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.
Some she disgrac'd, and some with honours crown'd; 294
Unlike successes equal merits found.
Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns,
And undiscerning scatters crowns and chains.
First at the shrine the learned world appear,
And to the goddess thus prefer their prayer.
"Long have we sought t' instruct and please mankind,
With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind;
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy superior throne:
On wit and learning the just prize bestow,
For Fame is all we must expect below."
The goddess heard, and bade the Muses raise
The golden trumpet of eternal Praise:
From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound,
That fills the circuit of the world around;

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 270. Beneath, in order rang'd, &c.]
I heard about her throne y-sung
That all the palays walls rung,
So sung the mighty Muse, she
That cleped is Calliope,
And her seven sisters eke—

Ver. 276. Around these wonders, &c.]
I heard a noise approachen blive,
That far'd as bees done in a hive,
Against her time of out-flying,
Right such a manere murmuring,
For all the world it seemed me,
Tho gan I look about and see
That there came entering into th' hall,
A right great company withal;
And that of sundry regions,
Of all kind of conditions, &c.

Ver. 294. Some she disgrac'd, &c.]
And some of them she granted sone,
And some she warned well and fair,
And some she granted the contrair—
Right as her sister, dame Fortune,
Is wont to serve in commune.

Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud;
The notes at first were rather sweet than loud:
By just degrees they every moment rise,
Fill the wide Earth, and gain upon the skies.
At every breath were balmy odours shed,
Which still grew sweeter, as they wider spread:
Less fragrant scents th' unfolding rose exhales,
Or spices breathing in Arabian gales.
Next these the good and just, an awful train,
Thus on their knees address the sacred fane.
"Since living virtue is with envy curs'd,
And the best men are treated like the worst,
Do thou, just goddess, call our merits forth,
And give each deed th' exact intrinsic worth."
"Not with bare justice shall your act be crown'd,"
(Said Fame) "but high above desert renown'd:
Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labour in your praise."
This band dismiss'd, behold another crowd
Prefer'd the same request, and lowly bow'd;
The constant tenour of whose well-spent days
No less deserv'd a just return of praise.
But straight the direful trump of Slander sounds;
Through the big dome the doubling thunder bounds;
Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,
The dire report through every region flies,
In every ear incessant rumours rung,
And gathering scandals grew on every tongue.
From the black trumpet's rusty concave broke
Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke:
The poisonous vapour blots the purple skies,
And withers all before it as it flies.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 318. The good and just, &c.]

Tho came the third companye,
And gan up to the dees to hye,
And down on knees they fell anone,
And saiden: "We been everichone
Folke that han full truely
Deserved fame right-fully,
And prayen you it might be knowe
Right as it is, and forth blowe."
"I grant," quoth she, "for now we list
That your good works shall be wist.
And yet ye shall have better loos,
Right in despite of all your foos,
Than worthy is, and that anone.
Let now," quoth she, "thy trump gone—"
And certes all the breath that went
Out of his trump's mouth smel'd
As men a pot of baume held
Among a basket full of roses.—

Ver. 328, 338. Behold another croud, &c.—From the black trumpet's rusty, &c.]

Therewithal there came anone
Another huge companye
Of good folke—
What did this Eolus, but he
Took out his trump of brass,
That fouler than the Devil was:
And gan his trump for to blowe,
As all the world should overthrowe.
Throughout every regione
Went this foul trumpet's sounc
Swift as a pellet out of a gunne,
When fire is in the powder runne.
And such a smoke gan out wende,
Out of the foul trumpet's ende—&c.

A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore:
"For thee" (they cry'd) "amidst alarms and strife,
We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life;
For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
And swam to empire through the purple flood.
Those ills we dar'd, thy inspiration own;
What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone."
"Ambitious fools!" (the queen reply'd, and frown'd)
"Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd;
There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown!"
A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my sight,
And each majestic phantom sunk in night.
Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen;
Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien.
"Great idol of mankind! we neither claim
The praise of merit, nor aspire to Fame!
But, safe in deserts from th' applause of men,
Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen.
'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
Those acts of goodness which themselves requite.
O let us still the secret joys partake,
To follow Virtue ev'n for Virtue's sake."
"And live there men, who slight immortal Fame?
Who then with incense shall adore our name?
But, mortals! know, 'tis still our greatest pride,
To blaze those virtues which the good would hide.
Rise! Muses, rise! add all your tuneful breath;
These must not sleep in darkness and in death."
She said: in air the trembling music floats,
And on the winds triumphant swell the notes;
So soft, though high, so loud, and yet so clear,
Ev'n listening angels lean from Heaven to hear:
To farthest shores th' ambrosial spirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.
Next these a youthful train their vows express'd,
With feathers crown'd, with gay embroidery dress'd:
"Hither," they cry'd, "direct your eyes, and see
The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry;

IMITATION.

Ver. 356. Then came the smallest, &c.]

I saw anone the fifth route,
That to this lady gan loute,
And downe on knees anone to fall,
And to her they besoughten all,
To hiden their good works eke.
And said, they yeve not a leke
For no fame ne such renowne;
For they for contemplacyoune,
And Goddes love had it wrought,
Ne of fame would they ought.
"What," quoth she, "and be ye wood?
And ween ye for to do good,
And for to have it of no fame?
Have ye despite to have my name?
Nay ye shall lien everichone:
Blow thy trump, and that anone"
(Quoth she) "thou Eolus, I hote,
And ring these folks works by wrote,
That all the world may of it heare:"
And he gan blow their loos so cleare,
In his golden clarioune,
Through the world went the sonne,
All so kindly, and eke so soft,
That ther fame was blown aloft.

Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays;
Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;
Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care
To pay due visits, and address the fair:
In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,
But still in fancy vanquish'd every maid;
Of unknown dutchesses lewd tales we tell,
Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.
The joy let others have, and we the name,
And what we want in pleasure, grant in fame."
The queen assents, the trumpet rends the skies,
And at each blast a lady's honour dies.
Pleas'd with the same success, vast numbers prest
Around the shrine, and made the same request:
"What you," (she cry'd) "unlearn'd in arts to please,
Slaves to yourselves, and ev'n fatigued with ease,
Who lose a length of undeserving days,
Would you usurp the lover's dear-bought praise?
To just contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall,
The people's fable, and the scorn of all."
Straight the black clarion sends a horrid sound,
Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly round,
Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And scornful hisses run through all the croud.
Last those who boast of mighty mischiefs done,
Enslave their country, or usurp a throne; [406
Or who their glory's dire foundation lay'd
On sovereigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd;
Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
Of crooked counsels and dark politics;
Of these a gloomy tribe surround the throne,
And beg to make th' immortal treasons known.
The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
With sparks that seem'd to set the world on fire.
At the dread sound, pale mortals stood aghast,
And startled Nature trembled with the blast.
This having heard and seen, some power unknown 418
Straight chang'd the scene, and snatch'd me from the throne.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 406. Last, those who boast of mighty, &c.]
Tho came another compayne,
That had y-done the treachery, &c.

Ver. 418. This having heard and seen, &c.]
The scene here changes from the Temple of Fame, to that of Rumour, which is almost entirely Chaucer's. The particulars follow.
Tho saw I stonde in a valey,
Under the castle fast by
A house, that Domus Dedali
That Labyrinthus cleped is,
Nas made so wonly I wis,
Ne half so queintly y-wrought;
And evermo as swift as thought,
This queint house about went,
That never more it still stent—
And eke this house hath of entrees,
As many as leaves are on trees
In summer, when they ben grene;
And in the roof yet men may sene
A thousand hoels and well mo
To letten the soune out-go;
And by day in every tide,
Ben all the doors open wide,
And by night each one unshet;
No porter is there one to let,
No manner tydings in to pace:
Ne never rest is in that place.

Before my view appear'd a structure fair,
Its site uncertain, if in earth or air;
With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round;
With ceaseless noise the ringing walls resound;
Not less in number were the spacious doors,
Than leaves on trees, or sands upon the shores;
Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,
Pervious to winds, and open every way.
As flames by nature to the skies ascend,
As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
As to the sea returning rivers roll,
And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole;
Hither as to their proper place, arise
All various sounds from earth, and seas, and skies,
Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear;
Nor ever silence, rest, or peace, is here.
As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes
The sinking stone at first a circle makes;
The trembling surface, by the motion stirr'd,
Spreads in a second circle, then a third;
Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,
Fill all the watery plain, and to the margin dance;
Thus every voice and sound, when first they break,
On neighbouring air a soft impression make;
Another ambient circle then they move;
That, in its turn, impels the next above;
Through undulating air the sounds are sent,
And spread o'er all the fluid element.
There various news I heard of love and strife, 448
Of peace and war, health, sickness, death, and life,
Of loss and gain, of famine and of store,
Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore,
Of prodigies, and portents seen in air,
Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair,
Of turns of fortune, changes in the state,
The falls of favourites, projects of the great,
Of old mismanagements, taxations new:
All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.
Above, below, without, within, around, 458
Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 448. There various news I heard, &c.]
Of werres, of peace, of marriages,
Of rest, of labour, of voyages,
Of abode, of dethe, and of life,
Of love and hate, accord and strife,
Of loss, of lore, and of winnings,
Of hele, of sickness, and lessings,
Of divers transmutations,
Of estates and eke of regions,
Of trust, of dred, of jealousy,
Of wit, of winning, and of folly,
Of good, or bad government,
Of fire, and divers accident.

Ver. 458. Above, below, without, within, &c.]
But such a grete congregation
Of folke as I saw roame about,
Some within, and some without,
Was never seen, ne shall be eft—
And every wight that I saw there
Rowned everich in others ear
A new tyding privily,
Or else he told it openly
Right thus, and said, "Knowst not thou
That is betide to-night now?
"No," quoth he, "tell me what?"
And then he told him this and that, &c.
—— Thus north and south
Went every tyding fro mouth to mouth,

Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away;
Hosts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day:
Astrologers, that future fates foreshew,
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;
And priests, and party zealots, numerous bands
With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands;
Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place,
And wild impatience star'd in every face.
The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargements too,
In every ear it spread, on every tongue it grew.
Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
News travell'd with increase from mouth to mouth.
So from a spark, that kindled first by chance,
With gathering force the quickening flames advance;
Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,
And towers and temples sink in floods of fire.
When thus ripe lies are to perfection sprung,
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,
Through thousand vents, impatient, forth they flow,
And rush in millions on the world below,
Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course,
Their date determines, and prescribes their force:
Some to remain, and some to perish soon;
Or wane and wax alternate like the Moon.
Around a thousand winged wonders fly,
Borne by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd through the sky.
There, at one passage, oft you might survey 489
A lie and truth contending for the way;
And long 'twas doubtful though so closely pent,
Which first should issue through the narrow vent:
At last agreed, together out they fly,
Inseparable now the truth and lie;
The strict companions are for ever join'd,
And this or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er shall find.
While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,
One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear:
"What could thus high thy rash ambition raise?
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise?"
"'Tis true," said I, "not void of hopes I came,
For who so fond as youthful bards of Fame?
But few, alas! the casual blessing boast,
So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.
How vain that second life in others breath,
Th' estate which wits inherit after death!
Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign,
(Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine!)
The great man's curse, without the gains, endure,
Be envy'd, wretched, and be flatter'd, poor;
All luckless wits their enemies profest,
And all successful, jealous friends at best.

IMITATIONS.

And that encreasing evermo,
As fire is wont to quicken and go
From a sparkle sprong amiss,
Till all the citee brent up is.

Ver. 489. There, at one passage, &c.]
And sometime I saw there at once,
A lesing and a sad sooth saw
That gomen at adeenture draw
Out of a window forth to pace—
And no man, be he ever so wrothe,
Shall have one of these two, but bothe, &c.

Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favours call;
She comes unlook'd-for, if she comes at all.
But if the purchase costs so dear a price
As soothing Folly, or exalting Vice:
Oh! if the Muse must flatter lawless sway,
And follow still where Fortune leads the way;
Or if no basis bear my rising name,
But the fall'n ruins of another's fame;
Then, teach me, heaven! to scorn the guilty bays,
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise;
Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown;
Oh, grant an honest fame, or grant me none!"

JANUARY AND MAY:

OR, THE MERCHANT'S TALE.

FROM CHAUCER.

THERE liv'd in Lombardy, as authors write,
In days of old, a wise and worthy knight;
Of gentle manners, as of generous race,
Blest with much sense, more riches, and some grace;
Yet, led astray, by Venus' soft delights,
He scarce could rule some idle appetites:
For long ago, let priests say what they could,
Weak sinful laymen were but flesh and blood.
But in due time, when sixty years were o'er,
He vow'd to lead this vicious life no more:
Whether pure holiness inspir'd his mind,
Or dotage turn'd his brain, is hard to find;
But his high courage prick'd him forth to wed,
And try the pleasures of a lawful bed.
This was his nightly dream, his daily care,
And to the heavenly powers his constant prayer,
Once ere he dy'd, to taste the blissful life
Of a kind husband and a loving wife.
These thoughts he fortify'd with reasons still,
(For none want reasons to confirm their will.)
Grave authors say, and witty poets sing,
That honest wedlock is a glorious thing:
But depth of judgment most in him appears,
Who wisely weds in his maturer years.
Then let him chuse a damsel young and fair,
To bless his age, and bring a worthy heir;
To sooth his cares, and, free from noise and strife,
Conduct him gently to the verge of life.
Let sinful batchelors their woes deplore,
Full well they merit all they feel, and more:
Unaw'd by precepts human or divine,
Like birds and beasts promiscuously they join:
Nor know to make the present blessing last,
To hope the future, or esteem the past:
But vainly boast the joys they never try'd,
And find divulg'd the secrets they would hide.
The marry'd man may bear his yoke with ease,
Secure at once himself and Heaven to please;
And pass his inoffensive hours away,
In bliss all night, and innocence all day:
Though fortune change, his constant spouse remains,
Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.
But what so pure which envious tongues will spare?
Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair.
With matchless impudence they style a wife
The dear-bought curse, and lawful plague of life;
A bosom-serpent, a domestic evil,
A night invasion, and a mid-day devil.
Let not the wise these slanderous words regard,
But curse the bones of every living bard.

All other goods by Fortune's hand are given,
A wife is the peculiar gift of Heaven.
Vain Fortune's favours, never at a stay,
Like empty shadows, pass, and glide away;
One solid comfort, our eternal wife,
Abundantly supplies us all our life:
This blessing lasts (if those who try say true)
As long as heart can wish—and longer too.
Our grandsire Adam, ere of Eve possess'd,
Alone, and ev'n in Paradise unbless'd,
With mournful looks the blissful scenes survey'd,
And wander'd in the solitary shade:
The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd
Woman, the last, the best reserv'd of God.
A wife! ah, gentle deities, can he
That has a wife, e'er feel adversity?
Would men but follow what the sex advise,
All things would prosper, all the world grow wise.
'Twas by Rebecca's aid that Jacob won
His father's blessing from an elder son:
Abusive Nabal ow'd his forfeit life
To the wise conduct of a prudent wife:
Heroic Judith, as old Hebrews show,
Preserv'd the Jews, and slew th' Assyrian foe:
At Hester's suit, the persecuting sword
Was sheath'd, and Israel liv'd to bless the Lord.
These weighty motives, January the sage
Maturely ponder'd in his riper age;
And, charm'd with virtuous joys and sober life,
Would try that christian comfort, call'd a wife.
His friends were summon'd on a point so nice,
To pass their judgment, and to give advice;
But fix'd before, and well resolv'd was he;
(As men that ask advice are wont to be.)
"My friends," he cry'd, (and cast a mournful look
Around the room, and sigh'd before he spoke)
"Beneath the weight of threescore years I bend,
And worn with cares, and hastening to my end;
How I have liv'd, alas! you know too well,
In worldly follies, which I blush to tell;
But gracious Heaven has ope'd my eyes at last,
With due regret I view my vices past,
And, as the precept of the church decrees,
Will take a wife, and live in holy ease.
But, since by counsel all things should be done,
And many heads are wiser still than one;
Chuse you for me, who best shall be content
When my desire's approv'd by your consent.
"One caution yet is needful to be told,
To guide your choice; this wife must not be old:
There goes a saying, and 'twas shrewdly said,
Old fish at table, but young flesh in bed.
My soul abhors the tasteless, dry embrace
Of a stale virgin with a winter face:
In that cold season Love but treats his guest
With bean-straw, and tough forage at the best.
No crafty widows shall approach my bed;
Those are too wise for batchelors to wed;
As subtle clerks by many schools are made,
Twice-marry'd dames are mistresses o' th' trade:
But young and tender virgins, rul'd with ease,
We form like wax, and mould them as we please.
"Conceive me, sirs, nor take my sense amiss;
'Tis what concerns my soul's eternal bliss:
Since if I found no pleasure in my spouse,
As flesh is frail, and who (God help me) knows?
Then should I live in lewd adultery,
And sink downright to Satan when I die.
Or were I curs'd with an unfruitful bed,
Th' righteous end were lost for which I wed;
To raise up seed to bless the powers above,
And not for pleasure only, or for love.
Think not I doat; 'tis time to take a wife,
When vigorous blood forbids a chaster life:
Those that are blest with store of grace divine,
May live like saints, by Heaven's consent and mine.
"And since I speak of wedlock, let me say,
(As, thank my stars, in modest truth I may)
My limbs are active, still I'm sound at heart,
And a new vigour springs in every part.
Think not my virtue lost, though time has shed
These reverend honours on my hoary head;
Thus trees are crown'd with blossoms white as snow,
The vital sap then rising from below:
Old as I am, my lusty limbs appear
Like winter greens, that flourish all the year.
Now, sirs, you know to what I stand inclin'd,
Let every friend with freedom speak his mind."
He said; the rest in different parts divide;
The knotty point was urg'd on either side:
Marriage, the theme on which they all declaim'd,
Some prais'd with wit, and some with reason blam'd;
Till, what with proofs, objections, and replies,
Each wondrous positive, and wondrous wise,
There fell between his brothers a debate,
Placebo this was call'd, and Justin that.
First to the knight Placebo thus begun
(Mild were his looks, and pleasing was his tone):
"Such prudence, sir, in all your words appears,
As plainly proves, experience dwells with years!
Yet you pursue sage Solomon's advice,
To work by counsel when affairs are nice:
But with the wise man's leave, I must protest,
So may my soul arrive at ease and rest
As still I hold your own advice the best.
"Sir, I have liv'd a courtier all my days,
And study'd men, their manners, and their ways;
And have observ'd this useful maxim still,
To let my betters always have their will.
Nay, if my lord affirm that black was white,
My word was this, 'Your honour's in the right.'
Th' assuming wit, who deems himself so wise,
As his mistaken patron to advise,
Let him not dare to vent his dangerous thought,
A noble fool was never in a fault.
This, sir, affects not you, whose every word
Is weigh'd with judgment, and befits a lord:
Your will is mine; and is (I will maintain)
Pleasing to God, and should be so to man!
At least, your courage all the world must praise,
Who dare to wed in your declining days.
Indulge the vigour of your mounting blood,
And let grey fools be indolently good,
Who, past all pleasure, damn the joys of sense,
With reverend dulness, and grave impotence."
Justin, who silent sat, and heard the man,
Thus, with a philosophic frown, began.
"A heathen author of the first degree,
(Who, though not faith, had sense as well as we)
Bids us be certain our concerns to trust
To those of generous principles, and just.
The venture's greater, I'll presume to say,
To give your person, than your goods away:
And therefore, sir, as you regard your rest,
First learn your lady's qualities at least:
Whether she's chaste or rampant, proud or civil,
Meek as a saint, or haughty as the devil;
Whether an easy, fond, familiar fool,
Or such a wit as no man e'er can rule.

'Tis true, perfection none must hope to find
In all this world, much less in womankind;
But, if her virtues prove the larger share,
Bless the kind Fates, and think your fortune rare.
Ah, gentle sir, take warning of a friend,
Who knows too well the state you thus commend;
And, spite of all his praises, must declare,
All he can find is bondage, cost, and care.
Heaven knows, I shed full many a private tear,
And sigh in silence, lest the world should hear!
While all my friends applaud my blissful life,
And swear no mortal's happier in a wife;
Demure and chaste as any vestal nun,
The meekest creature that beholds the Sun!
But, by th' immortal powers, I feel the pain,
And he that smarts has reason to complain.
Do what you list, for me; you must be sage,
And cautious sure; for wisdom is in age:
But at these years, to venture on the fair;
By him who made the ocean, earth, and air,
To please a wife, when her occasions call,
Would busy the most vigorous of us all.
And trust me, sir, the chastest you can chuse
Will ask observance, and exact her dues.
If what I speak my noble lord offend,
My tedious sermon here is at an end."
"'Tis well, 'tis wonderous well," the Knight replies,
"Most worthy kinsman, faith you're mighty wise!
We, sirs, are fools, and must resign the cause
To heathenish authors, proverbs, and old saws."
He spoke with scorn, and turn'd another way:—
What does my friend, my dear Placebo, say?
"I say," quoth he, "by heaven the man's to blame,
To slander wives, and wedlock's holy name."
At this the council rose, without delay;
Each, in his own opinion, went his way;
With full consent, that, all disputes appeas'd,
The knight should marry, when and where he pleas'd.
Who now but January exults with joy?
The charms of wedlock all his soul employ;
Each nymph by turns his wavering mind possest,
And reign'd the short-liv'd tyrant of his breast;
While fancy pictur'd every lively part,
And each bright image wander'd o'er his heart.
Thus, in some public forum fix'd on high,
A mirror shows the figures moving by;
Still one by one, in swift succession, pass
The gliding shadows o'er the polish'd glass.
This lady's charms the nicest could not blame,
But vile suspicions had aspers'd her fame;
That was with sense, but not with virtue, blest;
And one had grace, that wanted all the rest.
Thus doubting long what nymph he should obey,
He fix'd at last upon the youthful May.
Her faults he knew not, Love is always blind,
But every charm revolv'd within his mind:
Her tender age, her form divinely fair,
Her easy motion, her attractive air,
Her sweet behaviour, her enchanting face,
Her moving softness, and majestic grace.
Much in his prudence did our knight rejoice,
And thought no mortal could dispute his choice:
Once more in haste he summon'd every friend,
And told them all, their pains were at an end.
"Heaven, that" (said he) "inspir'd me first to wed,
Provides a consort worthy of my bed:
Let none oppose th' election, since on this
Depends my quiet, and my future bliss.
"A dame there is, the darling of my eyes,
Young, beauteous, artless, innocent, and wise;
Chaste, though not rich; and, though not nobly born,
Of honest parents, and may serve my turn.
Her will I wed, if gracious Heaven so please,
To pass my age in sanctity and ease;
And thank the powers, I may possess alone
The lovely prize, and share my bliss with none!
If you, my friends, this virgin can procure,
My joys are full, my happiness is sure.
"One only doubt remains: full oft I've heard,
By casuists grave, and deep divines averr'd,
That 'tis too much for human race to know
The bliss of Heaven above, and Earth below.
Now should the nuptial pleasures prove so great,
To match the blessings of the future state,
Those endless joys were ill-exchang'd for these;
Then clear this doubt, and set my mind at ease."
This Justin heard, nor could his spleen control,
Touch'd to the quick, and tickled at the soul.
"Sir Knight," he cry'd, "if this be all you dread,
Heaven put it past your doubt, whene'er you wed;
And to my fervent prayers so far consent,
That, ere the rites are o'er, you may repent!
Good Heaven, no doubt, the nuptial state approves,
Since it chastises still what best it loves.
Then be not, sir, abandon'd to despair;
Seek, and perhaps you'll find among the fair,
One that may do your business to a hair;
Not ev'n in wish, your happiness delay,
But prove the scourge to lash you on your way:
Then to the skies your mounting soul shall go,
Swift as an arrow soaring from the bow!
Provided still, you moderate your joy,
Nor in your pleasures all your might employ,
Let reason's rule your strong desires abate,
Nor please too lavishly your gentle mate.
Old wives there are, of judgment most acute,
Who solve these questions beyond all dispute;
Consult with those, and be of better cheer;
Marry, do penance, and dismiss your fear."
So said, they rose, no more the work delay'd;
The match was offer'd, the proposals made.
The parents, you may think, would soon comply;
The old have interest ever in their eye.
Nor was it hard to move the lady's mind;
When fortune favours, still the fair are kind.
I pass each previous settlement and deed,
Too long for me to write, or you to read;
Nor will with quaint impertinence display
The pomp, the pageantry, the proud array.
The time approach'd, to church the parties went,
At once with carnal and devout intent:
Forth came the priest, and bade th' obedient wife
Like Sarah or Rebecca lead her life.
Then pray'd the powers the fruitful bed to bless,
And made all sure enough with holiness.
And now the palace-gates are open'd wide,
The guests appear in order, side by side,
And plac'd in state the bridegroom and the bride.
The breathing flute's soft notes are heard around,
And the shrill trumpets mix their silver sound;
The vaulted roofs with echoing music ring, [string.
These touch the vocal stops, and those the trembling
Not thus Amphion tun'd the warbling lyre,
Nor Joab the sounding clarion could inspire,
Nor fierce Theodamas, whose sprightly strain
Could swell the soul to rage, and fire the martial train.
Bacchus himself, the nuptial feast to grace,
(So poets sing) was present on the place:
And lovely Venus, goddess of delight,
Shook high her flaming torch in open sight;

And danc'd around, and smil'd on every knight:
Pleas'd her best servant would his courage try,
No less in wedlock, than in liberty.
Full many an age old Hymen had not spy'd
So kind a bridegroom, or so bright a bride.
Ye bards! renown'd among the tuneful throng
For gentle lays, and joyous nuptial song,
Think not your softest numbers can display
The matchless glories of the blissful day;
The joys are such as far transcend your rage,
When tender youth has wedded stooping age.
The beauteous dame sat smiling at the board,
And darted amorous glances at her lord.
Not Hester's self, whose charms the Hebrews sing,
E'er look'd so lovely on her Persian king:
Bright as the rising Sun in summer's day,
And fresh and blooming as the month of May!
The joyful knight survey'd her by his side,
Nor envy'd Paris with the Spartan bride:
Still as his mind revolv'd with vast delight
Th' entrancing raptures of th' approaching night,
Restless he sate, invoking every power
To speed his bliss, and haste the happy hour.
Meantime the vigorous dancers beat the ground,
And songs were sung, and flowing bowls went round.
With odorous spices they perfum'd the place,
And mirth and pleasure shone in every face.
Damian alone, of all the menial train,
Sad in the midst of triumph, sigh'd for pain;
Damian alone, the knight's obsequious squire,
Consum'd at heart, and fed a secret fire.
His lovely mistress all his soul possess'd;
He look'd, he languish'd, and could take no rest:
His task perform'd, he sadly went his way,
Fell on his bed, and loath'd the light of day.
There let him lie, till his relenting dame
Weep in her turn, and waste in equal flame.
The wearied Sun, as learned poets write,
Forsook the horizon, and roll'd down the light;
While glittering stars his absent beams supply,
And Night's dark mantle overspread the sky.
Then rose the guests; and, as the time requir'd,
Each paid his thanks, and decently retir'd.
The foe once gone, our knight prepar'd t' undress,
So keen he was, and eager to possess:
But first thought fit th' assistance to receive,
Which grave physicians scruple not to give;
Satyrion near, with hot eringos stood,
Cantharides, to fire the lazy blood,
Whose use old bards describe in luscious rhymes,
And critics learn'd explain to modern times.
By this the sheets were spread, the bride undress'd,
The room was sprinkled, and the bed was bless'd.
What next ensued beseems me not to say;
'Tis sung, he labour'd till the dawning day,
Then briskly sprung from bed, with heart so light,
As all were nothing he had done by night;
And sipp'd his cordial as he sat upright.
He kiss'd his balmy spouse with wanton play,
And feebly sung a lusty roundelay:
Then on the couch his weary limbs he cast;
For every labour must have rest at last.
But anxious cares the pensive squire oppress'd,
Sleep fled his eyes, and peace forsook his breast:
The raging flames that in his bosom dwell,
He wanted art to hide, and means to tell;
Yet hoping time th' occasion might betray,
Compos'd a sonnet to the lovely May;
Which, writ and folded with the nicest art,
He wrap'd in silk, and laid upon his heart.

When now the fourth revolving day was run,
('Twas June, and Cancer had receiv'd the Sun)
Forth from her chamber came the beauteous bride;
The good old knight mov'd slowly by her side.
High mass was sung; they feasted in the hall;
The servants round stood ready at their call.
The squire alone was absent from the board,
And much his sickness griev'd his worthy lord,
Who pray'd his spouse, attended with her train,
To visit Damian, and divert his pain.
Th' obliging dames obey'd with one consent;
They left the hall, and to his lodging went.
The female tribe surround him as he lay,
And close beside him sate the gentle May:
Where, as she try'd his pulse, he softly drew
A heaving sigh, and cast a mournful view!
Then gave his bill, and brib'd the powers divine,
With secret vows to favour his design.
Who studies now but discontented May?
On her soft couch uneasily she lay;
The lumpish husband snor'd away the night,
Till coughs awak'd him near the morning light.
What then he did, I'll not presume to tell,
Nor if she thought herself in Heaven or Hell:
Honest and dull in nuptial bed they lay,
'Till the bell toll'd, and all arose to pray.
Were it by forceful Destiny decreed,
Or did from Chance or Nature's power proceed;
Or that some star, with aspect kind to love,
Shed its selectest influence from above;
Whatever was the cause, the tender dame
Felt the first motions of an infant flame;
Receiv'd th' impressions of the love-sick squire,
And wasted in the soft infectious fire.
Ye fair, draw near, let May's example move
Your gentle minds to pity those who love!
Had some fierce tyrant in her stead been found,
The poor adorer sure had hang'd, or drown'd:
But she, your sex's mirrour, free from pride,
Was much too meek to prove a homicide.
But to my tale: Some sages have defin'd
Pleasure the sovereign bliss of human kind:
Our knight (who study'd much, we may suppose)
Deriv'd his high philosophy from those;
For, like a prince, he bore the vast expense
Of lavish pomp, and proud magnificence:
His house was stately, his retinue gay;
Large was his train, and gorgeous his array.
His spacious garden, made to yield to none,
Was compass'd round with walls of solid stone;
Priapus could not half describe the grace
(Though god of gardens) of this charming place:
A place to tire the rambling wits of France
In long descriptions, and exceed romance;
Enough to shame the gentlest bard that sings
Of painted meadows, and of purling springs.
Full in the centre of the flowery ground,
A crystal fountain spread its streams around,
The fruitful banks with verdant laurels crown'd:
About this spring (if ancient Fame say true)
The dapper elves their moon-light sports pursue:
Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen,
In circling dances gambol'd on the green,
While tuneful sprites a merry concert made,
And airy music warbled through the shade.
Hither the noble knight would oft repair,
(His scene of pleasure, and peculiar care)
For this he held it dear, and always bore
The silver key that lock'd the garden door.

To this sweet place, in summer's sultry heat,
He us'd from noise and business to retreat;
And here in dalliance spend the live-long day,
Solus cum sola, with his sprightly May:
For whate'er work was undischarg'd a-bed,
The duteous knight in this fair garden sped.
But, ah! what mortal lives of bliss secure?
How short a space our worldly joys endure!
O Fortune, fair, like all thy treacherous kind,
But faithless still, and wavering as the wind!
O painted monster, form'd mankind to cheat
With pleasing poison, and with soft deceit!
This rich, this amorous venerable knight,
Amidst his ease, his solace and delight,
Struck blind by thee, resigns his days to grief,
And calls on Death, the wretch's last relief.
The rage of jealousy then seiz'd his mind,
For much he fear'd the faith of woman kind.
His wife, not suffer'd from his side to stray,
Was captive kept; he watch'd her night and day,
Abridg'd her pleasures, and confin'd her sway.
Full oft in tears did hapless May complain,
And sigh'd full oft; but sigh'd and wept in vain:
She look'd on Damian with a lover's eye;
For, oh, 'twas fix'd, she must possess or die!
Nor less impatience vex'd her amorous squire,
Wild with delay, and burning with desire.
Watch'd as she was, yet could he not refrain
By secret writing to disclose his pain:
The dame by signs reveal'd her kind intent,
Till both were conscious what each other meant.
Ah, gentle knight, what could thy eyes avail,
Though they could see as far as ships can sail?
'Tis better, sure, when blind, deceiv'd to be,
Than be deluded when a man can see!
Argus himself, so cautious and so wise,
Was over-watch'd, for all his hundred eyes:
So many an honest husband may, 'tis known,
Who, wisely, never thinks the case his own.
The dame at last, by diligence and care,
Procur'd the key her knight was wont to bear;
She took the wards in wax before the fire,
And gave th' impression to the trusty squire.
By means of this, some wonder shall appear,
Which, in due place and season, you may hear.
Well sung sweet Ovid, in the days of yore,
What slight is that, which love will not explore?
And Pyramus and Thisbe plainly show
The feats true lovers, when they list, can do:
Though watch'd and captive, yet in spite of all,
They found the art of kissing through a wall.
But now no longer from our tale to stray;
It happ'd, that once upon a summer's day,
Our reverend knight was urg'd to amorous play:
He rais'd his spouse ere matin-bell was rung,
And thus his morning canticle he sung.
"Awake, my love, disclose thy radiant eyes;
Arise, my wife, my beauteous lady, rise!
Hear how the doves with pensive notes complain,
And in soft murmurs tell the trees their pain:
The winter's past; the clouds and tempests fly;
The Sun adorns the fields, and brightens all the sky.
Fair without spot, whose every charming part
My bosom wounds, and captivates my heart,
Come, and in mutual pleasures let's engage,
Joy of my life, and comfort of my age."
This heard, to Damian straight a sign she made,
To haste before; the gentle squire obey'd:
Secret, and undescry'd, he took his way,
And ambush'd close behind an arbour lay.

It was not long ere January came,
And hand in hand with him his lovely dame;
Blind as he was, not doubting all was sure,
He turn'd the key, and made the gate secure.
"Here let us walk," he said, "observ'd by none,
Conscious of pleasures to the world unknown:
So may my soul have joy, as thou, my wife,
Art far the dearest solace of my life;
And rather would I chuse, by Heaven above,
To die this instant, than to lose thy love.
Reflect what truth was in my passion shown,
When unendow'd I took thee for my own,
And sought no treasure but thy heart alone.
Old as I am, and now depriv'd of sight,
Whilst thou art faithful to thy own true knight,
Nor age nor blindness rob me of delight.
Each other loss with patience I can bear,
The loss of thee is what I only fear.
"Consider then, my lady, and my wife,
The solid comforts of a virtuous life.
As, first, the love of Christ himself you gain;
Next, your own honour undefil'd maintain;
And lastly, that which sure your mind must move,
My whole estate shall gratify your love:
Make your own terms, and ere to-morrow's Sun
Displays his light, by Heaven, it shall be done.
I seal the contract with a holy kiss,
And will perform, by this—my dear, and this—
Have comfort, spouse, nor think thy lord unkind;
'Tis love, not jealousy, that fires my mind.
For when thy charms my sober thoughts engage,
And join'd to them my own unequal age,
From thy dear side I have no power to part,
Such secret transports warm my melting heart.
For who, that once possess'd those heavenly charms,
Could live one moment absent from thy arms?"
He ceas'd, and May with modest grace reply'd,
(Weak was her voice, as while she spoke she cry'd)
"Heaven knows" (with that a tender sigh she drew)
"I have a soul to save as well as you;
And, what no less you to my charge commend,
My dearest honour, will to death defend.
To you in holy church I gave my hand,
And join'd my heart in wedlock's sacred band:
Yet, after this, if you distrust my care,
Then hear, my lord, and witness what I swear.
"First may the yawning Earth her bosom rend,
And let me hence to Hell alive descend;
Or die the death I dread no less than Hell,
Sew'd in a sack, and plung'd into a well;
Ere I my fame by one lewd act disgrace,
Or once renounce the honour of my race:
For know, sir Knight, of gentle blood I came;
I loath a whore, and startle at the name.
But jealous men on their own crimes reflect,
And learn from hence their ladies to suspect:
Else why these needless cautions, sir, to me?
These doubts and fears of female constancy!
This chime still rings in every lady's ear,
The only strain a wife must hope to hear."
Thus while she spoke, a sidelong glance she cast,
Where Damian, kneeling, worship'd as she past.
She saw him watch the motions of her eye,
And singled out a pear-tree planted nigh:
'Twas charg'd with fruit that made a goodly show,
And hung with dangling pears was every bough.
Thither th' obsequious squire address'd his pace,
And, climbing, in the summit took his place;
The knight and lady walk'd beneath in view,
Where let us leave them, and our tale pursue.

'Twas now the season when the glorious Sun
His heavenly progress through the Twins had run;
And Jove, exalted, his mild influence yields,
To glad the glebe, and paint the flowery fields.
Clear was the day, and Phœbus, rising bright,
Had streak'd the azure firmament with light;
He pierc'd the glittering clouds with golden streams,
And warm'd the womb of Earth with genial beams.
It so befel, in that fair morning-tide,
The fairies sported on the garden-side,
And in the midst their monarch and his bride.
So featly tripp'd the light-foot ladies round,
The knights so nimbly o'er the greensword bound,
That scarce they bent the flowers, or touch'd the ground.
The dances ended, all the fairy train
For pinks and daisies search'd the flowery plain;
While, on a bank reclin'd of rising green,
Thus, with a frown, the king bespoke his queen.
"'Tis too apparent, argue what you can,
The treachery you women use to man:
A thousand authors have this truth made out,
And sad experience leaves no room for doubt.
"Heaven rest thy spirit, noble Solomon,
A wiser monarch never saw the Sun;
All wealth, all honours, the supreme degree
Of earthly bliss, was well bestow'd on thee!
For sagely hast thou said: 'Of all mankind,
One only just and righteous hope to find:
But shouldst thou search the spacious world around,
Yet one good woman is not to be found.'
"Thus says the king, who knew your wickedness:
The son of Sirach testifies no less.
So may some wildfire on your bodies fall,
Or some devouring plague consume you all.
As well you view the leacher in the tree,
And well this honourable knight you see:
But since he's blind and old (a helpless case),
His squire shall cuckold him before your face.
"Now, by my own dread majesty I swear,
And by this awful sceptre which I bear,
No impious wretch shall 'scape unpunish'd long,
That in my presence offers such a wrong.
I will this instant undeceive the knight,
And in the very act restore his sight;
And set the strumpet here in open view,
A warning to these ladies, and to you,
And all the faithless sex, for ever to be true."
"And will you so," reply'd the queen, "indeed?
Now, by my mother's soul it is decreed,
She shall not want an answer at her need.
For her, and for her daughters, I'll engage,
And all the sex in each succeeding age!
Art shall be theirs, to varnish an offence,
And fortify their crime with confidence.
Nay, were they taken in a strict embrace,
Seen with both eyes, and pinion'd on the place;
All they shall need is to protest and swear,
Breathe a soft sigh, and drop a tender tear!
Till their wise husbands, gull'd by arts like these,
Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as geese.
"What though this slanderous Jew, this Solomon,
Call'd women fools, and knew full many a one;
The wiser wits of later times declare,
How constant, chaste, and virtuous, women are:
Witness the martyrs, who resign'd their breath,
Serene in torments, unconcern'd in death;
And witness next what Roman authors tell,
How Arria, Portia, and Lucretia fell.
"But, since the sacred leaves to all are free,
And men interpret texts, why should not we?
By this no more was meant, than to have shown,
That sovereign goodness dwells in him alone
Who only is, and is but only One.
But grant the worst; shall women then be weigh'd
By every word that Solomon has said?
What though this king (as ancient story boasts)
Built a fair temple to the Lord of Hosts;
He ceas'd at last his Maker to adore,
And did as much for idol gods, or more.
Beware what lavish praises you confer
On a rank leacher and idolater;
Whose reign, indulgent God, says holy writ,
Did but for David's righteous sake permit;
David, the monarch after Heaven's own mind,
Who lov'd our sex, and honour'd all our kind.
"Well, I'm a woman, and as such must speak;
Silence would swell me, and my heart would break.
Know then, I scorn your dull authorities,
Your idle wits, and all their learned lies.
By Heaven, those authors are our sex's foes,
Whom, in our right, I must and will oppose.
"Nay" (quoth the king) "dear madam, be not wroth:
I yield it up; but since I gave my oath,
That this much-injur'd knight again should see,
It must be done—I am a king," said he,
"And one, whose faith has ever sacred been."
"And so has mine" (she said)—"I am a queen:
Her answer she shall have, I undertake;
And thus an end of all dispute I make.
Try when you list; and you shall find, my lord,
It is not in our sex to break our word."
We leave them here in this heroic strain,
And to the knight our story turns again;
Who in the garden, with his lovely May,
Sung merrier than the cuckow or the jay:
This was his song; "Oh, kind and constant be,
Constant and kind I'll ever prove to thee."
Thus singing as he went, at last he drew
By easy steps, to where the pear-tree grew:
The longing dame look'd up, and spy'd her love
Full fairly perch'd among the boughs above.
She stopp'd, and sighing: "Oh, good gods!" she cry'd,
"What pangs, what sudden shoots, distend my side!
O for that tempting fruit, so fresh, so green;
Help, for the love of Heaven's immortal queen!
Help, dearest lord, and save at once the life
Of thy poor infant, and thy longing wife!"
Sore sigh'd the knight to hear his lady's cry,
But could not climb, and had no servant nigh:
Old as he was, and void of eye-sight too,
What could, alas! a helpless husband do?
"And must I languish then," she said, "and die,
Yet view the lovely fruit before my eye?
At least, kind sir, for Charity's sweet sake,
Vouchsafe the trunk between your arms to take;
Then from your back I might ascend the tree;
Do you but stoop, and leave the rest to me."
"With all my soul," he thus reply'd again,
"I'd spend my dearest blood to ease thy pain."
With that, his back against the trunk he bent,
She seiz'd a twig, and up the tree she went.
Now prove your patience, gentle ladies all!
Nor let on me your heavy anger fall:
'Tis truth I tell, though not in phrase refin'd;
Though blunt my tale, yet honest is my mind.
What feats the lady in the tree might do,
I pass, as gambols never known to you;
But sure it was a merrier fit, she swore,
Than in her life she ever felt before.

In that nice moment, lo! the wondering knight
Look'd out, and stood restor'd to sudden sight.
Straight on the tree his eager eyes he bent,
As one whose thoughts were on his spouse intent;
But when he saw his bosom-wife so dress'd,
His rage was such as cannot be express'd:
Not frantic mothers when their infants die,
With louder clamours rend the vaulted sky:
He cry'd, he roar'd, he storm'd, he tore his hair;
"Death! Hell! and Furies! what dost thou do there?"
"What ails my Lord?" the trembling dame reply'd;
"I thought your patience had been better try'd:
Is this your love, ungrateful and unkind,
This my reward for having cur'd the blind?
Why was I taught to make my husband see,
By struggling with a man upon a tree?
Did I for this the power of magic prove?
Unhappy wife, whose crime was too much love!"
"If this be struggling, by this holy light,
'Tis struggling with a vengeance" (quoth the knight):
"So Heaven preserve the sight it has restor'd,
As with these eyes I plainly saw thee whor'd;
Whor'd by my slave—perfidious wretch! may Hell
As surely seize thee, as I saw too well!"
"Guard me, good angels!" cry'd the gentle May,
"Pray Heaven, this magic work the proper way!
Alas, my love! 'tis certain, could you see,
You ne'er had us'd these killing words to me:
So help me, Fates, as 'tis no perfect sight,
But some faint glimmering of a doubtful light."
"What I have said" (quoth he) "I must maintain,
For by th' immortal powers it seem'd too plain—"
"By all those powers, some frenzy seiz'd your mind"
(Reply'd the dame): "are these the thanks I find?
Wretch that I am, that e'er I was so kind!"
She said; a rising sigh express'd her woe,
The ready tears apace began to flow,
And, as they fell, she wip'd from either eye
The drops (for women when they list, can cry).
The knight was touch'd, and in his looks appear'd
Signs of remorse, while thus his spouse he cheer'd:
"Madam, 'tis past, and my short anger o'er;
Come down, and vex your tender heart no more:
Excuse me, dear, if aught amiss was said,
For, on my soul, amends shall soon be made:
Let my repentance your forgiveness draw,
By Heaven, I swore but what I thought I saw."
"Ah, my lov'd lord! 'twas much unkind" (she
"On bare suspicion thus to treat your bride. [cry'd)
But, till your sight's establish'd for a while,
Imperfect objects may your sense beguile.
Thus when from sleep we first our eyes display,
The balls are wounded with the piercing ray,
And dusky vapours rise, and intercept the day.
So, just recovering from the shades of night,
Your swimming eyes are drunk with sudden light,
Strange phantoms dance around, and skim before
your sight:
Then, sir, be cautious, nor too rashly deem:
Heaven knows how seldom things are what they
Consult your reason, and you soon shall find [seem!
'Twas you were jealous, not your wife unkind:
Jove ne'er spoke oracle more true than this,
None judge so wrong as those who think amiss."
With that she leap'd into her lord's embrace,
With well-dissembled virtue in her face.
He hugg'd her close, and kiss'd her o'er and o'er,
Disturb'd with doubts and jealousies no more:
Both, pleas'd and bless'd, renew'd their mutual vows,
A fruitful wife, and a believing spouse.

Thus ends our tale; whose moral next to make,
Let all wise husbands hence example take;
And pray, to crown the pleasure of their lives,
To be so well deluded by their wives.

THE WIFE OF BATH,

HER PROLOGUE, FROM CHAUCER.

Behold the woes of matrimonial life,
And hear with reverence an experienc'd wife!
To dear-bought wisdom give the credit due,
And think, for once, a woman tells you true.
In all these trials I have borne a part,
I was myself the scourge that caus'd the smart;
For, since fifteen, in triumph have I led
Five captive husbands from the church to bed.
Christ saw a wedding once, the Scripture says,
And saw but one, 'tis thought, in all his days;
Whence some infer, whose conscience is too nice,
No pious Christian ought to marry twice.
But let them read, and solve me, if they can,
The words address'd to the Samaritan:
Five times in lawful wedlock she was join'd;
And sure the certain stint was ne'er defin'd.
"Encrease and multiply," was Heaven's com-
mand,
And that's a text I clearly understand.
This too, "Let men their sires and mothers leave,
And to their dearer wives for ever cleave."
More wives than one by Solomon were try'd,
Or else the wisest of mankind's bely'd.
I've had myself full many a merry fit;
And trust in Heaven, I may have many yet,
For when my transitory spouse, unkind,
Shall die, and leave his woeful wife behind,
I'll take the next good Christian I can find.
Paul, knowing one could never serve our turn,
Declar'd 'twas better far to wed than burn.
There's danger in assembling fire and tow;
I grant them that, and what it means you know.
The same apostle too has elsewhere own'd,
No precept for virginity he found:
'Tis but a counsel—and we women still
Take which we like, the counsel, or our will.
I envy not their bliss, if he or she
Think fit to live in perfect chastity;
Pure let them be, and free from taint of vice;
I, for a few slight spots, am not so nice.
Heaven calls us different ways, on these bestows
One proper gift, another grants to those:
Not every man's oblig'd to sell his store,
And give up all his substance to the poor;
Such as are perfect may, I can't deny;
But, by your leaves, divines, so am not I.
Full many a saint, since first the world began,
Liv'd an unspotted maid, in spite of man:
Let such (a-God's name) with fine wheat be fed,
And let us honest wives eat barley bread.
For me, I'll keep the post assign'd by Heaven,
And use the copious talent it has given:
Let my good spouse pay tribute, do me right,
And keep an equal reckoning every night.
His proper body is not his, but mine;
For so said Paul, and Paul's a sound divine.
Know then, of those five husbands I have had,
Three were just tolerable, two ere bad.
The three were old, but rich and fond beside,
And toil'd most piteously to please their bride:

But since their wealth (the best they had) was mine,
The rest, without much loss, I could resign.
Sure to be lov'd, I took no pains to please,
Yet had more pleasure far than they had ease.
Presents flow'd in apace: with showers of gold,
They made their court, like Jupiter of old.
If I but smil'd, a sudden youth they found,
And a new palsy seiz'd them when I frown'd.
Ye sovereign wives! give ear and understand,
Thus shall ye speak, and exercise command.
For never was it given to mortal man,
To lie so boldly as we women can:
Forswear the fact, though seen with both his eyes,
And call your maids to witness how he lies.
"Hark, old sir Paul!" ('twas thus I us'd to say)
"Whence is our neighbour's wife so rich and gay?
Treated, caress'd, where'er she's pleas'd to roam—
I sit in tatters, and immur'd at home.
Why to her house dost thou so oft repair?
Art thou so amorous? and is she so fair?
If I but see a cousin or a friend,
Lord! how you swell, and rage like any fiend!
But you reel home, a drunken beastly bear,
Then preach till midnight in your easy chair;
Cry, wives are false, and every woman evil,
And give up all that's female to the devil.
"If poor (you say) she drains her husband's purse;
If rich, she keeps her priest, or something worse;
If highly born, intolerably vain,
Vapours and pride by turns possess her brain,
Now gayly mad, now sourly splenetic;
Freakish when well, and fretful when she's sick.
If fair, then chaste she cannot long abide,
By pressing youth attack'd on every side;
If foul, her wealth the lusty lover lures,
Or else her wit some fool-gallant procures,
Or else she dances with becoming grace,
Or shape excuses the defects of face.
There swims no goose so grey, but, soon or late,
She finds some honest gander for her mate.
"Horses (thou say'st) and asses men may try,
And ring suspected vessels ere they buy:
But wives, a random choice, untry'd they take;
They dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake:
Then, nor till then, the veil's remov'd away,
And all the woman glares in open day.
"You tell me, to preserve your wife's good grace,
Your eyes must always languish on my face,
Your tongue with constant flatteries feed my ear,
And tag each sentence with, My life! my dear!
If by strange chance, a modest blush be rais'd,
Be sure my fine complexion must be prais'd.
My garments always must be new and gay,
And feasts still kept upon my wedding-day.
Then must my nurse be pleas'd, and favourite maid;
And endless treats, and endless visits paid,
To a long train of kindred, friends, allies.
All this thou say'st, and all thou say'st are lies.
"On Jenkin too you cast a squinting eye:
What! can your 'prentice raise your jealousy?
Fresh are his ruddy cheeks, his forehead fair,
And like the burnish'd gold his curling hair.
But clear thy wrinkled brow, and quit thy sorrow,
I'd scorn your 'prentice, should you die to-morrow.
"Why are thy chests all lock'd? on what design?
Are not thy worldly goods and treasure mine?
Sir, I'm no fool; nor shall you, by St. John,
Have goods and body to yourself alone.
One you shall quit, in spite of both your eyes—
I heed not, I, the bolts, and locks, and spies.
If you had wit, you'd say, 'Go where you will,
Dear spouse, I credit not the tales they tell:
Take all the freedoms of a married life;
I know thee for a virtuous, faithful wife.'
"Lord! when you have enough, what need you care
How merrily soever others fare?
Though all the day I give and take delight,
Doubt not, sufficient will be left at night.
'Tis but a just and rational desire,
To light a taper at a neighbour's fire.
"There's danger too, you think, in rich array,
And none can long be modest that are gay.
The cat, if you but singe her tabby skin,
The chimney keeps, and sits content within;
But once grown sleek, will from her corner run,
Sport with her tail, and wanton in the sun;
She licks her fair round face, and frisks abroad,
To show her fur, and to be catterwaw'd."
Lo thus, my friends, I wrought to my desires
These three right ancient venerable sires.
I told them, thus you say, and thus you do,
And told them false, but Jenkin swore 'twas true.
I, like a dog, could bite as well as whine,
And first complain'd, whene'er the guilt was mine.
I tax'd them oft with wenching and amours,
When their weak legs scarce dragg'd them out of doors;
And swore the rambles that I took by night,
Were all to spy what damsels they bedight.
That colour brought me many hours of mirth;
For all this wit is given us from our birth.
Heaven gave to women the peculiar grace,
To spin, to weep, and cully human race.
By this nice conduct, and this prudent course,
By murmuring, wheedling, stratagem, and force,
I still prevail'd, and would be in the right,
Or curtain-lectures made a restless night.
If once my husband's arm was o'er my side,
What! so familiar with your spouse? I cry'd:
I levied first a tax upon his need:
Then let him—'twas a nicety indeed!
Let all mankind this certain maxim hold,
Marry who will, our sex is to be sold.
With empty hands no tassels you can lure,
But fulsome love for gain we can endure;
For gold we love the impotent and old,
And heave, and pant, and kiss, and cling, for gold.
Yet with embraces, curses oft I mix'd,
Then kiss'd again, and chid, and rail'd betwixt.
Well, I may make my will in peace, and die,
For not one word in man's arrears am I.
To drop a dear dispute I was unable,
Ev'n though the pope himself had sat at table.
But when my point was gain'd, then thus I spoke:
"Billy, my dear, how sheepishly you look!
Approach, my spouse, and let me kiss thy cheek;
Thou shouldst be always thus, resign'd and meek!
Of Job's great patience since so oft you preach,
Well should you practise, who so well can teach.
'Tis difficult to do, I must allow,
But I, my dearest, will instruct you how.
Great is the blessing of a prudent wife,
Who puts a period to domestic strife.
One of us two must rule, and one obey;
And since in man right reason bears the sway,
Let that frail thing, weak woman, have her way.
The wives of all my family have rul'd
Their tender husbands, and their passions cool'd.
Fy, 'tis unmanly thus to sigh and groan;
What! would you have me to yourself alone?
Why take me, love! take all and every part!
Here's your revenge! you love it at your heart.

Would I vouchsafe to sell what Nature gave,
You little think what custom I could have.
But see! I'm all your own—nay hold—for shame;
What means my dear—indeed—you are to blame."
Thus with my first three lords I past my life;
A very woman, and a very wife.
What sums from these old spouses I could raise,
Procur'd young husbands in my riper days.
Though past my bloom, not yet decay'd was I,
Wanton and wild, and chatter'd like a pie.
In country dances still I bore the bell,
And sung as sweet as evening Philomel.
To clear my quailpipe, and refresh my soul,
Full oft I drain'd the spicy nut-brown bowl;
Rich luscious wines, that youthful blood improve,
And warm the swelling veins to feats of love:
For 'tis as sure, as cold engenders hail,
A liquorish mouth must have a lecherous tail:
Wine lets no lover unrewarded go,
As all true gamesters by experience know.
But oh, good gods! whene'er a thought I cast
On all the joys of youth and beauty past,
To find in pleasures I have had my part,
Still warms me to the bottom of my heart.
This wicked world was once my dear delight;
Now, all my conquests, all my charms, good night!
The flour consum'd, the best that now I can,
Is e'en to make my market of the bran.
My fourth dear spouse was not exceeding true;
He kept, 'twas thought, a private miss or two;
But all that score I paid—as how? you'll say,
Not with my body in a filthy way:
But I so dress'd, and dane'd, and drank, and din'd,
And view'd a friend with eyes so very kind,
As stung his heart, and made his marrow fry
With burning rage, and frantic jealousy.
His soul, I hope, enjoys eternal glory,
For here on Earth I was his purgatory.
Oft, when his shoe the most severely wrung,
He put on careless airs, and sate and sung.
How sore I gall'd him, only Heaven could know,
And he that felt, and I that caus'd the woe.
He dy'd, when last from pilgrimage I came,
With other gossips, from Jerusalem;
And now lies buried underneath a rood,
Fair to be seen, and rear'd of honest wood:
A tomb indeed, with fewer sculptures grac'd
Than that Mausolus' pious widow plac'd,
Or where inshrin'd the great Darius lay;
But cost on graves is merely thrown away.
The pit fill'd up, with turf we cover'd o'er;
So blest the good man's soul, I say no more.
Now for my fifth lov'd lord, the last and best;
(Kind Heaven afford him everlasting rest!)
Full hearty was his love, and I can shew
The tokens on my ribs in black and blue;
Yet, with a knack, my heart he could have won,
While yet the smart was shooting in the bone.
How quaint an appetite in women reigns!
Free gifts we scorn, and love what costs us pains:
Let men avoid us, and on them we leap;
A glutted market makes provision cheap.
In pure good-will I took this jovial spark,
Of Oxford he, a most egregious clerk.
He boarded with a widow in the town,
A trusty gossip, one dame Alison.
Full well the secrets of my soul she knew,
Better than e'er our parish priest could do.
To her I told whatever could befall:
Had but my husband piss'd against a wall,
Or done a thing that might have cost his life,
She—and my niece—and one more worthy wife,
Had known it all: what most he would conceal,
To these I made no scruple to reveal.
Oft has he blush'd from ear to ear for shame,
That e'er he told a secret to his dame.
It so befel, in holy time of Lent,
That oft a day I to this gossip went;
(My husband, thank my stars, was out of town)
From house to house we rambled up and down,
This clerk, myself, and my good neighbour Alse,
To see, be seen, to tell, and gather tales.
Visits to every church we daily paid,
And march'd in every holy masquerade,
The stations duly and the vigils kept;
Not much we fasted, but scarce ever slept.
At sermons too I shone in scarlet gay;
The wasting moths ne'er spoil'd my best array;
The cause was this, I wore it every day.
'Twas when fresh May her early blossoms yields,
This clerk and I were walking in the fields,
We grew so intimate, I can't tell how,
I pawn'd my honour, and engag'd my vow,
If e'er I laid my husband in his urn,
That he, and only he, should serve my turn.
We straight struck hands, the bargain was agreed;
I still have shifts against a time of need:
The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole,
Can never be a mouse of any soul.
I vow'd I scarce could sleep since first I knew him,
And durst be sworn he had bewitch'd me to him;
If e'er I slept, I dream'd of him alone,
And dreams foretel, as learned men have shown.
All this I said; but dreams, sirs, I had none:
I follow'd but my crafty crony's lore,
Who bid me tell this lie—and twenty more.
Thus day by day, and month by month we past,
It pleas'd the Lord to take my spouse at last.
I tore my gown, I soil'd my locks with dust,
And beat my breasts, as wretched widows—must.
Before my face my handkerchief I spread,
To hide the flood of tears I did—not shed.
The good man's coffin to the church was borne;
Around, the neighbours, and my clerk too, mourn.
But as he march'd, good gods! he show'd a pair
Of legs and feet, so clean, so strong, so fair!
Of twenty winters age he seem'd to be;
I (to say truth) was twenty more than he;
But vigorous still, a lively buxom dame;
And had a wonderous gift to quench a flame.
A conjuror once, that deeply could divine,
Assur'd me, Mars in Taurus was my sign.
As the stars order'd, such my life has been:
Alas, alas, that ever love was sin!
Fair Venus gave me fire and sprightly grace,
And Mars assurance and a dauntless face.
By virtue of this powerful constellation,
I follow'd always my own inclination.
But to my tale: A month scarce pass'd away,
With dance and song we kept the nuptial day.
All I possess'd I gave to his command,
My goods and chattels, money, house, and land:
But oft repented, and repent it still;
He prov'd a rebel to my sovereign will:
Nay once, by Heaven, he struck me on the face;
Hear but the fact, and judge yourselves the case.
Stubborn as any lioness was I;
And knew full well to raise my voice on high;
As true a rambler as I was before,
And would be so, in spite of all he swore.

He against this right sagely would advise,
And old examples set before my eyes;
Tell how the Roman matrons led their life,
Of Gracchus' mother, and Duilius' wife;
And close the sermon, as beseem'd his wit,
With some grave sentence out of holy writ.
Oft would he say, "Who builds his house on sands,
Pricks his blind horse across the fallow lands;
Or let his wife abroad with pilgrims roam,
Deserves a fool's-cap, and long ears at home."
All this avail'd not; for whoe'er he be
That tells my faults, I hate him mortally:
And so do numbers more, I boldly say,
Men, women, clergy, regular, and lay.
My spouse (who was, you know, to learning bred)
A certain treatise oft at evening read,
Where divers authors (whom the Devil confound
For all their lies) were in one volume bound.
Valerius, whole; and of St. Jerome, part;
Chrysippus and Tertullian, Ovid's Art,
Solomon's Proverbs, Eloisa's Loves;
And many more than sure the church approves.
More legions were there here of wicked wives,
Than good in all the Bible and saints lives.
Who drew the lion vanquish'd? 'twas a man.
But could we women write as scholars can,
Men should stand mark'd with far more wickedness,
Than all the sons of Adam could redress.
Love seldom haunts the breast were learning lies,
And Venus sets ere Mercury can rise.
Those play the scholars, who can't play the men,
And use that weapon which they have, their pen;
When old, and past the relish of delight,
Then down they sit, and in their dotage write,
That not one woman keeps her marriage vow.
(This by the way, but to my purpose now).
It chanc'd my husband, on a winter's night,
Read in this book, aloud, with strange delight,
How the first female (as the Scriptures show)
Brought her own spouse and all his race to woe.
How Samson fell; and he whom Dejanire
Wrapp'd in the envenom'd shirt, and set on fire.
How curs'd Eryphile her lord betray'd,
And the dire ambush Clytemnestra laid.
But what most pleas'd him was the Cretan Dame,
And Husband-bull—oh monstrous! fly for shame!
He had by heart the whole detail of woe
Xantippe made her good man undergo;
How oft she scolded in a day, he knew,
How many piss-pots on the sage she threw;
Who took it patiently, and wip'd his head;
"Rain follows thunder," that was all he said.
He read, how Arius to his friend complain'd,
A fatal tree was growing in his land,
On which three wives successively had twin'd
A sliding noose, and waver'd in the wind.
"Where grows this plant," reply'd the friend, "oh
For better fruit did never orchard bear. [where?
Give me some slip of this most blissful tree,
And in my garden planted shall it be."
Then how two wives their lord's destruction prove,
Through hatred one, and one through too much love;
That for her husband mix'd a poisonous draught,
And this for lust an amorous philtre bought:
The nimble juice soon seiz'd his giddy head,
Frantic at night, and in the morning dead.
How some with swords their sleeping lords have slain,
And some have hammer'd nails into their brain,
And some have drench'd them with a deadly potion;
All this he read, and read with great devotion.
Long time I heard, and swell'd, and blush'd and frown'd:
But when no end of these vile tales I found,
When still he read, and laugh'd, and read again,
And half the night was thus consum'd in vain:
Provok'd to vengeance, three large leaves I tore,
And with one buffet fell'd him on the floor.
With that my husband in a fury rose
And down he settled me with hearty blows.
I groan'd, and lay extended on my side;
"Oh! thou hast slain me for my wealth," I cry'd,
"Yet I forgive thee—take my last embrace—"
He wept, kind soul! and stoop'd to kiss my face,
I took him such a box as turn'd him blue,
Then sigh'd and cry'd, "Adieu, my dear, adieu!"
But after many a hearty struggle past,
I condescended to be pleas'd at last.
Soon as he said, "My mistress and my wife,
Do what you list, the term of all your life;"
I took to heart the merits of the cause,
And stood content to rule by wholesome laws;
Receiv'd the reins of absolute command,
With all the government of house and land,
And empire o'er his tongue, and o'er his hand.
As for the volume that revil'd the dames,
'Twas torn to fragments, and condemn'd to flames.
Now Heaven on all my husbands gone bestow
Pleasures above, for tortures felt below:
That rest they wish'd for, grant them in the grave,
And bless those souls my conduct help'd to save!

THE FIRST BOOK OF

STATIUS HIS THEBAIS.

TRANSLATED IN THE YEAR MDCCIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

ŒDIPUS king of Thebes, having by mistake slain his father Laius, and married his mother Jocasta, put out his own eyes, and resigned the realm to his sons, Eteocles and Polynices. Being neglected by them, he makes his prayer to the fury Tisiphone, to sow debate betwixt the brothers. They agree at last to reign singly, each a year by turns, and the first lot is obtained by Eteocles. Jupiter, in a council of the gods, declares his resolution of punishing the Thebans, and Argives also, by means of a marriage betwixt Polynices and one of the daughters of Adrastus, king of Argos. Juno opposes, but to no effect; and Mercury is sent on a message to the Shades, to the ghost of Laius, who is to appear to Eteocles, and provoke him to break the agreement. Polynices in the mean time departs from Thebes by night, is overtaken by a storm, and arrives at Argos; where he meets with Tydeus, who had fled from Calydon, having killed his brother. Adrastus entertains them, having received an oracle from Apollo, that his daughter should be married to a boar and a lion, which he understands to be meant of these strangers, by whom the hides of those beasts were worn, and who arrived at the time when he kept an annual feast in honour of that god. The rise of this solemnity he relates to his guests, the loves of Phœgus and Psamathe, and the story of Chorœbus. He inquires, and is made acquainted with their

descent and quality. The sacrifice is renewed, and the book concludes with a hymn to Apollo.

The translator hopes he need not apologise for his choice of this piece, which was made almost in his childhood; but, finding the version better than he expected, he gave it some correction a few years afterwards.

THE FIRST BOOK OF

STATIUS HIS THEBAIS.

Fraternal rage, the guilty Thebes alarms,
The alternate reign destroy'd by impious arms,
Demand our song; a sacred fury fires
My ravish'd breast, and all the Muse inspires.
O goddess, say, shall I deduce my rhymes
From the dire nation in its early times,
Europa's rape, Agenor's stern decree,
And Cadmus searching round the spacious sea?
How with the serpent's teeth he sow'd the soil,
And reap'd an iron harvest of his toil?
Or how from joining stones the city sprung,
While to his harp divine Amphion sung?
Or shall I Juno's hate to Thebes resound,
Whose fatal rage th' unhappy monarch found?
The sire against the son his arrows drew,
O'er the wide fields the furious mother flew,
And while her arms a second hope contain,
Sprung from the rocks, and plung'd into the main.
But wave whate'er to Cadmus may belong,
And fix, O Muse! the barrier of thy song
At Œdipus—from his disasters trace
The long confusions of his guilty race:
Nor yet attempt to stretch thy bolder wing,
And mighty Cæsar's conquering eagles sing;
How twice he tam'd proud Ister's rapid flood,
While Dacian mountains stream'd with barbarous blood;
Twice taught the Rhine beneath his laws to roll,
And stretch'd his empire to the frozen pole:
Or long before, with early valour, strove
In youthful arms t' assert the cause of Jove.
And thou, great heir of all thy father's fame,
Increase of glory to the Latian name!

Fraternas acies, alternaque regna profanis
Decertata odiis, sontesque evolvere Thebas,
Pierius menti calor incidit. Unde jubetis
Ire, Deæ? gentisne canam primordia diræ?
Sidonios raptus, et inexorabile pactum
Legis Agenoreæ? scrutantemque æquora Cadmum?
Longo retro series, trepidum si Martis operti
Agricolam infandis condentem prælia sulcis
Expediam, penitusque sequar quo carmine muris
Jusserit Amphion Tyrios accedere montes:
Unde graves iræ cognata in mœnia Baccho,
Quod sævæ Junonis opus; cui sumpserit arcum
Infelix Athamas, cur non expaverit ingens
Ionium, socio casura Palæmone mater.
Atque adeo jam nunc gemitus, et prospera Cadmi
Præterisse sinam: limes mihi carminis esto
Œdipodæ confusa domus: quando Itala nondum
Signa, nec Arctoos ausim sperare triumphos,
Bisque jugo Rhenum, bis adactum legibus Istrum,
Et conjurato dejectos vertice Dacos:
Aut defensa prius vix pubescentibus annis
Bella Jovis. Tuque o Latiæ decus addite famæ,
Quem nova maturi subeuntem exorsa parentis
O bless thy Rome with an eternal reign,
Nor let desiring worlds entreat in vain.
What though the stars contract their heavenly space,
And croud their shining ranks to yield thee place;
Though all the skies, ambitious of thy sway,
Conspire to court thee from our world away;
Though Phœbus longs to mix his rays with thine,
And in thy glories more serenely shine;
Though Jove himself no less content would be
To part his throne, and share his Heaven with thee;
Yet stay, great Cæsar! and vouchsafe to reign
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the watery main;
Resign to Jove his empire of the skies,
And people Heaven with Roman deities.
The time will come, when a diviner flame
Shall warm my breast to sing of Cæsar's fame:
Meanwhile permit, that my preluding Muse
In Theban wars an humbler theme may chuse:
Of furious hate surviving death, she sings,
A fatal throne to two contending kings,
And funeral flames, that parting wide in air
Express the discord of the souls they bear:
Of towns dispeopled, and the wandering ghosts
Of kings unbury'd in the wasted coasts;
When Dirce's fountain blush'd with Grecian blood,
And Thetis, near Ismenos' swelling flood,
With dread beheld the rolling surges sweep,
In heaps, his slaughter'd sons into the deep.
What hero, Clio! wilt thou first relate?
The rage of Tydeus, or the prophet's fate?
Or how, with hills of slain on every side,
Hippomedon repell'd the hostile tide?
Or how the youth, with every grace adorn'd,
Untimely fell, to be for ever mourn'd?
Then to fierce Capaneus thy verse extend,
And sing with horrour his prodigious end.
Now wretched Œdipus, depriv'd of sight,
Led a long death in everlasting night;
But, while he dwells where not a chearful ray
Can pierce the darkness, and abhors the day,
The clear reflecting mind presents his sin
In frightful views, and makes it day within;

Æternum sibi Roma cupit; licet arctior omnes
Limes agat stellas, et te plaga lucida cœli
Pleiadum, Boreæque, et hiulci fulminis expers
Sollicitet; licet ignipedum frænator equorum
Ipse tuis alte radiantem crinibus arcum
Imprimat, aut magni cedat tibi Jupiter æqua
Parte poli; maneas hominum contentus habenis,
Undarum terræque potens, et sidera dones.
Tempus erit, cum Pierio tua fortior æstro
Facta canam: nunc tendo chelyn. Satis arma referre
Aonia, et geminis sceptrum exitiale tyrannis,
Nec furiis post fata modum, flammasque rebelles
Seditione rogi, tumulisque carentia regum
Funera, et egestas alternis mortibus urbes;
Cærula cum rubuit Lernæo sanguine Dirce,
Et Thetis arentes assuetum stringere ripas,
Horruit ingenti venientem Ismenon acervo.
Quem prius heroum Clio dabis? immodicum iræ
Tydea? laurigeri subitos an vatis hiatus?
Urget et hostilem propellens cædibus amnem
Turbidus Hippomedon, plorandaque bella protervi
Arcados, atque alio Capaneus horrore canendus.
Impia jam merita scrutatus lumina dextra
Merserat æterna damnatum nocte pudorem
Œdipodes, longaque animam sub morte tenebat.
Illum indulgentem tenebris, imæque recessu
Sedis, inaspectos cœlo, radiisque penates
Servantem, tamen assiduis circumvolat alis

Returning thoughts in endless circles roll,
And thousand furies haunt his guilty soul;
The wretch then lifted to th' unpitying skies
Those empty orbs from whence he tore his eyes,
Whose wounds, yet fresh, with bloody hands he strook,
While from his breast these dreadful accents broke:
"Ye gods! that o'er the gloomy regions reign,
Where guilty spirits feel eternal pain;
Thou, sable Styx! whose livid streams are roll'd
Through dreary coasts, which I, though blind, behold:
Tisiphone, that oft has heard my prayer,
Assist, if Oedipus deserve thy care!
If you receiv'd me from Jocasta's womb,
And nurs'd the hope of mischiefs yet to come:
If leaving Polybus, I took my way
To Cyrrha's temple, on that fatal day,
When by the son the trembling father dy'd,
Where the three roads the Phocian fields divide:
If I the Sphynx's riddles durst explain,
Taught by thyself to win the promis'd reign:
If wretched I, by baleful Furies led,
With monstrous mixture stain'd my mother's bed,
For Hell and thee begot an impious brood,
And with full lust those horrid joys renew'd;
Then, self-condemn'd to shades of endless night,
Forc'd from these orbs the bleeding balls of sight:
O hear, and aid the vengeance I require,
If worthy thee, and what thou mightst inspire!
My sons their old unhappy sire despise,
Spoil'd of his kingdom, and depriv'd of eyes;
Guideless I wander, unregarded mourn,
While these exalt their sceptres o'er my urn;
These sons, ye gods! who, with flagitious pride,
Insult my darkness, and my groans deride.
Art thou a father, unregarding Jove?
And sleeps thy thunder in the realms above?

Thou Fury, then, some lasting curse entail,
Which o'er their children's children shall prevail:
Place on their heads that crown distain'd with gore,
Which these dire hands from my slain father tore;
Go, and a parent's heavy curses bear;
Break all the bonds of Nature, and prepare
Their kindred souls to mutual hate and war.
Give them to dare, what I might wish to see
Blind as I am, some glorious villainy!
Soon shalt thou find, if thou but arm their hands,
Their ready guilt preventing thy commands:
Couldst thou some great, proportion'd mischief frame,
They'd prove the father from whose loins they came."
The Fury heard, while on Cocytus' brink
Her snakes, unty'd, sulphureous waters drink;
But at the summons roll'd her eyes around,
And snatch'd the starting serpents from the ground.
Not half so swiftly shoots along in air
The gliding light'ning, or descending star.
Through crowds of airy shades she wing'd her flight,
And dark dominions of the silent night;
Swift as she pass'd, the flitting ghosts withdrew,
And the pale spectres trembled at her view:
To th' iron gates of Tænarus she flies,
There spreads her dusky pinions to the skies.
The Day beheld, and, sickning at the sight,
Veil'd her fair glories in the shades of night.
Affrighted Atlas, on the distant shore,
Trembled, and shook the heavens and gods he bore.
Now from beneath Malea's airy height
Aloft she sprung, and steer'd to Thebes her flight;
With eager speed the well-known journey took,
Nor here regrets the Hell she late forsook.
A hundred snakes her gloomy visage shade,
A hundred serpents guard her horrid head,
In her sunk eye-balls dreadful meteors glow:
Such rays from Phœbe's bloody circles flow,
When, labouring with strong charms, she shoots from high
A fiery gleam, and reddens all the sky.
Blood stain'd her cheeks, and from her mouth there came
Blue steaming poisons, and a length of flame.

Sæva dies animi, scelerumque in pectore Diræ.
Tunc vacuos orbes, crudum ac miserabile vitæ
Supplicium, ostentat cœlo, manibusque cruentis
Pulsat inane solum, sævaque ita voce precatur:
Di sontes animas, angustaque Tartara pœnis
Qui regitis, tuque umbrifero Styx livida fundo,
Quam video, multumque mihi consueta vocari
Annue Tisiphone, perversaque vota secunda,
Si bene quid merui, si me de matre cadentem
Fovisti gremio, et trajectum vulnere plantas
Firmasti; si stagna peti Cyrrhæa bicorni
Interfusa jugo, possem cum degere falso
Contentus Polybo, trifidæque in Phocidos arce
Longævum implicui regem, secuique trementis
Ora senis, dum quæro patrem; si Sphingos iniquæ
Callidus ambages, te præmonstrante, resolvi;
Si dulces furias, et lamentabile matris
Connubium gavisus ini; noctemque nefandam
Sæpe tuli, natosque tibi (scis ipsa) paravi;
Mox avidus pœnæ digitis cædentibus ultro
Incubui, miseraque oculos in matre reliqui:
Exaudi, si digna precor, quæque ipsa furenti
Suggiceres: orbum visu regnisque parentem
Non regere, aut dictis mœrentem flectere adorti
Quos genui, quocunque toro: quin ecce superbi
(Proh dolor) et nostro jamdudum funere reges,
Insultant tenebris, gemitusque odere paternos.
Hisne etiam funestus ego? et videt ista deorum
Ignavus genitor? tu saltem debita vindex
Huc ades, et totos in pœnam ordire nepotes.
Indue quod madidum tabo diadema cruentis
Unguibus arripui, votisque instincta paternis

I media in fratres, generis consortia ferro
Dissiliant: da Tartarei regina barathri
Quod cupiam vidisse nefas, nec tarda sequetur
Mens juvenum; modo digna veni, mea pignora nosces.
Talia jactanti crudelis Diva severos
Advertit vultus; inamœnum forte sedebat
Cocyton juxta, resolutaque vertice crines,
Lambere sulfureas permiserat anguibus undas.
Ilicet igne Jovis, lapsisque citatior astris
Tristibus exiliit ripis, discedit inane
Vulgus, et occursis dominæ pavet; illa per umbras
Et caligantes animarum examine campos,
Tænariæ limen petit irremeabile portæ.
Sensit adesse dies; picco nox obvia nimbo
Lacentes turbavit equos. Procul arduus Atlas
Horruit, et dubia cœlum cervice remisit.
Arripit extemplo Maleæ de valle resurgens
Notum iter ad Thebas: neque enim velocior ullas
Itque reditque vias, cognataque Tartara mavult.
Centum illi stantes umbrabant ora cerastæ,
Turba minor diri capitis: sedet intus abactis
Ferrea lux oculis; qualis per nubila Phœbes
Atracea rubet arte labor: suffusa veneno
Tenditur, ac sanie gliscit cutis: igneus atro
Ore vapor, quo longa sitis, morbique, famesque,

From every blast of her contagious breath,
Famine and drought proceed, and plagues, and death.
A robe obscene was o'er her shoulders thrown,
A dress by Fates and Furies worn alone.
She toss'd her meagre arms; her better hand
In waving circles whirl'd a funeral brand:
A serpent from her left was seen to rear
His flaming crest, and lash the yielding air.
But when the Fury took her stand on high,
Where vast Cithæron's top salutes the sky,
A hiss from all the snaky tire went round;
The dreadful signal all the rocks rebound,
And through th' Achaian cities send the sound.
Oete, with high Parnassus, heard the voice;
Eurotas' banks remurmur'd to the noise;
Again Lacothoë shook at these alarms,
And press'd Palæmon closer in her arms.
Headlong from thence the glowing Fury springs,
And o'er the Theban palace spreads her wings,
Once more invades the guilty dome, and shrouds
Its bright pavilions in a veil of clouds.
Straight with the rage of all their race possess'd,
Stung to the soul, the brothers start from rest,
And all their Furies wake within their breast.
Their tortur'd minds repining Envy tears,
And Hate, engender'd by suspicious fears;
And sacred thirst of sway; and all the ties
Of Nature broke; and royal perjuries;
And impotent Desire to reign alone,
That scorns the dull reversion of a throne;
Each would the sweets of sovereign rule devour,
While Discord waits upon divided power.
As stubborn steers by brawny plowmen broke,
And join'd reluctant to the galling yoke,
Alike disdain with servile necks to bear
Th' unwonted weight, or drag the crooked share,
But rend the reins, and bound a different way,
And all the furrows in confusion lay;
Such was the discord of the royal pair,
Whom fury drove precipitate to war.

Et populis mors una venit. Riget horrida tergo
Palla, et cærulei redeunt in pectore nodi.
Atropos hos, atque ipsa novat Proserpina cultus.
Tum geminas quatit illa manus: hæc igne rogali
Fulgurat, hæc vivo manus aëria verberat hydro.
Ut stetit, abrupta qua plurimus arce Cithæron
Occurrit cœlo, fera sibila crine virenti.
Congeminat, signum terris, unde omnis Achæi
Ora maris late, Pelopiaque regna resultant.
Audiit et mediis cœli Parnassus, et asper
Eurotas, dubiamque jugo fragor impulit Œten
In latus, et geminis vix fluctibus obstitit Isthmos.
Ipsa suum genetrix, curvo delphine vagantem
Arripuit frenis, gremioque Palæmona pressit
Atque ea Cadmæo præceps ubi limine primum
Constitit, assuetaque infecit nube penates,
Protinus attoniti fratrum sub pectore motus,
Gentilesque animos subiit furor, ægraque lætis
Invidia, atque pares odii metus: inde regendi
Sævus amor: raptæque vices, jurisque secundi
Ambitus impatiens, et summo dulcius unum
Stare loco, sociisque comes discordia regnis.
Sic ubi delectos per torva armenta juvencos
Agricola imposito sociare affectat aratro:
Illi indignantes quis nondum vomere multo
Ardua nodosos cervix descendit in armos,
In diversa trahunt, atque æquis vincula laxant
Viribus, et vario confundunt limite sulcos:
Haud secus indomitos præceps discordia fratres

In vain the chiefs contriv'd a specious way,
To govern Thebes by their alternate sway:
Unjust decree! while this enjoys the state,
That mourns in exile his unequal fate,
And the short monarch of a hasty year
Foresees with anguish his returning heir.
Thus did the league their impious arms restrain,
But scarce subsisted to the second reign.
Yet then no proud aspiring piles were rais'd,
No fretted roofs with polish'd metals blaz'd;
No labour'd columns in long order plac'd,
No Grecian stone the pompous arches grac'd;
No nightly bands in glittering armour wait
Before the sleepless tyrant's guarded gate;
No chargers then were wrought in burnish'd gold,
Nor silver vases took the forming mould;
Nor gems on bowls emboss'd were seen to shine,
Blaze on the brims, and sparkle in the wine—
Say, wretched rivals! what provokes your rage?
Say, to what end your impious arms engage?
Not all bright Phœbus views in early morn,
Or when his evening beams the west adorn,
When the south glows with his meridian ray,
And the cold north receives a fainter day;
For crimes like these, not all those realms suffice,
Were all those realms the guilty victor's prize!
But Fortune now (the lots of empire thrown)
Decrees to proud Eteocles the crown:
What joys, oh tyrant! swell'd thy soul that day,
When all were slaves thou couldst around survey,
Pleas'd to behold unbounded power thy own,
And singly fill a fear'd and envy'd throne!
But the vile vulgar, ever discontent,
Their growing fears in secret murmurs vent;

Asperat. Alterni placuit sub legibus annus
Exilio mutare ducem. sic jure maligno
Fortunam transire jubent, ut sceptra tenendum
Fœdere præcipiti semper novus angeret hostis.
Hæc inter fratres pietas erat; hæc mora regnis
Sola, nec in regem perduratura secundum.
Et nondum crasso laquearia fulva metallo,
Montibus aut altæ Graiis effulta nitebant
Atria, conjestos satis explicitura clientes,
Non impacatis regum advigilantia somnis
Pila, nec alterna ferri statione gementes
Excubiæ, nec cura mero committere gemmas,
Atque aurum violare cibis. Sed nuda potentes
Armavit fratres: pugna est de paupere regno.
Dumque uter angustæ squalentia jugera Dircës
Verteret, aut Tyrii solio non altus ovaret
Exulis, ambigitur; periit jus fasque, bonumque,
Et vitæ, mortisque pudor. Quo tenditis iras,
Ah miseri? quid si peteretur crimine tanto
Limes uterque poli, quem Sol emissus Eöo
Cardine, quem porta vergens prospectat Ibera?
Quasque procul terras obliquo sidere tangit
Avius, aut Borea gelidas, madidive tepentes
Igne Noti; quid si Tyriæ Phrygiæve sub unum
Convectentur opes? loca dira, arcesque nefandæ
Sufficere odio, furtisque immanibus emptum est,
Œdipodæ sedisse loco. Jam sorte carebat
Dilatus Polynicis honos. quis tum tibi, sæve,
Quis fuit ille dies? vacua cum solus in aula
Respiceres jus omne tuum, cunctosque minores,
Et nusquam par stare caput? Jam murmura serpunt
Plebis Echioniæ, tacitumque a principe vulgus
Dissidet, et (qui mos populis) venturus amatur.
Atque aliquis, cui mens humili lassisse veneno
Summa, nec impositos unquam cervice volenti

Still prone to change, though still the slaves of state,
And sure the monarch whom they have, to hate;
New lords they madly make, then tamely bear,
And softly curse the tyrants whom they fear.
And one of those who groan beneath the sway
Of kings impos'd, and grudgingly obey,
(Whom envy to the great and vulgar spite
With scandal arm'd, th' ignoble mind's delight)
Exclaim'd—" O Thebes! for thee what fates re-
What woes attend this inauspicious reign! [main!
Must we, alas! our doubtful necks prepare,
Each haughty master's yoke by turns to bear,
And still to change whom chang'd we still must fear?
These now control a wretched people's fate,
These can divide, and these reverse the state:
Ev'n Fortune rules no more:—O servile land,
Where exil'd tyrants still by turns command!
Thou sire of gods and men, imperial Jove!
Is this th' eternal doom decreed above?
On thy own offspring hast thou fix'd this fate,
From the first birth of our unhappy state;
When banish'd Cadmus, wandering o'er the main,
For lost Europa search'd the world in vain,
And, fated in Bœotian fields to found
A rising empire on a foreign ground,
First rais'd our walls on that ill-omen'd plain,
Where earth-born brothers were by brothers slain?
What lofty looks th' unrival'd monarch bears!
How all the tyrant in his face appears!
What sullen fury clouds his scornful brow?
Gods! how his eyes with threatning ardour glow!
Can this imperious lord forget to reign,
Quit all his state, descend, and serve again?
Yet who, before, more popularly bow'd,
Who more propitious to the suppliant croud?
Patient of right, familiar in the throne?
What wonder then? he was not then alone.
O wretched we, a vile submissive train,
Fortune's tame fools, and slaves in every reign!
" As when two winds with rival force contend,
This way and that, the wavering sails they bend,
While freezing Boreas and black Eurus blow,
Now here, now there, the reeling vessel throw:
Thus on each side, alas! our tottering state
Feels all the fury of resistless fate;

Ferre duces: Hanene Ogygiis, ait, aspera rebus
Fata tulere vicem? toties mutare timendos,
Alternoque jugo dubitarunt subdere colla!
Partiti versant populorum fata, manuque
Fortunam fecere levem. semperne vicissim
Exulibus servire dabor? tibi, summe deorum,
Terrarumque sator, sociis hanc addere mentem
Sedit? an inde vetus Thebis extenditur omen,
Ex quo Sidonii nequicquam blanda juvenci
Pondera, Carpathio jussus sale quærere Cadmus
Exul Hyanteos invenit regna per agros:
Fraternasque acies fœtæ telluris hiatu,
Augurium, seros dimisit adusque nepotes?
Cernis ut erectum torva sub fronte minetur
Sævior assurgens dempto consorte potestas?
Quas gerit ore minas? quanto premit omnia fastu?
Hicne unquam privatus erit? tamen ille precanti
Mitis et affatu bonus et patientior æqui.
Quid nimium? non solus erat. nos vilis in omnes
Prompta manus casus domino cuicunque parati.
Qualitur hinc gelidus Boreas, hinc nubifer Eurus
Vela trahunt, nutat mediæ fortuna carinæ.

And doubtful still, and still distracted stands,
While that prince threatens, and while this com-
And now th' almighty father of the gods [mands."
Convenes a council in the blest abodes:
Far in the bright recesses of the skies,
High o'er the rolling heavens, a mansion lies,
Whence, far below, the gods at once survey
The realms of rising and declining day, [sea.
And all th' extended space of earth, and air, and
Full in the midst, and on a starry throne,
The majesty of Heaven superior shone;
Serene he look'd, and gave an awful nod,
And all the trembling spheres confess'd the god.
At Jove's assent, the deities around
In solemn state the consistory crown'd.
Next a long order of inferior powers
Ascend from hills, and plains, and shady bowers;
Those from whose urns the rolling rivers flow;
And those that give the wandering winds to blow:
Here all their rage, and ev'n their murmurs cease,
And sacred silence reigns, and universal peace.
A shining synod of majestic gods
Gilds with new lustre the divine abodes;
Heaven seems improv'd with a superior ray,
And the bright arch reflects a double day.
The monarch then his solemn silence broke,
The still creation listen'd while he spoke;
Each sacred accent bears eternal weight,
And each irrevocable word is fate.
" How long shall man the wrath of Heaven defy,
And force unwilling vengeance from the sky!
Oh race confederate into crimes, that prove
Triumphant o'er th' eluded rage of Jove!
This weary arm can scarce the bolt sustain,
And unregarded thunder rolls in vain:
Th' o'erlabour'd Cyclop from his task retires;
Th' Æolian forge exhausted of its fires.
For this I suffer'd Phœbus' steeds to stray,
And the mad ruler to misguide the day,
When the wide Earth to heaps of ashes turn'd,
And Heaven itself the wandering chariot burn'd.

Heu dubio suspensa metu, tolerandaque nullis
Aspera sors populis! hic imperat; ille minatur.
At Jovis imperiis rapidi super atria cœli
Lectus concilio divûm convenerat ordo
Interiore polo. spatiis hinc omnia juxta,
Primæque occiduæque domus, effusa sub omni
Terra atque unda die. mediis sese arduus infert
Ipse deis, placido quatiens tamen omnia vultu,
Stellantique locat solio. nec protinus ausi
Cœlicolæ, veniam donec pater ipse sedendi
Tranquilla jubet esse manu. mox turba vagorum
Semideûm, et summis cognati nubibus Amnes,
Et compressa metu servantes murmura Venti.
Aurea tecta replent; mixta convexa deorum
Majestate tremunt: radiant majore sereno
Culmina, et arcano florentes lumine postes.
Postquam jussa quies, siluitque exterritus orbis.
Incipit ex alto, (grave et immutabile sanctis
Pondus adest verbis, et vocem fata sequuntur)
Terrarum delicta, nec exsuperabile diris
Ingenium mortale queror. quousque nocen-
Exigar in pœnas? tædet sævire coruscо [tum
Fulmine; jampridem Cyclopum operosa fatiscunt
Brachia, et Æolijs desunt incudibus ignes.
Atque ideo tulerim falso rectore solutos
Solis equos, cœlumque rotis errantibus uri,
Et Phaëtontæa mundum squallere favilla.

For this, my brother of the watery reign
Releas'd th' impetuous sluices of the main:
But flames consum'd, and billows rag'd in vain.
Two races now, ally'd to Jove, offend:
To punish these, see Jove himself descend.
The Theban Kings their line from Cadmus trace,
From godlike Perseus those of Argive race.
Unhappy Cadmus' fate who does not know,
And the long series of succeeding woe?
How oft the Furies, from the deeps of night,
Arose, and mix'd with men in mortal fight:
Th' exulting mother, stain'd with filial blood;
The savage hunter, and the haunted wood?
The direful banquet why should I proclaim,
And crimes that grieve the trembling gods to name?
Ere I recount the sins of these prophane,
The Sun would sink into the western main,
And rising gild the radiant east again.
Have we not seen (the blood of Laius shed)
The murdering son ascend his parent's bed,
Through violated nature force his way,
And stain the sacred womb where once he lay?
Yet now in darkness and despair he groans,
And for the crimes of guilty fate attones;
His sons with scorn their eyeless father view,
Insult his wounds, and make them bleed anew.
Thy curse, oh Oedipus, just Heaven alarms,
And sets th' avenging Thunderer in arms.
I from the root thy guilty race will tear,
And give the nations to the waste of war.
Adrastus soon, with gods averse, shall join
In dire alliance with the Theban line:
Hence strife shall rise, and mortal war succeed;
The guilty realms of Tantalus shall bleed:
Fix'd is their doom; this all-remembering breast
Yet harbours vengeance for the tyrant's feast."
He said; and thus the queen of Heaven return'd
(With sudden grief her labouring bosom burn'd):

Nil actum est: neque tu valida quod cuspide late
Ire per illicitum pelago, germane, dedisti.
Nunc geminas punire domos, quis sanguinis autor
Ipse ego, descendo. Perseos alter in Argos
Scinditur, Aonias fluit hic ab origine Thebas.
Mens cunctis impôsta manet. Quis funera Cadmi
Nesciat? et toties excitam a sedibus imis
Eumenidum bellasse aciem? mala gaudia matrum,
Erroresque feros nemorum, et reticenda deorum
Crimina? vix lucis spatio, vix noctis abactæ
Enumerare queam mores, gentemque profanam.
Scandere quinetiam thalamos hic impius hæres
Patris, et inmeritæ gremium incestare parentis
Appetiit, proprios monstro revolutus in ortus.
Ille tamen Superis æterna piacula solvit,
Projecitque diem: nec jam amplius æthere nostro
Vescitur: at nati (facinus sine more!) cadentes
Calcavere oculos. jam jam rata vota tulisti,
Dire senex; meruere tuæ, meruere tenebræ
Ultorem sperare Jovem. nova sontibus arma
Injiciam regnis, totumque a stirpe revellam
Exitiale genus. belli mihi semina sunto
Adrastus socer, et superis adjuncta sinistris
Connubia. Hanc etiam pœnis incessere gentem
Decretum; neque enim arcano de pectore fallax
Tantalus, et sævæ periit injuria mensæ.
Sic pater omnipotens. Ast illi saucia dictis,
Flammato versans inopinum corde dolorem,
Talia Juno refert: Mene, ô justissime divûm,
Me bello certare jubes? scis semper ut arces

"Must I, whose cares Phoroneus' towers defend,
Must I, oh Jove, in bloody wars contend?
Thou know'st those regions my protection claim,
Glorious in arms, in riches, and in fame:
Though there the fair Ægyptian heifer fed,
And there deluded Argus slept, and bled;
Though there the brazen tower was storm'd of old,
When Jove descended in almighty gold.
Yet I can pardon those obscurer rapes,
Those bashful crimes disguis'd in borrow'd shapes;
But Thebes, where, shining in celestial charms,
Thou cam'st triumphant to a mortal's arms,
When all my glories o'er her limbs were spread,
And blazing lightnings danc'd around her bed;
Curs'd Thebes the vengeance it deserves may prove—
Ah, why should Argos feel the rage of Jove?
Yet, since thou wilt thy sister queen control,
Since still the lust of discord fires thy soul,
Go, raise my Samos, let Mycene fall,
And level with the dust the Spartan wall;
No more let mortals Juno's power invoke,
Her fanes no more with eastern incense smoke,
Nor victims sink beneath the sacred stroke;
But to your Isis all my rights transfer,
Let altars blaze and temples smoke for her;
For her, through Egypt's fruitful clime renown'd,
Let weeping Nilus hear the timbrel sound.
But if thou must reform the stubborn times,
Avenging on the sons the father's crimes,
And from the long records of distant age
Derive incitements to renew thy rage;
Say, from what period then has Jove decreed
To date his vengeance; to what bounds confin'd?
Begin from thence, where first Alpheus hides
His wandering stream, and through the briny tides
Unmix'd to his Sicilian river glides.

Cyclopum, magnique Phoroneos inclyta fan[illegible]
Sceptra viris, opibusque juvem; licet improbus illic
Custodem Phariæ, somno letoque juvencæ
Extinguas, septis et turribus aureus intres.
Mentitis ignosco toris: illam odimus urbem,
Quam vultu confessus adis: ubi conscia magni
Signa tori, tonitrus agis, et mea fulmina torquens
Facta luant Thebæ: cur hostes eligis Argos?
Quin age, si tanta est thalami discordia sancti,
Et Samon, et veteres arruis exscinde Mycenas.
Verte solo Sparten. cur usquam sanguine festo
Conjugis ara tuæ, cumulo cur thuris Eoi
Læta calet? melius votis Marcotica fumat
Coptos, et ærisoni lugentia flumina Nili.
Quod si prisca luunt autorum crimina gentes,
Subvenitque tuis sera hæc sententia curis;
Percensere ævi senium, quo tempore tandem
Terrarum furias abolere, et secula retro
Emendare sat est? jamdudum ab sedibus illis
Incipe, fluctivaga qua præterlabitur unda
Sicanos longe relegens Alpheus amores.
Arcades hic tua (nec pudor est) delubra nefastis
Imposuere locis: illic Mavortius axis
Oenomai, Geticoque pecus stabulare sub Ænio
Dignius: abruptis etiamnum inhumata procorum
Relliquiis trunca ora rigent. tamen hic tibi templi
Gratus honos. placet Ida nocens, mentitaque
Creta tuos. me Tantaleis consistere tectis, [manes
Quæ tandem invidia est? belli deflecte tumultus,
Et generis miserere tui. sunt impia late
Regna tibi, melius generos passura nocentes.

Thy own Arcadians there the thunder claim,
Whose impious rites disgrace thy mighty name;
Who raise thy temples where the chariot stood
Of fierce Oenomäus, defil'd with blood;
Where once his steeds their savage banquet found,
And human bones yet whiten all the ground.
Say, can those honours please? and canst thou love
Presumptuous Crete, that boasts the tomb of Jove!
And shall not Tantalus's kingdom share
Thy wife and sister's tutelary care?
Reverse, O Jove, thy too severe decree,
Nor doom to war a race deriv'd from thee;
On impious realms and barbarous kings impose
Thy plagues, and curse them with such sons as those."
Thus, in reproach and prayer, the queen express'd
The rage and grief contending in her breast;
Unmov'd remain'd the ruler of the sky,
And from his throne return'd this stern reply:
"'Twas thus I deem'd thy haughty soul would bear
The dire, though just, revenge which I prepare
Against a nation, thy peculiar care:
No less Dione might for Thebes contend,
Nor Bacchus less his native town defend;
Yet these in silence see the Fates fulfil
Their work, and reverence our superior will.
For, by the black infernal Styx I sware,
(That dreadful oath which binds the Thunderer)
'Tis fix'd, th' irrevocable doom of Jove;
No force can bend me, no persuasion move.
Haste then, Cyllenius, through the liquid air;
Go mount the winds, and to the shades repair;
Bid Hell's black monarch my commands obey,
And give up Laius to the realms of day,
Whose ghost, yet shivering on Cocytus' sand,
Expects its passage to the farther strand:
Let the pale sire revisit Thebes, and bear
These pleasing orders to the tyrant's ear;
That from his exil'd brother, swell'd with pride
Of foreign forces, and his Argive bride,
Almighty Jove commands him to detain
The promis'd empire, and alternate reign:
Be this the cause of more than mortal hate:
The rest, succeeding times shall ripen into fate."

Finierat miscens precibus convicia Juno,
At non ille gravis, dictis, quanquam aspera, motus
Reddidit hæc: Equidem haud rebar te mente secunda
Laturam, quodcunque tuos (licet æquis) in Argos
Consulerem, neque me (detur si copia) fallit
Multa super Thebis Bacchum, ausuramque Dionem
Dicere, sed nostri reverentia ponderis obstat.
Horrendos etenim latices, Stygia æquora fratris
Obtestor, mansurum et non revocabile verum,
Nil fore qui dictis flectar. quare impiger ales
Portantes præcedi Notos Cyllenia proles:
Aëra per liquidum, regnisque illapsus opacis
Dic patruo, superas senior se tollat ad auras
Laïus extinctum nati quem vulnere, nondum
Ulterior Lethes accepit ripa profundi
Lege Erebi: ferat hæc diro mea jussa nepoti;
Germanum exilio fretum, Argolicisque tumentem
Hospitiis, quod sponte cupit, procul impius aula
Arceat, alternum regni inficiatus honorem:
Hinc causæ iterum: certo reliqua ordine ducam.

The god obeys, and to his feet applies
Those golden wings that cut the yielding skies.
His ample hat his beamy locks o'erspread,
And veil'd the starry glories of his head.
He seiz'd the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye;
That drives the dead to dark Tartarian coasts,
Or back to life compels the wandering ghosts.
Thus, through the parting clouds, the son of May
Wings on the whistling winds his rapid way;
Now smoothly steers through air his equal flight,
Now springs aloft, and towers th' etherial height;
Then wheeling down the steep of Heaven he flies,
And draws a radiant circle o'er the skies.
Meantime the banish'd Polynices roves
(His Thebes abandon'd) through th' Aonian groves,
While future realms his wandering thoughts delight,
His daily vision, and his dream by night;
Forbidden Thebes appears before his eye,
From whence he sees his absent brother fly,
With transport views the airy rule his own,
And swells on an imaginary throne.
Fain would he cast a tedious age away,
And live out all in one triumphant day.
He chides the lazy progress of the Sun,
And bids the year with swifter motion run.
With anxious hopes his craving mind is tost,
And all his joys in length of wishes lost.
The hero then resolves his course to bend
Where ancient Danaus' fruitful fields extend,
And fam'd Mycene's lofty towers ascend,
(Where late the Sun did Atreus' crimes detest,
And disappear'd in horrour of the feast.)
And now, by Chance, by Fate, or Furies led,
From Bacchus' consecrated caves he fled,
Where the shrill cries of frantic matrons sound,
And Penthens' blood enrich'd the rising ground.
Then see Cithæron towering o'er the plain,
And thence declining gently to the main.

Paret Atlantiades dictis genitoris, et inde
Summa pedum propere plantaribus illigat alis,
Obnubitque comas, et temperat astra galero.
Tum dextræ virgam inseruit, qua pellere dulces
Aut suadere iterum somnos, qua nigra subire
Tartara, et exangues animare assueverat umbras
Desiluit; tenuique exceptus inhorruit aura.
Nec mora, sublimes raptim per inane volatus
Carpit, et ingenti designat nubila gyro.
Interea patriis olim vagus exul ab oris
Oedipodionides furto deserta pererrat
Aoniæ. jam jamque animis male debita regna
Concipit, et longum signis cunctantibus annum
Stare gemit. tenet una dies noctesque recursans
Cura virum, si quando humilem decedere regno
Germanum, et semet Thebis, opibusque potitum,
Cerneret: hac ævum cupiat pro luce pacisci.
Nunc queritur ceu tarda fugæ dispendia: sed mox
Attollit flatus ducis, et sedisse superbum
Dejecto se fratre putat. spes anxia mentem
Extrahit, et longo consumit gaudia voto.
Tunc sedet Inachias urbes, Danaëiaque arva,
Et caligantes abrupto sole Mycenas.
Ferre iter impavidum. seu prævia ducit Erynnis,
Seu fors illa viæ, sive hac immota vocabat
Atropos. Ogygiis ululata furoribus antra
Deserit, et pingues Bacchæo sanguine colles,
Inde plagam, qua molle sedens in plana Cithæron
Porrigitur, lassumque inclinat ad æquora montem,

Next to the bounds of Nisus' realm repairs,
Where treacherous Scylla cut the purple hairs:
The hanging cliffs of Scyron's rock explores,
And hears the murmurs of the different shores:
Passes the strait that parts the foaming seas,
And stately Corinth's pleasing site surveys.
'Twas now the time when Phœbus yields to night
And rising Cynthia sheds her silver light,
Wide o'er the world in solemn pomp she drew
Her airy chariot hung with pearly dew;
All birds and beasts lie hush'd: Sleep steals away
The wild desires of men, and toils of day,
And brings, descending through the silent air,
A sweet forgetfulness of human care.
Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay,
Promise the skies the bright return of day;
No faint reflections of the distant light [night;
Streak with long gleams the scattering shades of
From the damp earth impervious vapours rise,
Increase the darkness, and involve the skies.
At once the rushing winds with roaring sound
Burst from th' Æolian caves and rend the ground,
With equal rage their airy quarrel try,
And win by turns the kingdom of the sky;
But with a thicker night black Auster shrouds
The heavens, and drives on heaps the rolling clouds,
From whose dark womb a rattling tempest pours,
Which the cold North congeals to haily showers.
From pole to pole the thunder roars aloud,
And broken lightnings flash from every cloud.
Now smoaks with showers the misty mountain
And floated fields lie undistinguish'd round. [ground,
Th' Inachian streams with headlong fury run,
And Erisinus rolls a deluge on:
The foaming Lerna swells above its bounds,
And spread its ancient poisons o'er the grounds:
Where late was dust, now rapid torrents play,
Rush through the mounds, and bear the dams away:

Old limbs of trees from crackling forests torn,
Are whirl'd in air, and on the winds are borne:
The storm the dark Lycæan groves display'd,
And first to light expos'd the sacred shade.
Th' intrepid Theban hears the bursting sky,
Sees yawning rocks in massy fragments fly,
And views astonish'd from the hills afar,
The floods descending, and the watery war,
That, driven by storms, and pouring o'er the plain,
Swept herds, and hinds, and houses to the main.
Through the brown horrours of the night he fled,
Nor knows, amaz'd, what doubtful path to tread;
His brother's image to his mind appears,
Inflames his heart with rage, and wings his feet with
So fares a sailor on the stormy main, [fears.
When clouds conceal Boötes' golden wain,
When not a star its friendly lustre keeps,
Nor trembling Cynthia glimmers on the deeps;
He dreads the rocks, and shoals, and seas, and skies,
While thunder roars, and lightning round him flies.
Thus strove the chief, on every side distress'd,
Thus still his courage with his toils increas'd;
With his broad shield oppos'd, he forc'd his way
Through thickest woods, and rous'd the beasts of
Till he beheld, where from Larissa's height [prey.
The shelving walls reflect a glancing light:
Thither with haste the Theban hero flies;
On this side Lerna's poisonous water lies,
On that Prosymna's grove and temple rise:
He pass'd the gates, which then unguarded lay,
And to the regal palace bent his way;
On the cold marble, spent with toil, he lies,
And waits till pleasing slumbers seal his eyes.
Adrastus here his happy people sways,
Blest with calm peace in his declining days.

Præterit, hinc arcte scopuloso in limite pendens,
Infames Scyrone petras, Scyllæaque rura
Purpureo regnata seni, mitemque Corinthon
Linquit, et in mediis audit duo littora campis.
Jamque per emeriti surgens confinia Phœbi
Titanis, late mundo subvecta silenti
Rorifera gelidum tenuaverat aëra biga.
Jam pecudes volucresque tacent; jam Somnus avaris
Inserpit curis, pronusque per aëra nutat,
Grata laboratæ referrens oblivia vitæ.
Sed nec puniceo rediturum nubila cœlo
Promisere jubar, nec rarescentibus umbris
Longa repercusso nituere crepuscula Phœbo.
Densior a terris, et nulli pervia flammæ
Subtexit nox atra polos. jam claustra rigentis
Æoliæ percussa sonant, venturaque rauco
Ore minatur hiems; venti transversa frementes
Confligunt, axemque emoto cardine vellunt,
Dum cœlum sibi quisque rapit, sed plurimus Auster
Inglomerat noctem, et tenebrosa volumina torquet,
Defunditque imbres, sicco quos asper hiatu
Persolidat Boreas, nec non abrupta tremescunt
Fulgura, et attritus subita face rumpitur æther.
Jam Nemea, jam Tænareis contermina lucis
Arcadiæ capita alta madent: ruit agmine facto
Inachus, et gelidas surgens Erasinus ad Arctos.
Pulverulenta prius, calcandaque flumina nullæ
Aggeribus tenuere moræ, stagnoque refusa est
Funditus, et veteri spumavit Lerna veneno.
Frangitur omne nemus; rapiunt antiqua procellæ

Brachia sylvarum, nullisque aspecta per ævum
Solibus umbrosi patuere æstiva Lycæi.
Ille tamen modo saxa jugis fugientia ruptis
Miratur, modo nubigenas e montibus amnes
Aure favens, passimque insano turbine raptas
Pastorum pecorumque domos. non segnius amens
Incertusque viæ, per nigra silentia vastus,
Haurit iter: pulsat metus undique, et undique frater.
Ac velut hiberno deprensus navita ponto,
Cui neque temo piger, neque amico sidere monstrat
Luna vias, medio cœli pelagique tumultu
Stat rationis inops: jam jamque aut saxa malignis
Expectat submersa vadis, aut vertice acuto
Spumantes scopulos erectæ incurrere proræ:
Talis opaca legens nemorum Cadmeïus heros
Accelerat, vasto metuenda umbone ferarum
Excutiens stabula, et prono virgulta refringit
Pectore: dat stimulos animo vis mœsta timoris.
Donec ab Inachiis victa caligine tectis
Emicuit lucem devexta in mœnia fundens
Larissæus apex. illò spe concitus omni
Evolat. hinc celsæ Junonia templa Prarymnæ
Lævus habet hinc Herculeo signata vapore
Lernæi stagna atra vadi, tandemque reclusis
Infertur portis. actutum regia cernit
Vestibula. Hic artus imbri, ventoque rigentes
Projicit, ignotæque accelinis postibus aulæ
Invitat tenues ad dura cubilia somnos.
Rex ibi tranquillæ medio de limite vitæ
In senium ver, eus populos Adrastus habebat,
Dives avis, et utroque Jove de sanguine ducens
Hic sexûs melioris inops, sed prole virebat
Fœmineæ, gemino nataram pignore fultus.

By both his parents of descent divine,
Great Jove and Phœbus grac'd his noble line:
Heaven had not crown'd his wishes with a son,
But two fair daughters heir'd his state and throne.
To him Apollo (wondrous to relate!
But who can pierce into the depths of Fate?)
Had sung—"Expect thy sons on Argos' shore,
A yellow lion, and a bristly boar."
This long revolv'd in his paternal breast,
Sate heavy on his heart, and broke his rest;
This, great Amphiarus, lay hid from thee,
Though skill'd in fate, and dark futurity.
The father's care and prophet's art were vain,
For thus did the predicting god ordain.
Lo hapless Tydeus, whose ill-fated hand
Had slain his brother, leaves his native land,
And, seiz'd with horrour, in the shades of night,
Through the thick deserts headlong urg'd his flight:
Now by the fury of the tempest driven,
He seeks a shelter from th' inclement heaven,
Till, led by Fate, the Theban's steps he treads,
And to fair Argos' open court succeeds.
When thus the chiefs from different lands resort
T' Adrastus' realms, and hospitable court;
The king surveys his guests with curious eyes,
And views their arms and habit with surprise.
A lion's yellow skin the Theban wears,
Horrid his mane, and rough with curling hairs;
Such once employ'd Alcides' youthful toils,
Ere yet adorn'd with Nemea's dreadful spoils.
A boar's stiff hide, of Calydonian breed,
Oenides' manly shoulders overspread:
Oblique his tusks, erect his bristles stood;
Alive, the pride and terrour of the wood.
Struck with the sight, and fix'd in deep amaze,
Th' king th' accomplish'd oracle surveys,
Reveres Apollo's vocal caves, and owns
The guiding godhead, and his future sons.
O'er all his bosom secret transports reign,
And a glad horrour shoots through every vein.

Cui Phœbus generos (monstrum exitiabile dictu!
Mox adaperta fides) ævo ducente canebat
Setigerumque suem, et fulvum adventare leonem.
Hæc volvens, non, ipse pater, non, docte futuri
Amphiaraë, vides; etenim vetat autor Apollo.
Tantum in corde sedens ægrescit cura parentis.
Ecce autem antiquam fato Calydona relinquens
Oenius Tydeus (fraterni sanguinis illum
Conscius horror agit) eadem sub nocte sopora
Lustra terit, similesque notos dequestus et imbres,
Infusam tergo glaciem, et liquentia nimbis
Ora, comasque gerens, subit uno tegmine, cujus
Fusus humo gelida, partem prior hospes habebat.—

Hic primum lustrare oculis cultusque virorum
Telaque magna vacat; tergo videt hujus inanem
Impexis utrinque jubis horrere leonem,
Illius in speciem, quem per Teumesia Tempe
Amphitryoniades fractum juvenilibus armis
Anti Cleonæi vestitur prælia monstri.
Terribiles contra setis, ac dente recurvo
Tydea per latos humeros ambire laborant
Exuviæ, Calydonis honos. stupet omine tanto
Defixus senior, divina oracula Phœbi
Ag noscens, monitusque datos vocalibus antris.
Obtutu gelida ora pernit, lætusque per artus
Horror iit. sensit manifesto numine ductos
Affore, quos nexis ambagibus augur Apollo
Portendi generos, vultu fallente ferarum,

To Heaven he lifts his hands, erects his sight,
And thus invokes the silent queen of night:
"Goddess of shades, beneath whose gloomy reign
Yon spangled arch glows with the starry train;
You, who the cares of Heaven and Earth allay,
Till Nature, quicken'd by th' inspiring ray,
Wakes to new vigour with the rising day;
O thou, who freest me from my doubtful state,
Long lost and wilder'd in the maze of Fate!
Be present still: oh goddess! in our aid:
Proceed, and firm those omens thou hast made.
We to thy name our annual rites will pay,
And on thy altars sacrifices lay;
The sable flock shall fall beneath the stroke,
And fill thy temples with a grateful smoke.
Hail, faithful Tripos! hail, ye dark abodes
Of awful Phœbus: I confess the gods!"
Thus, seiz'd with sacred fear, the monarch pray'd;
Then to his inner court the guests convey'd:
Where yet thin fumes from dying sparks arise,
And dust yet white upon each altar lies,
The relics of a former sacrifice.
The king once more the solemn rites requires,
And bids renew the feasts, and wake the fires.
His train obey, while all the courts around
With noisy care and various tumult sound.
Embroider'd purple clothes the golden beds;
This slave the floor, and that the table spreads;
A third dispels the darkness of the night,
And fills depending lamps with beams of light;
Here loaves in canisters are pil'd on high,
And there in flames the slaughter'd victims fly.
Sublime in regal state Adrastus shone,
Stretch'd on rich carpets on his ivory throne;
A lofty couch receives each princely guest;
Around at awful distance wait the rest.

Ediderat. tunc sic tendens ad sidera palmas:
Nox, quæ terrarum cœlique amplexa labores
Ignea multivago transmittis sidera lapsu,
Indulgens reparare animum, dum proximus ægris
Infundat Titan agiles animantibus ortus,
Tu mihi perplexis quæsitam erroribus ultro
Advehis alma fidem, veterisque exordia fati
Detegis. assistas operi, tuaque omnia firmes!
Semper honoratam dimensis orbibus anni
Te domus ista colet: nigri tibi, Diva, litabunt
Electa cervice greges, lustraliaque exta
Lacte nova perfusus edet Vulcanius ignis.
Salve, prisca fides tripodum, obscurique recessus;
Deprendi, Fortuna, deos. sic fatus; et ambos
Innectens manibus, tecta ulterioris ad aulæ
Progreditur. canis etiamnum altaribus ignes,
Sopitum cinerem, et tepidi libamina sacri
Servabant; adolere focos, epulasque recentes
Instaurare jubet. dictis parere ministri
Certatim accelerant. vario strepit icta tumultu
Regia: pars ostro tenues, auroque sonantes
Emunire toros, altosque inferre tapetas;
Pars teretes levare manu, ac disponere mensas:
Ast alii tenebras et opacam vincere noctem
Aggressi tendunt auratis vincula lychnis.
His labor inserto torrere exanguia ferro [tris
Viscera cæsarum pecudum; his, cumulare canis-
Perdomitam saxo Cererem. lætatur Adrastus
Obsequio fervere domum. jamque ipse superbis
Fulgebat stratis, solioque effultus eburno.
Parte alia juvenes siccati vulnera lymphis
Discumbunt: simul ora notis fœdata tuentur,

And now the king, his royal feast to grace,
Acestis calls, the guardian of his race,
Who first their youth in arts of virtue train'd,
And their ripe years in modest grace maintain'd;
Then softly whisper'd in her faithful ear,
And bade his daughters at the rites appear.
When, from the close apartments of the night,
The royal nymphs approach divinely bright;
Such was Diana's, such Minerva's face;
Nor shine their beauties with superior grace,
But that in these a milder charm endears,
And less of terrour in their looks appears.
As on the heroes first they cast their eyes,
O'er their fair cheeks the glowing blushes rise,
Their downcast looks a decent shame confess'd,
Then on their father's reverend features rest.
The banquet done, the monarch gives the sign
To fill the goblet high with sparkling wine,
Which Danaus us'd in sacred rites of old,
With sculpture grac'd, and rough with rising gold.
Here to the clouds victorious Perseus flies,
Medusa seems to move her languid eyes,
And, ev'n in gold, turns paler as she dies.
There from the chase Jove's towering eagle bears,
On golden wings, the Phyrgian to the stars:
Still as he rises in th' ethereal height,
His native mountains lessen to his sight;
While all his sad companions upward gaze,
Fix'd on the glorious scene in wild amaze;
And the swift hounds, affrighted as he flies,
Run to the shade, and bark against the skies.
This golden bowl with generous juice was crown'd,
The first libation sprinkled on the ground:
By turns on each celestial power they call,
With Pœbus' name resounds the vaulted hall.
The courtly train, the strangers, and the rest,
Crown'd with chaste laurel, and with garlands dress'd,

While with rich gums the fuming altars blaze,
Salute the god in numerous hymns of praise.
Then thus the king: "Perhaps, my noble guests,
These honour'd altars, and these annual feasts
To bright Apollo's awful name design'd,
Unknown, with wonder may perplex your mind.
Great was the cause; our old solemnities
From no blind zeal or fond tradition rise;
But, sav'd from death, our Argives yearly pay
These grateful honours to the god of day.
"When by a thousand darts the Python slain
With orbs unroll'd lay covering all the plain,
(Transfix'd as o'er Castalia's streams he hung,
And suck'd new poisons with his triple tongue)
To Argos' realms the victor god resorts,
And enters old Crotopus' humble courts.
This rural prince one only daughter bless'd,
That all the charms of blooming youth possess'd;
Fair was her face, and spotless was her mind,
Where filial love with virgin sweetness join'd.
Happy! and happy still she might have prov'd,
Were she less beautiful, or less belov'd!
But Phœbus lov'd, and on the flowery side
Of Nemea's stream the yielding fair enjoy'd:
Now, ere ten moons their orb with light adorn,
Th' illustrious offspring of the god was born;
The nymph, her father's anger to evade,
Retires from Argos to the sylvan shade;
To woods and wilds the pleasing burthen bears,
And trusts her infant to a shepherd's cares.
"How mean a fate, unhappy child, is thine!
Ah, how unworthy those of race divine!
On flowery herbs in some green covert laid,
His bed the ground, his canopy the shade,
He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries,
While the rude swain his rural music tries,
To call soft slumber on his infant eyes.

Inque vicem ignoscunt, tunc rex longævus Acesten
(Natarum hæc altrix, eadem et fidissima custos
Lecta sacrum justæ Veneri occultare pudorem)
Imperat acciri, tacitaque immurmurat aure.
Nec mora præceptis; cum protinus utraque virgo
Arcano egressæ thalamo (mirabile visu)
Pallados armisonæ, pharetratæque ora Dianæ
Æque ferunt, terrore minus. nova deinde pudori
Visa virûm facies: paritur, pallorque, ruborque
Purpureas hausere genas; oculique verentes
Ad sanctum rediere patrem. Postquam ordine mensæ
Victa fames, signis perfectam auroque nitentem
Iasides pateram famulos ex more poposcit,
Qua Danaus libare deis seniorque Phoroneus
Assueti. tenet hæc operum cælata figuras:
Aureus anguicomam præsecto Gorgona collo
Ales habet. jam jamque vagas (ita visus) in auras
Exilit: illa graves oculos, languentiaque ora
Pene movet, vivoque etiam pallescit in auro.
Hinc Phrygius fulvis venator tollitur alis:
Gargara desidunt surgenti, et Troja recedit.
Stant mœsti comites, frustraque sonantia laxant.
Ora canes, umbramque petunt, et nubila latrant.
Hanc undante mero fundens, vocat ordine cunctos
Cœlicolas: Phœbum ante alios, Phœbum omnis ad aras
Laude ciet comitum, famulûmque, evincta pudica
Fronde, manus: cui festa dies, largoque refecti

Thure, vaporatis lucent altaribus ignes.
Forsitan, ô juvenes, quæ sint ea sacra, quibusque
Præcipuum causis Phœbi obtestemur honorem,
Rex ait, exquirunt animi. non inscia suasit
Relligio: magnis exercita cladibus olim
Plebs Argiva litant: animos advertite, pandam:
Postquam cœrulei sinuosa volumina monstri,
Terrigenam Pythona, deus septem orbibus atris
Amplexum Delphos, squamisque annosa terentem
Robora; Castaliis dum fontibus ore trisulco
Fusus hiat, nigro sitiens alimenta veneno,
Perculit, absumptis numerosa in vulnera telis,
Cyrrhæique dedit centum per jugera campi
Vix tandem explicitum; nova deinde piacula cædi
Perquirens, nostri tecta haud opulenta Crotopi
Attigit. huic primis, et pubem ineuntibus annis
Mira decore pio, servabat nata penates
Intemerata toris. felix si, Delia nunquam
Furta, nec occultum Phœbo sociasset amorem.
Namque ut passa deum Nemeæi ad flumiuis undam,
Bis quinos plena cum fronte resumeret orbes
Cynthia, sidereum Latonæ fœta nepotem
Edidit: ac pœnæ metuens (neque enim ille coactis
Donasset thalamis veniam pater) avia rura
Eligit: ac natum septa inter ovilia furtim
Montivago pecoris custodi mandat alendum.
Non tibi digna, puer, generis cunabula tanti
Gramineos dedit herba toros, et vimine querno
Texta domus: clausa arbutei sub cortice libri
Membra tepent, suadetque leves cava fistula somnos.
Et pecori commune solum. sed fata nec illum [nos,

Yet ev'n in those obscure abodes to live,
Was more, alas! than cruel Fate would give;
For on the grassy verdure as he lay,
And breath'd the freshness of the early day,
Devouring dogs the helpless infant tore,
Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapp'd the gore.
Th' astonish'd mother, when the rumour came,
Forgets her father, and neglects her fame,
With loud complaints she fills the yielding air,
And beats her breast, and rends her flowing hair;
Then wild with anguish to her sire she flies,
Demands the sentence, and contented dies.
" But, touch'd with sorrow for the dead too late,
The raging god prepares t' avenge her fate.
He sends a monster, horrible and fell,
Begot by Furies in the depths of Hell.
The pest a virgin's face and bosom bears;
High on a crown a rising snake appears,
Guards her black front, and hisses in her hairs:
About the realm she walks her dreadful round,
When Night with sable wings o'erspreads the ground,
Devours young babes before their parent's eyes,
And feeds and thrives on public miseries.
" But generous rage the bold Chorœbus warms,
Chorœbus, fam'd for virtue, as for arms;
Some few like him, inspir'd with martial flame,
Thought a short life well lost for endless fame.
These, where two ways in equal parts divide,
The direful monster from afar descry'd;
Two bleeding babes depending at her side,
Whose panting vitals, warm with life, she draws,
And in their hearts embrues her cruel claws.
The youths surround her with extended spears
But brave Chorœbus in the front appears,
Deep in her breast he plung'd his shining sword,
And Hell's dire monster back to Hell restor'd.

Concessere larem: viridi nam cespite terræ
Projectum temere, et patulo cœlum ore trahentem,
Dira canum rabies morsu depasta cruento
Disjicit. Hic vero attonitas ut nuntius aures
Matris adit, pulsi exanimo genitorque, pudorque,
Et metus: ipsa ultro sævis plangoribus amens
Tecta replet, vacuumque ferens velamine pectus
Occurrit confessa patri. nec motus, at atro
Imperat, infandum! cupientem occumbere leto.
Sero memor thalami, mœstæ solatia morti,
Phœbe, paras. monstrum infandis Acheronte sub imo
Conceptum Eumenidum thalamis, cui virginis ora
Pectoraque, æternum stridens a vertice surgit
Et ferrugineam frontem discriminat anguis:
Hæc tam dira lues nocturno squallida passu
Illabi thalamis, animasque a stirpe recentes
Abripere altricum gremiis, morsuque cruento
Devesci, et multum patrio pinguescere luctu.
Haud tulit armorum præstans animique Chorœbus;
Seque ultro lectis juvenum, qui robore primi
Famam posthabita faciles extendere vita,
Obtulit. illa novos ibat populata penates
Portarum in bivio. lateri duo corpora parvûm
Dependent, et jam unca manus vitalibus hæret,
Ferratique ungues tenero sub corde tepescunt.
Obvius huic latus omne virûm stipante coronâ,
It juvenis, ferrumque ingens sub pectore diro
Condidit; atque imas animæ mucrone corusco
Scrutatus latebras, tandem sua monstra profundo
Reddit habere Jovi. juvat ire, et visere juxta

Th' Inachians view the slain with vast surprize,
Her twisting volumes, and her rolling eyes,
Her spotted breast, and gaping womb embru'd
With livid poison, and our children's blood.
The croud in stupid wonder fix'd appear,
Pale ev'n in joy, nor yet forget to fear.
Some with vast beams the squalid corpse engage,
And weary all the wild efforts of rage.
The birds obscene, that nightly flock'd to taste,
With hollow screeches fled the dire repast;
And ravenous dogs, allur'd by scented blood,
And starving wolves ran howling to the wood.
" But, fir'd with rage, from cleft Parnassus' brow
Avenging Phœbus bent his deadly bow,
And hissing flew the feather'd fates below:
A night of sultry clouds involv'd around
The towers, the fields, and the devoted ground:
And now a thousand lives together fled,
Death with his scythe cut off the fatal thread,
And a whole province in his triumph led.
" But Phœbus, ask'd why noxious fires appear,
And raging Sirius blasts the sickly year;
Demands their lives by whom his monster fell,
And dooms a dreadful sacrifice to Hell.
" Blest be thy dust, and let eternal fame
Attend thy manes, and preserve thy name,
Undaunted hero! who, divinely brave,
In such a cause disdain'd thy life to save;
But view'd the shrine with a superior look,
And its upbraided godhead thus bespoke:
" ' With piety, the soul's securest guard
And conscious virtue, still its own reward,
Willing I come, unknowing how to fear;
Nor shalt thou, Phœbus, find a suppliant here.

Liventes in morte oculos, uterique nefandam
Proluviem, et crasso squallentia pectora tabo,
Qua nostræ cecidere animæ. stupet Inacha pubes,
Magnaque post lacrymas etiamnum guadia pallent.
Hi trabibus duris, solatia vana dolori,
Proterere exanimes artus, asprosque molares
Deculcare genis; nequit iram explere potestas.
Illam et nocturno circum stridore volantes
Impastæ fugistis aves, rabidamque canum vim,
Oraque sicca ferunt trepidorum inhiâsse luporum.
Sævior in miseros fatis ultricis ademptæ
Delius insurgit, summaque biverticis umbra
Parnassi residens, arcu crudelis iniquo
Pestifera arma jacit, camposque, et celsa Cyclopum
Tecta superjecto nebularum incendit amictu.
Labuntur dulces animæ: Mors fila sororum
Ense metit, captamque tenens fert manibus urbem.
Quærenti quæ causa duci, quis ab æthere lævus
Ignis, et in totum regnaret Sirius annum!
Idem autor Pæan rursus jubet ire cruento
Inferias monstro juvenes, qui cæde potiti.
Fortunate animi, longumque in sæcula digne
Promeriture diem! non tu pia degener arma
Occulis, aut certæ trepidas occurrere morti.
Cominus ora ferens, Cyrrhæi in limine templi
Constitit, et sacras ita vocibus asperat iras:
Non missus, Thymbræe, tuos supplexve penates
Advenio: mea me pietas, et conscia virtus
Has egere vias. ego sum qui cæde subegi,
Phœbe, tuum mortale nefas; quem nubibus atris,
Et squallente die, nigra quem tabe sinistri
Quæris, iuique, poli. quod si monstra effera magnis

Thy monster's death to me was ow'd alone,
And 'tis a deed too glorious to disown.
Behold him here, for whom, so many days,
Impervious clouds conceal'd thy sullen rays;
For whom, as man no longer claim'd thy care,
Such numbers fell by pestilential air!
But if th' abandon'd race of human kind
From gods above no more compassion find;
If such inclemency in Heaven can dwell,
Yet why must unoffending Argos feel
The vengeance due to this unlucky steel?
On me, on me, let all thy fury fall,
Nor err from me, since I deserve it all:
Unless our desert cities please thy sight,
Or funeral flames reflect a grateful light,
Discharge thy shafts, this ready bosom rend,
And to the shades a ghost triumphant send;
But for my country let my fate atone,
Be mine the vengeance, as the crime my own.'
" Merit distress'd, impartial Heaven relieves:
Unwelcome life relenting Phœbus gives;
For not the vengeful power, that glow'd with rage,
With such amazing virtue durst engage.
The clouds dispers'd, Apollo's wrath expir'd,
And from the wondering god th' unwilling youth
Thence we these altars in his temple raise, [retir'd.
And offer annual honours, feasts, and praise;
Those solemn feasts propitious Phœbus please:
These honours, still renew'd, his ancient wrath appease.
" But say, illustrious guest!" (adjoin'd the king)
" What name you bear, from what high race you spring?
The noble Tydeus stands confess'd, and known
Our neighbour Prince, and heir of Calydon.
Relate your fortunes, while the friendly night
And silent hours to various talk invite."
The Theban bends on earth his gloomy eyes;
Confus'd and sadly thus at length replies:
" Before these altars how shall I proclaim
(Oh generous prince!) my nation or my name,
Or through what veins our ancient blood has roll'd?
Let the sad tale for ever rest untold!
Yet if, propitious to a wretch unknown,
You seek to share in sorrows not your own;
Know then, from Cadmus I derive my race,
Jocasta's son, and Thebes my native place."
To whom the king (who felt his generous breast
Touch'd with concern for his unhappy guest)
Replies:—" Ah why forbears the son to name
His wretched father, known too well by Fame?
Fame, that delights around the world to stray,
Scorns not to take our Argos in her way.
Ev'n those who dwell where suns at distance roll,
In northern wilds, and freeze beneath the pole;
And those who tread the burning Libyan lands,
The faithless Syrtes, and the moving sands;
Who views the western sea's extremest bounds,
Or drink of Ganges in their eastern grounds,
All these the woes of Œdipus have known,
Your Fates, your Furies, and your haunted town.
If on the sons the parents' crimes descend,
What prince from those his lineage can defend?
Be this thy comfort, that 'tis thine t' efface
With virtuous acts thy ancestor's disgrace,
And be thyself the honour of thy race.
But see! the stars begin to steal away,
And shine more faintly at approaching day.
Now pour the wine; and in your tuneful lays
Once more resound the great Apollo's praise."
Oh father Phœbus! whether Lycia's coast
And snowy mountains thy bright presence boast;
Whether to sweet Castalia thou repair,
And bathe in silver dews thy yellow hair;
Or, pleas'd to find fair Delos float no more,
Delight in Cynthus, and the shady shore;
Or chuse thy seat in Ilion's proud abodes,
The shining structures rais'd by labouring gods;
By thee the bow and mortal shafts are borne;
Eternal charms thy blooming youth adorn:

Sanguinis antiqui, piget inter sacra fateri.
Sed si præcipitant miserum cognoscere curæ,
Cadmus origo patrum, tellus Mavortia Thebæ,
Et genitrix Jocasta mihi. Tum motus Adrastus
Hospitiis (agnovit enim) quid nota recondis?
Scimus, ait: nec sic aversum fama Mycenis
Volvit iter. Regnum, et furias, oculosque pudentes
Novit et Arctois si quis de solibus horret,
Quique bibit Gangen, aut nigrum occasibus intrat
Oceanum, et si quos incerto littore Syrtes
Destituunt: ne perge queri, casusque priorum
Annumerare tibi. Nostro quoque sanguine multum
Erravit pietas; nec culpa nepotibus obstat.
Tu modo dissimilis rebus mercare secundis
Excusare tuos. Sed jam temone supino
Languet Hyperboreæ glacialis portitor ursæ.
Fundite vina focis, servatoremque parentum
Latoïden votis iterumque iterumque canamus.
Phœbe parens, seu te Lyciæ Pataraæ nivosis
Exercent dumeta jugis, seu rore pudico
Castaliæ flavos amor est tibi mergere crines:
Seu Trojam Thymbræus habes, ubi fama volentem
Ingratis Phrygios humeris subiisse molares:
Seu juvat Ægæum feriens Latonius umbra
Cynthus, et assiduam pelago non quærere Delon:
Tela tibi, longeque feros lentandus in hostes
Arcus, et ætherii dono cessere parentes
Æternum florere genas. Tu doctus iniquas
Parcarum prænôsse minas, fatumque quod ultra est;
Et summo placitura Jovi. Quis lætifer annus,
Bella quibus populis, mutent quæ sceptra cometæ.

Skill'd in the laws of secret fate above,
And the dark counsels of almighty Jove,
'Tis thine the seeds of future war to know,
The change of sceptres, and impending woe,
When direful meteors spread through glowing air
Long trails of light, and shake their blazing hair.
Thy rage the Phrygian felt, who durst aspire
T' excel the music of thy heavenly lyre;
Thy shafts aveng'd lewd Tityus' guilty flame,
Th' immortal victim of thy mother's fame;
Thy hand slew Python, and the dame who lost
Her numerous offspring for a fatal boast.
In Phlegya's doom thy just revenge appears,
Condemn'd to furies and eternal fears;
He views his food, but dreads, with lifted eye,
The mouldering rock that trembles from on high.

Propitious hear our prayer, O power divine!
And on thy hospitable Argos shine,
Whether the style of Titan please thee more,
Whose purple rays th' Achæmenes adore;
Or great Osiris, who first taught the swain
In Pharian fields to sow the golden grain;
Or Mitra, to whose beams the Persian bows,
And pays, in hollow rocks, his awful vows;
Mitra, whose head the blaze of light adorns,
Who grasps the struggling heifer's lunar horns.

Tu Phryga submittis citharæ. Tu matris honori
Terrigenam Tityon Stygiis extendis arenis.
Te viridis Python, Thebanaque mater ovantem,
Horruit in pharetris. Ultrix tibi torva Megæra
Jejunum Phlegyam subter cava saxa jacentem
Æterno premit accubitu, dapibusque profanis
Instimulat: sed mista famem fastidia vincunt.
Adsis ô memor hospitii, Junoniaque arva
Dexter ames; seu te roseum Titana vocari
Gentis Achæmeniæ ritu, seu præstat Osirin
Frugiferum, seu Persei sub rupibus antri
Indignata sequi torquentem cornua Mitram.

THE FABLE OF DRYOPE.

FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, BOOK IX.

She said, and for her lost Galanthis sighs,
When the fair consort of her son replies:
Since you a servant's ravish'd form bemoan,
And kindly sigh for sorrows not your own;
Let me (if tears and grief permit) relate
A nearer woe, a sister's stranger fate.
No nymph of all Œchalia could compare
For beauteous form with Dryope the fair,
Her tender mother's only hope and pride
(Myself the offering of a second bride).
This nymph, compress'd by him who rules the day,
Whom Delphi and the Delian isle obey,
Andræmon lov'd; and, bless'd in all those charms
That pleas'd a god, succeeded to her arms.

Dixit: et, admonitu veteris commota ministræ,
Ingemuit: quam sic nurus est adfata dolentem:
Te tamen ô genitrix, alienæ sanguine vestro
Rapta movet facies. quid si tibi mira sororis [que
Fata meæ referam? quanquam lacrymæque dolor-
Impediunt, prohibentque loqui. fuit unica matri
(Me pater ex alia genuit) notissima formâ
Œchalidum Dryope: quam virginitate carentem,
Vimque Dei passam, Delpho- Delonque tenentis,
Excipit Andræmon; et habetur conjuge felix.

A lake there was, with shelving banks around,
Whose verdant summit fragrant myrtles crown'd.
These shades, unknowing of the Fates, she sought,
And to the Naiads flowery garlands brought;
Her smiling babe (a pleasing charge) she prest
Within her arms, and nourish'd at her breast.
Not distant far, a watery lotos grows;
The spring was new, and all the verdant boughs,
Adorn'd with blossoms, promis'd fruits that vie
In glowing colours with the Tyrian dye:
Of these she cropp'd to please her infant son;
And I myself the same rash act had done,
But lo! I saw (as near her side I stood)
The violated blossoms drop with blood.
Upon the tree I cast a frightful look;
The trembling tree with sudden horrour shook.
Lotis the nymph (if rural tales be true),
As from Priapus' lawless lust she flew,
Forsook her form; and, fixing here, became
A flowery plant, which still preserves her name.
This change unknown, astonish'd at the sight,
My trembling sister strove to urge her flight:
And first the pardon of the nymphs implor'd,
And those offended sylvan powers ador'd:
But when she backward would have fled, she found
Her stiffening feet were rooted in the ground:
In vain to free her fastening feet she strove,
And, as she struggles, only moves above;
She feels th' encroaching bark around her grow
By quick degrees, and cover all below:
Surpris'd at this, her trembling hand she heaves
To rend her hair; her hand is fill'd with leaves:
Where late was hair, the shooting leaves are seen
To rise, and shade her with a sudden green.
The child Amphissus, to her bosom press'd,
Perceiv'd a colder and a harder breast,
And found the springs, that ne'er till then deny'd
Their milky moisture, on a sudden dry'd.
I saw, unhappy! what I now relate,
And stood the helpless witness of thy fate,

Est lacus, acclivi devexo margine formam
Littoris efficiens: summum myrteta coronant.
Venerat huc Dryope fatorum nescia; quoque
Indignere magis, Nymphis latura coronas.
Inque sinu puerum, qui nondum impleverat annum,
Dulce ferebat onus; tepidique ope lactis alebat.
Haud procul a stagno, Tyrios imitata colores,
In spem baccarum florebat aquatica lotos.
Carpserat hinc Dryope, quos oblectamina nato
Porrigeret, flores: et idem factura videbar;
Namque aderam. Vidi guttas e store cruentas
Decidere; et tremulo ramos horrore moveri.
Scilicet, ut referunt tardi nunc denique agrestes,
Lotis in hanc nymphe, fugiens obscœna Priapi,
Contulerat versos, servato nomine, vultus.
Nescierat soror hoc; quæ cum perterrita retro
Ire, et adoratis vellet discedere nymphis,
Hæserunt radice pedes. Convellere pugnat: [imo,
Nec quidquam, nisi Summa, movet. succrescit ab
Totaque paulatim lentus premit inguina cortex.
Ut vidit, conata manu laniare capillos,
Fronde manum implevit: frondes caput omne tenebant.
At puer Amphissos (namque hoc avus Eurytus illi
Addiderat nomen) materna rigescere sentit
Ubera: nec sequitur ducentem lacteus humor.
Spectatrix aderam fati crudelis; opemque
Non poteram tibi ferre, soror: quantumque valebam,

Embrac'd thy boughs, thy rising bark delay'd,
There wish'd to grow, and mingle shade with shade.
Behold Andræmon and th' unhappy sire
Appear, and for their Dryope inquire;
A springing tree for Dryope they find,
And print warm kisses on the panting rind;
Prostrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew,
And close embrace as to the roots they grew.
The face was all that now remain'd of thee.
No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree;
Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear,
From every leaf distils a trickling tear,
And strait a voice, while yet a voice remains,
Thus through the trembling boughs in sighs complains:
"If to the wretched any faith be given,
I swear by all th' unpitying powers of Heaven,
No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred;
In mutual innocence our lives we led:
If this be false, let these new greens decay,
Let sounding axes lop my limbs away,
And crackling flames on all my honours prey!
But from my branching arms this infant bear,
Let some kind nurse supply a mother's care:
And to his mother let him oft be led,
Sport in her shades, and in her shades be fed;
Teach him, when first his infant voice shall frame
Imperfect words, and lisp his mother's name,
To hail this tree; and say, with weeping eyes,
Within this plant my hapless parent lies:
And when in youth he seeks the shady woods,
Oh, let him fly the crystal lakes and floods,
Nor touch the fatal flowers; but warn'd by me,
Believe a goddess shrin'd in every tree.
My sire, my sister, and my spouse, farewell!
If in your breasts or love or pity dwell,
Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel
The browzing cattle, or the piercing steel.
Farewell! and since I cannot bend to join
My lips to yours, advance at least to mine.
My son, thy mother's parting kiss receive,
While yet thy mother has a kiss to give.

Crescentem truncum ramosque amplexa, morabar:
Et (fateor) volui sub eodem cortice condi.
Ecce vir Andræmon, genitorque miserrimus, adsunt;
Et quærunt Dryopen: Dryopen quærentibus illis
Ostendi loton. Tepido dant oscula ligno,
Adfusique suæ radicibus arboris hærent.
Nil nisi jam faciem, quod non foret arbor, habebat
Cara soror. Lacrymæ verso de corpore factis
Irrorant foliis: ac dum licet, oraque præstant
Vocis iter, tales effundit in æra questus.
Si qua fides miseris, hoc me per numina juro
Non meruisse nefas. Patior sine crimine pœnam.
Viximus innocuæ: si mentior, arida perdam,
Quas habeo, frondes; et cæsa securibus urar.
Hunc tamen infantem maternis demite ramis,
Et date nutrici; nostraque sub arbore sæpe
Lac facitote bibat; nostraque sub arbore ludat.
Cumque loqui poterit, matrem facitote salutet,
Et tristis dicat: Latet hoc sub stipite mater.
Stagna tamen timeat; nec carpat ab arbore flores:
Et frutices omnes corpus putet esse Dearum.
Care, vale, conjux, et tu germana, paterque!
Quis si qua est pietas, ab acutæ vulnere falcis,
A pecoris morsu frondes defendite nostras.
Et quoniam mihi fas ad vos incumbere non est,
Erigite huc artus, et ad oscula nostra venite,
Dum tangi possunt, parvumque attollite natum.
I can no more; the creeping rind invades
My closing lips, and hides my head in shades:
Remove your hands; the bark shall soon suffice
Without their aid to seal these dying eyes."
She ceas'd at once to speak, and ceas'd to be;
And all the nymph was lost within the tree;
Yet latent life through her new branches reign'd,
And long the plant a human heat retain'd.

Plura loqui nequeo; nam jam per candida mollis
Colla liber serpet; summoque cacumine condor.
Ex oculis removete manus: sine munere vestro
Contegat inductus morientia lumina cortex.
Desierant simul ora loqui, simul esse: diuque
Corpore mutato rami caluere recentes.

VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, BOOK IV.

The fair Pomona flourish'd in his reign:
Of all the virgins of the sylvan train,
None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,
Or more improv'd the vegetable care.
To her the shady grove, the flowery field,
The streams and fountains, no delights could yield;
'Twas all her joy the ripening fruits to tend,
And see the boughs with happy burthens bend.
The hook she bore instead of Cynthia's spear,
To lop the growth of the luxuriant year,
To decent form the lawless shoots to bring,
And teach th' obedient branches where to spring.
Now the cleft rind inserted graffs receives,
And yields an offspring more than Nature gives;
Now sliding streams the thirsty plants renew,
And feed their fibres with reviving dew.
These cares alone her virgin breast employ,
Averse from Venus and the nuptial joy.
Her private orchards, wall'd on every side,
To lawless sylvans all access deny'd.
How oft the Satyrs and the wanton Fawns,
Who haunt the forest, or frequent the lawns,
The god whose ensign scares the birds of prey,
And old Silenus, youthful in decay,
Employ'd their wiles and unavailing care,
To pass the fences, and surprise the fair!
Like these, Vertumnus own'd his faithful flame,
Like these, rejected by the scornful dame.

Rege sub hoc Pomona fuit: quâ nulla Latinas
Inter Hamadryadas coluit solertius hortos,
Nec fuit arborei studiosior altera fœtûs:
Unde tenet nomen. Non sylvas illa, nec amnes;
Rus amat, et ramos felicia poma ferentes.
Nec jaculo gravis est, sed aduncâ dextera falce:
Quâ modò luxuriem premit, et spatiantia passim
Brachia compescit; fissâ modò cortice virgam
Inserit; et succos alieno præstat alumno.
Nec patitur sentire sitim; bibulæque recurvas
Radicis fibras labentibus irrigat undis. [cupido,
Hic amor, hoc studium: Veneris quoque nulla
Vim tamen agrestûm metuens, pomaria claudit
Intus, et accessus prohibet, refugitque viriles.
Quid non et Satyri, saltatibus apta juventus,
Fecere, et pinu præcincti cornua Panes,
Sylvanusque suis semper juvenilior annis,
Quique Deus fures, vel falce, vel inguine terret,
Ut potirentur eâ? sed enim superabat amando
Hos quoque Vertumnus: neque erat felicior illis,

To gain her sight a thousand forms he wears:
And first a reaper from the field appears,
Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain
O'ercharge the shoulders of the seeming swain.
Oft o'er his back a crooked scythe is laid,
And wreaths of hay his sun-burnt temples shade:
Oft in his harden'd hand a goad he bears,
Like one who late unyoak'd the sweating steers.
Sometimes his pruning-hook corrects the vines,
And the loose stragglers to their ranks confines.
Now gathering what the bounteous year allows,
He pulls ripe apples from the bending boughs.
A soldier now, he with his sword appears;
A fisher next, his trembling angle bears.
Each shape he varies, and each art he tries,
On her bright charms to feast his longing eyes.
A female form at last Vertumnus wears,
With all the marks of reverend age appears,
His temples thinly spread with silver hairs:
Propp'd on his staff, and stooping as he goes,
A painted mitre shades his furrow'd brows.
The god, in this decrepit form array'd,
The gardens enter'd, and the fruit survey'd;
And "Happy you?" (he thus address'd the maid)
"Whose charms as far all other nymphs out-shine,
As other gardens are excell'd by thine!"
Then kiss'd the fair; (his kisses warmer grow
Than such as women on their sex bestow;)
Then, plac'd beside her on the flowery ground,
Beheld the trees with autumn's bounty crown'd.
An elm was near, to whose embraces led,
The curling vine her swelling clusters spread:
He view'd her twining branches with delight,
And prais'd the beauty of the pleasing sight.
"Yet this tall elm, but for his vine" (he said)
"Had stood neglected, and a barren shade;
And this fair vine, but that her arms surround
Her marry'd elm, had crept along the ground.
Ah, beauteous maid! let this example move
Your mind, averse from all the joys of love:
Deign to be lov'd, and every heart subdue!
What nymph could e'er attract such crouds as you?

O quoties habitu duri messoris aristas
Corbe tulit, verique fuit messoris imago!
Tempora sæpe gerens fœno religata recenti,
Defectum poterat gramen versasse videri.
Sæpe manu stimulos rigida portabat; ut illum
Jurares fessos modo disjunxisse juvencos.
Falce data frondator erat, vitisque putator:
Induerat scalas, lecturum poma putares:
Miles erat gladio, piscator arundine sumpta.
Denique per multas aditum sibi sæpe figuras
Reperit, ut caperet spectatæ gaudia formæ.
Ille etiam pieta redimitus tempora mitra,
Innitens baculo, positis ad tempora canis,
Adsimulavit anum: cultosque intravit in hortos;
Pomaque mirata est: Tantoque potentior, inquit,
Omnibus es nymphis, quas continet Albula ripis;
Salve, virginei flos intemerate pudoris.
Pauca que laudatæ dedit oscula; qualia nunquam
Vera dedisset anus: glebaque incurva resedit,
Suspiciens pandos autumni pondere ramos.
Ulmus erat contra, spatiosa tumentibus uvis:
Quam socia postquam pariter cum vite probavit;
At si staret, ait, cœlebs, sine palmite truncus,
Nil præter frondes, quare peteretur, haberet.
Hæc quoque, quæ juncta vitis requiescit in ulmo,
Si non nupta foret, terræ adclinata jaceret.
Tu tamen exemplo non tangeris arboris hujus;
Concubitusque fugis: nec te conjungere curas.

Not she whose beauty urg'd the Centaur's arms,
Ulysses' queen, nor Helen's fatal charms.
Ev'n now, when silent scorn is all they gain,
A thousand court you, though they court in vain,
A thousand sylvans, demigods, and gods,
That haunt our mountains, and our Alban woods.
But if you'll prosper, mark what I advise,
Whom age and long experience render wise,
And one whose tender care is far above
All that these lovers ever felt of love,
(Far more than e'er can by yourself be guess'd)
Fix on Vertumnus, and reject the rest.
For his firm faith I dare engage my own;
Scarce to himself, himself is better known.
To distant lands Vertumnus never roves;
Like you, contented with his native groves;
Nor at first sight, like most, admires the fair;
For you he lives; and you alone shall share
His last affection, as his early care.
Besides, he's lovely far above the rest,
With youth immortal, and with beauty blest.
Add, that he varies every shape with ease,
And tries all forms that may Pomona please.
But what should most excite a mutual flame,
Your rural cares and pleasures are the same.
To him your orchard's early fruit are due,
(A pleasing offering when 'tis made by you)
He values these; but yet (alas!) complains,
That still the best and dearest gift remains.
Not the fair fruit that on yon branches glows
With that ripe red th' autumnal sun bestows;
Nor tasteful herbs that in these gardens rise,
Which the kind soil with milky sap supplies;
You, only you, can move the god's desire:
Oh, crown so constant and so pure a fire!
Let soft compassion touch your gentle mind;
Think, 'tis Vertumnus begs you to be kind:
So may no frost, when early buds appear,
Destroy the promise of the youthful year;
Nor winds, when first your florid orchard blows,
Shake the light blossoms from their blasted boughs!"
This when the various god had urg'd in vain,
He straight assum'd his native form again;

Atque utinam velles! Helene non pluribus esset
Solliciitata procis: nec quæ Lapitheia movit
Prœlia, nec conjux timidis audacis Ulyssei.
Nunc quoque, cum fugias averserisque petentes,
Mille proci cupiunt; et semideique deique,
Et quæcunque tenent Albani numina montes.
Sed tu, si sapies, si te bene jungere, anumque
Hanc audire voles, (quæ te plus omnibus illis
Plus quam credis, amo) vulgares rejice tædas:
Vertumnumque tori socium tibi selige: pro quo
Me quoque pignus habe, neque enim sibi notior ille
Quam mihi, nec toto passim vagus errat in orbe. [est,
Hæc loca sola colit; nec, uti pars magna procorum,
Quam modo vidit, amat. tu primus et ultimus illi
Ardor eris; solique suos tibi devovet annos.
Adde, quod est juvenis: quod naturale decoris
Munus habet; formasque apte fingetur in omnes:
Et, quod erit jussus (jubeas licet omnia) fiet. [tur,
Quid, quod amatis idem? quod, quæ tibi poma colun-
Primus habet; lætaque tenet tua munera dextra?
Sed neque jam fœtus desiderat arbore demtos,
Nec, quas hortus alit, cum succis mitibus herbas;
Nec quidquam, nisi te. miserere ardentis: et ipsum,
Qui petit, ore meo præsentem crede precari.—
Sic tibi nec vernum nascentia frigus adurat
Poma; nec excutiant rapidi florentia venti.

Such, and so bright an aspect now he bears,
As when through clouds th' emerging Sun appears,
And, thence exerting his refulgent ray,
Dispels the darkness, and reveals the day.
Force he prepar'd, but check'd the rash design:
For when, appearing in a form divine,
The nymph surveys him, and beholds the grace
Of charming features, and a youthful face;
In her soft breast consenting passions move,
And the warm maid confess'd a mutual love.

Hæc ubi nequicquam formas Deus aptus in omnes,
Edidit; in juvenem redit: et anilia demit
Instrumenta sibi: talisque adparuit illi,
Qualis ubi oppositas nitidissima solis imago
Evicit nubes, nullaque obstante reluxit.
Vimque parat: sed vi non est opus: inque figura
Capta dei nympha est, et mutua vulnera sentit.

IMITATIONS OF ENGLISH POETS.

DONE BY THE AUTHOR IN HIS YOUTH.

CHAUCER.

Women ben full of rageric,
Yet swinken nat sans secresie.
Thilke moral shall ye understond,
From schoole-boy's tale of fayre Irelond:
Which to the fennes hath him betake,
To filch the gray ducke fro the lake.
Right then, there passen by the way
His aunt, and eke her daughters tway.
Ducke in his trowsers hath he hent,
Not to be spied of ladies gent.
"But ho! our nephew," (crieth one)
"Ho!" quoth another, "cozen John;"
And stoppen, and lough, and callen out,—
This silly clerk full low doth lout:
They asken that, and talken this,
"Lo here is coz, and here is miss."
But, as he glozeth with speeches soote,
The ducke sore tickleth his erse roote:
Fore-piece and buttons all to-brest,
Forth thrust a white neck, and red crest.
"Te-he," cry'd ladies; clerke nought spake:
Miss star'd; and gray ducke cryeth "Quaake."
"O moder, moder," (quoth the daughter)
"Be thilke same thing maids longen a'ter?
Bette is to pine on coals and chalke,
Then trust on mon, whose yerde can talke."

SPENSER.

THE ALLEY.

In every town where Thamis rolls his tyde,
A narrow pass there is, with houses low;
Where, ever and anon, the stream is ey'd,
And many a boat soft sliding to and fro.
There oft are heard the notes of infant Woe,
The short thick sob, loud scream, and shriller
How can ye, mothers, vex your children so? [squall:
Some play, some eat, some cack against the wall,
And as they crouchen low, for bread and butter call.

And on the broken pavement, here and there,
Doth many a stinking sprat and herring lie;
A brandy and tobacco shop is near,
And hens, and dogs, and hogs are feeding by;
And here a sailor's jacket hangs to dry.
At every door are sun-burnt matrons seen,
Mending old nets to catch the scaly fry,
Now singing shrill, and scolding oft between;
Scolds answer foul-mouth'd scolds; bad neighbourhood I ween.

The snappish cur (the passengers' annoy)
Close at my heel with yelping treble flies;
The whimp'ring girl, and hoarser screaming boy,
Join to the yelping treble, shrilling cries;
The scolding quean to louder notes doth rise,
And her full pipes those shrilling cries confound;
To her full pipes the grunting hog replies;
The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round,
And curs, girls, boys, and scolds, in the deep base are drown'd.

Hard by a sty, beneath a roof of thatch,
Dwelt Obloquy, who in her early days
Baskets of fish at Billingsgate did watch,
Cod, whiting, oyster, mackrel, sprat, or plaice:
There learn'd she speech from tongues that never cease.
Slander beside her, like a magpie, chatters,
With Envy, (spitting cat) dread foe to peace;
Like a curs'd cur, Malice before her clatters,
And, vexing every wight, tears clothes and all to tatters.

Her dugs were mark'd by every collier's hand,
Her mouth was black as bull-dog's at the stall:
She scratched, bit, and spar'd ne lace ne band,
And bitch and rogue her answer was to all;
Nay, e'en the parts of shame by name would call:
Yea, when she passed by or lane or nook,
Would greet the man who turn'd him to the wall,
And by his hand obscene the porter took,
Nor ever did askance like modest virgin look.

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building town,
Woolwich and Wapping, smelling strong of pitch:
Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown;
And Twickenham such, which fairer scenes enrich,
Grots, statues, urns, and Jo—n's dog and bitch.
Ne village is without, on either side,
All up the silver Thames, or all adown;
Ne Richmond's self, from whose tall front are ey'd
Vales, spires, meandering streams, and Windsor's towery pride.

WALLER.

OF A LADY SINGING TO HER LUTE.

Fair charmer, cease, nor make your voice's prize
A heart resign'd the conquest of your eyes:
Well might, alas! that threaten'd vessel fail,
Which winds and *lightning both at once assail.*
We were too blest with these *enchanting lays,*
Which must be heavenly *when an angel plays:*
But killing charms your lover's death contrive,
Lest heavenly music should be heard alive.
Orpheus could charm the trees; but thus a tree,
Taught by your hand, can charm no less than he:
A poet made the silent wood pursue,
This vocal wood had drawn the poet too.

ON A FAN OF THE AUTHOR'S DESIGN, IN WHICH WAS PAINTED THE STORY OF CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS, WITH THE MOTTO, AURA VENI.

"Come, gentle air!" th' Æolian shepherd said,
While Procris panted in the secret shade;
"Come, gentle air," the fairer Delia cries,
While at her feet her swain expiring lies.

Lo the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray,
Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play!
In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,
Nor could that fabled dart more surely wound;
Both gifts destructive to the givers prove;
Alike both lovers fall by those they love.
Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives,
At random wounds, nor knows the wound she gives;
She views the story with attentive eyes,
And pities Procris, while her lover dies.

COWLEY.

THE GARDEN.

FAIN would my Muse the flowery treasure sing,
And humble glories of the youthful Spring:
Where opening roses breathing sweets diffuse,
And soft carnations shower their balmy dews;
Where lilies smile in virgin robes of white,
The thin undress of superficial Light,
And vary'd tulips show so dazzling gay,
Blushing in bright diversities of day.
Each painted flowret in the lake below
Surveys its beauties, whence its beauties grow;
And pale Narcissus on the bank, in vain
Transformed, gazes on himself again.
Here aged trees cathedral walks compose,
And mount the hill in venerable rows;
There the green infants in their beds are laid,
The garden's hope, and its expected shade.
Here orange trees with blooms and pendants shine,
And vernal honours to their autumn join;
Exceed their promise in their ripen'd store,
Yet in the rising blossom promise more.
There in bright drops the crystal fountains play,
By laurels shielded from the piercing day:
Where Daphne, now a tree, as once a maid,
Still from Apollo vindicates her shade,
Still turns her beauties from th' invading beam,
Nor seeks in vain for succour to the stream;
The stream at once preserves her virgin leaves,
At once a shelter from her boughs receives,
Where Summer's beauty midst of Winter stays,
And Winter's coolness spite of Summer's rays.

WEEPING.

WHILE Celia's tears make Sorrow bright,
Proud Grief sits swelling in her eyes:
The Sun, next those the fairest light,
Thus from the Ocean first did rise:
And thus through mists we see the Sun,
Which else we durst not gaze upon.

These silver drops, like morning dew,
Foretel the fervour of the day:
So from one cloud soft showers we view,
And blasting lightnings burst away.
The stars that fall from Celia's eye,
Declare our doom is drawing nigh.

The baby in that sunny sphere
So like a Phaëton appears,
That Heav'n, the threaten'd world to spare,
Thought fit to drown him in her tears:
Else might th' ambitious nymph aspire
To set, like him, Heaven too on fire.

E. OF ROCHESTER.

ON SILENCE.

SILENCE! coeval with eternity,
Thou wert, ere Nature's self began to be;
'Twas one vast nothing, all, and all slept fast in thee.

Thine was the sway, ere Heaven was form'd or Earth,
Ere fruitful Thought conceiv'd Creation's birth,
Or midwife Word gave aid, and spoke the infant forth.

Then various elements against thee join'd,
In one more various animal combin'd,
And fram'd the clamorous race of busy human-kind.

The tongue mov'd gently first, and speech was low,
Till wrangling Science taught it noise and show,
And wicked Wit arose, thy most abusive foe.

But rebel Wit deserts thee oft in vain;
Lost in the maze of words he turns again,
And seeks a surer state, and courts thy gentle reign.

Afflicted Sense thou kindly dost set free,
Oppress'd with argumental tyranny,
And routed Reason finds a safe retreat in thee.

With thee in private modest Dulness lies,
And in thy bosom lurks in Thought's disguise;
Thou varnisher of fools, and cheat of all the wise!

Yet thy indulgence is by both confess'd;
Folly by thee lies sleeping in the breast,
And 'tis in thee at last that Wisdom seeks for rest.

Silence, the knave's repute, the whore's good name,
The only honour of the wishing dame;
Thy very want of tongue makes thee a kind of fame.

But couldst thou seize some tongues that now are free,
How church and state should be oblig'd to thee;
At senate, and at bar, how welcome wouldst thou be!

Yet Speech ev'n there submissively withdraws,
From rights of subjects, and the poor man's cause:
Then pompous Silence reigns, and stills the noisy laws.

Past services of friends, good deeds of foes,
What favourites gain, and what the nation owes,
Fly the forgetful world, and in thy arms repose.

The country wit, religion of the town,
The courtier's learning, policy o' th' gown,
Are best by thee express'd; and shine in thee alone.

The parson's cant, the lawyer's sophistry,
Lord's quibble, critic's jest, all end in thee,
All rest in peace at last, and sleep eternally.

E. OF DORSET.

ARTEMISIA.

THOUGH Artemisia talks, by fits,
Of councils, classics, fathers, wits;
Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke;
Yet in some things methinks she fails,
'Twere well if she would pare her nails,
And wear a cleaner smock.

Haughty and huge as High-Dutch bride,
Such nastiness, and so much pride,
Are oddly join'd by Fate:
On her large squab you find her spread,
Like a fat corpse upon a bed,
That lies and stinks in state.

She wears no colours (sign of grace)
On any part except her face;
All white and black beside:
Dauntless her look, her gesture proud,
Her voice theatrically loud,
And masculine her stride.

So have I seen in black and white
A prating thing, a magpye hight,
Majestically stalk;
A stately, worthless animal,
That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
All flutter, pride, and talk.

PHRYNE.

Phryne had talents for mankind,
Open she was, and unconfin'd,
Like some free port of trade;
Merchants unloaded here their freight,
And agents from each foreign state
Here first their entry made.

Her learning and good-breeding such,
Whether th' Italian or the Dutch,
Spaniards or French came to her,
To all obliging she'd appear:
'Twas Si Signior, 'twas Yaw Mynheer,
'Twas S'il vous plaist, Monsieur.

Obscure by birth, renown'd by crimes,
Still changing names, religion, climes,
At length she turns a bride:
In diamonds, pearls, and rich brocades,
She shines the first of batter'd jades,
And flutters in her pride.

So have I known those insects fair
(Which curious Germans hold so rare)
Still vary shapes and dyes;
Still gain new titles with new forms;
First grubs obscene, then wriggling worms,
Then painted butterflies.

DR. SWIFT.

THE HAPPY LIFE OF A COUNTRY PARSON.

Parson, these things in thy possessing,
Are better than the bishop's blessing.
A wife that makes conserves; a steed
That carries double when there's need:
October store, and best Virginia,
Tythe pig, and mortuary guinea:
Gazettes sent gratis down, and frank'd,
For which thy patron's weekly thank'd;
A large concordance, bound long since;
Sermons to Charles the First, when prince:
A chronicle of ancient standing;
A Chrysostom to smooth thy band in.
The polyglott—three parts,—my text,
Howbeit,—likewise—now to my next.
Lo here the Septuagint,—and Paul,
To sum the whole,—the close of all.

He that has these, may pass his life,
Drink with the 'squire, and kiss his wife;
On Sundays preach, and eat his fill;
And fast on Fridays——if he will;
Toast church and queen, explain the news,
Talk with church-wardens about pews;
Pray heartily for some new gift,
And shake his head at Doctor Swift.

AN ESSAY ON SATIRE,

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF MR. POPE.

INSCRIBED TO MR. WARBURTON.

BY J. BROWN, A. M.

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PART I.

Fate gave the word: the cruel arrow sped;
And Pope lies number'd with the mighty dead!
Resign'd he fell; superior to the dart,
That quench'd its rage in yours and Britain's heart:
You mourn: but Britain, lull'd in rest profound,
(Unconscious Britain!) slumbers o'er her wound.
Exulting Dulness ey'd the setting light,
And flapp'd her wing, impatient for the night:
Rous'd at the signal, Guilt collects *her train*,
And counts the triumphs of her growing reign:
With inextinguishable rage they burn;
And snake-hung Envy hisses o'er his urn:
Th' envenom'd monsters spit their deadly foam,
To blast the laurel that surrounds his tomb.
But you, O Warburton! whose eye refin'd
Can see the greatness of an honest mind;
Can see each virtue and each grace unite,
And taste the raptures of a pure delight;

You visit oft his awful page with care,
And view that bright assemblage treasur'd there;
You trace the chain that links his deep design,
And pour new lustre on the glowing line.
Yet deign to hear the efforts of a Muse,
Whose eye, not wing, his ardent flight pursues:
Intent from this great archetype to draw
Satire's bright form, and fix her equal law;
Pleas'd if from hence th' unlearn'd may comprehend,
And reverence his and Satire's generous end.

In every breast there burns an active flame,
The love of glory, or the dread of shame:
The passion one, though various it appear,
As brighten'd into hope, or dimm'd by fear.
The lisping infant, and the hoary sire,
And youth and manhood feel the heart-born fire:
The charms of praise the coy, the modest woo,
And only fly, that Glory may pursue:
She, power resistless, rules the wise and great;
Bends ev'n reluctant hermits at her feet;
Haunts the proud city, and the lowly shade,
And sways alike the sceptre and the spade.

Thus Heaven in pity wakes the friendly flame,
To urge mankind on deeds that merit fame:
But man, vain man, in folly only wise,
Rejects the manna sent him from the skies:
With rapture hears corrupted Passion's call,
Still proudly prone to mingle with the stall.
As each deceitful shadow tempts his view,
He for the imag'd substance quits the true;
Eager to catch the visionary prize,
In quest of glory plunges deep in vice;
Till madly zealous, impotently vain,
He forfeits every praise he pants to gain.

Thus still imperious Nature plies her part;
And still her dictates work in every heart.
Each power that sovereign Nature bids enjoy,
Man may corrupt, but man can ne'er destroy.
Like mighty rivers, with resistless force
The passions rage, obstructed in their course;
Swell to new heights, forbidden paths explore,
And drown those virtues which they fed before.

And sure, the deadliest foe to Virtue's flame,
Our worst of evils, is perverted Shame.
Beneath this load, what abject numbers groan,
Th' entangled slaves to folly not their own!
Meanly by fashionable fear oppress'd,
We seek our virtues in each other's breast;
Blind to ourselves, adopt each foreign vice,
Another's weakness, interest, or caprice.
Each fool to low ambition, poorly great,
That pines in splendid wretchedness of state,
Tir'd in the treacherous chase, would nobly yield,
And, but for shame, like Sylla, quit the field:
The demon Shame paints strong the ridicule,
And whispers close, "The world will call you fool."

Behold yon wretch by impious Fashion driven,
Believes and trembles while he scoffs at Heaven.
By weakness strong, and bold through fear alone,
He dreads the sneer by shallow coxcombs thrown;
Dauntless pursues the path Spinoza trod;
To man a coward, and a brave to God.

Faith, Justice, Heaven itself now quit their hold,
When to false Fame the captive heart is sold:
Hence, blind to truth, relentless Cato dy'd;
Nought could subdue his virtue, but his pride.
Hence chaste Lucretia's innocence betray'd
Fell by that honour which was meant its aid.
Thus Virtue sinks beneath unnumber'd woes,
When passions, born her friends, revolt her foes.

Hence Satire's power: 'Tis her corrective part,
To calm the wild disorders of the heart.
She points the arduous height were Glory lies,
And teaches mad Ambition to be wise:
In the dark bosom wakes the fair desire,
Draws good from ill, a brighter flame from fire:
Strips black Oppression of her gay disguise,
And bids the hag in native horrour rise;
Strikes towering Pride and lawless Rapine dead,
And plants the wreath on Virtue's awful head.

Nor boasts the Muse a vain imagin'd power,
Though oft she mourns those ills she cannot cure.
The worthy court her, and the worthless fear;
Who shun her piercing eye, that eye revere.
Her awful voice the vain and vile obey,
And every foe to Wisdom feels her sway.
Smarts, pedants, as she smiles, no more are vain;
Desponding fops resign the clouded cane:
Hush'd at her voice, pert Folly's self is still,
And Dulness wonders while she drops her quill.
Like the arm'd bee, with art most subtly true,
From poisonous Vice she draws a healing dew:
Weak are the ties that civil arts can find,
To quell the ferment of the tainted mind:
Cunning evades, securely wrapp'd in wiles!
And Force, strong-sinew'd, rends th' unequal toils:
The stream of vice impetuous drives along,
Too deep for Policy, for Power too strong.
Ev'n fair Religion, native of the skies,
Scorn'd by the crowd, seeks refuge with the wise;
The crowd with laughter spurns her awful train,
And Mercy courts, and Justice frowns in vain.
But Satire's shaft can pierce the harden'd breast:
She plays a ruling passion on the rest:
Undaunted storms the battery of his pride,
And awes the brave, that earth and Heaven defy'd.
When fell Corruption by her vassals crown'd,
Derides fall'n Justice prostrate on the ground;
Swift to redress an injur'd people's groan,
Bold Satire shakes the tyrant on her throne;
Powerful as Death, defies the sordid train,
And slaves and sycophants surround in vain.

But with the friends of vice, the foes of satire,
All truth is spleen; all just reproof, ill-nature.
Well may they dread the Muse's fatal skill;
Well may they tremble when she draws her quill:
Her magic quill; that, like Ithuriel's spear,
Reveals the cloven hoof, or lengthen'd ear:
Bids Vice and Folly take their natural shapes,
Turns dutchesses to strumpets, beaux to apes;
Drags the vile whisperer from his dark abode,
Till all the demon starts up from the toad.

O sordid maxim, form'd to screen the vile,
That true Good-nature still must wear a smile!
In frowns array'd her beauties stronger rise,
When love of virtue wakes her scorn of vice:
Where Justice calls, 'tis cruelty to save;
And 'tis the Law's good-nature hangs the knave.
Who combats Virtue's foe is Virtue's friend;
Then judge of Satire's merit by her end:
To guilt alone her vengeance stands confin'd,
The object of her love is all mankind.
Scarce more the friend of man, the wise must own,
Ev'n Allen's bounteous hand, than Satire's frown:
This to chastise, as that to bless was giv'n:
Alike the faithful ministers of Heaven.

Oft in unfeeling hearts the shaft is spent:
Though strong th' example, weak the punishment.
They least are pain'd, who merit satire most:
Folly the Laureat's, vice was Chartres' boast;

Then where's the wrong, to gibbet high the name
Of fools and knaves already dead to shame?
Oft Satire acts the faithful surgeon's part;
Generous and kind, though painful, is her art:
With caution bold, she only strikes to heal:
Though Folly raves to break the friendly steel.
Then sure no fault impartial Satire knows,
Kind ev'n in vengeance, kind to Virtue's foes.
Whose is the crime, the scandal too be theirs;
The knave and fool are their own libellers.

PART II.

Dare nobly then: but, conscious of your trust,
As ever warm and bold be ever just:
Nor court applause in these degenerate days:
The villain's censure is extorted praise.
But chief, be steady in a noble end,
And shew mankind that Truth has yet a friend.
'Tis mean for empty praise of wit to write,
As foplings grin to show their teeth are white:
To brand a doubtful folly with a smile,
Or madly blaze unknown defects, is vile:
'Tis doubly vile, when, but to prove your art,
You fix an arrow in a blameless heart.
O lost to Honour's voice, O doom'd to shame,
Thou fiend accurst, thou murderer of Fame!
Foil ravisher, from Innocence to tear
That name, than liberty, than life more dear!
Where shall thy baseness meet its just return,
Or what repay thy guilt, but endless scorn?
And know, immortal Truth shall mock thy toil:
Immortal Truth shall bid the shaft recoil;
With rage retorted, wing the deadly dart;
And empty all its poison in thy heart.
With caution next, the dangerous power apply;
An eagle's talon asks an eagle's eye:
Let Satire then her proper object know,
And ere she strike, be sure she strike a foe.
Nor fondly deem the real fool confest,
Because blind Ridicule conceives a jest:
Before whose altar Virtue oft hath bled,
And oft a destin'd victim shall be led:
Lo Shaftesbury rears her high on Reason's throne,
And loads the slave with honours not her own:
Big-swoln with folly, as her smiles provoke,
Prophaneness spawns, pert dunces nurse the joke!
Come, let us join awhile this tittering crew,
And own the ideot guide for once is true;
Deride our weak forefathers' musty rule,
Who therefore smil'd because they saw a fool;
Sublimer logic now adorns our isle,
We therefore see a fool, because we smile.
Truth in her gloomy cave why fondly seek?
Lo gay she sits in Laughter's dimpled cheek:
Contemns each surly academic foe,
And courts the spruce freethinker and the beau.
Dædalian arguments but few can trace,
But all can read the language of Grimace.
Hence mighty Ridicule's all-conquering hand
Shall work Herculean wonders through the land:
Bound in the magic of her cobweb chain,
You, mighty Warburton, shall rage in vain,
In vain the trackless maze of Truth you scan,
And lend th' informing clue to erring man:
No more shall Reason boast her power divine,
Her base eternal shook by Folly's mine!
Truth's sacred fort th' exploded laugh shall win;
And coxcombs vanquish Berkeley by a grin.

But you, more sage, reject th' inverted rule,
That truth is e'er explor'd by Ridicule:
On truth, on falsehood, let her colours fall,
She throws a dazzling glare alike on all;
As the gay prism but mocks the flatter'd eye,
And gives to every object every dye.
Beware the mad adventurer: bold and blind
She hoists her sail, and drives with every wind;
Deaf as the storm to sinking Virtue's groan,
Nor heeds a friend's destruction, or her own.
Let clear-ey'd Reason at the helm preside,
Bear to the wind, or stem the furious tide;
Then Mirth may urge, when Reason can explore,
This point the way, that waft us glad to shore.
Though distant times may rise in Satire's page,
Yet chief 'tis her's to draw the present age:
With Wisdom's lustre, Folly's shade contrast,
And judge the reigning manners by the past:
Bid Britain's heroes (awful shades!) arise,
And ancient Honour beam on modern Vice:
Point back to minds ingenuous, actions fair,
Till the sons blush at what their fathers were:
Ere yet t'was beggary the great to trust;
Ere yet 'twas quite a folly to be just;
When low-born sharpers only dar'd a lye,
Or falsify'd the card, or cogg'd the dye;
Ere Lewdness the stain'd garb of Honour wore,
Or Chastity was carted for the whore;
Vice flutter'd in the plumes of Freedom dress'd;
Or public Spirit was the public jest.
Be ever, in a just expression, bold,
Yet ne'er degrade fair Satire to a scold:
Let no unworthy mien her form debase,
But let her smile, and let her frown with grace:
In mirth be temperate, temperate in her spleen;
Nor, while she preaches modesty, obscene.
Deep let her wound, not rankle to a sore,
Nor call his lordship ——, her grace a ——:
The Muse's charms resitless then assail,
When wrapp'd in Irony's transparent veil:
Her beauties half-conceal'd, the more surprise,
And keener lustre sparkles in her eyes.
Then be your line with sharp enconiums grac'd:
Style Clodius honourable, Bufa chaste.
Dart not on Folly an indignant eye:
Who e'er discharg'd artillery on a fly?
Deride not Vice: absurd the thought and vain,
To bind the tiger in so weak a chain.
Nay more; when flagrant crimes your laughter move,
The knave exults: to smile, is to approve.
The Muse's labour then success shall crown,
When Folly feels her smile, and Vice her frown.
Know next what measures to each theme belong,
And suit your thoughts and numbers to your song:
On wing proportion'd to your quarry rise,
And stoop to earth, or soar among the skies.
Thus when a modish folly you rehearse,
Free the expression, simple be the verse.
In artless numbers paint th' ambitious peer,
That mounts the box, and shines a charioteer:
In strains familiar sing the midnight toil
Of camps and senates disciplin'd by Hoyle;
Patriots and chiefs, whose deep design invades,
And carries off the captive king—of spades!
Let Satire here in milder vigour shine,
And gayly graceful sport along the line;
Bid courtly Passion quit her thin pretence,
And smile each affectation into sense.
Not so when Virtue, by her guards betray'd,
Spurn'd from her throne, implores the Muse's aid;

When crimes, which erst in kindred darkness lay,
Rise frontless, and insult the eye of day;
Indignant Hymen veils his hallow'd fires,
And white-rob'd Chastity with tears retires;
When rank Adultery on the genial bed
Hot from Cocytus rears her baleful head;
When private Faith and public Trust are sold,
And traitors barter liberty for gold:
When fell Corruption dark and deep, like Fate,
Saps the foundation of a sinking state:
When Giant-Vice and Irreligion rise,
On mountain'd falsehoods to invade the skies:
Then warmer numbers glow through Satire's page,
And all her smiles are darken'd into rage:
On eagle-wing she gains Parnassus' height,
Not lofty Epic soars a nobler flight:
Then keener indignation fires her eye;
Then flash her lightnings, and her thunders fly;
Wide and more wide her flaming bolts are hurl'd,
Till all her wrath involves the guilty world.
Yet Satire oft assumes a gentler mien,
And beams on Virtue's friends a smile serene!
She wounds reluctant; pours her balm with joy;
Glad to commend where worth attracts her eye.
But chief, when virtue, learning, arts decline,
She joys to see unconquer'd Merit shine;
Where bursting glorious, with departing ray,
True genius gilds the close of Britain's day:
With joys she sees the stream of Roman art
From Murray's tongue flow purer to the heart:
Sees Yorke to Fame, ere yet to manhood known,
And just to every virtue, but his own;
Hears unstain'd Cam with generous pride proclaim
A sage's, critic's, and a poet's name:
Beholds, where Widcombe's happy hills ascend,
Each orphan'd art and virtue find a friend.
To Hagley's honour'd shade directs her view;
And culls each flower, to form a wreath for you.
But tread with cautious step this dangerous ground,
Beset with faithless precipices round:
Truth be your guide: disdain Ambition's call;
And if you fall with Truth, you greatly fall.
'Tis Virtue's native lustre that must shine;
The poet can but set it in his line:
And who unmov'd with laughter can behold
A sordid pebble meanly grac'd with gold?
Let real merit then adorn your lays,
For shame attends on prostituted praise:
And all your wit, your most distinguish'd art,
But makes us grieve you want an honest heart.
Nor think the Muse by Satire's laws confin'd:
She yields description of the noblest kind.
Inferior art the landscape may design,
And paint the purple evening in the line:
Her daring thought essays a higher plan;
Her hand delineates passion, pictures man.
And great the toil, the latent soul to trace,
To paint the heart, and catch internal grace;
By turns bid vice or virtue strike our eyes,
Now bid a Wolsey or a Cromwell rise;
Now, with a touch more sacred and refin'd,
Call forth a Chesterfield's or Lonsdale's mind.
Here sweet or strong may every colour flow,
Here let the pencil warm, the canvas glow:
Of light and shade provoke the noble strife,
And wake each striking feature into life.

PART III.

Through ages thus has Satire keenly shin'd:
The friend to truth, to virtue, and mankind:
Yet the bright flame from virtue ne'er had sprung'
And man was guilty ere the poet sung.
This Muse in silence joy'd each better age,
Till glowing crimes had wak'd her into rage.
Truth saw her honest spleen with new delight,
And bade her wing her shafts, and urge their flight.
First on the sons of Greece she prov'd her art,
And Sparta felt the fierce Iambic dart.
To Latium next, avenging Satire flew;
The flaming falchion rough Lucilius drew,
With dauntless warmth in Virtue's cause engag'd,
And conscious villains trembled as he rag'd.
Then sportive Horace caught the generous fire;
For Satire's bow resign'd the sounding lyre;
Each arrow polish'd in his hand was seen,
And, as it grew more polish'd, grew more keen.
His art, conceal'd in study'd negligence,
Politely sly, cajol'd the foes of sense;
He seem'd to sport and trifle with the dart,
But, while he sported, drove it to the heart.
In graver strains majestic Persius wrote,
Big with a ripe exuberance of thought:
Greatly sedate, contemn'd a tyrant's reign,
And lash'd Corruption with a calm disdain.
More ardent eloquence, and boundless rage,
Inflam'd bold Juvenal's exalted page.
His mighty numbers aw'd corrupted Rome,
And swept audacious Greatness to its doom;
The headlong torrent, thundering from on high,
Rent the pryed rock that lately brav'd the sky.
But lo! the fatal victor of mankind,
Swoln Luxury!—pale Ruin stalks behind!
As countless insects from the north-east pour,
To blast the Spring, and ravage every flower;
So barbarous millions spread contagious death:
The sickening laurel wither'd at their breath.
Deep Superstition's night the skies o'erhung,
Beneath whose baleful dews the poppy sprung.
No longer Genius woo'd the Nine to love,
But Dulness nodded in the Muse's grove:
Wit, spirit, freedom, were the sole offence,
Nor aught was held so dangerous as sense.
At length, again fair Science shot her ray,
Dawn'd in the skies, and spoke returning day.
Now, Satire, triumph o'er thy flying foe,
Now load thy quiver, string thy slacken'd bow!
'Tis done—See great Erasmus breaks the spell,
And wounds triumphant Folly in her cell!
(In vain the solemn cowl surrounds her face,
Vain all her bigot cant, her sour grimace)
With shame compell'd her leaden throne to quit,
And own the force of Reason urg'd by Wit.
'Twas then plain Donne in honest vengeance rose,
His wit harmonious, though his rhyme was prose:
He 'midst an age of puns and pedants wrote
With genuine sense and Roman strength of thought.
Yet scarce had Satire well relum'd her flame,
(With grief the Muse records her country's shame)
Ere Britain saw the foul revolt commence,
And treacherous Wit began her war with Sense.
Then rose a shameless mercenary train,
Whom latest time shall view with just disdain:
A race fantastic, in whose gaudy line
Untutor'd thought and tinsel beauty shine:
Wit's shatter'd mirror lies in fragments bright,
Reflects not Nature, but confounds the sight.
Dry morals the court-poet blush'd to sing;
'Twas all his praise to say "the oddest thing."
Proud for a jest obscene, a patron's nod,
To martyr Virtue, or blaspheme his God.

Ill-fated Dryden! who, unmov'd, can see
Th' extremes of wit and meanness join'd in thee?
Flames that could mount, and gain their kindred skies
Low creeping in the putrid sink of Vice:
A Muse whom Wisdom woo'd, but woo'd in vain,
The pimp of Power, the prostitute to Gain:
Wreaths, that should deck fair Virtue's form alone,
To strumpets, traitors, tyrants, vilely thrown:
Unrival'd parts, the scorn of honest fame;
And genius rise, a monument of shame!
More happy France: immortal Boileau there
Supported Genius with a sage's care:
Him with her love propitious Satire blest,
And breath'd her airs divine into his breast:
Fancy and Sense to form his line conspire,
And faultless Judgment guides the purest fire.
But see, at length, the British genius smile,
And shower her bounties o'er her favour'd isle:
Behold for Pope she twines the laurel crown,
And centers every poet's power in one:
Each Roman's force adorns his various page;
Gay smiles, collected strength, and manly rage,
Despairing Guilt and Dulness loath the sight,
As spectres vanish at approaching light:
In this clear mirror with delight we view
Each image justly fine, and boldly true:
Here Vice, dragg'd forth by Truth's supreme decree,
Beholds and hates her own deformity;
While self-seen Virtue in the faithful line
With modest joys surveys her form divine.
But oh, what thoughts, what numbers shall I find,
But faintly to express the poet's mind!
Who yonder stars' effulgence can display,
Unless he dip his pencil in the ray?
Who paint a god, unless the god inspire?
What catch the lightning, but the speed of fire?
So, mighty Pope, to make thy genius known,
All power is weak, all numbers—but thy own.
Each Muse for thee with kind contention strove,
For thee the Graces left th' Idalian grove;
With watchful fondness o'er thy cradle hung,
Attun'd thy voice, and form'd thy infant tongue.
Next, to her bard majestic Wisdom came;
The bard enraptur'd caught the heavenly flame:
With taste superior scorn'd the venal tribe,
Whom fear can sway, or guilty greatness bribe;
At Fancy's call who rear the wanton sail,
Sport with the stream, and trifle in the gale:
Sublimer views thy daring spirit bound;
Thy mighty voyage was Creation's round;
Intent new worlds of wisdom to explore,
And bless mankind with Virtue's sacred store:
A nobler joy than wit can give, impart;
And pour a moral transport o'er the heart.
Fantastic wit shoots momentary fires,
And, like a meteor, while we gaze, expires:
Wit, kindled by the sulphurous breath of Vice,
Like the blue lightning, while it shines, destroys:
But genius, fir'd by Truth's eternal ray,
Burns clear and constant, like the source of day:
Like this its beam, prolific and refin'd,
Feeds, warms, inspirits, and exalts the mind;
Mildly dispels each wintery passion's gloom,
And opens all the virtues into bloom.
This praise, immortal Pope, to thee be given.
Thy genius was indeed a gift from Heaven.
Hail, bard unequal'd, in whose deathless line
Reason and wit with strength collected shine;
Where matchless wit but wins the second praise,
Lost, nobly lost, in truth's superior blaze.
Did friendship e'er mislead thy wandering Muse?
That friendship sure may plead the great excuse:
That sacred friendship which inspir'd thy song,
Fair in defect, and amiably wrong.
Errour like this ev'n Truth can scarce reprove;
'Tis almost virtue when it flows from love.
Ye deathless names, ye sons of endless praise,
By virtue crown'd with never-fading bays!
Say, shall an artless Muse, if you inspire,
Light her pale lamp at your immortal fire?
Or if, O Warburton, inspir'd by you,
The daring Muse a nobler path pursue,
By you inspir'd, on trembling pinions soar,
The sacred founts of social bliss explore,
In her bold numbers chain the tyrant's rage,
And bid her country's glory fire her page;
If such her fate, do thou, fair Truth, descend,
And watchful guard her in an honest end:
Kindly severe, instruct her equal line
To court no friend, nor own a foe but thine.
But if her giddy eye should vainly quit
Thy sacred paths, to run the maze of Wit;
If her apostate heart should e'er incline
To offer incense at Corruption's shrine;
Urge, urge thy power, the black attempt confound,
And dash the smoaking censer to the ground.
Thus aw'd to fear, instructed bards may see
That guilt is doom'd to sink in infamy.

AN

ESSAY ON MAN:

TO H. ST. JOHN, LORD BOLINGBROKE.

THE DESIGN.

Having proposed to write some pieces on human life and manners, such as (to use my lord Bacon's expression) "come home to men's business and bosoms," I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering man in the abstract, his nature, and his state; since, to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what condition and relation it is placed in, and what is the proper end and purpose of its being.

The science of human nature is, like all other sciences, reduced to a few clear points: there are not many certain truths in this world. It is therefore in the anatomy of the mind as in that of the body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels, the conformations and uses of which will for ever escape our observation. The disputes are all upon these last; and I will venture to say, they have less sharpened the wits than the hearts of men against each other, and have diminished the practice, more than advanced the theory of morality. If I could flatter myself that this Essay has any merit, it is in steering betwixt the extremes of doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming a temperate yet not inconsistent, and a short, yet not imperfect, system of ethics.

This I might have done in prose; but I chose verse, and even rhyme, for two reasons. The one will appear obvious; that principles, maxims, or precepts so written, both strike the reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retained by him afterwards: the other may seem odd, but it is true; I found I could express them more shortly this way than in prose itself; and nothing is more certain, than that much of the force as well as grace of arguments or instructions depends on their conciseness. I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in detail, without becoming dry and tedious; or more poetically, without sacrificing perspicuity to ornament, without wandering from the precision, or breaking the chain of reasoning: if any man can unite all these without diminution of any of them, I freely confess he will compass a thing above my capacity.

What is now published is only to be considered as a general map of man, marking out no more than the greater parts, their extent, their limits, and their connection, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow. Consequently, these Epistles in their progress (if I have health and leisure to make any progress) will be less dry, and more susceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the fountains, and clearing the passage. To deduce the rivers, to follow them in their course, and to observe their effects, may be a task more agreeable.

AN ESSAY ON MAN,

IN FOUR EPISTLES, TO H. ST. JOHN, LORD BOLINGBROKE.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE I.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO THE UNIVERSE.

Of man in the abstract.—I. That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relations of systems and things, ver. 17, &c. II. That man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a being suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general order of things, and conformable to ends and relations to him unknown, ver. 35, &c. III. That it is partly upon his ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future state, that all his happiness in the present depends, ver. 77, &c. IV. The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cause of man's errour and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice, of his dispensations, ver. 109, &c. V. The absurdity of conceiting himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world, which is not in the natural, ver. 131, &c. VI. The unreasonableness of his complaints against Providence, while on the one hand he demands the perfection of the angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the brutes; though, to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree, would render him miserable, ver. 173, &c. VII. That throughout the whole visible world, an universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to man. The gradations of sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason; that reason alone countervails all the other faculties, ver. 207. VIII. How much farther this order and subordination of living creatures may extend above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation must be destroyed, ver. 233. IX. The extravagance, madness, and pride of such a desire, ver. 250. X. The consequence of all the absolute submission due to Providence, both as to our present and future state, ver. 281, to the end.

EPISTLE I.

Awake, my St. John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition and the pride of Kings.
Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us, and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan:
A wild, where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot;
Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield;
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;
Eye Nature's walks, shoot Folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise:
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can;
But vindicate the ways of God to man.

I. Say first, of God above, or man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know?
Of man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer?
Through worlds unnumber'd though the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He, who through vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What vary'd being peoples every star,
May tell why Heaven has made us as we are.
But of this frame the bearings and the ties,
The strong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Look'd through? or can a part contain the whole?
Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?

II. Presumptuous man! the reason wouldst thou find,
Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?
Ask of thy mother Earth, why oaks are made
Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade;
Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's Satellites are less than Jove?

Of systems possible, if 'tis confest,
That Wisdom infinite must form the best,
Where all must full or not coherent be,
And all that rises, rise in due degree;
Then, in the scale of reasoning life, 'tis plain,
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as man;

And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?
Respecting man, whatever wrong we call
May, must be right, as relative to all.
In human works, though labour'd on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain:
In God's, one single can its end produce;
Yet serves to second too some other use.
So man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.
When the proud steed shall know why man restrains
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Ægypt's god:
Then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend
His actions', passions', being's, use and end;
Why doing, suffering, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.
Then say not Man's imperfect, Heaven in fault;
Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought:
His knowledge measur'd to his state and place;
His time a moment, and a point his space.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter, soon or late, or here, or there?
The blest to day is as completely so,
As who began a thousand years ago.
III. Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state:
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:
Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
Oh blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heaven:
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar
Wait the great teacher, Death; and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never Is, but always To be blest:
The soul, uneasy, and confin'd from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;

VARIATIONS.

In the former editions, ver. 64.
Now wears a garland an Ægyptian god.

After ver. 68, the following lines in the first edition.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter, soon or late, or here or there?
The blest to day is as completely so,
As who began ten thousand years ago.

After ver. 88, in the MS.
No great, no little; 'tis as much decreed
That Virgil's gnat should die as Cæsar bleed.

Ver. 93, in the first folio and quarto,
What bliss above he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy bliss below.

His soul proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple Nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler Heaven;
Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.
IV. Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense,
Weigh thy opinion against Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such;
Say, here he gives too little, there too much:
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet say, if man's unhappy, God's unjust;
If man alone ingross not Heaven's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
Snatch'd from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the god of God.
In Pride, in reasoning Pride, our errour lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel:
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of order, sins against th' Eternal Cause.
V. Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, "'Tis for mine:
For me kind Nature wakes her genial power;
Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower;
Annual for me, the grape, the rose, renew
The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;
For me health gushes from a thousand springs;
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
My foot-stool Earth, my canopy the skies."
But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?
"No" ('tis reply'd) "the first Almighty Cause
Acts not by partial, but by general laws;
Th' exceptions few; some change since all began:
And what created perfect?" Why then man?
If the great end be human happiness,
Then Nature deviates; and can man do less?
As much that end a constant course requires
Of showers and sun-shine, as of man's desires;
As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
As men for ever temperate, calm, and wise.
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's design,
Why then a Borgia, or a Cataline;
Who knows, but he whose hand the lightning forms,
Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the storms;
Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind?
From pride, from pride our very reasoning springs;
Account for moral as for natural things:

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 108, in the first edition:
But does he say the Maker is not good,
Till he 's exalted to what state he wou'd;
Himself alone high Heaven's peculiar care,
Alone made happy when he will, and where?

Why charge we Heaven in those, in these acquit?
In both, to reason right, is to submit.
Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind,
That never passion discompos'd the mind.
But all subsists by elemental strife;
And passions are the elements of life.
The general order, since the whole began,
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in man.

VI. What would this man? Now upward will he soar,
And, little less than angel, would be more;
Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what their use, had he the powers of all?
Nature to these without profusion, kind,
The proper organs, proper powers assign'd;
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;
All in exact proportion to the state;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own:
Is Heaven unkind to man, and man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not blest with all?
The bliss of man (could Pride that blessing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
No powers of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, man is not a fly.
Say what the use, were finer optics given,
T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the Heaven?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at every pore?
Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
If Nature thunder'd in his opening ears,
And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
How would he wish that Heaven had left him still
The whispering zephyr, and the purling rill!
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

VII. Far as creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental powers ascends:
Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled grass:
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam;
Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
And hound sagacious on the tainted green;
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood!
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew!
How Instinct varies in the grovelling swine,
Compar'd half-reasoning elephant with thine!
'Twixt that, and Reason, what a nice barrier!
For ever separate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and Reflection how allied;
What thin partitions Sense from Thought divide!
And middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never pass th' insuperable line!
Without this just gradation, could they be
Subjected, these to those, or all to thee?
The powers of all subdued by thee alone,
Is not thy Reason all these powers in one?

VIII. See, through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high, progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of being! which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from Infinite to thee,
From thee to Nothing.—On superior powers
Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd:
From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.
And, if each system in gradation roll
Alike essential to th' amazing whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall,
Let Earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless through the sky;
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And Nature trembles to the throne of God.
All this dread order break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—oh madness! pride! impiety!

IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear, repin'd
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another in this general frame:
Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains
The great directing mind of all ordains.
All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That chang'd through all, and yet in all the same;
Great in the Earth, as in th' ethereal frame;
Warms in the Sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows, in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent;
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart,
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

X. Cease then, nor order imperfection name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction, which thou canst not see;
All Discord, Harmony not understood;
All partial Evil, universal Good.
And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 238, Ed. 1st.
Ethereal essence, spirit, substance, man.

After ver. 282, in the MS.
Reason, to think of God, when she pretends,
Begins a censor, an adorer ends.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE II.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO HIMSELF, AS AN INDIVIDUAL.

I. The business of man not to pry into God, but to study himself. His middle nature: his powers and frailties, ver. 1 to 19. The limits of his capacity, ver. 19, &c. II. The two principles of man, self-love and reason, both necessary, ver. 53, &c. Self-love the stronger, and why, ver. 67, &c. Their end the same, ver. 81, &c. III. The passions, and their use, ver. 93 to 130. The predominant passion, and its force, ver. 132 to 160. Its necessity, in directing men to different purposes, ver. 165, &c. Its providential use, in fixing our principle, and ascertaining our virtue, ver. 177. IV. Virtue and vice joined in our mixed nature; the limits near, yet the things separate and evident: what is the office of reason, ver. 202 to 216. V. How odious vice in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it, ver. 217. VI. That, however, the ends of Providence and general good are answered in our passions and imperfections, ver. 238, &c. How usefully these are distributed to all orders of men, ver. 241. How useful they are to society, ver. 251. And to individuals, ver. 263. In every state, and every age of life, ver. 273, &c.

EPISTLE II.

I. Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is man.
Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise, and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the Sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;
In doubt to deem himself a god, or beast;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reasoning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
Chaos of thought and passion, all confus'd;
Still by himself abus'd or disabus'd;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd:
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 2. Ed. 1st.
The only science of mankind is man.

After ver. 18, in the MS.
For more perfection than this state can bear
In vain we sigh, Heaven made us as we are.
As wisely sure a modest ape might aim
To be like man, whose faculties and frame
He sees, he feels, as you or I to be
An angel thing we neither knew nor see.
Observe how near he edges on our race;
What human tricks! how risible of face!
It must be so—why else have I the sense
Of more than monkey charms and excellence!
Why else to walk on two so oft essay'd?
And why this ardent longing for a maid?
So pug might plead, and call his gods unkind
Till set on end, and married to his mind,

Go wondrous creature! mount where Science guides,
Go, measure Earth, weigh air, and state the tides;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun;
Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,
And quitting sense call imitating God;
As eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.
Go teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!

Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all Nature's law,
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And show'd a Newton as we shew an ape.

Could he, whose rules the rapid comet bind,
Describe or fix one movement of his mind!
Who saw its fires here rise and there descend,
Explain his own beginning or his end?
Alas, what wonder! Man's superior part
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art;
But when his own great work is but begun,
What Reason weaves, by Passion is undone.

Trace Science then, with Modesty thy guide;
First strip off all her equipage of Pride;
Deduct what is but Vanity or dress,
Or Learning's luxury, or Idleness;
Or tricks to show the stretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
Of all our vices have created arts;
Then see how little the remaining sum,
Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come!

II. Two principles in human nature reign;
Self-love, to urge, and Reason, to restrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move or govern all:
And to their proper operation still,
Ascribe all good, to their improper, ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And, but for this, were active to no end:
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot;
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot,
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless through the void,
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most strength the moving principle requires:
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, deliberate, and advise.
Self-love, still stronger, as its objects nigh;
Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie:

VARIATIONS.

Go, reasoning thing! assume the doctor's chair,
As Plato deep, as Seneca severe:
Fix moral fitness, and to God give rule,
Then drop into thyself, &c.

Ver. 21, Edit. 4th and 5th.
Show by what rules the wandering planets stray,
Correct old Time, and teach the Sun his way.

Ver. 35, Edit. 1st.
Could he, who taught each planet where to roll,
Describe or fix one movement of the soul?
Who mark'd their points, to rise or to descend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?

That sees immediate good by present sense;
Reason, the future and the consequence.
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
At best more watchful this, but that more strong.
The action of the stronger to suspend,
Reason still use, to Reason still attend.
Attention, habit, and experience gains;
Each strengthens Reason, and Self-love restrains.
Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
More studious to divide than to unite;
And Grace and Virtue, Sense and Reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of Wit.
Wits, just like fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.
Self-love and Reason to one end aspire,
Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire;
But greedy that is object would devour,
This taste the honey, and not wound the flower:
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

III. Modes of Self-love the passions we may call;
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all:
But since not every good we can divide,
And Reason bids us for our own provide;
Passions, though selfish, if their means be fair,
List under Reason, and deserve her care;
Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name.

In lazy apathy let Stoics boast
Their virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a frost;
Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
But strength of mind is exercise not rest:
The rising tempest puts in act the soul;
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but Passion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.

Passions, like elements, though born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite:
These 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what composes man, can man destroy?
Suffice that Reason keep to Nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling train;
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain;
These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind;
The lights and shades whose well-accorded strife
Gives all the strength and colour of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands and eyes;
And when in act they cease, in prospect rise:
Present to grasp, and future still to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On different senses, different objects strike:
Hence different passions more or less inflame,
As strong or weak, the organs of the frame;
And hence one master passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.
As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of Death;
The young disease, which must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength:
So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's disease, its Ruling Passion came;
Each vital humour which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul:
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
Imagination plies her dangerous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, Habit is its nurse;
Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worse;
Reason itself but gives it edge and power;
As Heaven's blest beam turns vinegar more sour.

We, wretched subjects though to lawful sway,
In this weak queen, some favourite still obey:
Ah! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend;
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade
The choice we make, or justify it made;
Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak passions for the strong:
So, when small humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out.

Yes, Nature's road must ever be preferr'd;
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard:
'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe;
A mightier power the strong direction sends,
And several men impels to several ends:
Like varying winds, by other passions tost,
This drives them constant to a certain coast.
Let power or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease;
Through life 'tis follow'd ev'n at life's expense;
The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find Reason on their side.

Th' Eternal Art, educing good from ill,
Grafts on this passion our best principle:
'Tis thus the mercury of man is fix'd,
Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd;
The dross cements what else were too refin'd,
And in one interest body acts with mind.

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted learn to bear;
The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
Wild Nature's vigour working at the root.
What crops of wit and honesty appear
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger, zeal and fortitude supply;
Ev'n avarice, prudence; sloth, philosophy;
Lust, through some certain strainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;
Nor virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on pride, or grow on shame.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 86, in the MS.

"Of good and evil gods what frighted fools,
Of good and evil reason puzzled schools,
Deceiv'd, deceiving, taught——

After ver. 108, in the MS.

A tedious voyage! where how useless lies
The compass, if no powerful gusts arise!

After ver. 112, in the MS.

The soft reward the virtuous, or invite;
The fierce the vicious punish or affright.

VARIATION.

After ver. 194, in the MS.

How oft with passion, Virtue points her charms!
Then shines the hero, then the patriot warms.

Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue nearest to our vice ally'd:
Reason the bias turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
The fiery soul abhor'd in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:
The same ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.
This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,
What shall divide? The God within the mind.
Extremes in Nature equal ends produce,
In man they join to some mysterious use;
Though each by turns the other's bound invade,
As, in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,
And oft so mix, the difference is too nice
Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice.
Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That vice or virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, soften, and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black or white?
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain;
'Tis to mistake them, costs the time and pain.
Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where th' extreme of vice, was ne'er agreed:
Ask where's the north? at York, 'tis on the Tweed;
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the first degree,
But thinks his neighbour further gone than he:
Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier natures shrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.
Virtuous and vicious every man must be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise;
And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise.

VARIATIONS.

Peleus' great son, or Brutus, who had known,
Had Lucrece been a whore, or Helen none?
But virtues opposite to make agree,
That, Reason! is thy task, and worthy thee.
Hard task, cries Bibulus, and Reason weak.
—Make it a point, dear marquess, or a pique
Once, for a whim, persuade yourself to pay
A debt to Reason, like a debt at play.
For right or wrong, have mortals suffer'd more?
B—— for his prince, or * * for his whore?
Whose self-denials Nature most control?
His, who would save a sixpence, or his soul?
Web for his health, a' Chartreux for his sin,
Contend they not which soonest shall grow thin?
What we resolve, we can: but here 's the fault:
We ne'er resolve to do the thing we ought.

After ver. 220, in the first edition followed these:
A cheat! a whore! who starts not at the name,
In all the Inns of Court or Drury-lane?

After ver. 226, in the MS.
The colonel swears the agent is a dog;
The scrivener vows th' attorney is a rogue.
Against the thief th' attorney loud inveighs,
For whose ten pounds the county twenty pays.
The thief damns judges, and the knaves of state,
And, dying, mourns small villains hang'd by great.

'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
For, vice or virtue, Self directs it still;
Each individual seeks a several goal;
But Heaven's great view, is one, and that the whole.
That counter-works each folly and caprice;
That disappoints th' effect of every vice:
That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd;
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride;
Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief;
To kings presumption, and to crowds belief:
That, Virtue's ends from vanity can raise,
Which seeks no interest, no reward but praise;
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.
Heaven forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common interest, or endear the tie.
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those interests, to resign;
Taught half by Reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.
Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
The learn'd is happy Nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty given,
The poor contents him with the care of Heaven.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
The starving chymist in his golden views
Supremely blest, the poet in his Muse.
See some strange comfort every state attend,
And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend:
See some fit passion every age supply;
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.
Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age:
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before;
'Till tir'd he sleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er.
Meanwhile Opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days:
Each want of happiness by Hope supply'd,
And each vacuity of sense by Pride:
These build as fast as Knowledge can destroy;
In Folly's cup still laughs the bubble, Joy;
One prospect lost, another still we gain;
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain;
Ev'n mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure others' wants by thine.
See! and confess, one comfort still must rise;
'Tis this, Though man's a fool, yet GOD IS WISE.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE III.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO SOCIETY.

I. THE whole universe one system of society, ver. 7, &c. Nothing made wholly for itself, nor yet

wholly for another, ver. 27. The happiness of animals mutual, ver. 49. II. Reason or instinct operate alike to the good of each individual, ver. 79. Reason or instinct operate also to society in all animals, ver. 109. III. How far society carried by instinct, ver. 115. How much farther by reason, ver. 128. IV. Of that which is called the state of nature, ver. 144. Reason instructed by instinct in the invention of arts, ver. 166, and in the forms of society, ver. 176. V. Origin of political societies, ver. 196. Origin of monarchy, ver. 207. Patriarchal government, ver. 212. VI. Origin of true religion and government, from the same principle, of love, ver. 231, &c. Origin of superstition and tyranny, from the same principle, of fear, ver. 237, &c. The influence of self-love operating to the social and public good, ver. 266. Restoration of true religion and government on their first principle, ver. 285. Mixed government, ver. 288. Various forms of each, and the true end of all, ver. 300, &c.

EPISTLE III.

Here then we rest; "The Universal Cause
Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."
In all the madness of superfluous health,
The train of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be present night and day;
But most be present, if we preach or pray.
Look round our world; behold the chain of Love
Combining all below, and all above.
See plastic Nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
See matter next, with various life endued,
Press to one centre still, the general good.
See dying vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving vegetate again:
All forms that perish other forms supply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)
Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
Nothing is foreign; parts relate to whole?
One all-extending, all-preserving soul
Connects each being, greatest with the least;
Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast;
All serv'd, all serving: nothing stands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.
Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food!
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spread the flowery lawn:
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?
The birds of Heaven shall vindicate their grain.

VARIATION.

Ver. 1. In several editions in 4to.
Learn, Dulness, learn! "The Universal Cause, &c.

Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer:
The hog, that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.
Know, Nature's children all divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While man exclaims, "See all things for my use!"
"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd goose:
And just as short of reason he must fall
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.
Grant that the powerful still the weak control;
Be man the wit and tyrant of the whole:
Nature that tyrant checks; he only knows,
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?
Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods:
For some his interest prompts him to provide,
For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride:
All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
Th' extensive blessing of his luxury.
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He saves from famine, from the savage saves;
Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
And, till he ends the being, makes it blest:
Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd man by touch ethereal slain.
The creature had his feast of life before;
Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er!
To each unthinking being, Heaven, a friend,
Gives not the useless knowledge of its end:
To man imparts it; but with such a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
Great standing miracle! that Heaven assign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.
II. Whether with reason, or with instinct blest,
Know, all enjoy that power which suits them best;
To bliss alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full Instinct is th' unerring guide,
What pope or council can they need beside?
Reason, however able, cool at best,
Cares not for service, or but serves when prest,
Stays till we call, and then not often near;
But honest Instinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit;
While still too wide or short is human Wit;
Sure by quick Nature happiness to gain,
Which heavier Reason labours at in vain.
This too serves always, Reason never long:
One must go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing powers
One in their nature, which are two in ours!

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 46, in the former editions, [him!
What care to tend, to lodge, to cram, to treat
All this he knew; but not that 'twas to eat him.
As far as goose could judge, he reason'd right;
But as to man, mistook the matter quite.

After ver. 84, in the MS.
While man, with opening views of various ways,
Confounded by the aid of knowledge strays;
Too weak to chuse, yet chusing still in haste,
One moment gives the pleasure and distaste.

And Reason raise o'er Instinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man.
Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To shun their poison, and to choose their food?
Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
Who made the spider parallels design,
Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line?
Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore
Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council, states the certain day?
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

III. God, in the nature of each being, founds
Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds:
But as he fram'd a whole, the whole to bless,
On mutual wants built mutual happiness:
So from the first, eternal Order ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
Whate'er of life all-quickening ether keeps,
Or breathes through air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuse on earth, one Nature feeds
The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood,
Each loves itself, but not itself alone,
Each sex desires alike, till two are one.
Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace;
They love themselves, a third time, in their race.
Thus beast and bird their common charge attend,
The mothers nurse it, and the sires defend;
The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
There stops the Instinct, and there ends the care;
The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
Another love succeeds, another race.
A longer care man's helpless kind demands;
That longer care contracts more lasting bands:
Reflection, Reason, still the ties improve,
At once extend the interest, and the love:
With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn;
Each virtue in each passion takes its turn;
And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
That graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood, and as another rose,
These natural love maintain'd, habitual those:
The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect man,
Saw helpless him from whom their life began:
Memory and Forecast just returns engage,
That pointed back to youth, this on to age;
While Pleasure, Gratitude, and Hope, combin'd,
Still spread the interest, and preserve the kind.

IV. Nor think, in Nature's state they blindly
The state of Nature was the reign of God: [trod;
Self-love and social at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of man.
Pride then was not; nor arts, that Pride to aid;
Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade;
The same his table, and the same his bed;
No murder cloth'd him, and no murder fed.
In the same temple, the resounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:
The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undress'd,
Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest:
Heaven's attribute was universal care,
And man's perogative, to rule, but spare.
Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;
Who, foe to Nature, hears the general groan,
Murders their species, and betrays his own.
But just disease to luxury succeeds,
And every death its own avenger breeds;
The Fury-passions from that blood began,
And turn'd on man, a fiercer savage, man.
See him from Nature rising slow to Art!
To copy Instinct then was Reason's part:
Thus then to man the voice of Nature spake—
"Go, from the creatures thy instructions take:
Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
Learn from the beasts the physic of the field;
Thy arts of building from the bee receive:
Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave;
Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
Here too all forms of social union find,
And hence let Reason, late, instruct mankind:
Here subterranean works and cities see;
There towns aëreal on the waving tree.
Learn each small people's genius, policies,
The ant's republic, and the realm of bees;
How those in common all their wealth bestow,
And anarchy without confusion know;
And these for ever, though a monarch reign,
Their separate cells and properties maintain.
Mark what unvary'd laws preserve each state,
Laws wise as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate.
In vain thy Reason finer webs shall draw,
Entangle Justice in her net of Law,
And right too rigid, harden into wrong;
Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures sway,
Thus let the wiser make the rest obey:
And for those arts mere Instinct could afford,
Be crown'd as monarchs, or as gods ador'd."

V. Great Nature spoke; observant man obey'd;
Cities were built, societies were made:
Here rose one little state; another near
Grew by like means, and join'd through love or fear.
Did here the trees with ruddier burthens bend,
And there the streams in purer rills descend?
What War could ravish, Commerce could bestow;
And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.
Converse and Love mankind might strongly draw,
When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law.
Thus states were form'd; the name of king unknown,
Till common interest plac'd the sway in one.
'Twas Virtue only, (or in arts or arms,
Diffusing blessings, or averting harms)
The same which in a sire the sons obey'd,
A prince the father of a people made.

VI. Till then, by Nature crown'd, each patriarch
King, priest, and parent, of his growing state: [sate,
On him, their second Providence, they hung,
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 197, in the first editions,

Who for those arts they learn'd of brutes before,
As kings shall crown them, or as gods adore.

Ver. 201. Here rose one little state, &c.] In the MS. thus. [spot;

The neighbours leagu'd to guard their common
And love was Nature's dictate; murder, not.
For want alone each animal contends;
Tigers with tigers, that remov'd, are friends.
Plain Nature's wants the common mother crown'd,
She pour'd her acorns, herbs, and streams around.
No treasure then for rapine to invade,
What need to fight for sun-shine or for shade?
And half the cause of contest was remov'd,
When Beauty could be kind to all who lov'd.

He from the wondering furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the fire, control the flood,
Draw forth the monsters of th' abyss profound,
Or fetch th' aërial eagle to the ground.
Till drooping, sickening, dying, they began
Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as Man:
Then, looking up from sire to sire, explor'd
One great First Father, and that first ador'd.
Or plain tradition, that this All begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from sire to son;
The worker from the work distinct was known,
And simple Reason never sought but one:
Ere Wit oblique had broke that steady light,
Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right;
To virtue, in the paths of pleasure trod,
And own'd a father when he 'own'd a God.
Love all the faith, and all th' allegiance then;
For Nature knew no right divine in men,
No ill could fear in God; and understood
A sovereign being, but a sovereign good.
True faith, true policy, united ran;
That was but love of God, and this of man.
Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms un-
Th' enormous faith of many made for one; [done,
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
T' invert the world and counter-work its cause?
Force first made conquest, and that conquest, law;
Till Superstition taught the tyrant awe,
Then shar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And gods of conquerors, slaves of subjects made:
She 'midst the lightning's blaze, and thunder's sound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To power unseen, and mightier far than they:
She from the rending earth, and bursting skies,
Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise:
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes;
Fear made her devils, and weak Hope her gods;
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust;
Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide;
And Hell was built on spite, and Heaven on pride.
Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no more;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
Then first the Flamen tasted living food;
Next his grim idol, smear'd with human blood;
With heaven's own thunders shook the world below,
And play'd the god an engine on his foe.
So drives Self-love, through just, and through unjust,
To one man's power, ambition, lucre, lust:
The same self-love, in all, becomes the cause
Of what restrains him, government and laws.
For, what one likes, if others like as well,
What serves one will, when many wills rebel?
How shall he keep, what, sleeping or awake,
A weaker may surprise, a stronger take?
His safety must his liberty restrain:
All join to guard what each desires to gain.
Forc'd into virtue thus, by self-defence,
Ev'n kings learn'd justice and benevolence:
Self-love forsook the path it first pursued,
And found the private in the public good.
'Twas then the studious head or generous mind,
Follower of God, or friend of human kind,
Poet or patriot, rose but to restore
The faith and moral, Nature gave before;
Relum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
If not God's image, yet his shadow drew:
Taught power's due use to people and to kings,
Taught nor to slack, nor strain its tender strings,
The less, or greater, set so justly true,
That touching one must strike the other too;
Till jarring interests of themselves create
Th' according music of a well-mix'd state.
Such is the world's great harmony, that springs
From order, union, full consent of things:
Where small and great, where weak and mighty,
To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade; [made
More powerful each as needful to the rest,
And, in proportion as it blesses, blest;
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beast, man, or angel, servant, lord, or king.
For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best:
For modes of faith, let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right;
In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity:
All must be false that thwarts this one great end;
And all of God, that bless mankind, or mend.
Man, like the generous vine, supported lives:
The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
On their own axis as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the Sun;
So two consistent motions act the soul;
And one regards itself, and one the whole.
Thus God and Nature link'd the general frame,
And bade self-love and social be the same.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE IV.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO HAPPINESS.

I. False notions of happiness, philosophical and popular, answered from ver. 19 to 77. II. It is the end of all men, and attainable by all, ver. 30. God intends happiness to be equal; and to be so, it must be social, since all particular happiness depends on general, and since he governs by general, not particular laws, ver. 37. As it is necessary for order, and the peace and welfare of society, that external goods should be unequal, happiness is not made to consist in these, ver. 51. But, notwithstanding that inequality, the balance of happiness among mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two passions of hope and fear, ver. 70. III. What the happiness of individuals is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world; and that the good man has here the advantage, ver. 77. The errour of imputing to virtue what are only the calamities of Nature, or of Fortune, ver. 94. IV. The folly of expecting that God should alter his general laws in favour of particulars, ver. 121. V. That we are not judges who are good; but that, whoever they are, they must be happiest, ver. 133, &c. VI That external goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of, virtue, 167. That even these can make no man happy without virtue: instanced in riches, ver. 185. Honours, ver. 193. Nobility, ver. 205. Greatness, ver. 217. Fame, ver. 237. Superior talents, ver. 257, &c. With

pictures of human infelicity in men, possessed of them all, ver. 269, &c. VII. That virtue only constitutes a happiness, whose object is universal, and whose prospect eternal, ver. 307. That the perfection of virtue and happiness consists in a conformity to the order of Providence here, and a resignation to it here and hereafter, ver. 326, &c.

EPISTLE IV.

O Happiness! our being's end and aim!
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'erthy name?
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wise:
Plant of celestial seed! if dropp'd below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair opening to some court's propitious shine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?
Where grows? where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:
Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis nowhere to be found, or every where:
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, St. John! dwells with thee.
Ask of the learn'd the way? The learn'd are blind:
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind;
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these:
Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain;
Some, swell'd to Gods, confess ev'n virtue vain;
Or, indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.
Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, that happiness is happiness?
Take Nature's path, and mad Opinion's leave;
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And, mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is common sense, and common ease.
Remember, man, "the Universal Cause
Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;"
And makes what happiness we justly call,
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a blessing individuals find,
But some way leans and hearkens to the kind:
No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd hermit, rests self-satisfy'd:
Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink:
Each has his share; and who would more obtain,
Shall find, the pleasure pays not half the pain.
Order is Heaven's first law; and this confest,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness:
But mutual wants this happiness increase;
All Nature's difference keeps all Nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance, is not the thing;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
Heaven breathes through every member of the whole
One common blessing, as one common soul.
But Fortune's gifts if each alike possest,
And each were equal, must not all contest?
If then to all men happiness was meant,
God in externals could not place content.
Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;
But Heaven's just balance equal will appear,
While those are plac'd in hope and these in fear:
Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
But future views of better, or of worse.
Oh, sons of Earth! attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies?
Heaven still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.
Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.
But Health consists with Temperance alone;
And Peace, Oh Virtue! Peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of Fortune gain;
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,
Who risk the most, that take wrong means, or right?
Of Vice or Virtue, whether blest or curst,
Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?
Count all th' advantage prosperous Vice attains,
'Tis but what Virtue flies from and disdains:
And grant the bad what happiness they would,
One they must want, which is to pass for good.
Oh blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
Who fancy bliss to Vice, to Virtue woe!
Who sees and follows that great scheme (the best,
Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.
But fools, the good alone, unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just!
See godlike Turenne prostrate on the dust!

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 1, Oh Happiness, &c.] in the MS. thus:
Oh Happiness, to which we all aspire,
Wing'd with strong hope, and borne by full desire;
That ease, for which in want, in wealth we sigh;
That ease, for which we labour, and we die.

After ver. 52, in the MS.
Say not, "Heaven's here profuse, there poorly saves,
And for one monarch makes a thousand slaves."
You 'll find, when causes and their ends are known,
'Twas for the thousand Heaven has made that one.

After ver. 66, in the MS.
'Tis peace of mind alone is at a stay:
The rest mad Fortune gives or takes away.
All other bliss by accident 's debarr'd;
But Virtue's, in the instant, a reward;
In hardest trials operates the best,
And more is relish'd as the more distrest.

After ver. 92, in the MS.
Let sober moralists correct their speech,
No bad man 's happy; he is great or rich.

See Sidney bleeds amid the martial strife!
Was this their virtue, or contempt of life?
Say, was it virtue, more though Heaven ne'er gave,
Lamented Digby! sunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if virtue made the son expire,
Why, full of days and honour, lives the sire?
Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,
When Nature sicken'd, and each gale was death?
Or why so long (in life if long can be)
Lent Heaven a parent to the poor and me?
What makes all physical or moral ill?
There deviates Nature, and here wanders will.
God sends not ill; if rightly understood,
Or partial ill is universal good,
Or change admits, or Nature lets it fall,
Short, and but rare, till man improv'd it all.
We just as wisely might of Heaven complain
That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,
As that the virtuous son is ill at ease
When his lewd father gave the dire disease.
Think we, like some weak prince, th' Eternal Cause
Prone for his favourites to reverse his laws?
Shall burning Ætna, if a sage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
On air or sea new motions be impress,
Oh blameless Bethel! to relieve thy breast?
When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?
Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall?
But still this world (so fitted for the knave)
Contents us not. A better shall we have?
A kingdom of the just then let it be:
But first consider how those just agree.
The good must merit God's peculiar care;
But who, but God, can tell us who they are?
One thinks on Calvin Heaven's own spirit fell;
Another deems him instrument of Hell;
If Calvin feels Heaven's blessing, or its rod,
This cries, there is, and that, there is no God.
What shocks one part, will edify the rest,
Nor with one system can they all be blest.
The very best will variously incline,
And what rewards your virtue, punish mine.

WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.—This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too;
And which more blest? who chain'd his country, say,
Or he whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day?
"But sometimes Virtue starves, while Vice is fed."
What then? Is the reward of Virtue bread?
That, Vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil;
The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,
Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent;
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?
"No—shall the good want health, the good want power?"
Add health and power, and every earthly thing,
"Why bounded power? why private? why no king?"
Nay, why external for internal given?
Why is not man a god, and Earth a Heaven?
Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
God gives enough, while he has more to give:
Immense the power, immense were the demand;
Say, at what part of Nature will they stand?
What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is Virtue's prize: A better would you fix?
Then give Humility a coach and six,
Justice a conqueror's sword, or Truth a gown,
Or Public Spirit its great cure, a crown.
Weak, foolish man! will Heaven reward us there
With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
The boy and man an individual makes,
Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife;
As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
As toys and empires, for a godlike mind.
Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
No joy, or be destructive of the thing;
How oft by these at sixty are undone
The virtues of a saint at twenty one!
To whom can riches give repute, or trust,
Content, or pleasure, but the good and just?
Judges and senates have been bought for gold;
Esteem and love were never to be sold.
Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human-kind,
Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
Because he wants a thousand pounds a year.
Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in men has some small difference made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
"What differ more?" (you cry) "than crown and cowl!"
I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow:
The rest is all but leather or prunella.
Stuck o'er with titles and hung round with strings,
That thou mayst be by kings, or whores of kings.
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
But by your fathers' worth if yours you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 116, in the MS.

Of every evil, since the world began,
The real source is not in God, but man.

After ver. 142, in some editions,

Give each a system, all must be at strife;
What different systems for a man and wife!

The joke, though lively, was ill-placed, and therefore struck out of the text.

VARIATION.

After ver. 172, in the MS.

Say, what reward this idle world imparts,
Or fit for searching heads or honest hearts.

Ver. 207. Boast the pure blood, &c.] In the MS. thus:

The richest blood, right honourably old,
Down from Lucretia to Lucretia roll'd,
May swell thy heart and gallop in thy breast,
Without one dash of usher or of priest:
Thy pride as much despise all other pride,
As Christ-Church once all colleges beside.

What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.
Look next on greatness; say where greatness lies:
"Where, but among the heroes and the wise?"
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find,
Or make, an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.
No less alike the politic and wise:
All sly slow things, with circumspective eyes:
Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;
'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great:
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.
What's fame? a fancy'd life in others' breath,
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
Just what you hear, you have; and what's unknown,
The same (my lord) if Tully's, or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends;
To all beside as much an empty shade
An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead;
Alike or when, or where they shone, or shine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod:
An honest man's the noblest work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As Justice tears his body from the grave;
When what t' oblivion better were resign'd,
Is hung on high to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true desert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One self-approving hour whole years out-weighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.
In parts superior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To see all others faults, and feel our own:
Condemn'd in business or in arts to drudge,
Without a second, or without a judge:
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
Painful pre-eminence! yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.
Bring then these blessings to a strict account;
Make fair deductions; see to what they mount:
How much of other each is sure to cost;
How much for other oft is wholly lost;
How inconsistent greater goods with these;
How sometimes life is risqu'd, and always ease:
Think, and if still the things thy envy call,
Say, wouldst thou be the man to whom they fall?
To high for ribbands if thou art so silly,
Mark how they grace lord Umbra, or sir Billy.
Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life;
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind:
Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame!
If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient story, learn to scorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
See the false scale of happiness complete
In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay,
How happy! those to ruin, these betray.
Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose;
In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
And all that rais'd the hero, sunk the man:
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But stain'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for gold:
Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
O! wealth ill-fated; which no act of fame
E'er taught to shine, or sanctify'd from shame!
What greater bliss attends their close of life?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
The trophy'd arches, story'd halls invade,
And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,
Compute the morn and evening to the day;
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A tale, that blends their glory with their shame!
Know then this truth (enough for man to know)
"Virtue alone is happiness below."
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;
The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain,
And if it lose, attended with no pain:
Without satiety, though e'er so bless'd,
And but more relish'd as the more distress'd:
The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears:
Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated, while one man's oppress'd;
Never dejected, while another's blest;
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.
See the sole bliss Heaven could on all bestow!
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know:
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss; the good, untaught, will find;
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through Nature, up to Nature's God;
Pursues that chain which links th' immense design,
Joins Heaven and Earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees, that no being any bliss can know,
But touches some above, and some below;
Learns from this union of the rising whole,
The first, last purpose of the human soul;
And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end, in love of God, and love of man.
For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens on his soul;

VARIATION.

After ver. 316, in the MS.

Ev'n while it seems unequal to dispose,
And chequers all the good man's joys with woes,
'Tis but to teach him to support each state,
With patience this, with moderation that;
And raise his base on that one solid joy,
Which conscience gives, and nothing can destroy.

Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
He sees, why Nature plants in man alone
Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown:
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
Are given in vain, but what they seek they find)
Wise is her present; she connects in this
His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss;
At once his own bright prospect to be blest;
And strongest motive to assist the rest.
Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part;
Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life, and sense,
In one close system of benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliss but height of charity.
God loves from whole to parts: but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take every creature in, of every kind;
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And Heaven beholds its image in his breast.
Come then, my friend! my genius! come along;
Oh master of the poet, and the song!
And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends,
To man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise;
Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer,
From grave to gay, from lively to severe;
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.
Oh! while along the stream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verse to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend?
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art,
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For Wit's false mirror held up Nature's light;
Show'd erring Pride, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT;
That reason, passion, answer one great aim;
That true self-love and social are the same;
That virtue only makes our bliss below;
And all our knowledge is, ourselves to know.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 373. Come then, my friend! &c.] In the MS. thus:

And now transported o'er so vast a plain,
While the wing'd courser flies with all her rein,
While heaven-ward now her mounting wing she feels,
Now scatter'd fools fly trembling from her heels,
Wilt thou, my St. John! keep her course in sight,
Confine her fury, and assist her flight?

Ver. 397. That virtue only, &c.] In the MS. thus:

That just to find a God is all we can,
And all the study of mankind is man.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

It may be proper to observe, that some passages, in the preceding Essay, having been unjustly suspected of a tendency towards fate and naturalism, the author composed this Prayer as the sum of all, to show that his system was founded in free-will, and terminated in piety: That the first cause was as well the Lord and Governor of the Universe as the Creator of it; and that, by submission to his will (the great principle enforced throughout the Essay) was not meant the suffering ourselves to be carried along by a blind determination, but the resting in a religious acquiescence, and confidence full of hope and immortality. To give all this the greater weight, the poet chose for his model the Lord's Prayer, which, of all others, best deserves the title prefixed to this Paraphrase.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

Father of all! in every age,
In every clime ador'd,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And, binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the human will:

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than Hell to shun,
That, more than Heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to Earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay:
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath;
O lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the Sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all being raise!
All Nature's incense rise!

MORAL ESSAYS,

IN FOUR EPISTLES TO SEVERAL PERSONS.

Est brevitate opus, ut currat sententia, neu se
Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures:
Et sermone opus est modo tristi, sæpe jocoso,
Defendente vicem modo Rhetoris atque Poëtæ,
Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas consultò. Hor.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Essay on Man was intended to have been comprised in four books;

The first of which, the author has given us under that title, in four epistles.

The second was to have consisted of the same number: 1. Of the extent and limits of human reason. 2. Of those arts and sciences, and of the parts of them, which are useful, and therefore attainable together with those which are unuseful, and therefore unattainable. 3. Of the nature, ends, use, and application of the different capacities of men. 4. Of the use of learning, of the science of the world, and of wit; concluding with a satire against a misapplication of them, illustrated by pictures, characters, and examples.

The third book regarded civil regimen, or the science of politics, in which the several forms of a republic were to be examined and explained; together with the several modes of religious worship, as far forth as they affect society; between which the author always supposed there was the most interesting relation and closest connection; so that this part would have treated of civil and religious society in their full extent.

The fourth and last book concerned private ethics, or practical morality, considered in all the circumstances, orders, professions, and stations of human life.

The scheme of all this had been maturely digested, and communicated to lord Bolingbroke, Dr. Swift, and one or two more, and was intended for the only work of his riper years; but was, partly through ill health, partly through discouragements from the depravity of the times, and partly on prudential and other considerations, interrupted, postponed, and, lastly, in a manner laid aside.

But as this was the author's favourite work, which more exactly reflected the image of his strong capacious mind, and as we can have but a very imperfect idea of it from the disjecta membra poetæ, that now remain, it may not be amiss to be a little more particular concerning each of these projected books.

The first, as it treats of man in the abstract, and considers him in general under every of his relations, becomes the foundation, and furnishes out the subjects, of the three following; so that

The second book was to take up again the first and second epistles of the first book, and treats of man in his intellectual capacity at large, as has been explained above. Of this only a small part of the conclusion (which, as we said, was to have contained a satire against the misapplication of wit and learning) may be found in the fourth book of the Dunciad, and up and down, occasionally, in the other three.

The third book, in like manner, was to reassume the subject of the third epistle of the first, which treats of man in his social, political, and religious capacity. But this part the poet afterwards conceived might be best executed in an epic poem, as the action would make it more animated, and the fable less invidious; in which all the great principles of true and false governments and religions should be chiefly delivered in feigned examples.

The fourth and last book was to pursue the subject of the fourth epistle of the first, and treats of ethics, or practical morality; and would have consisted of many members; of which the four following epistles were detached portions; the two first, on the characters of men and women, being the introductory part of this concluding book.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE I.

TO SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, L. COBHAM.

ARGUMENT.

OF THE KNOWLEDGE AND CHARACTERS OF MEN.

I. That it is not sufficient for this knowledge to consider man in the abstract: books will not serve the purpose, not yet our own experience singly, ver. 1. General maxims, unless they be formed upon both, will be but notional, ver. 10. Some peculiarity in every man, characteristic to himself, yet varying from himself, ver. 15. Difficulties arising from our own passions, fancies, faculties, &c. ver. 31. The shortness of life to observe in, and the uncertainty of the principles of action in men to observe by, ver. 37. &c. Our own principle of action often hid from ourselves, ver. 41. Some few characters plain, but in general confounded, dissembled, or inconsistent, ver. 51. The same man utterly different in different places and seasons, ver. 71. Unimaginable weaknesses in the greatest, ver. 70, &c. Nothing constant and certain but God and nature, ver. 95. No judging of the motives from the actions; the same actions proceeding from contrary motives, and the same motives influencing contrary actions, ver. 100. II. Yet, to form characters, we can only take the strongest actions of a man's life, and try to make them agree: the utter uncertainty of this, from nature itself, and from

policy, ver. 120. Characters given according to the rank of men of the world, ver. 135. And some reason for it, ver. 140. Education alters the nature, or at least character of many, ver. 149. Actions, passions, opinions, manners, humours, or principles, all subject to change. No judging by nature, from ver. 158. to ver. 178. III. It only remains to find (if we can) his ruling passion: that will certainly influence all the rest, and can reconcile the seeming or real inconsistency of all his actions, ver. 175. Instanced in the extraordinary character of Clodio, ver. 179. A caution against mistaking second qualities for first, which will destroy all possibility of the knowledge of mankind, ver. 210. Examples of the strength of the ruling passion, and its continuation to the last breath, ver. 222, &c.

EPISTLE I.

YES, you despise the man to books confin'd,
Who from his study rails at human-kind;
Though what he learns he speaks, and may advance
Some general maxims, or be right by chance.
The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave,
That from his cage cries cuckold, whore, and knave,
Though many a passenger he rightly call,
You hold him no philosopher at all.
And yet the fate of all extremes is such,
Men may be read, as well as books, too much.
To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for th' observer's sake;
To written wisdom, as another's, less:
Maxims are drawn from notions, these from guess.
There's some peculiar in each leaf and grain,
Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein:
Shall only man be taken in the gross?
Grant but as many sorts of mind as moss.
That each from other differs, first confess;
Next, that he varies from himself no less;
Add nature's, custom's, reason's, passion's strife,
And all opinion's colours cast on life.
Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds,
Quick whirls, and shifting eddies, of our minds?
On human actions reason though you can,
It may be reason, but it is not man:
His principle of action once explore,
That instant 'tis his principle no more.
Like following life through creatures you dissect,
You lose it in the moment you detect.
Yet more; the difference is as great between
The optics seeing, as the objects seen.
All manners take a tincture from our own;
Or come discolour'd through our passions shown.
Or Fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.
Nor will life's stream for observation stay,
It hurries all too fast to mark their way:
In vain sedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.
Oft, in the passion's wild rotation tost,
Our spring of action to ourselves is lost:
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the last we yield,
And what comes then is master of the field.
As the last image of that troubled heap,
When sense subsides and fancy sports in sleep,
(Though past the recollection of the thought)
Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought:
Something as dim to our internal view,
Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do.

True, some are open, and to all men known;
Others, so very close, they're hid from none;
(So darkness strikes the sense no less than light)
Thus gracious Chandos is beloy'd at sight;
And every child hates Shylock, though his soul
Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole.
At half mankind when generous Manly raves,
All know 'tis virtue, for he thinks them knaves:
When universal homage Umbra pays,
All see 'tis vice, an itch of vulgar praise.
When flattery glares, all hate it in a queen,
While one there is who charms us with his spleen.
But these plain characters we rarely find:
Though strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind:
Or puzzling contraries confound the whole;
Or affectations quite reverse the soul.
The dull, flat falsehood serves, for policy;
And in the cunning, truth itself's a lie:
Unthought-of frailties cheat us in the wise;
The fool lies hid in inconsistencies.
See the same man, in vigour, in the gout;
Alone, in company; in place, or out;
Early at business, and at hazard late;
Mad at a fox-chase, wise at a debate;
Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball;
Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall.
Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave,
Save just at dinner——then prefers, no doubt,
A rogue with venison to a saint without.
Who would not praise Patricio's high desert,
His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehensive head! all interests weigh'd,
All Europe sav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.
He thanks you not, his pride is in piquette,
Newmarket fame, and judgment at a bett.
What made (say, Montagne, or more sage Charron!)
Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon?
A perjured prince a leaden saint revere,
A godless regent tremble at a star?
The throne a bigot keep, a genius quit,
Faithless through piety, and dup'd through wit?
Europe a woman, child, or dotard rule,
And just her wisest monarch made a fool?
Know, God and Nature only are the same:
In man, the judgement shoots a flying game;
A bird of passage! gone as soon as found,
Now in the Moon perhaps, now under ground.
In vain the sage, with retrospective eye,
Would from th' apparent what conclude the why,
Infer the motive from the deed, and shew,
That what we chanc'd, was what we meant to do.
Behold if Fortune or a mistress frowns,
Some plunge in business, others shave their crowns:
To ease the soul of one oppressive weight,
This quits an empire, that embroils a state:
The same adust complexion has impell'd
Charles to the convent, Philip to the field.
Not always actions show the man: we find
Who does a kindness, is not therefore kind:
Perhaps prosperity becalm'd his breast,
Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east:

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 86. in the former editions,
Triumphant leaders at an army's head,
Hemm'd round with glories, pilfer cloth or bread;
As meanly plunder as they bravely fought,
Now save a people, and now save a groat.

Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat,
Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great:
Who combats bravely is not therefore brave,
He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave:
Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise,
His pride in reasoning, not in acting, lies.
But grant that actions best discover man;
Take the most strong, and sort them as you can.
The few that glare, each character must mark,
You balance not the many in the dark.
What will you do with such as disagree?
Suppress them, or miscall them policy?
Must then at once (the character to save)
The plain rough hero turn a crafty knave?
Alas! in truth the man but chang'd his mind,
Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not din'd.
Ask why from Britain Cæsar would retreat?
Cæsar himself might whisper, he was beat.
Why risk the world's great empire for a punk?
Cæsar perhaps might answer, he was drunk.
But, sage historians! 'tis your task to prove
One action, conduct; one, heroic love.
'Tis from high life high characters are drawn:
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn;
A judge is just, a chancellor juster still;
A gownman learn'd; a bishop, what you will;
Wise, if a minister; but, if a king,
More wise, more learn'd, more just, more every thing.
Court-virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate,
Born where Heaven's influence scarce can penetrate:
In life's low vale, the soil the virtues like,
They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.
Though the same Sun with all diffusive rays
Blush in the rose, and in the diamond blaze,
We prize the stronger effort of his power,
And justly set the gem above the flower.
'Tis education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.
Boastful and rough, your first son is a 'squire;
The next a tradesman, meek, and much a lyar,
Tom struts a soldier, open, bold and brave;
Will sneaks a scrivener, an exceeding knave:
Is he a churchman? then he's fond of power:
A quaker? sly: a presbyterian? sour:
A smart free-thinker? all things in an hour.
Ask men's opinions: Scoto now shall tell
How trade increases, and the world goes well;
Strike off his pension, by the setting sun,
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.
That gay free-thinker, a fine talker once,
What turns him now a stupid, silent dunce?
Some god, or spirit, he has lately found;
Or chanc'd to meet a minister that frown'd.
Judge we by nature? habit can efface,
Interest o'ercome, or policy take place:
By actions? those uncertainty divides:
By passions? these dissimulation hides:
Opinions? they still take a wider range:
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.
Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.
Search then the ruling passion: there, alone,
The wild are constant, and the cunning known;
The fool consistent, and the false sincere;
Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.
This clue once found, unravels all the rest,
The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confest.
Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise;
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
Women and fools must like him, or he dies:
Though wondering senates hung on all he spoke,
The club must hail him master of the joke.
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?
He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too.
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the same spirit that he drinks and whores;
Enough if all around him but admire,
And now the punk applaud, and now the friar.
Thus with each gift of Nature and of Art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart;
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt;
And most contemptible, to shun contempt;
His passion still, to covet general praise;
His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;
A constant bounty, which no friend has made;
An angel tongue, which no man can persuade;
A fool, with more of wit than half mankind,
Too rash for thought, for action too refin'd:
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
A rebel to the very king he loves;
He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
And, harder still! flagitious, yet not great.
Ask you why Wharton broke through every rule?
'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool.
Nature well known, no prodigies remain,
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.
Yet, in this search, the wisest may mistake,
If second qualities for first they take.
When Catiline by rapine swell'd his store;
When Cæsar made a noble dame a whore;
In this the lust, in that the avarice,
Were means, not ends; ambition was the vice.
That very Cæsar, born in Scipio's days,
Had aim'd like him, by chastity, at praise.
Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
Had roasted turnips in the Sabine farm.
In vain the observer eyes the builder's toil,
But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.
In this one passion man can strength enjoy,
As fits give vigour, just when they destroy.
Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this; it sticks to our last sand.
Consistent in our follies and our sins,
Here honest Nature ends as she begins.
Old politicians chew on wisdom past,
And totter on in business to the last;
As weak, as earnest; and as gravely out,
As sober Lansborow dancing in the gout.
Behold a reverend sire, whom want of grace
Has made the father of a nameless race,

VARIATION.

Ver. 129. in the former editions:
Ask why from Britain Cæsar made retreat?
Cæsar himself would tell you he was beat.
The mighty Czar what mov'd to wed a punk?
The mighty Czar would tell you he was drunk.

Altered as above, because Cæsar wrote his Commentaries of this war, and does not tell you he was beat. As Cæsar too afforded an instance of both cases, it was thought better to make him the single example.

VARIATIONS.

In the former editions, ver. 208.
Nature well known, no miracles remain,
Altered, as above, for very obvious reasons.

Shov'd from the wall perhaps, or rudely press'd
By his own son, that passes by unbless'd:
Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
And envies every sparrow that he sees.
A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate;
The doctor call'd, declares all help too late: [240
"Mercy!" cries Helluo, "mercy on my soul!
Is there no hope?—Alas!—then bring the jowl."
The frugal crone, whom praying priests attend,
Still strives to save the hallow'd taper's end,
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
For one puff more, and in that puff expires.
"Odious! in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke,"
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke)
"No, let a charming chintz and Brussel's lace,
Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face:
One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—
And—Betty—give this cheek a little red." [250
The courtier smooth, who forty years had shin'd
An humble servant to all human-kind, [stir,
Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could
"If—where I'm going—I could serve you, sir!"
"I give and I devise" (old Euclio said,
And sigh'd) "my lands and tenements to Ned."
Your money, sir?—"My money, sir, what all?
"Why,—if I must"—(then wept) "I give it Paul."
The manor, sir?—"The manor! hold, he cry'd.
"Not that,—I cannot part with that,"—and dy'd.
And you! brave Cobham, to the latest breath,
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death:
Such in those moments as in all the past, [last.
"Oh, save my country, Heaven!" shall be your

EPISTLE II.

TO A LADY.

OF THE CHARACTERS OF WOMEN.

THERE is nothing in Mr. Pope's works more highly finished than this epistle: yet its success was in no proportion to the pains he took in composing it. Something he chanced to drop in a short advertisement prefixed to it, on its first publication, may perhaps account for the small attention given to it. He said that no one character in it was drawn from the life. The public believed him on his word, and expressed little curiosity about a satire, in which there was nothing personal.

NOTHING so true as what you once let fall,
"Most women have no characters at all."
Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.
How many pictures of one nymph we view,
All how unlike each other, all how true!
Arcadia's countess, here, in ermin'd pride,
Is there, Pastora by a fountain side.
Here Fannia, leering on her own good man,
And there, a naked Leda with a swan. 10
Let then the fair-one beautifully cry,
In Magdalene's loose hair, and lifted eye,
Or drest in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,
With simpering angels, palms, and harps divine;
Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint it,
If folly grow romantic, I must paint it.
Come then, the colours and the ground prepare!
Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air;
Chuse a firm cloud, before it fall, and in it [20
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.

Rufa, whose eye, quick glancing o'er the Park,
Attracts each light gay meteor of a spark,
Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,
As Sappho's diamonds with her dirty smock;
Or Sappho at her toilet's greasy task,
With Sappho fragrant at an evening mask:
So morning insects, that in muck begun,
Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting-sun.
How soft is Silia! fearful to offend;
The frail-one's advocate, the weak-one's friend. 30
To her Calista prov'd her conduct nice;
And good Simplicius asks of her advice.
Sudden, she storms! she raves! You tip the wink,
But spare your censure; Silia does not drink.
All eyes may see from what the change arose,
All eyes may see—a pimple on her nose.
Papillia, wedded to her amorous spark,
Sighs for the shades—"How charming is a park!"
A park is purchas'd, but the fair he sees
All bath'd in tears—"Oh odious, odious trees!" 40
Ladies, like variegated tulips, show,
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe;
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
Their happy spots the nice admirer take.
'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarm'd,
Aw'd without virtue, without beauty charm'd;
Her tongue bewitch'd as oddly as her eyes,
Less wit than mimic, more a wit than wise;
Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had,
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad; 50
Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.
Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a wash, would hardly stew a child;
Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a lover's prayer,
And paid a tradesman once to make him stare;
Gave alms at Easter, in a Christian trim,
And made a widow happy, for a whim.
Why then declare good-nature is her scorn,
When 'tis by that alone she can be borne? 60
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame:
Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
Now drinking citron with his grace and Chartres;
Now conscience chills her, and now passion burns;
And atheism and religion take their turns;
A very Heathen in the carnal part,
Yet still a sad good Christian at her heart.
See Sin in state, majestically drunk,
Proud as a peeress, prouder as a punk; 70
Chaste to her husband, frank to all beside,
A teeming mistress, but a barren bride.
What then? let blood and body bear the fault,
Her head's untouch'd, that noble seat of thought;
Such this day's doctrine—in another fit
She sins with poets through pure love of wit.
What has not fir'd her bosom or her brain?
Cæsar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlemagne.
As Helluo, late dictator of the feast,
The nose of Haut-gout, and the tip of Taste, 80
Critiqu'd your wine, and analyz'd your meat,
Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat:
So Philomedè, lecturing all mankind
On the soft passion, and the taste refin'd,

VARIATION.

Ver. 77. What has not fir'd, &c.] In the MS.
In whose mad brain the mix'd ideas roll,
Of Tall-boy's breeches, and of Cæsar's soul.

Th' address, the delicacy—stoops at once,
And makes her hearty meal upon a dunce.
Flavia's a wit, has too much sense to pray;
To toast our wants and wishes, is her way;
Nor asks of God, but of her stars, to give
The mighty blessing, "while we live, to live."
Then all for death, that opiate of the soul!
Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.
Say, what can cause such impotence of mind?
A spark too fickle, or a spouse too kind.
Wise wretch! with pleasures too refin'd to please;
With too much spirit to be e'er at ease;
With too much quickness ever to be taught;
With too much thinking to have common thought:
You purchase pain with all that joy can give,
And die of nothing but a rage to live.
Turn then from wits; and look on Simo's mate,
No ass so meek, no ass so obstinate.
Or her, that owns her faults, but never mends,
Because she's honest, and the best of friends.
Or her, whose life the church and scandal share,
For ever in a passion, or a prayer.
Or her, who laughs at Hell, but (like her grace)
Cries, "Ah! how charming, if there's no such place!"
Or who in sweet vicissitude appears
Of mirth and opium, ratafie and tears,
The daily anodyne, and nightly draught,
To kill those foes to fair-ones, time and thought.
Woman and fool are two hard things to hit;
For true no-meaning puzzles more than wit.
But what are these to great Atossa's mind?
Scarce once herself, by turns all womankind!
Who, with herself, or others, from her birth
Finds all her life one warfare upon Earth:
Shines, in exposing knaves, and painting fools,
Yet is, whate'er she hates and ridicules.
No thought advances, but her eddy brain
Whisks it about, and down it goes again.
Full sixty years the world has been her trade,
The wisest fool much time has ever made.
From loveless youth to unrespected age,
No passion gratify'd, except her rage,
So much the fury still outran the wit,
The pleasure miss'd her, and the scandal hit.
Who breaks with her, provokes revenge from Hell,
But he's a bolder man who dares be well.
Her every turn with violence pursued,
Nor more a storm her hate than gratitude:
To that each passion turns, or soon or late;
Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate:
Superiors? death! and equals? what a curse!
But an inferior not dependant? worse.
Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live:
But die, and she'll adore you—Then the bust
And temple rise—then fall again to dust.
Last night, her lord was all that's good and great;
A knave this morning, and his will a cheat.
Strange! by the means defeated of the ends,
By spirit robb'd of power, by warmth of friends,
By wealth of followers! without one distress
Sick of herself, through very selfishness!

VARIATION.

After ver. 122, in the MS.
Oppress'd with wealth and wit, abundance sad!
One makes her poor, the other makes her mad.

Atossa, curs'd with every granted prayer,
Childless with all her children, wants an heir.
To heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store,
Or wanders, Heaven-directed, to the poor.
Pictures, like these, dear madam, to design,
Asks no firm hand, and no unerring line;
Some wandering touches, some reflected light,
Some flying stroke alone can hit them right:
For how should equal colours do the knack?
Chameleons who can paint in white and black?
"Yet Chloe sure was form'd without a spot."—
Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.
"With every pleasing, every prudent part,
Say, what can Chloe want?"—She wants a heart.
She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought;
But never, never reach'd one generous thought.
Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.
So very reasonable, so unmov'd,
As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.
She, while her lover pants upon her breast,
Can mark the figures on an Indian chest;
And when she sees her friend in deep despair,
Observes how much a chintz exceeds mohair.
Forbid it Heaven, a favour or a debt
She e'er should cancel—but she may forget.
Safe is your secret still in Chloe's ear;
But none of Chloe's shall you ever hear.
Of all her dears she never slander'd one,
But cares not if a thousand are undone.
Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead?
She bids her footman put it in her head.
Chloe is prudent—Would you too be wise?
Then never break your heart when Chloe dies.
One certain portrait may (I grant) be seen,
Which Heaven has varnish'd out, and made a queen:
The same for ever! and describ'd by all
With truth and goodness, as with crown and ball.
Poets heap virtues, painters gems at will,
And show their zeal, and hide their want of skill.
'Tis well—but, artists! who can paint or write,
To draw the naked is your true delight.
That robe of quality so struts and swells,
None see what parts of Nature it conceals:
Th' exactest traits of body or of mind,
We owe to models of an humble kind.
If Queensberry to strip there's no compelling,
'Tis from a handmaid we must take a Helen.
From peer or bishop 'tis no easy thing
To draw the man who loves his God, or king:
Alas! I copy (or my draught would fail)
From honest Mah'met, or plain parson Hale.
But grant, in public men sometimes are shown,
A woman's seen in private life alone:

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 148, in the MS.
This Death decides; nor lets the blessing fall
On any one she hates, but on them all.
Curs'd chance! this only could afflict her more,
If any part should wander to the poor.

After ver. 198, in the MS.
Pain'd in Fulvia spy the tender wife;
I cannot prove it on her for my life:
And, for a noble pride, I blush no less,
Instead of Berenice to think on Bess.
Thus while immortal Cibber only sings [kings,
(As Clarke and Hoadly preach) for queens and
The nymph that ne'er read Milton's allegory line,
May, if she love and merit verse, have mine.

Our bolder talents in full life display'd;
Your virtues open fairest in the shade.
Bred to disguise, in public 'tis you hide;
There, none distinguish 'twixt your shame or pride.
Weakness or delicacy; all so nice,
That each may seem a virtue, or a vice.
In men we various ruling passions find;
In women, two almost divide the kind:
Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,
The love of pleasure, and the love of sway.
That, Nature gives; and where the lesson taught
Is but to please, can pleasure seem a fault?
Experience, this: by man's oppression curst,
They seek the second not to lose the first.
Men, some to business, some to pleasure take;
But every woman is at heart a rake:
Men, some to quiet, some to public strife;
But every lady would be queen for life.
Yet mark the fate of a whole sex of queens!
Power all their end, but beauty all the means:
In youth they conquer with so wild a rage,
As leaves them scarce a subject in their age:
For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;
No thought of peace or happiness at home.
But wisdom's triumph is well-tim'd retreat,
As hard a science to the fair as great!
Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendless grown,
Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone,
Worn-out in public, weary every eye,
Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die.
Pleasures the sex, as children birds, pursue,
Still out of reach, yet never out of view;
Sure, if they catch, to spoil the toy at most,
To covet flying, and regret when lost:
At last, to follies youth could scarce defend,
It grows their age's prudence to pretend;
Asham'd to own they gave delight before,
Reduc'd to feign it, when they give no more.
As hags hold sabbaths, less for joy than spite,
So these their merry, miserable night;
Still round and round the ghosts of beauty glide,
And haunt the places where their honour dy'd.
See how the world its veterans rewards!
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards;
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end;
Young without lovers, old without a friend;
A fop their passion, but their prize a sot;
Alive, ridiculous; and dead, forgot!
Ah! friend! to dazzle let the vain design;
To raise the thought, and touch the heart, be thine!
That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the ring,
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing:
So when the Sun's broad beam has tir'd the sight,
All mild ascends the Moon's more sober light,
Serene in virgin modesty she shines,
And unobserv'd the glaring orb declines.
Oh! blest with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to morrow cheerful as to day:
She, who can love a sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most, when she obeys;

VARIATION.

Ver. 207, in the first edition:
In several men we several passions find;
In women, two almost divide the kind.

Let fops or Fortune fly which way they will,
Disdains all loss of tickets, or codille;
Spleen, vapours, or small-pox, above them all,
And mistress of herself, though china fall.
And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a contradiction still.
Heaven when it strives to polish all it can
Its last best work, but forms a softer man;
Picks from each sex, to make the favourite blest,
Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest:
Blends, in exception to all general rules,
Your taste of follies, with our scorn of fools:
Reserve with frankness, art with truth ally'd,
Courage with softness, modesty with pride;
Fix'd principles, with fancy ever new;
Shakes all together, and produces—you.
Be this a woman's fame! with this unblest,
Toasts live a scorn, and queens may die a jest.
This Phœbus promis'd (I forget the year)
When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere;
Ascendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,
Averted half your parents' simple prayer;
And gave you beauty, but denied the pelf
That buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself.
The generous god, who wit and gold refines,
And ripens spirits as he ripens mines,
Kept dross for duchesses, the world shall know it,
To you gave sense, good-humour, and a poet.

EPISTLE III.

TO ALLEN, LORD BATHURST.

ARGUMENT.

ON THE USE OF RICHES.

That it is known to few, most falling into one of the extremes, avarice or profusion, ver. 1, &c. The point discussed, whether the invention of money has been more commodious or pernicious to mankind, ver. 21 to 77. That riches, either to the avaricious or the prodigal, cannot afford happiness, scarcely necessaries, ver. 89 to 160. That avarice is an absolute frenzy, without an end or purpose, ver. 113, &c. 152. Conjectures about the motives of avaricious men, ver. 121 to 153. That the conduct of men, with respect to riches, can only be accounted for by the order of Providence, which works the general good out of extremes, and brings all to its great end by perpetual revolutions, ver. 161 to 178. How a miser acts upon principles which appear to him reasonable, ver. 179. How a prodigal does the same, ver. 192. The due medium, and true use of riches, ver. 219. The man of Ross, ver. 250. The fate of the profuse and the covetous, in two examples; both miserable in life and in death, ver. 300, &c. The story of Sir Balaam, ver. 339 to the end.

EPISTLE III.

This Epistle was written after a violent outcry against our author, on a supposition that he had ridiculed a worthy nobleman merely for his wrong taste. He justified himself upon that article in a letter to the earl of Burlington; at the end of which are these words: "I have learnt that there are some who would rather

be wicked than ridiculous: and therefore it may be safer to attack vices than follies. I will therefore leave my betters in the quiet possession of their idols, their groves, and their high-places; and change my subject from their pride to their meanness, from their vanities to their miseries; and as the only certain way to avoid misconstructions, to lessen offence, and not to multiply ill-natured applications, I may probably in my next make use of real names instead of fictitious ones."

P. Who shall decide when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?
You hold the word, from Jove to Momus given,
That man was made the standing jest of Heaven;
And gold but sent to keep the fools in play,
For some to heap, and some to throw away.
But I, who think more highly of our kind,
(And, surely, Heaven and I are of a mind)
Opine, that Nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the shining mischief under ground:
But when, by man's audacious labour won,
Flam'd forth this rival too, its sire, the Sun,
Then careful Heaven supply'd two sorts of men,
To squander these, and those to hide again.
Like doctors thus, when much dispute has past,
We find our tenets just the same at last,
Both fairly owning, riches, in effect,
No grace of Heaven, or token of th' elect;
Given to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,
To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the Devil.
B. What nature wants, commodious gold bestows;
'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows.
P. But how unequal it bestows, observe;
'Tis thus we riot, while, who sow it, starve:
What nature wants (a phrase I must distrust)
Extends to luxury, extends to lust:
Useful, I grant, it serves what life requires,
But dreadful too, the dark assassin hires.
B. Trade it may help, society extend:
P. But lures the pirate, and corrupts the friend.
B. It raises armies in a nation's aid:
P. But bribes a senate, and the land's betray'd.
In vain may heroes fight, and patriots rave,
If secret gold sap on from knave to knave.
Once we confess, beneath the patriot's cloak,
From the crack'd bag the dropping Guinea spoke,
And jingling down the back-stairs, told the crew,
"Old Cato is as great a rogue as you."
Blest Paper-credit! last and best supply!
That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly!
Gold, imp'd by thee, can compass hardest things,
Can pocket states, can fetch or carry kings;
A single leaf shall waft an army o'er,
Or ship off senates to some distant shore;
A leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro
Our fates and fortunes, as the wind shall blow:
Pregnant with thousands flits the scrap unseen,
And silent sells a king, or buys a queen.
Oh! that such bulky bribes as all might see,
Still, as of old, encumber'd villainy!
Could France or Rome divert our brave designs,
With all their brandies, or with all their wines?
What could they more than knights and 'squires
Or water all the quorum ten miles round? [confound,

VARIATION.

After ver. 50, in the MS.
To break a trust were Peter brib'd with wine,
Peter! 'twould pose as wise a head as thine.

A statesman's slumbers how this speech would spoil!
"Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil;
Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door;
A hundred oxen at your levee roar."
Poor Avarice one torment more would find;
Nor could Profusion squander all in kind.
Astride his cheese sir Morgan might we meet:
And Worldly crying coals from street to street,
Whom, with a wig so wild, and mien so maz'd,
Pity mistakes for some poor tradesman craz'd.
Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and hogs,
Could he himself have sent it to the dogs?
His grace will game: to White's a bull be led,
With spurning heels and with a butting head.
To White's be carry'd, as to ancient games,
Fair coursers, vases, and alluring dames.
Shall then Uxorio, if the stakes he sweep,
Bear home six whores, and make his lady weep?
Or soft Adonis, so perfum'd and fine,
Drive to St. James's a whole herd of swine?
Oh filthy check on all industrious skill,
To spoil the nation's last great trade, quadrille!
Since then, my lord, on such a world we fall,
What say you? B. Say? Why take it, gold and all.
P. What riches give us, let us then inquire?
Meat, fire, and clothes. B. What more? P. Meat, clothes, and fire.
Is this too little? would you more than live?
Alas! 'Tis more than Turner finds they give.
Alas! 'tis more than (all his visions past)
Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last!
What can they give? to dying Hopkins, heirs;
To Chartres, vigour; Japhet, nose and ears?
Can they, in gems bid pallid Hippia glow,
In Fulvia's buckle ease the throbs below;
Or heal, old Narses, thy obscener ail,
With all th' embroidery plaister'd at thy tail?
They might (were Harpax not too wise to spend)
Give Harpax self the blessing of a friend;
Or find some doctor that would save the life
Of wretched Shylock, spite of Shylock's wife;
But thousands die, without or this or that,
Die, and endow a college, or a cat.
To some, indeed, Heaven grants the happier fate,
T' enrich a bastard, or a son they hate.
Perhaps you think the poor might have their part;
Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his heart:
The grave sir Gilbert holds it for a rule
That every man in want is knave or fool:
"God cannot love" (says Blunt, with tearless eyes)
"The wretch he starves"—and piously denies:
But the good bishop, with a meeker air,
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.
Yet to be just to these poor men of pelf,
Each does but hate his neighbour as himself:
Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides
The slave that digs it, and the slave that hides.
B. Who suffer thus, mere charity should own,
Must act on motives powerful, though un'known.
P. Some war, some plague, or famine, they foresee,
Some revelation hid from you and me.
Why Shylock wants a meal, the cause is found;
He thinks a loaf will rise to fifty pound.
What made directors cheat in South-Sea year?
To live on venison when it sold so dear.

VARIATION.

Ver. 77. Since then, &c] In the former edit.
Well then, since with the world we stand or fall,
Come take it, as we find it, gold and all.

Ask you why Phryne the whole auction buys?
Phryne foresees a general excise.
Why she and Sappho raise that monstrous sum?
Alas! they fear a man will cost a plum.
Wise Peter sees the world's respect for gold,
And therefore hopes this nation may be sold:
Glorious ambition! Peter, swell thy store,
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.
The crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To just three millions stinted modest Gage.
But nobler scenes, Maria's dreams unfold,
Hereditary realms, and worlds of gold.
Congenial souls; whose life one avarice joins,
And one fate buries in th' Asturian mines.
Much-injur'd Blunt! why bears he Britain's hate?
A wizard told him in these words our fate:
"At length Corruption, like a general flood,
(So long by watchful ministers withstood)
Shall deluge all; and Avarice, creeping on,
Spread like a low born mist, and blot the Sun;
Statesman and patriot ply alike the stocks,
Peeress and butler share alike the box,
And judges job, and bishops bite the town,
And mighty dukes pack cards for half a crown.
See Britain sunk in Lucre's sordid charms,
And France reveng'd of Anne's and Edward's arms!"
'Twas no court-badge, great scrivener, fir'd thy brain,
Nor lordly luxury, nor city gain:
No, 'twas thy righteous end, asham'd to see
Senates degenerate, patriots disagree,
And nobly wishing party-rage to cease,
To buy both sides, and give thy country peace.
"All this is madness," cries a sober sage:
But who, my friend has reason in his rage?
"The ruling passion, be it what it will,
The ruling passion conquers reason still."
Less mad the wildest whimsy we can frame,
Than even that passion, if it has no aim;
For though such motives folly you may call,
The folly's greater to have none at all.
Hear then the truth: "'Tis Heaven each passion sends,
And different men directs to different ends.
Extremes in Nature equal good produce,
Extremes in man concur to general use."
Ask we what makes one keep, and one bestow?
That Power who bids the ocean ebb and flow,
Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain,
Through reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain,
Builds life on death, on change duration founds,
And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds.
Riches, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their season fly.
Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,
Sees but a backward steward for the poor;
This year a reservoir, to keep and spare;
The next, a fountain, spouting through his heir,
In lavish streams to quench a country's thirst,
And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst.
Old Cotta sham'd his fortune and his birth,
Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth:
What though (the use of barbarous spits forgot)
His kitchen vied in coolness with his grot?
His court with nettles, moats with cresses stor'd,
With soups unbought and sallads bless'd his board?
If Cotta liv'd on pulse, it was no more
Than Bramins, saints, and sages did before;
To cram the rich, was prodigal expense,
And who would take the poor from Providence?
Like some lone Chartreux stands the good old Hall,
Silence without, and fasts within the wall;
No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,
No noontide bell invites the country round:
Tenants with sighs the smokeless towers survey,
And turn th' unwilling steeds another way:
Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,
Curs'd the sav'd candle, and unopening door;
While the gaunt mastiff, growling at the gate,
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.
Not so his son: he mark'd this oversight,
And then mistook reverse of wrong for right.
(For what to shun, will no great knowledge need;
But what to follow, is a task indeed.)
Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,
More go to ruin fortunes, than to raise.
What slaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,
Fill the capacious 'squire, and deep divine!
Yet no mean motives this profusion draws,
His oxen perish in his country's cause;
'Tis George and Liberty that crowns the cup,
And zeal for that great house which eats him up.
The woods recede around the naked seat,
The Sylvans groan—no matter—for the fleet:
Next goes his wool—to clothe our valiant bands:
Last, for his country's love, he sells his lands.
To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
And heads the bold train-bands, and burns a pope.
And shall not Britain now reward his toils,
Britain that pays her patriots with her spoils?
In vain at court the bankrupt pleads his cause,
His thankless country leaves him to her laws.
The sense to value riches, with the art
T' enjoy them, and the virtue to impart,
Not meanly, nor ambitiously pursued,
Not sunk by sloth, nor rais'd by servitude;
To balance fortune by a just expense,
Join with economy, magnificence;
With splendour, charity; with plenty, health;
Oh teach us, Bathurst! yet unspoil'd by wealth!
That secret rare, between th' extremes to move
Of mad Good-nature, and of mean Self-love.
B. To worth or want well-weigh'd, be bounty given,
And ease, or emulate, the care of Heaven;
(Whose measure full o'erflows on human race)
Mend Fortune's fault, and justify her grace.
Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffus'd;
As poison heals, in just proportion us'd:
In heaps, like ambergris, a stink it lies,
But well dispers'd, is incense to the skies.
P. Who starves by nobles, or with nobles eats?
The wretch that trusts them, and the rogue that cheats.
Is there a lord, who knows a chearful noon
Without a fiddler, flatterer, or buffoon?
Whose table, Wit, or modest Merit share,
Un-elbow'd by a gamester, pimp, or player?

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 218, in the MS.

Where one lean herring furnish'd Cotta's board,
And nettles grew, fit porridge for their lord;
Where mad Good-nature, bounty misapply'd,
In lavish Curio blaz'd awhile, and dy'd;
There Providence once more shall shift the scene,
And showing H—y, teach the golden mean.

After ver. 226, in the MS.

The secret rare, which Affluence hardly join'd,
Which W—n lost, yet B—y ne'er could find:
Still miss'd by Vice, and scarce by Virtue hit,
By G—'s goodness, or by S—'s wit.

Who copies your's, or Oxford's better part,
To ease th' oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart?
Where'er he shines, oh Fortune, gild the scene,
And angels guard him in the golden mean!
There, English Bounty yet a while may stand,
And Honour linger ere it leaves the land.
But all our praises why should lords engross?
Rise, honest Muse! and sing the MAN of Ross: 250
Pleas'd Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless pouring through the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose? 260
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
"The Man of Ross," each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate;
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? the Man of Ross relieves, [270
Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now an useless race.
B. Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the power to do!
Oh say, what sums that generous hand supply?
What mines to swell that boundless charity?
P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possest—five hundred pounds a-year. 280
Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw your blaze!
Ye little stars! hide your diminish'd rays.
B. And what? no monument, inscription, stone?
His race, his form, his name almost unknown?
P. Who builds a church to God, and not to Fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name:
Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history;
Enough, that Virtue fill'd the space between;
Prov'd by the ends of being, to have been. 290
When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
The wretch, who living saved a candle's end;
Shouldering God's altar a vile image stands,
Belies his features, nay extends his hands;
That live-long wig, which Gorgon's self might own,
Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.
Behold what blessings wealth to life can lend!
And see, what comfort it affords our end.
In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaister, and the walls of dung, 300

VARIATION.

After ver. 250, in the MS.

Trace humble worth beyond Sabrina's shore,
Who sings not him, oh may he sing no more!

Ver. 287. Thus in the MS.

The register inrolls him with his poor,
Tells he was born, and dy'd, and tells no more.
Just as he ought, he fill'd the space between;
Then stole to rest, unheeded and unseen.

On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,
With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villers lies—alas how chang'd from him,
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and Love;
Or just as gay, at council, in a ring
Of mimick'd statesmen, and their merry king. 310
No wit to flatter, left of all his store!
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends.
His grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee,
And well (he thought) advis'd him, "Live like me!"
As well his grace reply'd, "Like you, sir John?
That I can do, when all I have is gone."
Resolve me, Reason, which of these are worse,
Want with a full, or with an empty purse? 320
Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confess'd,
Arise, and tell me, was thy death more blest?
Cutler saw tenants break, and houses fall,
For very want he could not build a wall.
His only daughter in a stranger's power,
For very want; he could not pay a dower.
A few grey hairs his reverend temples crown'd,
'Twas very want that sold them for two pound.
What! ev'n deny'd a cordial at his end,
Banish'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend? 330
What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
Yet numbers feel, the want of what he had!
Cutler and Brutus dying, both exclaim,
"Virtue! and Wealth! what are ye but a name!"
Say, for such worth are other worlds prepar'd?
Or are they both, in this, their own reward?
A knotty point! to which we now proceed.
But you are tir'd—I'll tell a tale—B. Agreed.
P. Where London's column, pointing at the skies
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies; 340
There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;
Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth;
His word would pass for more than he was worth.
One solid dish his week-day meal affords,
And added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's:
Constant at church, and Change; his gains were sure,
His givings rare, save farthings to the poor. [350
The devil was piqu'd such saintship to behold,
And long'd to tempt him, like good Job, of old;
But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.
Rous'd by the prince of air, the whirlwinds sweep
The surge, and plunge his father in the deep;
Then full against his Cornish lands they roar,
And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.
Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes:
"Live like yourself," was soon my lady's word;
And lo! two puddings smoak'd upon the board. 360
Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honest factor stole a gem away:
He pledg'd it to the knight, the knight had wit,
So kept the diamond, and the rogue was bit.

VARIATION.

Ver. 357. In the former editions.

That knotty point, my lord, shall I discuss,
Or tell a tale?—a tale—it follows thus.

Some scruple rose, but thus he eas'd his thought,
"I'll now give sixpence where I gave a groat;
Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice—
And am so clear too of all other vice."
The tempter saw his time: the work he ply'd;
Stocks and subscriptions pour on every side,
Till all the demon makes his full descent
In one abundant shower of cent per cent,
Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,
Then dubs director, and secures his soul.
Behold sir Balaam, now a man of spirit,
Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit;
What late he call'd a blessing, now was wit,
And God's good providence, a lucky hit.
Things change their titles, as our manners turn:
His compting-house employ'd the Sunday morn:
Seldom at church, ('twas such a busy life)
But duly sent his family and wife.
There (so the devil ordain'd) one Christmas-tide
My good old lady catch'd a cold, and dy'd.
A nymph of quality admires our knight;
He marries, bows at court, and grows polite:
Leaves the dull cits, and joins (to please the fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air:
First, for his son a gay commission buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies:
His daughter flaunts a viscount's tawdry wife;
She bears a coronet and p—x for life.
In Britain's senate he a seat obtains,
And one more pensioner St. Stephen gains.
My lady falls to play: so bad her chance,
He must repair it: takes a bribe from France;
The house impeach him, Coningsby harangues;
The court forsake him, and sir Balaam hangs:
Wife, son, and daughter, Satan! are thy own,
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the crown:
The devil and the king divide the prize,
And sad sir Balaam curses God and dies.

EPISTLE IV.

TO RICHARD BOYLE, EARL OF BURLINGTON.

ARGUMENT.

OF THE USE OF RICHES.

The vanity of expense in people of wealth and quality. The abuse of the word taste, ver. 13. That the first principle and foundation in this, as in every thing else, is good sense, ver. 40. The chief proof of it is to follow Nature, even in works of mere luxury and elegance. Instanced in architecture and gardening, where all must be adapted to the genius and use of the place, and the beauties not forced into it, but resulting from it, ver. 50. How men are disappointed in their most expensive undertakings, for want of this true foundation, without which nothing can please long, if at all; and the best examples and rules will be but perverted into something burthensome and ridiculous, ver. 65, &c. to 92. A description of the false taste of magnificence; the first grand errour of which is, to imagine that greatness consists in the size and dimension, instead of the proportion and harmony of the whole, ver. 97, and the second, either in joining together parts incoherent, or too minutely resembling, or in the repetition of the same too frequently, ver. 105, &c. A word or two of false taste in books, in music, in painting, even in preaching and prayer, and lastly in entertainments, ver. 133, &c. Yet Providence is justified in giving wealth to be squandered in this manner, since it is dispersed to the poor and laborious part of mankind, ver. 169, [recurring to what is laid down in the first book, Ep. ii. and in the Epistle preceding this, ver. 159, &c.] What are the proper objects of magnificence, and a proper field for the expense of great men, ver. 177, &c. and finally the great and public works which become a prince, ver. 191, to the end.

EPISTLE IV.

The extremes of avarice and profusion being treated of in the foregoing epistle; this takes up one particular branch of the latter, the vanity of expense in people of wealth and quality; and is therefore a corollary to the preceding, just as the epistle on the characters of women is to that of the knowledge and characters of men. It is equally remarkable for exactness of method with the rest. But the nature of the subject, which is less philosophical, makes it capable of being analyzed in a much narrower compass.

'Tis strange, the miser should his cares employ
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy:
Is it less strange, the prodigal should waste
His wealth, to purchase what he ne'er can taste?
Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats;
Artists must choose his pictures, music, meats:
He buys for Topham drawings and designs;
For Pembroke statues, dirty gods, and coins;
Rare monkish manuscripts for Hearne alone,
And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane.
Think we all these are for himself? no more
Than his fine wife, alas! or finer whore.
For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?
Only to show how many tastes he wanted.
What brought sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste?
Some demon whisper'd, "Visto? have a taste."
Heaven visits with a taste the wealthy fool,
And needs no rod but Ripley with a rule.
See! sportive Fate, to punish awkward pride,
Bids Bubo build, and sends him such a guide:
A standing sermon, at each year's expense,
That never coxcomb reach'd magnificence!
You show us, Rome was glorious, not profuse,
And pompous buildings once were things of use.
Yet shall (my lord) your just, your noble rules
Fill half the land with imitating fools;
Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,
And of one beauty many blunders make;

VARIATION.

After ver. 92, in the MS.

Must bishops, lawyers, statesmen, have the skill
To build, to plant, judge paintings, what you will?
Then why not Kent as well our treaties draw,
Bridgman explain the gospel, Gibbs the law?

Load some vain church with old theatric state,
Turn arts of triumph to a garden-gate;
Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all
On some patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall;
Then clap four slices of pilaster on 't,
That, lac'd with bits of rustic, makes a front.
Shall call the winds through long arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door;
Conscious they act a true Palladian part,
And if they starve, they starve by rules of art.

Oft have you hinted to your brother peer,
A certain truth, which many buy too dear:
Something there is more needful than expense,
And something previous ev'n to taste—'tis sense:
Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And, though no science, fairly worth the seven:
A light which in yourself you must perceive;
Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot;
In all, let Nature never be forgot.
But treat the goddess like a modest fair,
Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each beauty every where be spy'd,
Where half the skill is decently to hide.
He gains all points, who pleasingly confounds,
Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds.
Consult the genius of the place in all;
That tells the waters or to rise, or fall;
Or helps th' ambitious hill the heavens to scale,
Or scoops in circling theatres the vale;
Calls in the country, catches opening glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades;
Now breaks, or now directs th' intending lines;
Paints as you plant, and, as you work, designs.

Still follow sense, of every art the soul,
Parts answering parts shall slide into a whole,
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from difficulty, strike from chance;
Nature shall join you; Time shall make it grow
A work to wonder at—perhaps a Stow.

Without it, proud Versailles! thy glory falls;
And Nero's terraces desert their walls:
The vast parterres a thousand hands shall make,
Lo! Cobham comes, and floats them with a lake:
Or cut wide views through mountains to the plain,
You'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again.
Ev'n in an ornament its place remark,
Nor in an hermitage set Dr. Clarke.
Behold Villario's ten years toil complete;
His quincunx darkens, his espaliers meet;
The wood supports the plain, the parts unite,
And strength of shade contends with strength of light;
A waving glow the bloomy beds display,
Blushing in bright diversities of day,
With silver-quivering rills meander'd o'er—
Enjoy them, you! Villario can no more;
Tir'd of the scene parterres and fountains yield,
He finds at last he better likes a field.

Through his young woods how pleas'd Sabinus stray'd,
Or sate delighted in the thickening shade,
With annual joy the reddening shoots to greet,
Or see the stretching branches long to meet!
His son's fine taste an opener Vista loves,
Foe to the Dryads of his father's groves;
One boundless green, or flourish'd carpet views,
With all the mournful family of yews:
The thriving plants, ignoble broomsticks made,
Now sweep those alleys they were born to shade.

At Timon's villa let us pass a day,
Where all cry out, "What sums are thrown away!"
So proud, so grand; of that stupendous air,
Soft and agreeable come never there.
Greatness, with Timon, dwells in such a draught
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.
To compass this, his building is a town,
His pond an ocean, his parterre a down:
Who but must laugh, the master when he sees,
A puny insect, shivering at a breeze!
Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around!
The whole a labour'd quarry above ground.
Two Cupids squirt before: a lake behind
Improves the keenness of the northern wind.
His gardens next your admiration call,
On every side you look, behold the wall!
No pleasing intricacies intervene,
No artful wildness to perplex the scene;
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.
The suffering eye inverted Nature sees,
Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees;
With here a fountain, never to be play'd;
And there a summer-house that knows no shade;
Here Amphitrite sails through myrtle bowers;
There gladiators fight, or die in flowers;
Unwater'd see the drooping sea-horse mourn,
And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty urn.

My lord advances with majestic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleasure to be seen:
But soft—by regular approach—not yet—
First through the length of yon hot terrace sweat;
And when up ten steep slopes you've dragg'd your thighs,
Just at his study-door he'll bless your eyes.

His study! with what authors, is it stor'd?
In books, not authors, curious is my lord;
To all their dated backs he turns you round;
These Aldus printed, those Du Sueil has bound.
Lo, some are vellum, and the rest as good
For all his lordship knows, but they are wood.
For Locke or Milton, 'tis in vain to look,
These shelves admit not any modern book.

And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,
That summons you to all the pride of prayer:
Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to Heaven.
On painted cielings you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre,
Or gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
And bring all Paradise before your eye.
To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,
Who never mentions Hell to ears polite.

But hark! the chiming clocks to dinner call;
A hundred footsteps scrape the marble hall:
The rich buffet well colour'd serpents grace,
And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.
Is this a dinner? this a genial room?
No 'tis a temple, and a hecatomb.
A solemn sacrifice perform'd in state,
You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear
Sancho's dread doctor and his wand were there.
Between each act the trembling salvers ring,
From soup to sweet-wine, and God bless the King.
In plenty starving, tantaliz'd in state,
And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,
Treated, caress'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,
Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve;
I curse such lavish cost, and little skill,
And swear no day was ever pass'd so ill.

Yet hence the poor are cloth'd, the hungry fed;
Health to himself, and to his infants bread,
The labourer bears: What his hard heart denies,
His charitable vanity supplies.
Another age shall see the golden ear
Imbrown the slope, and nod on the parterre,
Deep harvest bury all his pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres re-assume the land.
Who then shall grace, or who improve the soil?
Who plants like Bathurst, or who builds like Boyle.
'Tis use alone that sanctifies expense,
And splendour borrows all her rays from sense.
His father's acres who enjoys in peace,
Or makes his neighbours glad, if he increase:
Whose cheerful tenants bless their yearly toil,
Yet to their lord owe more than to the soil;
Whose ample lawns are not asham'd to feed
The milky heifer and deserving steed;
Whose rising forests, not for pride or show,
But future buildings, future navies, grow:
Let his plantations stretch from down to down,
First shade a country, and then raise a town.
You too proceed! make falling arts your care,
Erect new wonders, and the old repair;
Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before:
Till kings call forth the ideas of your mind,
(Proud to accomplish what such hands design'd)
Bid harbours open, public ways extend,
Bid temples worthier of the God ascend;
Bid the broad arch the dangerous flood contain,
The mole projected break the roaring main;
Back to his bounds their subject sea command,
And roll obedient rivers through the land;
These honours, Peace to happy Britain brings;
These are imperial works, and worthy kings.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE V.

TO MR. ADDISON,

OCCASIONED BY HIS DIALOGUES ON MEDALS.

This was originally written in the year 1715, when Mr. Addison intended to publish his book of medals; it was some time before he was secretary of state; but not published till Mr. Tickell's edition of his works; at which time his verses on Mr. Craggs, which conclude the poem, were added, viz. in 1720.

As the third epistle treated of the extremes of avarice and profusion; and the fourth took up one particular branch of the latter, namely, the vanity of expense in people of wealth and quality, and was therefore a corollary to the third; so this treats of one circumstance of that vanity, as it appears in the common collectors of old coins; and is, therefore, a corollary to the fourth.

See the wild waste of all-devouring years;
How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears,
With nodding arches, broken temples spread!
The very tombs now vanish'd like their dead;
Imperial wonders rais'd on nations spoil'd,
Where mix'd with slaves the groaning martyr toil'd:
Huge theatres, that now unpeopled woods,
Now drain'd a distant country of her floods:
Fanes, which admiring gods with pride survey;
Statues of men, scarce less alive than they!
Some felt the silent stroke of mouldering age,
Some hostile fury, some religious rage.
Barbarian blindness, christian zeal conspire,
And papal piety, and gothic fire.
Perhaps, by its own ruins sav'd from flame,
Some bury'd marble half preserves a name;
That name the learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,
And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.
Ambition sigh'd: she found it vain to trust
The faithless column and the crumbling bust:
Huge moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore to shore,
Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more!
Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast design,
And all her triumphs shrink into a coin.
A narrow orb each crouded conquest keeps,
Beneath her palm here sad Judea weeps
Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine;
A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,
And little eagles wave their wings in gold.
The medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Through climes and ages bears each form and name:
In one short view subjected to our eye
Gods, emperors, heroes, sages, beauties, lie.
With sharpen'd sight pale antiquaries pore,
Th' inscription value, but the rust adore.
This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years!
To gain Pescenius one employs his schemes,
One grasps a Cecrops in ecstatic dreams.
Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,
Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scour'd:
And Curio, restless by the fair-one's side,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.
Theirs is the vanity, the learning thine:
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine:
Her gods and godlike heroes rise to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom anew.
Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage:
These pleas'd the fathers of poetic rage:
The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
And art reflected images to art.
Oh, when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
In living medals see her wars enroll'd,
And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold?
Here, rising bold, the patriot's honest face;
There, warriors frowning in historic brass:
Then future ages with delight shall see
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree;
Or in fair series laurel'd bards be shown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addison.
Then shall thy Craggs (and let me call him mine)
On the cast ore, another Pollio, shine:
With aspect open shall erect his head,
And round the orb in lasting notes be read,
"Statesman, best friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear;
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the Muse he lov'd."

EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT:

BEING

THE PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE FIRST PUBLICATION OF THIS EPISTLE.

This paper is a sort of bill of complaint, begun many years since, and drawn up by snatches, as the several occasions offered. I had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleased some persons of rank and fortune [the authors of Verses to the Imitator of Horace, and of an Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton-Court] to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my writings (of which, being public, the public is judge) but my person, morals, and family, whereof, to those who know me not, a truer information may be requisite. Being divided between the necessity to say something of myself, and my own laziness to undertake so awkward a task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this epistle. If it have any thing pleasing, it will be that by which I am most desirous to please, the truth and the sentiment; and if any thing offensive, it will be only to those I am least sorry to offend, the vicious or the ungenerous.

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumstance but what is true: but I have, for the most part, spared their names; and they may escape being laughed at, if they please.

I would have some of them to know, it was owing to the request of the learned and candid friend to whom it is inscribed, that I make not as free use of theirs as they have done of mine. However, I shall have this advantage, and honour, on my side, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuse may be directed at any man, no injury can possibly be done by mine, since a nameless character can never be found out, but by its truth and likeness.

P. Shut, shut the door, good John! fatigu'd I said,
Tie up the knocker, say I 'm sick, I 'm dead.
The Dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide? [glide.
They pierce my thickets, through my grot they
By land, by water, they renew the charge;
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is sacred, not the church is free,
Ev'n Sunday shines no sabbath-day to me;
Then from the mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy! to catch me, just at dinner-time.
Is there a parson, much bemus'd in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza, when he should engross?
Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
With desperate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:
Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,
And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope.
Friend to my life! (which did you not prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song)
What drop of nostrum can this plague remove?
Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped;
If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.
Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I!
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie:
To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace;
And to be grave, exceeds all power of face.
I sit with sad civility; I read
With honest anguish, and an aching head;
And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine years."
"Nine years!" cries he, who high in Drury-lane,
Lull'd by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before term ends,
Oblig'd by hunger and request of friends:
"The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it;
I'm all submission; what you'd have it, make it."
Three things another's modest wishes bound,
My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.
Pitholeon sends to me: "you know his grace:
I want a patron; ask him for a place."
Pitholeon libell'd me—"but here's a letter
Informs you, sir, 'twas when he knew no better.
Dare you refuse him? Curll invites to dine,
He'll write a journal, or he'll turn divine."
Bless me! a packet.—"'Tis a stranger sues,
A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muse."
If I dislike it, "Furies, death and rage!"
If I approve, "Commend it to the stage."
There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,
The players and I are, luckily, no friends. 60 [it,
Fir'd that the house reject him, "'Sdeath! I'll print
And shame the fools—your interest, sir, with Lintot."
Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:
"Not, sir, if you revise it, and retouch."
All my demurs but double his attacks:
At last he whispers, "Do; and we go snacks."
Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door,
"Sir, let me see your works and you no more."
'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring,
(Midas, a sacred person and a king)
His very minister, who spy'd them first,
(Some say his queen) was forc'd to speak, or burst.
And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,
When every coxcomb perks them in my face?

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 20, in the MS.

Is there a bard in durance? turn them free,
With all their brandish'd reams they ren to me:
Is there a 'prentice, having seen two plays,
Who would do something in his sempstress' prais-.

Ver. 29, in the 1st Ed.

Dear doctor, tell me, is not this a curse?
Say, is their anger, or their friendship worse?

Ver. 53, in the MS.

If you refuse, he goes, as fates incline,
To plague sir Robert, or to turn divine.

Ver. 60, in the former edition.

Cibber and I are luckily no friends.

A. Good friend, forbear! you deal in dangerous things,
I'd never name queens, ministers, or kings;
Keep close to ears, and those let asses prick,
'Tis nothing—P. Nothing? if they bite and kick?
Out with it, Dunciad! let the secret pass,
That secret to each fool, that he's an ass:
The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie?)
The queen of Midas slept, and so may I.
You think this cruel? Take it for a rule,
No creature smarts so little as a fool.
Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break,
Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack:
Pit, box, and gallery, in convulsions hurl'd,
Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.
Who shames a scribbler? Break one cobweb through,
He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew:
Destroy his fib or sophistry, in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again,
Thron'd on the centre of his thin designs,
Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines!
Whom have I hurt? has poet yet, or peer,
Lost the arch'd eyebrow, or Parnassian sneer?
And has not Colly still his lord, and whore?
His butchers Henley, his free-masons Moor?
Does not one table Bavius still admit?
Still to one bishop Philips seems a wit?
Still Sappho—A. Hold; for God's sake—you'll offend,
No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:
I too could write, and I am twice as tall;
But foes like these—P. One flatterer's worse than all.
Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
It is the slaver kills, and not the bite.
A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they repent.
One dedicates in high heroic prose,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes:
One from all Grub-street will my fame defend,
And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.
This prints my letters, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe!"
There are, who to my person pay their court:
I cough like Horace, and, though lean, am short.
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
Such Ovid's nose, and, "Sir! you have an eye!"
Go on, obliging creature, make me see
All that disgrac'd my betters, met in me.
Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
"Just so immortal Maro held his head;"
And when I die, be sure you let me know
Great Homer dy'd three thousand years ago.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 111, in the MS.

For song, for silence some expect a bribe:
And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe!"
Time, praise, or money, is the least they crave;
Yet each declares the other fool or knave.

After ver. 124, in the MS.

But, friend, this shape, which you and Curll[1] admire,
Came not from Ammon's son, but from my sire[2];
And for my head, if you'll the truth excuse,
I had it from my mother[3], not the Muse.
Happy, if he, in whom these frailties join'd,
Had heir'd as well the virtues of the mind.

[1] Curll set up his head for a sign.
[2] His father was crooked.
[3] His mother was much afflicted with headachs.

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
Dipp'd me in ink, my parents', or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to Fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobey'd;
The Muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not wife;
To help me through this long disease, my life;
To second, Arbuthnot! thy art and care,
And teach, the being you preserv'd, to bear.
But why then publish? Granville the polite,
And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write;
Well-natur'd Garth inflam'd with early praise,
And Congreve lov'd, and Swift endur'd my lays;
The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read,
Ev'n mitred Rochester would nod the head,
And St. John's self (great Dryden's friend before)
With open arms receiv'd one poet more.
Happy my studies, when by these approv'd!
Happier their author, when by these belov'd!
From these the world will judge of men and books,
Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks.
Soft were my numbers: who could take offence
While pure description held the place of sense?
Like gentle Fanny's was my flowery theme,
A painted mistress, or a purling stream.
Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill;
I wish'd the man a dinner, and sate still.
Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret;
I never answer'd, I was not in debt.
If want provok'd, or madness made them print,
I waged no war with Bedlam or the Mint.
Did some more sober critic come abroad;
If wrong, I smil'd; if right, I kiss'd the rod.
Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.
Commas and points they set exactly right,
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.
Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribalds,
From slashing Bentley down to pidling Tibalds:
Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and spells,
Each word-catcher, that lives on syllables,
Ev'n such small critics some regard may claim,
Preserv'd in Milton's or in Shakespeare's name.
Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things we know are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.
Were others angry: I excus'd them too;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's secret standard in his mind,
That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
This, who can gratify? for who can guess?
The bard whom pilfer'd pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown,
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains from hard-bound brains, eight lines a year;
He, who, still wanting, though he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left:
And he, who, now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:
And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad:
All these, my modest satire bad translate,
And own'd that nine such poets made a Tate.
How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!
And swear, not Addison himself was safe.
Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;

Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading ev'n fools by flatterers besieg'd,
And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he!
What though my name stood rubric on the walls,
Or plaster'd posts, with claps, in capitals?
Or smoaking forth, a hundred hawkers load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad?
I sought no homage from the race that write;
I kept, like Asian monarchs, from their sight:
Poems I heeded (now berhym'd so long)
No more than thou, great George! a birth-day song.
I ne'er with wits or witlings pass'd my days,
To spread about the itch of verse and praise;
Nor like a puppy, daggled through the town,
To fetch and carry sing-song up and down;
Nor at rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,
With handkerchief and orange at my side!
But, sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To Bufo left the whole Castalian state.
Proud as Apollo on his forked hill,
Sate full-blown Bufo, puff'd by every quill;
Fed with soft dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in song.
His library (where busts of poets dead
And a true Pindar stood without a head)
Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race,
Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place;
Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his seat,
And flatter'd every day, and some days eat;
Till, grown more frugal in his riper days,
He paid some bards with port, and some with praise,
To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,
And others (harder still) he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh,
Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye:
But still the great have kindness in reserve,
He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.
May some choice patron bless each grey goose quill!
May every Bavius have his Bufo still!
So when a statesman wants a day's defence,
Or envy holds a whole week's war with sense,

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 208, in the MS.

Who, if two wits on rival themes contest,
Approves of each, but likes the worst the best.

Alluding to Mr. Pope's and Tickell's Translation of the first Book of the Iliad.

After ver. 234, in the MS.

To bards reciting he vouchsaf'd a nod,
And snuff'd their incense like a gracious god.

Or simple pride for flattery makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands!
Blest be the great! for those they take away,
And those they left me; for they left me Gay:
Left me to see neglected genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
Of all thy blameless life the sole return
My verse, and Queensberry weeping o'er thy urn!
Oh let me live my own, and die so too!
(To live and die is all I have to do:)
Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,
And see what friends, and read what books I please:
Above a patron, though I condescend
Sometimes to call a minister my friend.
I was not born for courts or great affairs:
I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers;
Can sleep without a poem in my head,
Nor know, if Dennis be alive or dead.
Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light?
Heavens! was I born for nothing but to write?
Has life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save?
"I found him close with Swift—Indeed? no doubt
(Cries prating Balbus) something will come out."
'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will,
"No, such a genius never can lie still;"
And then for mine obligingly mistakes
The first lampoon sir Will or Bubo makes.
Poor, guiltless I! and can I choose but smile,
When every coxcomb knows me by my style?
Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear!
But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
Insults fall'n worth, or beauty in distress,
Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about,
Who writes a libel, or who copies out:
That fop, whose pride affects a patron's name,
Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame:
Who can your merit selfishly approve,
And show the sense of it without the love;
Who has the vanity to call you friend,
Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
And, if he lie not, must at least betray:

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 270, in the MS.

Friendships from youth I sought, and seek them still:
Fame, like the wind, may breathe where'er it will.
The world I knew, but made it not my school,
And in a course of flattery liv'd no fool.

After ver. 282, in the MS.

P. What if I sing Augustus, great and good?
A. You did so lately, was it understood?
Be nice no more, but, with a mouth profound,
As rumbling Dennis or a Norfolk hound;
With George and Frederic roughen every verse,
Then smooth up all, and Caroline rehearse.
P. No—the high task to lift up kings to gods,
Leave to court sermons, and to birth-day odes.
On themes like these, superior far to thine,
Let laurel'd Cibber and great Arnal shine.
Why write at all?—A. Yes, silence if you keep,
The town, the court, the wits, the dunces weep.

Who to the dean and silver bell can swear,
And sees at Cannons what was never there;
Who reads but with a lust to misapply,
Make satire a lampoon, and fiction lie.
A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.
Let Sporus tremble—A. What? that thing of silk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk?
Satire of sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;
Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.
His wit all see-saw, between that and this,
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile Antithesis.
Amphibious thing! that, acting either part,
The trifling head! or the corrupted heart,
Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have exprest,
A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest.
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.
Not Fortune's worshipper, nor Fashion's fool,
Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool,
Not proud, nor servile; be one poet's praise,
That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways:
That flattery, ev'n to kings, he held a shame,
And thought a lie in verse or prose the same;
That not in fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But stoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his song:
That not for fame, but Virtue's better end,
He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;
The tale reviv'd, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
Th' imputed trash, and dulness not his own;
The morals blacken'd when the writings 'scape,
The libel'd person and the pictur'd shape;
Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,
A friend in exile, or a father dead;
The whisper, that, to greatness still too near,
Perhaps, yet vibrates on his sovereign's ear—
Welcome for thee, fair Virtue! all the past:
For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the last!
A. But why insult the poor, affront the great?
P. A knave's a knave, to me, in every state:
Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,
Sporus at court, or Japhet in a jail;
A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,
Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire;
If on a pillory, or near a throne,
He gain his prince's ear, or lose his own.

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit:
This dreaded sat'rist Dennis will confess
Foe to his pride but friend to his distress:
So humble, he has knock'd at Tibbald's door,
Has drunk with Cibber, nay has rhym'd for Moor.
Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply?
Three thousand suns went down on Welsted's lie.
To please his mistress one aspers'd his life;
He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife:
Let Budgell charge low Grub-street on his quill,
And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his will;
Let the two Curlls of town and court, abuse
His father, mother, body, soul, and Muse.
Yet why? that father held it for a rule,
It was a sin to call our neighbour fool:
That harmless mother thought no wife a whore:
Hear this and spare his family, James Moore;
Unspotted names, and memorable long;
If there be force in virtue, or in song.
Of gentle blood (part shed in Honour's cause,
While yet in Britain Honour had applause)
Each parent sprung—A. What fortune, pray?—
P. Their own,
And better got, than Bestia's from the throne.
Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,
Nor marrying discord in a noble wife,
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious through his age.
No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
Nor dar'd an oath, nor hazarded a lie.
Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
No language, but the language of the heart.
By nature honest, by experience wise;
Healthy by temperance, and by exercise;
His life, though long, to sickness past unknown,
His death was instant, and without a groan.
O grant me thus to live, and thus to die!
Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I.
O friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!
Be no unpleasing melancholy mine:
Me, let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of reposing age,
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death,
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep a while one parent from the sky!
On cares like these if length of days attend,
May Heaven, to bless those days, preserve my friend,
Preserve *him social, cheerful, and serene*,
And just as rich as when he serv'd a queen!
A. Whether that blessings be deny'd or given,
Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heaven.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 368, in the MS.

Once, and but once, his heedless youth was hit,
And lik'd that dangerous thing, a female wit;
Safe as he thought, though all the prudent chid;
He writ no libels, but my lady did:
Great odds in amorous or poetic game,
Where woman's is the sin, and man's the shame.

After ver. 405, in the MS.

And of myself, too, something must I say?
Take then this verse, the trifle of a day.
And if it live, it lives but to commend
The man whose heart has ne'er forgot a friend,
Or head, an author; critic, yet polite,
And friend to learning, yet too wise to write.

SATIRES AND EPISTLES OF HORACE

IMITATED.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The occasion of publishing these imitations was the clamour raised on some of my epistles. An answer from Horace was both more full, and of more dignity, than any I could have made in my own person; and the example of much greater freedom in so eminent a divine as Dr. Donne, seemed a proof with what indignation and contempt a Christian may treat vice or folly, in ever so low, or ever so high a station. Both these authors were acceptable to the princes and ministers under whom they lived. The satires of Dr. Donne I versified, at the desire of the earl of Oxford while he was lord treasurer, and of the duke of Shrewsbury, who had been secretary of state: neither of whom looked upon a satire on vicious courts as any reflection on those they served in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater errour, than that which fools are so apt to fall into, and knaves with good reason to encourage, the mistaking a satirist for a libeller; whereas to a true satirist nothing is so odious as a libeller, for the same reason as to a man truly virtuous nothing is so hateful as a hypocrite.

Uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis.

Whoever expects a paraphrase of Horace, or a faithful copy of his genius, or manner of writing, in these imitations, will be much disappointed. Our author uses the Roman poet for little more than his canvas: and if the old design or colouring chance to suit his purpose, it is well; if not, he employs his own, without scruple or ceremony. Hence it is, he is so frequently serious where Horace is in jest, and at ease where Horace is disturbed. In a word, he regulates his movements no further on his original, than was necessary for his concurrence in promoting their common plan of reformation of manners.

Had it been his purpose merely to paraphrase an ancient satirist, he had hardly made choice of Horace; with whom, as a poet, he held little in common, besides a comprehensive knowledge of life and manners, and a certain curious felicity of expression, which consists in using the simplest language with dignity, and the most ornamented with ease. For the rest, his harmony and strength of numbers, his force and splendour of colouring, his gravity and sublimity of sentiment, would have rather led him to another model. Nor was his temper less unlike that of Horace, than his talents. What Horace would only smile at, Mr. Pope would treat with the grave severity of Persius; and what Mr. Pope would strike with the caustic lightning of Juvenal, Horace would content himself in turning into ridicule.

If it be asked then, why he took any body at all to imitate, he has informed us in his advertisement: To which we may add, that this sort of imitations, which are of the nature of parodies, adds reflected grace and splendour on original wit. Besides, he deemed it more modest to give the name of imitations to his satire, than, like Despréaux, to give the name of satires to imitations.

BOOK II. SATIRE I.

TO MR. FORTESCUE.

P. There are (I scarce can think it, but am told)
[1] There are, to whom my satire seems too bold:
Scarce to wise Peter complaisant enough,
And something said of Chartres much too rough.
[2] The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to say,
Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.
Timorous by nature, of the rich in awe,
[3] I come to council learned in the law:
You'll give me, like a friend both sage and free,
Advice; and (as you use) without a fee.
F. [4] I'd write no more.
P. Not write? but then I think,
[5] And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink.
I nod in company, I wake at night,
Fools rush into my head, and so I write.
F. You could not do a worse thing for your life.
Why, if the nights seem tedious—take a wife:
[6] Or rather truly, if your point be rest,
Lettuce and cowslip wine; Probatum est.
But talk with Celsus, Celsus will advise
Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes.
[7] Or, if you needs must write, write Cæsar's praise,
[8] You'll gain at least a knighthood, or the bays.
P. What? like sir [9] Richard, rumbling, rough, and fierce,
With arms and George and Brunswick crowd the verse,
Rend with tremendous sound your ears asunder,
With gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder?
Or nobly wild, with Budgell's fire and force,
Paint angels trembling round his falling horse?
F. [10] Then all your Muse's softer art display,
Let Carolina smooth the tuneful lay,

HORATIUS. TREBATIUS.

HORATIUS.

[1] Sunt quibus in satira videar nimis acer, et ultra
Legem tendere opus: [2] sine nervis altera, quidquid
Composui, pars esse putat, similesque meorum
Mille die versus deduci posse. [3] Trebati,
Quid faciam? præscribe.
T. [4] Quiescas.
H. Ne faciam, inquis,
Omnino versus?
T. Aio.
H. Peream male, si non
Optimum erat: [5] verum nequeo dormire.
T. [6] Ter uncti
Transnanto Tiberim, somno quibus est opus alto;
Irriguumve mero sub noctem corpus habento.
[7] Aut si tantus amor scribendi te rapit, aude
Cæsaris invicti res dicere, [8] multa laborum
Præmia laturus.
H. Cupidum, pater optime, vires
Deficiunt: [9] neque enim quivis horrentia pila
Agmina, nec fracta pereuntes cuspide gallos,
Aut labentis equo describat vulnera Parthi.
T. [10] Attamen et justum poteras et scribere fortem,
Scipiadam ut sapiens Lucilius.
H. Haud mihi deero

Lull with Amelia's liquid name the Nine,
And sweetly flow through all the royal line.
P. [1] Alas! few verses touch their nicer ear;
They scarce can bear their laureat twice a year;
And justly Cæsar scorns the poet's lays,
It is to history he trusts for praise.
F. [2] Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it still,
Than ridicule all taste, blaspheme quadrille,
Abuse the city's best good men in metre,
And laugh at peers that put their trust in Peter.
[3] Ev'n those you touch not, hate you.
P. What should ail 'em?
F. A hundred smart in Timon and in Balaam:
The fewer still you name, you wound the more;
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a score.
P. [4] Each mortal has his pleasure: none deny
Scarsdale his bottle, Darty his ham-pye;
Ridotta sips and dances, till she see
The doubling lustres dance as fast as she;
[5] F— loves the senate, Hockleyhole his brother,
Like in all else, as one egg to another.
[6] I love to pour out all myself, as plain
As downright Shippen, or as old Montagne:
In them, as certain to be lov'd as seen,
The soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within;
In me what spots (for spots I have) appear,
Will prove at least the medium must be clear.
In this impartial glass, my Muse intends
Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends;
Publish the present age; but where my text
Is vice too high, reserve it for the next:
My foes shall wish my life a longer date,
And every friend the less lament my fate.
My head and heart thus flowing through my quill,
[7] Verseman or proseman, term me what you will,
Papist or Protestant, or both between,
Like good Erasmus in an honest mean,
In moderation placing all my glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.
[8] Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run a-muck, and tilt at all I meet;

Cum res ipsa feret: [1] nisi dextro tempore, Flacci
Verba per attentam non ibunt Cæsaris aurem:
Cui male si palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.
T. [2] Quanto rectius hoc, quam tristi lædere versu
Pantolabum scurram, Nomentanumve nepotem?
[3] Cum sibi quisque timet, quanquam est intactus, et odit.
H. [4] Quid faciam? saltat Milonius, ut semel icto
Accessit fervor capiti, numerosque lucernis.
[5] Castor gaudet equis; ovo prognatus eodem,
Pugnis. quot capitum vivunt, totidem studiorum
Millia. [6] me pedibus delectat claudere verba,
Lucili ritu, nostrûm melioris utroque.
Ille velut fidis arcana sodalibus olim
Credebat libris; neque, si male gesserat, usquam
Decurrens alio, neque si bene; quo fit, ut omnis
Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella
Vita senis. sequor hunc, [7] Lucanus an Appulus, anceps,
[Nam Venusinus arat finem sub utrumque colonus,
Missus ad hoc, pulsis (vetus est ut fama) Sabellis;
Quo ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hostis;
Sive quod Appula gens, seu quod Lucania bellum
Inciteret violenta;] [8] sed hic stylus haud petet ultro
Quemquam animantem, et me veluti custodiet ensis
Vagina tectus, quem cur destringere coner,

[1] I only wear it in a land of Hectors,
Thieves, supercargoes, sharpers, and directors.
[2] Save but our army! and let Jove incrust
Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust!
[3] Peace is my dear delight—not Fleury's more:
But touch me, and no minister so sore.
Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
[4] Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burthen of some merry song.
[5] Slander or poison dread from Delia's rage;
Hard words or hanging, if your judge be Page.
From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
P-x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.
[6] Its proper power to hurt, each creature feels;
Bulls aim their horns, and asses lift their heels;
'Tis a bear's talent not to kick, but hug;
And no man wonders he's not stung by pug.
[7] So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,
They'll never poison you, they'll only cheat.
[8] Then, learned sir! (to cut the matter short)
Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at court;
Whether old-age, with faint but cheerful ray,
Attends to gild the evening of my day,
Or Death's black wing already be display'd,
To wrap me in the universal shade;
Whether the darken'd room to muse invite,
Or whiten'd wall provoke the skewer to write:
In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
[9] Like Lee or Budgell, I will rhyme and print.
F. [10] Alas, young man! your days can ne'er be long,
In flower of age you perish for a song!
Plums and directors, Shylock and his wife,
Will club their testers, now, to take your life!
P. [11] What? arm'd for Virtue when I point the pen,
Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men;
Dash the proud gamester in his gilded car;
Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a star;
Can there be wanting, to defend her cause,
Lights of the church, or guardians of the laws?
Could pension'd Boileau lash in honest strain
Flatterers and bigots ev'n in Louis' reign?
Could laureate Dryden pimp and friar engage,
Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?

[1] Tutus ab infestis latronibus? [2] O pater et rex
Jupiter, ut pereat positum rubigine telum,
Nec quisquam noceat [3] cupido mihi pacis! at ille,
Qui me commôrit, (melius non tangere, clamo)
[4] Flebit, et insignis tota cantabitur urbe.
[5] Cervius iratus leges minitatur et urnam;
Canidia Albuti, quibus est inimica, venenum;
Grande malum Turius, si quid se judice certes:
[6] Ut, quo quisque valet, suspectos terreat, utque
Imperitet hoc natura potens, sic collige mecum.
Dente lupus, cornu taurus petit; unde nisi intus
Monstratum? [7] Scævæ vivacem crede nepoti
Matrem; nil faciet sceleris pia dextra (mirum?
Ut neque calce lupus quemquam, neque dente petit
Sed mala tollet animum vitiato melle cicuta. [bos)
[8] Ne longum faciam: seu me tranquilla senectus
Expectat, seu Mors atris circumvolat alis;
Dives, inops; Romæ, seu fors ita jusserit, exsul;
[9] Quisquis erit vitæ, scribam, color.
T. [10] O puer, ut sis
Vitalis metuo; et majorum ne quis amicus
Frigore te feriat.
H. [11] Quid? cum est Lucilius ausus
Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,

And I not [1] strip the gilding off a knave,
Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir or slave?
I will, or perish in the generous cause:
Hear this, and tremble! you, who 'scape the laws.
Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
Shall walk the world in credit, to his grave.
To Virtue only and her friends a friend,
The world beside may murmur or commend.
Know, all the distant din that world can keep,
Rolls o'er my grotto, and but sooths my sleep.
There, my retreat the best companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place.
There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
The feast of reason and the flow of soul:
And he, whose lightning pierc'd th' Iberian lines,
Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my vines;
Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain,
Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.
Envy must own, I live among the great,
No pimp of pleasure, and no spy of state;
With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats;
Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats;
To help who want, to forward who excel;
This, all who know me, know; who love me, tell;
And who unknown defame me, let them be
Scribblers or peers, alike are mob to me.
This is my plea, on this I rest my cause—
[2] What saith my council, learned in the laws?
F. [3] Your plea is good; but still I say, beware!
Laws are explain'd by men—so have a care.
It stands on record, that in Richard's times
A man was hang'd for very honest rhymes;
[4] Consult the statute, "quart." I think, it is,
"Edwardi sext." or "prim. et quint. Eliz."
See libels, satires—here you have it—read.
P. [5] Libels and satires! lawless things indeed!
But grave epistles, bringing vice to light,
Such as a king might read, a bishop write,
Such as sir Robert would approve—
F. Indeed!
The case is alter'd—you may then proceed;
[6] In such a case the plaintiff will be hiss'd,
My lords the judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd.

[1] Detrahere et pellem, nitidus qua quisque per ora
Cederet, introrsum turpis; num Lælius, aut qui
Duxit ab oppressa meritum Carthagine nomen,
Ingenio offensi? aut læso doluere Metello,
Famosisque lupo cooperto versibus? atqui
Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim;
Scilicet [2] uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis.
[3] Quin ubi se a vulgo et scena in secreta remorant
Virtus Scipiadæ et mitis sapientia Læli,
Nugari cum illo, et discincti ludere, donec
Decoqueretur olus, soliti.
Quidquid sum ego, quamvis
Infra Lucili censum, ingeniumque; tamen me
[4] Cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque
Invidia; et fragili quærens illidere dentem,
Offendet solido:
[5] nisi quid tu, docte Trebati,
Dissentis.
T. [6] Equidem nihil hinc diffingere possum.
Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne forte negoti
Incutiat tibi quid sanctarum inscitia legum:
"[7] Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina, jus
Judiciumque."
H. Esto si quis [8] mala: sed bona si quis
Judice condiderit laudatur Cæsare, si quis
Opprobriis dignum laceraverit, integer ipse.
T. [7] Solventur risu tabulæ: tu missus abibis.

BOOK II. SATIRI

TO MR. BETHEL.

[1] What, and how great, the virtu
To live on little with a cheerful he
[2] (A doctrine sage, but truly none
Let's talk, my friends, but talk [3] b
[4] Not when a gilt buffet's reflected
Turns you from sound philosophy
Not when from plate to plate your
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.
Hear Bethel's sermon, one not vers'd in schools,
[5] But strong in sense, and wise without the rules.
[6] Go work, hunt, exercise! (he thus began)
Then scorn a homely dinner, if you can.
[7] Your wine lock'd up, your butler stroll'd abroad,
Or fish deny'd (the river yet unthaw'd),
If then plain bread and milk will do the feat,
The pleasure lies in you, and not the meat.
[8] Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men
Will chuse a pheasant still before a hen;
Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
Except you eat the feathers green and gold.
[9] Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
(Though cut in pieces ere my lord can eat)
Yet for small turbots such esteem profess?
Because God made these large, the other less.

SATIRA II.

[1] Quæ virtus et quanta, boni, sit vivere parvo,
[2] (Nec meus hic sermo: sed quæ præcepit Ofellus;
Rusticus, [3] abnormis sapiens, crassaque Minerva)
Discite, [4] non inter lances mensasque nitentes;
Cum stupet insanis acies fulgoribus, et cum
Acclinis falsis animus meliora recusat:
[5] Verum hic impransi mecum disquirite. Cur hoc?
Dicam, si potero, male verum examinat omnis
Corruptus judex. [6] Leporum sectatus, equove
Lassus ab indomito; vel (si Romana fatigat
Militia assuetum græcari) seu pila velox,
Molliter austerum studio fallente laborem;
Seu te discus agit, pete cedentem aëra disco:
Cum labor extulerit fastidia; siccus, inanis,
Sperne cibum vilem: nisi Hymettia mella Falerno,
Ne biberis, diluta. [7] foris est promus, et atrum
Defendens pisces hiemat mare: cum sale panis
Latrantem stomachum bene leniet, unde putas, aut
Qui partum? non in caro nidore voluptas
Summa, sed in teipso est. tu pulmentaria quære
Sudando. pinguem vitiis albumque neque ostr
Nec scarus, aut poterit peregrina juvare lagoi
[8] Vix tamen eripiam, posito pavone, velis
Hoc potius quam gallina tergere palatum?
Corruptus vanis rerum: quia veneat aur
Rara avis, et picta pandat spectacula cau
Tamquam ad rem attineat quidquam. Nu
Quam laudas, pluma? coctove num ad
idem?
Carne tamen quamvis distat nihil hac, mag
Imparibus formis deceptum te patet, esto
Unde datum sentis, lupus hic, Tiberinus, a alto
Captus hiet? pontesne inter jactatus, an
Ostia sub Tusci? [9] laudas, insane, trilibre
Mullum; in singula quem minuas pulmenta accesso
Ducit te species, video. quo pertinet ergo
Proceros odisse lupos? quia scilicet illis
Majorem Natura modum dedit, his breve pondus.
Jejunus raro stomachus vulgaria temnit.

[1] Oldfield with more than harpy throat endued,
Cries, "Send me gods! a whole hog barbecued!"
Oh blast it, [2] south-winds! till a stench exhale
Rank as the ripeness of a rabbit's tail.
By what criterion do you eat, d'ye think,
This is priz'd for sweetness, that for stink?
When the tir'd glutton labours through a treat,
He finds no relish in the sweetest meat,
He calls for something bitter, something sour,
And the rich feast concludes extremely poor:
[3] Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives, still we see;
Thus much is left of old simplicity!
[4] The robin-red-breast till of late had rest,
And children sacred held a martin's nest,
Till beccaficos sold so dev'lish dear
To one that was, or would have been, a peer.
[5] Let me extol a cat on oysters fed,
I'll have a party at the Bedford-head;
Or ev'n to crack live crawfish recommend;
I'd never doubt at court to make a friend.
[6] 'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother
About one vice, and fall into the other:
Between excess and famine lies a mean,
Plain, but not sordid; though not splendid, clean.
[7] Avidien, or his wife, (no matter which,
For him you'll call a [8] dog, and her a bitch)
Sell their presented partridges and fruits,
And humbly live on rabbits, and on roots:
[9] One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,
And is at once their vinegar and wine.
But on some [10] lucky day (as when they found
A lost Bank bill, or hear'd their son was drown'd),
At such a feast, [11] old vinegar to spare,
Is what two souls so generous cannot bear:
Oil, though it stink, they drop by drop impart,
But sowse the cabbage with a bounteous heart.
[12] He knows to live, who keeps the middle state,
And neither leans on this side, nor on that;
Nor [13] stops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay,
Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away;

[1] Porrectum magno magnum spectare catino
Vellem, ait Harpyiis gula digna rapacibus. At vos,
[2] Præsentes Austri, coquite horum opsonia; quam-
quam
Putet aper rhombusque recens, mala copia quando
Ægrum sollicitat stomachum; cum rapula plenus
Atque acidas mavult inulas. [3] necdum omnis abacta
Pauperies epulis regum: nam vilibus ovis
Nigrisque est oleis hodie locus. Haud ita pridem
Galloni præconis erat accipensere mensa
Infamis. quid? tum rhombus minus æquora alebant?
[4] Tutus erat rhombus, tutoque ciconia nido,
Donec vos auctor docuit prætorius. ergo
[5] Si quis nunc mergos suaves edixerit assos,
Parebit parvi docilis Romana juventus.
[6] Surdidus a tenui victus distabit, Ofello
Judice: nam frustra vitium vitaveris istud,
Si te alio pravus detorseris. [7] Avidienus,
[8] Cui Cani ex vero ductum cognomen adhæret,
Quinque dies tibi pascet oleas est, et sylvestria corna;
[9] Nec, nisi mutatum, parcit defundere vinum; et
Cujus odorem olei nequeas perferre (licebit
Hic repotia, natales, aliosque dierum
Festos albatus celebret) cornu ipse bilibri
Caulibus instillat, [11] veteris non parcus aceti.
Quali igitur victu sapiens utetur, et horum
Utrum imitabitur? hac urget lupus, hac canis, aiunt,
[12] Mundus erit, qua non offendat sordibus, atque
In neutram partem cultus miser. [13] Hic neque servis
Albuti senis exemplo, dum munia didit,

Nor lets, like [1] Nævius, every errour pass,
The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass.
[2] Now hear what blessings Temperance can bring:
(Thus said our friend, and what he said I sing)
[3] First Health: The stomach (cramm'd from every dish,
A tomb of boil'd and roast, and flesh and fish,
Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
And all the man is one intestine war)
Remembers oft [4] the schoolboy's simple fare,
The temperate sleeps, and spirits light as air.
[5] How pale, each worshipful and reverend guest
Rise from a clergy, or a city feast!
What life in all that ample body, say?
What heavenly particle inspires the clay?
The soul subsides, and wickedly inclines
To seem but mortal, ev'n in sound divines.
[6] On morning wings how active springs the mind
That leaves the load of yesterday behind!
How easy every labour it pursues!
How coming to the poet every Muse!
[7] Not but we may exceed, some holy time,
Or tir'd in search of truth, or search of rhyme;
Ill health some just indulgence may engage;
And more the sickness of long life, old age;
[8] For fainting age what cordial drop remains,
If our intemperate youth the vessel drains?
[9] Our fathers prais'd rank ven'son. You suppose,
Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no nose.
Not so: a buck was then a week's repast,
And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last;
More pleas'd to keep it till their friends could come,
Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home.
[10] Why had not I in those good times my birth,
Ere coxcomb pyes or coxcombs were on Earth?
Unworthy he, the voice of Fame to hear,
[11] That sweetest music to an honest ear;
(For 'faith lord Fanny! you are in the wrong,
The world's good word is better than a song)
Who has not learn'd,[12] fresh sturgeon and ham-pye
Are no rewards for want and infamy!

Sævus erit: nec sic ut simplex [1] Nævius, unctam
Convivis præbebit aquam: vitium hoc quoque
magnum.
[2] Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quæ quantaque secum
Afferat. [3] In primis valeas bene; nam variæ res
Ut noceant homini, credas, memor illius escæ,
Quæ simplex olim [4] tibi sederit. at simul assis
Miscueris elixa, simul conchylia turdis;
Dulcia se in bilem vertent, stomachoque tumultum
Lenta feret pituita. [5] Vides, ut pallidus omnis
Cœna desurgat dubia? quin corpus onustum
Hesternis vitiis animum quoque prægravat una,
Atque affigit humo divinæ particulam auræ.
[6] Alter, ubi dicto citius curata sopori
Membra dedit, vegetus præscripta ad munia surgit.
[7] Hic tamen ad melius poterit transcurrere quondam;
Sive diem festum rediens advexerit annus,
Seu recreare volet tenuatum corpus: ubique
Accedent anni, et tractari mollius ætas
Imbecilla volet. [8] Tibi quidnam accedet ad istam,
Quam puer et validus præsumis, mollitiem; seu
Dura valetudo inciderit, seu tarda senectus? [nasus
[9] Rancidum aprum antiqui laudabant: non quia
Illis nullus erat; sed, credo, hac mente, quod hospes
Tardius adveniens vitiatum commodius, quam
Integram edax dominus consumeret, [10] hos utinam
Heroas natum tellus me prima tulisset. [inter
[11] Das aliquid famæ, quæ carmine gratior aurem
Occupet humanam? grandes rhombi, patinæque
Grande ferunt unæ [12] cum damno dedecus. adde

When Luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf,
Curs'd be thy [1] neighbours, thy trustees, thyself,
To friends, to fortune, to mankind a shame,
Think how posterity will treat thy name;
And [2] buy a rope, that future times may tell
Thou hast at least bestow'd one penny well.
[3] "Right," cries his lordship, "for a rogue in need
To have a taste, is insolence indeed:
In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,
My wealth unwieldy [4], and my heap too great."
Then, like the Sun, let bounty spread her ray,
And shine that superfluity away.
Oh impudence of wealth! with all thy store,
How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor?
Shall half the [3] new-built churches round thee fall?
Make keys, build bridges, or repair Whitehall:
Or to thy country let that heap be lent,
As M**o's was, but not at five per cent.
[5] Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.
And [6] who stands safest? tell me, is it he
That spreads and swells in puff'd prosperity,
Or blest with little, whose preventing care
In peace provides fit arms against a war? [thought,
[7] Thus Bethel spoke, who always speaks his
And always thinks the very thing he ought:
His equal mind I copy what I can,
And as I love, would imitate the man.
In South-Sea days not happier, when surmis'd
The lord of thousands, than if now [8] excis'd;
In forest planted by a father's hand,
Than in five acres now of rented land.
Content with little I can piddle here
On [9] brocoli and mutton, round the year;
But [10] ancient friends (though poor, or out of play)
That touch my bell, I cannot turn away.
'Tis true, no [11] turbots dignify my boards,
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords:
To Hounslow-heath I point, and Bansted-down,
Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own:
[12] From you old walnut-tree a shower shall fall;
And grapes, long-lingering on my only wall.

[1] Iratum patruum, vicinos, te tibi iniquum,
Et frustra mentis cupidum, cum deerit egenti
[2] As, laqueî pretium.
[3] Jure, inquit, Trausius istis
Jugatur verbis: ego vectigalia magna,
Divitiasque habeo tribus amplas regibus. [4] Ergo,
Quod superat, non est melius quo insumere possis?
Cur eget indigus quisquam, te divite? quare
[5] Templa ruunt antiqui Deûm? cur improbe, caræ
Non aliquid patriæ tanto emetiris acervo?
Uni nimirum tibi recti semper erunt res?
[6] O magnus posthac inimi is risus! uturne
[7] Ad casus dubios fidet sibi certius? hic, qui
Pluribus assuêrit mentem corpusque superbum;
An qui contentus parvo metuensque futuri,
In pace, ut sapiens, aptarit idonea bello?
[8] Quo magis his credas: puer hunc ego parvus
Integris opibus novi non latius usum, [Ofellum
Quam nunc [9] accisis. Videas, metato in agello,
Cum pecore et gnatis, fortem mercede colonum,
Non ego, narrantem, temere edi luce profesta
Quidquam, præter [10] olus fumosæ cum pede pernæ.
Ac mihi seu [11] longum post tempus venerat hospes,
Sive per imbrem vacuo gratus convivâ per imbrem
Vicinus: bene erat, non [12] piscibus urbe petitis,
And figs from standard and espalier
The devil is in you if you cannot [illegible]
Then [1] chearful healths, (your [illegible] shall [illegible]
And, what's more rare, a poet shall say grace.
Fortune not much of humbling me can boast:
Though double tax'd, how little have I lost!
My life's amusements have been just the same,
Before, and after [2] standing armies came.
My lands are sold, my father's house is gone;
I'll hire another's: is not that my own,
And yours, my friends? through whose free opening gate
None comes too early, none departs too late;
(For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.)
"Pray Heaven it last!" (cries Swift) "as you go on:
I wish to God this house had been your own:
Pity! to build, without a son or wife;
Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life."
Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one,
Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?
"What's [3] property," dear Swift, "you see it alter
From you to me, from me to [4] Peter Walter;
Or, in a mortgage, prove a lawyer's share;
Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir;
Or in pure [5] equity (the case not clear)
The Chancery takes your rents for twenty year:
At best, it falls to some [6] ungracious son, [own."
Who cries, "My father's damn'd, and all 's my
[7] Shades, that to Bacon could retreat afford,
Become the portion of a booby lord;
And Hemsley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
Slides to a scrivener, or a city knight.
[8] Let lands and houses have what lords they will,
Let us be fix'd, and our own masters still.

BOOK I. EPISTLE I.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

[1] St. John, whose love indulg'd my labours past,
Matures my present, and shall bound my last!
Why [2] will you break the sabbath of my days?
Now sick alike of envy and of praise.

Sed pullo atque hœdo: tum [1] pensilis uva secundas
Et nux ornabat mensas, cum duplice ficu.
Post hoc ludus erat [2] cuppa potare magistra:
Ac venerata Ceres, ita culmo surgeret alto,
Explicuit vino contractæ seria frontis.
Sævjat atque novos moveat Fortuna tumultus!
Quantum hinc imminuet? quanto aut ego parcius, aut vos,
O pueri, nitnistis, ut hunc [3] novus incola venit!
Nam [4] propriæ telluris herum natura neque illum,
Nec me, nec quemquam statuit. nos expulit ille,
Illum aut [5] nequities aut vafri inscitia juris,
Postremum expellet certe [6] vivacior hæres.
[7] Nunc ager Umbreni sub nomine, nuper Ofelli
Dictus erat: nulli proprius; sed cedit in usum
Nunc mihi, nunc alii. [8] quocirca vivite fortes,
Fortiaque adversis opponite pectora rebus.

EPISTOLA I.

[1] Prima dicte mihi, summa dicende camœna,
[2] Spectatum satis, et donatum jam rudi
Mæcenas, iterum antiquo me includere ludo

ublic too long, Ah, let me hide my age!
ee modest [1] Cibber now has left the stage:
ur generals now, [2] retir'd to their estates,
ng their old trophies o'er the garden gates,
life's cool evening satiate of applause,
Nor [3] fond of bleeding, ev'n in Brunswick's cause.
A voice there is, that whispers in my ear,
('Tis Reason's voice, which sometimes one can hear)
"Friend Pope! be prudent, let your [4] Muse take
And never gallop Pegasus to death; [breath,
Lest stiff, and stately, void of fire or force,
You limp like Blackmore, on a lord mayor's horse."
Farewell then [5] verse, and love, and every toy,
The rhymes and rattles of the man or boy;
What [6] right, what true, what fit we justly call,
Let this be all my care—for this is all:
To lay this [7] harvest up, and hoard with haste,
What every day will want; and most, the last.
But ask not, to what [8] doctors I apply?
Sworn to no master, of no sect am I:
As drives the [9] storm, at any door I knock,
And house with Montague now, or now with Locke:
Sometimes a [10] patriot, active in debate,
Mix with the world, and battle for the state,
Free as young Lyttleton, her cause pursue,
Still true to Virtue, [11] and as warm as true:
Sometimes with Aristippus, or St. Paul,
Indulge my candour, and grow all to all;
Back to my [12] native moderation slide,
And win my way by yielding to the tide.
[13] Long, as to him who works for debt, the day,
Long as the night to her whose love's away,
Long as the year's dull circle seems to run,
When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one;
So slow th' [14] unprofitable moments roll,
That lock up all the functions of my soul;
That keep me from myself; and still delay
Life's instant business to a future day;
That [15] task, which as we follow, or despise,
The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise:
Which done, the poorest can no wants endure;
And which not done, the richest must be poor.

Non eadem est ætas, non mens. [1] Veianius, armis
[2] Herculis ad postem fixis, latet abditus agro;
Ne populum [3] extrema toties exoret arena.
[4] Est mihi purgatam crebro qui personet aurem;
Solve [5] senescentem mature sanus equum, ne
Peccet ad extremum ridendus, et ilia ducat.
Nunc itaque et [6] versus, et cætera ludicra pono:
Quid [7] verum atque decens, curo et rogo, et omnis
in hoc sum:
[8] Condo, et compono, quæ mox depromere possim.
Ac ne forte roges, [9] quo me duce, quo Lare tuter:
Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,
[10] Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes.
Nunc agilis fio, et mersor [11] civilibus undis,
Virtutis veræ custos, [12] rigidusque satelles:
Nunc in Aristippi [13] furtim præcepta relabor,
Et mihi res, non me rebus, subjungere conor.
[14] Ut prima longa, quibus mentitur amica; diesque
Longa videtur opus debentibus: ut piger annus
Pupillis, quos dura premit custodia matrum:
Sic mihi tarda [15] fluunt ingrataque tempora, quæ
spem
Consiliumque morantur agendi gnaviter [9] id, quod
Æque pauperibus prodest, locupletibus æque,
Æque neglectum pueris senibusque nocebit.

[1] Late as it is, I put myself to school,
And feel some [2] comfort, not to be a fool.
[3] Weak though I am of limb, and short of sight,
Far from a lynx and not a giant quite:
I'll do what Mead and Cheselden advise,
To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes.
Not to [4] go back, is somewhat to advance,
And men must walk at least before they dance.
Say, does thy [5] blood rebel, thy bosom move
With wretched avarice, or as wretched love?
Know, there are worlds, and spells, which can
[6] Between the fits this fever of the soul: [control
Know there are rhymes, which [7] fresh and fresh
Will cure the arrant'st puppy of his pride. [apply'd
Be [8] furious, envious, slothful, mad, or drunk,
[9] Slave to a wife, or vassal to a punk,
A Switz, a High-dutch, or a Low-dutch [10] bear;
All that we ask is but a patient ear.
[11] 'Tis the first virtue, vices to abhor;
And the first wisdom, to be fool no more.
But to the world no [12] bugbear is so great,
As want of figure, and a small estate.
To either India see the merchant fly,
Scar'd at the spectre of pale Poverty!
See him, with pains of body, pangs of soul,
Burn through the tropic, freeze beneath the pole!
Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,
Nothing to make philosophy thy friend?
To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires,
And [13] ease thy heart of all that it admires?
[14] Here Wisdom calls: [15] "Seek virtue first, be bold!
As gold to silver, virtue is to gold."
There, London's voice, [16] "Get money, money still!
And then let Virtue follow, if she will."
This, this the saving doctrine, preach'd to all,
From [17] low St. James's up to high St. Paul!
From him whose [18] quills stand quiver'd at his ear,
To him who notches sticks at Westminster.

[1] Restat, ut his ego me ipse regam [2] solerque elementis:
[3] *Non possis oculo quantum contendere Lynceus;*
Non tamen idcirco contemnas lippus inungi:
Nec, quia desperes invicti membra Glyconis,
Nodosa corpus nolis prohibere chiragra,
Est quadam prodire [4] tenus, si non datur ultra.
[5] Fervet avaritia, miseroque cupidine pectus?
Sunt verba et voces, quibus hunc lenire dolorem
Possis, et [6] magnam morbi deponere partem.
Laudis amore tumes? sunt [7] certa piacula, quæ te
Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.
[8] Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinosus, [9] amator;
Nemo [10] adeo ferus est, ut non mitescere possit,
Si modo culturæ patientem commodet aurem.
[11] Virtus est, vitium fugere; et sapientia prima,
Stultitia caruisse. vides, quæ [12] maxima credis
Esse mala, exiguum censum, turpemque repulsam,
Quanto devites animi capitisque labore.
Impiger extremos curris mercator ad Indos,
Per [13] mare pauperiem fugiens, per saxa, per ignes:
Ne cures [14] ea, quæ stulte miraris et optas,
Discere, et audire, et meliori credere non vis?
Quis circum pagos et circum compita pugnax
Magna coronari contemnat Olympia, cui spes,
Cui sit conditio dulcis sine pulvere palmæ?
"[15] Vilius argentum est auro, virtutibus aurum.
[16] O cives, cives! quærenda pecunia primum est;
Virtus post nummos:" hæc [17] Janus summus ab imo
Prodocet: hæc recinunt juvenes dictata senesque,
[18] Lævo suspensi loculos tabulamque lacerto.

Bernard in [1] spirit, sense, and truth abounds;
"Pray then, what wants he?" fourscore thousand
A pension, or such harness for a slave [pounds?
As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.
Barnard, thou art a [2] cit with all thy worth;
But Bug and D*l, their Honours, and so forth.
Yet every [3] child another song will sing,
"Virtue, brave boys! 'tis virtue makes a king."
True, conscious honour, is to feel no sin,
He's arm'd without that's innocent within;
Be this thy [4] screen, and this thy wall of brass;
Compar'd to this, a minister's an ass.
[5] And say, to which shall our applause belong,
This new court-jargon, or the good old song?
The modern language of corrupted peers,
Or what was spoke at [6] Cressy or Poitiers?
[7] Who counsels best? who whispers, "Be but great,
With praise or infamy leave that to Fate;
Get place and wealth, if possible with grace;
If not, by any means, get wealth and place."
For what? to have a [8] box where eunuchs sing,
And foremost in the circle eye a king.
Or [9] he, who bids thee face with steady view
Proud Fortune, and look shallow Greatness through:
And, [10] while he bids thee, sets th' example too?
If [11] such a doctrine, in St. James's air,
Should chance to make the well-dress'd rabble stare;
In honest S*z take scandal at a spark,
That less admires the [12] palace than the park:
Faith I shall give the answer [13] Reynard gave:
"I cannot like, dread sire, your royal cave;
Because I see, by all the tracks about,
Full many a beast goes in, but none come out."
Adieu to Virtue, if you're once a slave:
Send her to court, you send her to her grave.
Well, if a king's a lion, at the least
The [14] people are a many-headed beast:
Can they direct what measures to pursue,
Who know themselves so little what to do?
Alike in nothing but one lust of gold,
Just half the land would buy, and half be sold:
Their [15] country's wealth our mightier misers drain,
Or cross, to plunder provinces, the main;
The rest, some farm the poor-box, some the pews;
Some keep assemblies, and would keep the stews;

Est [1] animus tibi, sunt mores, est lingua, fidesque;
Sed quadringentis sex septem millia desint.
[2] Plebs eris. [3] at pueri ludentes, rex eris, aiunt,
Si recte facies. Hic [4] murus aheneus esto,
Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa.
[5] Roscia, die sodes, melior lex, an puerorum est
Nænia, quæ regnum recte facientibus offert,
Et maribus [6] Curiis et decantata Camillis?
[7] Isne tibi melius suadet, qui "Rem facias; rem,
Si possis, recte; si non, quocunque modo rem."
Ut [8] proprius spectes lacrymosa poëmata Pupi!
An, [9] qui fortunæ te responsare superbæ
Liberum et erectum, [10] præsens hortatur et aptat?
[11] Quod si me populus Romanus forte roget, cur
Non ut [12] porticibus, sic judiciis fruar isdem:
Nec sequar aut fugiam, quæ diligit ipse vel odit;
Olim quod [13] vulpes ægroto cauta leoni
Respondit, referam: quia me vestigia terrent
Omnia te adversum spectantia, nulla retrorsum.
[14] Bellua multorum est capitum. nam quid sequar aut quem?
Pars hominum gestit [15] conducere publica: sunt qui

Some [1] with fat bucks on childless dot[ard]
Some win rich widows by their chine
While with the silent growth of ten p[ounds]
In dirt and darkness, [2] hundreds stin[k]
Of all these ways, if each [3] pursues
Satire, be kind, and let the wretch a[lone]:
But show me one who has it in his po[wer]
To act consistent with himself an hou[r].
Sir Job [4] sail'd forth, the evening bri[ght] [all],
"No place on Earth (he cry'd) like G[reenwich]
[5] Up starts a palace, lo, th' obedient [hill]
Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace,
The silver Thames reflect its marble face.
Now let some whimsey, or that [6] Devil within
Which guides all those who know not what they mean,
But give the knight (or give his lady) spleen;
"Away, away! take all your scaffolds down,
For snug's the word: my dear we'll live in town."
At amorous Flavio is the [7] stocking thrown?
That very night he longs to lie alone.
[8] The fool whose wife elopes some thrice a quarter,
For matrimonial solace dies a martyr.
Did ever [9] Proteus, Merlin, any witch,
Transform themselves so strangely as the rich?
Well, but the [10] poor—The poor have the same itch;
They change their [11] weekly barber, weekly news,
Prefer a new japanner, to their shoes;
Discharge their garrets, move their beds, and run
(They know not whither) in a chaise and one;
They [12] hire their sculler, and when once aboard,
Grow sick, and damn the climate—like a lord.
[13] You laugh, half-beau, half-sloven if I stand,
My wig all powder, and all snuff my band;
You laugh, if coat and breeches strangely vary,
White gloves, and linen worthy lady Mary!
But when [14] no prelate's lawn, with hair-shirt lin'd,
Is half so incoherent as my mind,
When (each opinion with the next at strife,
One [15] ebb and flow of follies all my life)
I [16] plant, root up; I build and then confound;
Turn round to square, and square again to round;
[17] You never change one muscle of your face,
You think this madness but a common case,

[1] Crustis et pomis viduas venentur avaras,
Excipiantque senes, quos in vivaria mittant:
[2] Multis occulto crescit res fenore. [3] verum
Esto, aliis alios rebus studiisque teneri:
Iidem eadem possunt horam durare probantes?
[4] Nullus in orbe sinus Baiis præluceat
Si dixit dives; [5] lacus et mare sentit
Festinantis heri: cui si [6] vitiosa libido
Fecerit auspicium; cras ferramenta
Tolletis, fabri. [7] lectus genialis in
Nil ait esse prius, melius nil cœlibe
[8] Si non est, jurat bene solis esse
[9] Quo teneam vultus mutantem
Quid [10] pauper? ride: mutat [11] cœ
Balnea, [12] tonsores; conducto navi
Nauseat, ac locuples quem ducit
[13] Si curatus inæquali tonsore
Occurro; rides. si forte subucula
Trita subest tunicæ, vel si toga dissidet
Rides. quid, [14] mea cum pugnat
Quod petiit, spernit; repetit quod
[15] Æstuat, et vitæ disconvenit ordi
[16] Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata
[17] Insanire putas solennia me, neque rides,

Nor [1] once to Chancery, nor to Hale apply;
Yet hang your lip, to see a seam awry!
Careless how ill I with myself agree,
Kind to my dress, my figure, not to me.
Is this my [2] guide, philosopher, and friend?
This he, who loves me, and who ought to mend;
Who ought to make me (what he can, or none)
That man divine, whom Wisdom calls her own;
Great without title, without fortune bless'd;
Rich [3] ev'n when plunder'd, [4] honour'd while oppress'd;
Lov'd [5] without youth, and follow'd without power;
At home, though exil'd; [6] free though in the Tower;
In short, that reasoning, high, immortal thing,
Just [7] less than Jove, and [8] much above a king,
Nay, half in Heaven—[9] except (what's mighty odd)
A fit of vapours clouds this demi-god!

BOOK I. EPISTLE VI.

TO MR. MURRAY.

THIS piece is the most finished of all his imitations, and executed in the high manner the Italian painters call con amore. By which they mean, the exertion of that principle, which puts the faculties on the stretch, and produces the supreme degree of excellence. For the poet had all the warmth of affection for the great lawyer to whom it is addressed; and, indeed, no man ever more deserved to have a poet for his friend. In the obtaining of which, as neither vanity, party, nor fear, had any share, so he supported his title to it by all the offices of true friendship.

"Not to admire, is all the art I know,
To make men happy, and to keep them so."
(Plain truth, dear Murray, needs no flowers [10] of speech,
So take it in the very words of Creech.)
[11] This vault of air, this congregated ball,
Self-center'd Sun, and stars that rise and fall,
There are, my friend! whose philosophic eyes
Look through and trust the Ruler with his skies,
To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
And view [12] this dreadful all without a fear.
Admire we then what [13] Earth's low entrails hold,
Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold;
All the mad trade of [14] fools and slaves for gold?

Or [1] popularity? or stars and strings?
The mob's applauses, or the gifts of kings?
Say with what [2] eyes we ought at courts to gaze,
And pay the great our homage of amaze?
If weak the [3] pleasure that from these can spring,
The fear to want them is as weak a thing:
Whether we dread, or whether we desire,
In either case, believe me, we admire;
Whether we [4] joy or grieve the same the curse,
Surpris'd at better, or surpris'd at worse.
Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray
Th' unbalanc'd mind, and snatch the man away;
For [5] Virtue's self may too much zeal be had;
The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.
[6] Go then, and if you can, admire the state
Of beaming diamonds, and reflected plate;
Procure a taste to double the surprise,
And gaze on [7] Parian charms with learned eyes:
Be struck with bright [8] brocade, or Tyrian dye,
Our birth-day nobles' splendid livery.
If not so pleas'd, at [9] council-board rejoice
To see their judgments hang upon thy voice;
From [10] morn to night, at senate, rolls, and hall,
Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
But wherefore all this labour, all this strife?
For [11] fame, for riches, for a noble wife?
Shall [12] one whom Nature, learning, birth conspir'd
To form, not to admire, but be admir'd,
Sigh, while his Chloe, blind to wit and worth,
Weds the rich dulness of some son of earth?
Yet [13] time ennobles, or degrades each line;
It brighten'd Craggs's, and may darken thine:
And what is fame? the meanest have their day,
The greatest can but blaze, and pass away.
Grac'd as thou art, [14] with all the power of words,
So known, so honour'd, at the house of lords:
Conspicuous scene! another yet is nigh,
(More silent far) where kings and poets lie;
[15] Where Murray (long enough his country's pride)
Shall be no more than Tully, or than Hyde!
[15] Rack'd with sciatics, martyr'd with the stone,
Will any mortal let himself alone?
See Ward by batter'd beaux invited over,
And desperate misery lays hold on Dover.
The case is easier in the mind's disease;
There all men may be cur'd, whene'er they please.

Nec [1] medici credis, nec curatoris egere
A praetore dati; rerum [2] tutela mearum
Cum sis, et prave sectum stomacheris ob unguem,
De te pendentis, te respicientis amici. [4] dives,
Ad summam, sapiens uno [3] minor est Jove,
[5] Liber, [6] honoratus, [7] pulcher, [8] rex denique regum;
Praecipue sanus, [9] nisi cum pituita molesta est.

EPISTOLA VI.

Nil admirari, prope res est una, Numici,
Solaque quae possit facere et servare beatum.[10]
[11] Hunc solem, et stellas, et decedentia certis
Tempora momentis, sunt qui [12] formidine nulla,
Imbuti spectent. [13] quid censes, munera terrae?
Quid, maris extremos Arabas [14] ditantis et Indos?

Ludicra, quid, [1] plausus, et amici dona Quiritis?
Quo spectanda modo, [2] quo sensu credis et ore?
[3] Qui timet his adversa, fere miratur eodem
Quo cupiens pacto: pavor est utrobique molestus:
Improvisa simul species exterret utrumque: [rem,
[4] Gaudeat, an doleat; cupiat, metuatne; quid ad
Si, quidquid vidit melius pejusve sua spe,
Defixis oculis animoque et corpore torpet?
[5] Insani sapiens nomen ferat, aequus iniqui;
Ultra quam satis est, virtutem si petat ipsam.
[6] I nunc, argentum et marmor [7] vetus, aeraque et artes
Suspice: cum gemmis [8] Tyrios mirare colores:
Gaude, quod spectant oculi te [9] mille loquentem:
Gnavus [10] mane forum, et vespertinus pete tectum;
[11] Ne plus frumenti dotalibus emetat agris
Mutus et (indignum; quod sit pejoribus ortus)
[12] Hic tibi sit potius, quam tu mirabilis illi.
[13] Quicquid sub terra est, in apricum proferet aetas;
Defodiet condetque nitentia. [14] cum bene notum
Porticus Agrippae, et via te conspexerit Appi;
Ire tamen restat, Numa [15] quo devenit et Ancus.
[16] Si latus aut renes morbo tentantur acuto,

Would ye be [1] blest? despise low joys, low gains;
Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains;
Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.
[2] But art thou one, whom new opinions sway,
One who believes as Tindal leads the way,
Who virtue and a church alike disowns,
Thinks that but words, and this but brick and stones?
Fly [3] then on all the wings of wild desire,
Admire whate'er the maddest can admire:
Is wealth thy passion? Hence! from pole to pole,
Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll,
For Indian spices, for Peruvian gold,
Prevent the greedy, or outbid the bold:
[4] Advance thy golden mountain to the skies;
On the broad base of fifty thousand rise,
Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair)
Add fifty more, and bring it to a square.
For, mark th' advantage; just so many score,
Will gain a [5] wife with half as many more,
Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaste,
And then such [6] friends—as cannot fail to last.
A [7] man of wealth is dubb'd a man of worth,
Venus shall give him form, and Anstis birth.
(Believe me, many a [8] German prince is worse,
Who proud of pedigree is poor of purse)
His wealth brave [9] Timon gloriously confounds;
Ask for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds;
Or if three ladies like a luckless play,
Takes the whole house upon the poet's day.
[10] Now, in such exigencies not to need,
Upon my word, you must be rich indeed;
A noble superfluity it craves,
Not for yourself, but for your fools and knaves;
Something, which for your honour they may cheat,
And which it much becomes you to forget.
[11] If wealth alone then make and keep us blest,
Still, still be getting, never, never rest.
[12] But if to power and place your passion lie,
If in the pomp of life consist the joy;
Then [13] hire a slave, or (if you will) a lord,
To do the honours, and to give the word;
Tell at your levee, as the crouds approach,
To whom [14] to nod, whom take into your coach

Quare fugam morbi. [1] vis recte vivere? quis non?
Si virtus hoc una potest dare, fortis omissis
Hoc age deliciis.
[2] virtutem verba putes, et
Lucum ligna? [3] cave ne portus occupet alter;
Ne Cibyratica, ne Bithyna negotia perdas:
[4] Mille talenta rotundentur, totidem altera, porro et
Tertia succedant, et quæ pars quadret acervum.
Scilicet [5] uxorem cum dote, fidemque, et [6] amicos,
Et genus, et formam, regina [7] Pecunia donat;
Ac bene nummatum decorat Suadela, Venusque.
Mancipiis locuples, eget æris [8] Capadocum rex:
Ne fueris hic tu. [9] chlamydes Lucullus, ut aiunt,
Si posset centum scenæ præbere rogatus, [habebo
Qui possum tot? ait: tamen et quæram, et quot
Mittam: post paulo scribit, sibi millia quinque
Esse domi chlamydum: partem, vel tolleret omnes.
[10] Exilis domus est, ubi non et multa supersunt,
Et dominum fallunt, et prosunt furibus. [11] ergo,
Si res sola potest facere et servare beatum,
Hoc primus repetas opus, hoc postremus omittas.
[12] Si fortunatum species et gratia præstat,
[13] Mercemur servum, qui dictet nomina, lævum
Qui fodicet latus, et [14] cogat trans pondera dextram

Whom honour with your hand: to make remarks
Who [1] rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks
"This may be troublesome, is near the chair:
That makes three members, this can chuse a mayor."
Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest,
Adopt him [2] son, or cousin at the least,
Then turn about, and [3] laugh at your own jest.
Or if your life be one continued treat,
If [4] to live well means nothing but to eat;
Up, up! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day,
Go drive the deer, and drag the finny prey,
With hounds and horns go hunt an app[illegible]
So [5] Russel did, but could not eat at night;
Call'd happy dog! the beggar at his door,
And envy'd thirst and hunger to the poor.
Or shall we [6] every decency confound;
Through taverns, stews, and bagnio's take our round;
Go dine with Chartres, in each vice outdo
[7] K—l's lewd cargo, or Ty—y's crew;
From Latian syrens, French Circæan feasts,
Return well travell'd, and transform'd to beasts;
Or for a titled punk, or foreign flame,
Renounce our [8] country and degrade our name?
If, after all, we must with [9] Wilmot own,
The cordial drop of life is love alone,
And Swift cry wisely, "Vive la bagatelle!"
The man that loves and laughs, must sure do well.
[10] Adieu—if this advice appear the worst,
E'en take the counsel which I gave you first:
Or better precepts if you can impart,
Why do, I'll follow them with all my heart.

EPISTLE I.

TO AUGUSTUS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The reflections of Horace, and the judgments past in his epistle to Augustus, seemed so seasonable to the present times, that I could not help applying them to the use of my own country. The author thought them considerable enough to address them to his prince; whom he paints with all the great and good qualities of a monarch, upon whom the Romans depended for the increase of an absolute empire. But to make the poem entirely English, I was willing to add one or two of those which con-

Porrigere: [1] Hic multum in Fabia valet ille Velina:
Cui libet, is faces dabit; eripietque curule,
Cui volet, importunus ebur: [2] Frater, Pater, adde:
Ut cuique est ætas, ita quemque [3] facetus adopta.
Si [4] bene qui cœnat, bene vivit; lucet: [illegible]
Quo ducit gula: piscemur, venemur, ut [illegible]
Gargilius: qui mane plagas, venabula, [illegible]
Differtum transire forum populumque [illegible]
Unus ut e multis populo spectante referre
Emptum mulus aprum. [6] crudi, tumidique [illegible]
Quid deceat, quid non, obliti; Cærite [illegible]
Digni; [7] remigium vitiosum Ithacensis [illegible]
Cui potior [8] patria fuit interdicta voluptas.
[9] Si, Mimnermus uti censet, sine amore jocisque
Nil est jucundum; vivas in amore jocisque.
[10] Vive, vale. si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum.

tribute to the happiness of a free people, and are more consistent with the welfare of our neighbours.

This epistle will show the learned world to have fallen into two mistakes: one, that Augustus was the patron of poets in general; whereas he not only prohibited all but the best writers to name him, but recommended that care ev'n to the civil magistrate: Admonebat prætores, ne paterentur nomen suum obsolefieri, &c. The other, that this piece was only a general discourse of poetry; whereas it was an apology for the poets, in order to render Augustus more their patron. Horace here pleads the cause of his contemporaries, first against the taste of the town, whose humour it was to magnify the authors of the preceding age; secondly against the court and nobility, who encouraged only the writers for the theatre; and lastly against the emperor himself, who had conceived them of little use to the government. He shows (by a view of the progress of learning, and the change of taste among the Romans) that the introduction of the polite arts of Greece had given the writers of his time great advantages over their predecessors; that their morals were much improved, and the licence of those ancient poets restrained; that satire and comedy were become more just and useful; that whatever extravagances were left on the stage, were owing to the ill taste of the nobility; that poets, under due regulations, were in many respects useful to the state; and concludes, that it was upon them the emperor himself must depend, for his fame with posterity.

We may farther learn from this epistle, that Horace made his court to this great prince, by writing with a decent freedom towards him, with a just contempt of his low flatterers, and with a manly regard to his own character.

EPISTLE I.

TO AUGUSTUS.

WHILE you, great patron of mankind! [1] sustain
The balanc'd world, and open all the main;
Your country, chief, in arms abroad defend;
At home, with morals, arts, and laws amend;
[2] How shall the muse, from such a monarch, steal
An hour and not defraud the public weal?
[3] Edward and Henry, now the boast of fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more [4] sacred name,
After a life of generous toils endur'd,
The Gaul subdued, or property secur'd,
Ambition humbled, mighty cities storm'd,
Or laws establish'd, and the world reform'd;

EPISTOLA I.

AD AUGUSTUM.

Cum tot sustineas et tanta negotia solus,
Res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,
Legibus emendes; in [2] publica commoda peccem,
Si longo sermone morer tua tempora, Cæsar.
Romulus, et Liber pater, et cum Castore Pollux,
Post ingentia facta, [4] Deorum in templa recepti,
Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aspera bella
Componunt, agros adsignant, oppida condunt;

[1] Clos'd their long glories with a sigh, to find
Th' unwilling gratitude of base mankind!
All human virtue to its latest breath
[2] Finds Envy never conquer'd but by Death.
The great Alcides, every labour past,
Had still this monster to subdue at last.
[3] Sure fate of all beneath whose rising ray
Each star of meaner merit fades away!
Oppress'd we feel the beam directly beat,
Those suns of glory please not till they set.
To thee the world its present homage pays,
The harvest early, [4] but mature the praise:
Great friend of liberty! in kings a name
Above all Greek, above all Roman fame *:
Whose word is truth, as sacred and rever'd,
[5] As Heavens own oracles from altars heard.
Wonder of kings! like whom, to mortal eyes
[6] None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise.
Just in one instance, be it yet confest
Your people, sir, are partial in the rest:
Foes to all living worth except your own,
And advocates for folly dead and gone.
Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old;
It is the rust we value, not the gold.
[7] Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
And beastly Skelton heads of houses quote:
One likes no language but the Faery Queen;
A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk o' the Green;
And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,
[8] He swears the Muses meet him at the Devil.
Though justly [9] Greece her eldest sons admires,
Why should not we be wiser than our sires?
In every public virtue we excel;
We build, we paint, [10] we sing, we dance as well;
And [11] learned Athens to our art must stoop,
Could she behold us tumbling through a hoop.
If [12] time improve our wits as well as wine,
Say at what age a poet grows divine?
Shall we, or shall we not, account him so,
Who dy'd perhaps an hundred years ago?
End all dispute; and fix the year precise
When British bards begin t' immortalize?

[1] Ploravere suis non respondere favorem
Speratum meritis. diram qui contudit Hydram,
Notaque fatali portenta labore subegit,
Comperit [2] invidiam supremo fine domari,
[3] Urit enim fulgore suo, qui prægravat artes
Infra se positas: extinctus amabitur idem.
[4] Præsenti tibi maturos largimur honores,
[5] Jurandasque tuum per numen ponimus aras,
[6] Nil ortturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes.
Sed tuus hoc populus sapiens et justus in uno,
* Te nostris ducibus, te Graiis anteferendo
Cætera nequaquam simili ratione modoque
Æstimat; et, nisi quæ terris semota suisque
Temporibus defuncta videt, fastidit et odit:
[7] Sic fautor veterum, ut tabulas peccare vetantes
Quas bis quinque viri sanxerunt, fœdera regum,
Vel Gabiis vel cum rigidis æquata Sabinis,
Pontificum libros annosa volumina Vatum,
[8] Dictitet Albano Musas in monte locutas.
Si, quia [9] Græcorum sunt antiquissima quæque
Scripta vel optima, Romani pensantur eadem
Scriptores trutina; non est quod multa loquamur:
Nil intra est oleam, nil extra est in nuce duri.
Venimus ad summum fortunæ: pingimus, atque
[10] Psallimus, et [11] luctamur Achivis doctius unctis.
Si [12] meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit;
Scire velim, chartis pretium quotus arroget annus.

" Who lasts a [1] century can have no flaw;
I hold that wit a classic, good in law."
Suppose he wants a year, will you compound?
And shall we deem him[2] ancient right and sound,
Or damn to all eternity at once,
At ninety-nine, a modern and a dunce?
" We shall not quarrel for a year or two;
By [3] courtesy of England, he may do."
Then, by the rule that made the [4] horse-tail bare,
I pluck out year by year as hair by hair,
And melt [5] down ancients like a heap of snow:
While you, to measure merits, look in [6] Stowe,
And, estimating authors by the year,
Bestow a garland only on a [7] bier. [bill
[8] Shakespeare (whom you and every playhouse
Style the divine, the matchless, what you will)
For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despite.
Ben, old and poor, as little seem'd to heed
[9] The life to come in every poet's creed.
Who now reads [10] Cowley? if he pleases yet,
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit;
Forgot his epic, nay pindaric art,
But still [11] I love the language of his heart.
" Yet surely, [12] surely, these were famous men!
What boy but hears the saying of old Ben?
In all [13] debates where critics bear a part,
Not one but nods, and talks of Jonson's art,
Of Shakespeare's nature, and of Cowley's wit;
How Beaumont's judgment check'd what Fletcher writ;
How Shadwell hasty, Wycherley was slow;
But, for the passions, Southerne, sure, and Rowe.
These, [14] only these, support the crowded stage,
From eldest Heywood down to Cibber's age."
All this may be; [15] the peoples voice is odd,
It is, and it is not, the voice of God.
To [16] Gammer Gurton if it give the bays,
And yet deny the Careless Husband praise,

Or say our fathers never broke a rule
Why then, I say, the public is a fool.
But let them own, that greater faults
They had, and greater virtues, I'll agr
Spenser himself affects the [1] obsolete,
And Sydney's verse halts ill on [2] Roman
Milton's strong pinion now not Heaven
Now serpent-like, in [3] prose he sweeps th
In quibbles, angel and archangel join,
And God the father turns a school-divine.
[4] Not that I'd lop the beauties from his book,
Like [5] slashing Bently with his desperate hook,
Or damn all Shakespeare, like th' affected fool
At court, who hates whate'er he [6] read at school.
But for the wits of either Charles's days,
The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease;
Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,
(Like twinkling stars the miscellanies o'er)
One simile, that [7] solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines,
Or [8] lengthen'd thought that gleams through many
Has sanctify'd whole poems for an age. [a page,
[9] I lose my patience, and I own it too,
When works are censur'd, not as bad, but new;
While, if our elders break all reason's laws,
These fools demand not pardon, but applause.
[10] On Avon's bank, where flowers eternal blow,
If I but ask if any weed can grow;
One tragic sentence if I dare deride,
Which [11] Betterton's grave action dignify'd,
Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims,
(Though but, perhaps, a muster-roll of names)
How will our fathers rise up in a rage,
And swear, all shame is lost in George's age!
You'd think [12] no fools disgrac'd the former reign,
Did not some grave examples yet remain,
Who scorn a lad should teach his father skill,
And having once been wrong, will be so still.
He, who to seem more deep than you or I,
Extols old bards, [13] or Merlin's prophecy,
Mistake him not; he envies, not admires,
And to debase the sons, exalts the sires.

Scriptor ab hinc annos centum qui decidit, inter
Perfectos veteresque referri debet, an inter
Viles atque novos? excludat jurgia finis.
Est vetus atque probus, [1] centum qui perficit annos.
Quid? qui deperiit minor uno mense vel anno,
Inter quos referendus erit? [2] veteresne poetas,
An quos et præsens et postera respuat ætas?
Iste quidem veteres inter ponetur [3] honeste,
Qui vel mense brevi, vel toto est junior anno.
Utor permisso, caudæque pilos ut [4] equinæ
Paulatim vello: et demo unum, demo et item
Dum cadat elusus ratione [5] ruentis acervi, [unum;
Qui redit in [6] fastos, et virtutem æstimat annis,
Miraturque nihil, nisi quod [7] Libitina sacravit.
[8] Ennius et sapiens, et fortis, et alter Homerus,
Ut critici dicunt, leviter curare videtur
Quo [9] promissa cadant, et somnia Pythagoræ.
[10] Nævius in manibus non est; at [11] mentibus hæret
Pene recens: [12] adeo sanctum est vetus omne poema.
Ambigitur [13] quoties, uter utro sit prior; aufert
Pacuvius docti famam senis, Accius alti:
Dicitur Afrani toga convenisse Menandro:
Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi
Vincere Cæcilius gravitate, Terentius arte:
Hos ediscit, et hos arcto stipata theatro [poetas
Spectat Roma potens; [14] habet hos numeratque
Ad nostrum tempus, Livî scriptoris ab ævo.
[15] Interdum vulgus rectum videt: est ubi peccat.
Si [16] veteres ita miratur laudatque poetas,

Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet; errat:
Si quædam nimis [1] antique, si pleraque [2] dure
Dicere credit eos, [3] ignave multa fatetur;
Et sapit, et mecum facit, et Jove judicat æquo.
[4] Non equidem insector, delendaque carmina Livî
Esse reor, memini quæ [5] plagosum [6] mihi parvo
Orbilium dictare;
sed emendata videri
Pulchraque, et exactis minimum distantia, miror:
Inter quæ [7] verbum emicuit si forte decorum,
Si [8] versus paulo concinnior unus et alter;
Injuste totum ducit venditque poema.
[9] Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia crasse
Compositum, illepideve putetur, sed quia nuper;
Nec veniam antiquis, sed honorem et præmia posci.
[10] Recte necne crocum floresque perambulet Attæ
Fabula, si dubitem; clamant periisse pudorem
Cuncti pene patres: ea cum reprehendere coner,
Quæ [11] gravis Æsopus, quæ doctus Roscius egit.
Vel quia nil [12] rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi,
ducunt;
Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, et quæ
Imberbi didicere, senes perdenda fateri.
Jam [13] Saliare Numæ carmen qui laudat, et illud,
Quod mecum ignorat, solus vult scire videri;
Ingeniis non ille favet plauditque sepultis,
Nostra sed impugnat, nos nostraque lividus odit.

[1] Had ancient times conspir'd to disallow
What then was new, what had been ancient now?
Or what remain'd, so worthy to be read
By learned critics, of the mighty dead?
[2] In days of ease, when now the weary sword
Was sheath'd, and luxury with Charles restor'd;
In every taste of foreign courts improv'd,
"All, by the king's example, liv'd and lov'd."
Then peers grew proud [3] in horsemanship t' excel,
Newmarket's glory rose, as Britain's fell;
The soldier breath'd the gallantries of France,
And every flowery courtier writ romance.
Then [4] marble, soften'd into life, grew warm,
And yielding metal flow'd to human form:
Lely on [5] animated canvas stole
The sleepy eye, that spoke the melting soul.
No wonder then, when all was love and sport,
The willing Muses were debauch'd at court:
On [6] each enervate string they taught the note
To pant or tremble through an eunuch's throat.
But [7] Britain, changeful as a child at play,
Now calls in princes, and now turns away.
Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate;
Now all for pleasure, now for church or state;
Now for prerogative, and now for laws;
Effects unhappy! from a noble cause.
[8] Time was, a sober Englishman would knock
His servants up, and rise by five o'clock,
Instruct his family in every rule,
And send his wife to church, his son to school.
To [9] worship like his fathers, was his care;
To teach their frugal virtues to his heir;
To prove that luxury could never hold;
And place, on good [10] security, his gold.
Now times are chang'd, and one [11] poetic itch
Has seiz'd the court and city, poor and rich:
Sons, sires, and grandsires, all will wear the bays,
Our wives read Milton, and our daughters plays,
To theatres and to rehearsals throng,
And all our grace at tables is a song.
I, who so oft renounce the Muses, [12] lie,
Not ——'s self e'er tells more fibbs than I;

When sick of Muse, our follies we deplore,
And promise our best friends to rhyme no more;
We wake next morning in a raging fit,
And call for pen and ink to show our wit.
[1] He serv'd a 'prenticeship, who sets up shop;
Ward try'd on puppies, and the poor, his drop;
Ev'n [2] Radcliffe's doctors travel first to France,
Nor dare to practise till they've learn'd to dance.
Who builds a bridge that never drove a pile?
(Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile)
But [3] those who cannot write, and those who can,
All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.
Yet, sir, [4] reflect, the mischief is not great;
These madmen never hurt the church or state:
Sometimes the folly benefits mankind;
And rarely [5] avarice taints the tuneful mind,
Allow him but his [6] plaything of a pen,
He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men:
[7] Flight of cashiers, or mobs, he'll never mind,
And knows no losses while the Muse is kind.
To [8] cheat a friend, or ward, he leaves to Peter;
The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,
Enjoys his garden and his book in quiet;
And then—a perfect hermit in his [9] diet.
Of little use the man you may suppose,
Who says in verse what others say in prose:
Yet let me show, a poet 's of some weight,
And (though no soldier) useful to the state.
[11] What will a child learn sooner than a song?
What better teach a foreigner the tongue?
What's long or short, each accent where to place,
And speak in public with some sort of grace.
I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
Unless he praise some monster of a king;
Or virtue, or religion turn to sport,
To please a lewd or unbelieving court.
Unhappy Dryden!—In all Charles's days,
Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;
And in our own (excuse some courtly stains)
No whiter page than Addison remains;
He [12] from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
And sets the passions on the side of Truth,
Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
And pours each human virtue in the heart.
Let Ireland tell, how wit upheld her cause,
Her trade supported, and supplied her laws;
And leave on Swift this grateful verse engrav'd,
"The rights a court attack'd, a poet sav'd."
Behold the hand that wrought a nation's cure,
Stretch'd to [13] relieve the idiot and the poor,

[1] Quod si tam Græcis novitas invisa fuisset,
Quam nobis; quid nunc esset vetus? aut quid haberet,
Quod legeret tereretque viritim publicus usus?
[2] Ut primum positis nugari Græcia bellis
Cœpit, et in vitium fortuna labier æqua;
Nunc athletarum studiis, nunc arsit [3] equorum:
[4] Marmoris aut eboris fabros aut æris amavit;
Suspendit [5] picta vultum mentemque tabella;
Nunc [6] tibicinibus, nunc est gavisa tragœdis:
[7] Sub nutrice puella velut si luderet infans,
Quod cupide petiit, mature plena reliquit.
Quid placet, aut odio est, quod non mutabile credas?
Hoc paces habuere bonæ, ventique secundi.
[8] Romæ dulce diu fuit et solemne, reclusa
Mane domo vigilare, clienti promere jura;
Scriptos [9] nominibus rectis expendere nummos;
[10] Majores audire, minori dicere, per quæ
Crescere res posset minui damnosa libido.
Mutavit mentem populus levis, [11] et calet uno
Scribendi studio: pueri patresque severi
Fronde comas vincti cœnant, et carmina dictant.
Ipse ego, qui nullos me affirmo scribere versus,
Invenior [12] Parthis mendacior; et prius orto
Sole vigil, calamum et chartas et scrinia posco.

[1] Navem agere ignarus navis timet: abrotonum ægro
Non audet, nisi qui didicit, dare: quod medicorum
Promittunt [2] medici: tractant fabrilia fabri: [est,
[3] Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim.
[4] Hic error tamen et levis hæc insania, quantas
Virtutes habeat, sic collige: vatis [5] avarus
Non temere est animus: [6] versus amat, hoc studet unum;
Detrimenta, [7] fugas servorum, incendia ridet;
Non [8] fraudem socio, puerove incogitat ullam
Pupillo? vivit siliquis, [9] et pane secundo;
[10] Militiæ quamquam piger et malus, utilis urbi;
Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna juvari;
[11] Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat:
Torquet [12] ab obscœnis jam nunc sermonibus aurem;
Mox etiam pectus præceptis format amicis,
Asperitatis, et invidiæ corrector, et iræ;
Recte facta refert; [13] orientia tempora notis

Proud Vice to brand, or injur'd Worth adorn,
And [1] stretch the ray to ages yet unborn.
Not but there are, who merit other palms;
Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with psalms:
The [2] boys and girls whom charity maintains
Implore your help in these pathetic strains:
How could Devotion [3] touch the country pews,
Unless the gods bestow'd a proper Muse?
Verse cheers their leisure, Verse assists their work,
Verse prays for peace, or sings down [4] pope and Turk.
The silenc'd preacher yields to potent strain,
And feels that grace his prayer besought in vain;
The blessing thrills through all the labouring throng,
And [5] Heaven is won by violence of song.
Our [6] rural ancestors, with little blest,
Patient of labour when the end was rest,
Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain,
With feasts, and offerings, and a thankful strain:
The joy their wives, their sons, and servants share,
Ease of their toil, and partners of their care:
The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
Smooth'd every brow, and open'd every soul:
With growing years the pleasing licence grew,
And [7] taunts alternate innocently flew.
But times corrupt, and [8] Nature ill-inclin'd,
Produc'd the point that left a sting behind;
Till, friend with friend, and families at strife,
Triumphant Malice rag'd through private life.
Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm,
Appeal'd to law, and Justice lent her arm.
At length by wholesome [9] dread of statutes bound,
The poets learn'd to please, and not to wound:
Most warp'd to [10] flattery's side; but some, more nice,
Preserv'd the freedom, and forbore the vice.
Hence satire rose, that just the medium hit,
And heals with morals what it hurts with wit.
[11] We conquer'd France, but felt our captive's charms;
Her arts victorious triumph'd o'er our arms;
Britain to soft refinements less a foe,
Wit grew polite, and [12] numbers learn'd to flow.

Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine.
Though still some traces of our [1] rustic vein
And splayfoot verse remain'd, and will remain.
Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
When the tir'd nation [2] breath'd from civil war.
Exact [3] Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
Show'd us that France had something to admire.
Not but the [4] tragic spirit was our own,
And full in Shakespeare, fair in Otway shone:
But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,
And [5] fluent Shakespeare scarce effac'd a line.
Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest art, the art to blot.
Some doubt, if equal pains, or equal fire,
The [6] humbler Muse of comedy require.
But in known images of life, I guess
The labour greater, as th' indulgence less.[7]
Observe how seldom ev'n the best succeed:
Tell me if [8] Congreve's fools are fools indeed?
What pert low dialogue has Farquhar writ!
How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit!
The stage how loosely [9] does Astræa tread,
Who fairly puts all characters to bed!
And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
To make poor Pinkey [10] eat with vast applause!
But fill their [11] purse, our poets' work is done,
Alike to them, by pathos or by pun.
O you! whom [12] Vanity's light bark conveys
On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,
With what a shifting gale your course you ply,
For ever sunk too low, or borne too high;
Who pants for glory finds but short repose,
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
[13] Farewell the stage! if, just as thrives the play,
The silly bard grows fat, or falls away.
[14] There still remains, to mortify a wit,
The many-headed monster of the pit;
A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd crow'd:
Who, [15] to disturb their betters mighty proud,

Instruit exemplis; [1] inopem solatur et ægrum.
Castis cum [2] pueris ignara puella mariti
Disceret unde [3] preces, vatem ni Musa dedisset?
Poscit opem chorus, et præsentia numina sentit;
Cœlestes implorat aquas, docta prece blandus;
Avertit morbos, [4] metuenda pericula pellit;
Impetrat et pacem, et locupletem frugibus annum.
[5] Carmine Di superi placantur, carmine Manes.
[6] Agricolæ prisci, fortes parvoque beati,
Condita post frumenta, levantes tempore festo
Corpus et ipsum animum spe finis dura ferentem,
Cum sociis operum pueris et conjuge fida,
Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant,
Floribus, et vino Genium memorem brevis ævi.
Fescennina per hunc inventa licentia morem.
[7] Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit;
Libertasque recurrentes accepta per annos
Lusit amabiliter: [8] donec jam sævus apertam
In rabiem cœpit verti jocus, et per honestas
Ire domos impune minax. doluere cruento
Dente lacessiti: fuit intactis quoque cura
Conditione super communi: [9] quin etiam lex
Pœnaque lata, malo quæ nollet carmine quemquam
Describi. vertere modum, formidine fustis
Ad [10] bene dicendum, delectandumque redacti.
[11] Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
Intulit agresti Latio. sic horridus ille
Defluxit [12] numerus Saturnius, et grave virus

Munditiæ pepulere: sed in longum tamen ævum
Manserunt, hodieque manent, [1] vestigia ruris.
Serus enim Græcis admovit acumina chartis;
Et post [2] Punica bella quietus quærere cœpit,
Quid [3] Sophocles et Thespis et Æschylus utile ferrent:
Tentavit quoque rem, si digne vertere posset:
Et placuit sibi, natura sublimis et acer:
Nam [4] spirat tragicum satis, et feliciter audet:
Sed [5] turpem putat inscite metuitque lituram.
Creditur, ex [6] medio quia res arcessit, habere
Sudoris minimum; sed habet comœdia tanto
Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus.[7] aspice, Plautus
Quo pacto [8] partes tutetur amantis ephebi,
Ut patris attenti, lenonis ut insidiosi:
Quantus sit Dossennus [9] edacibus in parasitis;
Quam non [10] astricto percurrat pulpita socco.
Gestit enim [11] nummum in loculos demittere: post
Securus, cadat an recto stet fabula talo. [hoc
Quem tulit ad scenam [12] ventoso gloria curru,
Exanimat lentus spectator, sedulus inflat:
Sic leve, sic parvum est, animum quod laudis avarum
Subruit, ac reficit: [13] valeat res ludicra, si me
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.
[14] Sæpe etiam audacem fugat hoc terretque poetam
Quod numero plures, virtute et honore minores
Indocti, stolidique, et [15] depugnare parati

Clattering their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
Call for the farce, [1] the bear, or the Black-joke.
What dear delight to Britons farce affords!
Ever the taste of mobs, but now [2] of lords;
(Taste, that eternal wanderer, which flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.)
The play stands still; damn action and discourse,
Back fly the scenes, and enter foot, [3] and horse;
Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
Peers, heralds, bishops, ermin, gold and lawn;
The champion too! and, to complete the jest,
Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breast.
With [4] laughter sure Democritus had dy'd,
Had he beheld an audience gape so wide.
Let bear or [5] elephant be e'er so white,
The people sure, the people are the sight!
Ah luckless [6] poet! stretch thy lungs and roar,
That bear or elephant shall heed thee more;
While all its [7] throats the gallery extends,
And all the thunder of the pit ascends!
Loud as the wolves, on [8] Orca's stormy steep,
Howl to the roarings of the northern deep:
Such is the shout, the long-applauding note,
At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's [9] petticoat;
Or when from court a birth-day suit bestow'd,
Sinks the [10] lost actor in the tawdrey load.
Booth enters—hark! the universal peal!
"But has he spoken?" Not a syllable.
What shook the stage, and made the people stare?
[11] Cato's long wig, flower'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.

Yet, lest you think I rally more than teach,
Or praise malignly arts I cannot reach,
Let me for once presume t' instruct the times,
To know the poet from the man of rhymes:
'Tis he [12] who gives my breast a thousand pains,
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns;
Enrage, compose, with more than magic art;
With pity, and with terrour, tear my heart;
And snatch me, o'er the earth, or through the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

Si discordet eques, media inter carmina poscunt
Aut [1] ursum aut pugiles: his nam plebecula gaudet. [luptas
Verum [2] equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure vo-
Omnis, ad incertos oculos, et gaudia vana.
Quatuor aut plures aulæa premuntur in horas;
Dum fugiunt [3] equitum turmæ, peditumque catervæ:
Mox traditur manibus regum fortuna retortis;
Esseda festinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves;
Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.
[4] Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus; seu
Diversum confusa genus panthera camelo,
Sive [5] elephas albus vulgi converteret ora.
Spectaret populum ludis attentius ipsis,
Ut sibi præbentem mimo spectacula plura:
Scriptores autem [6] narrare putaret asello
Fabellam surdo. nam quæ [7] pervincere voces
Evaluere sonum, referunt quem nostra theatra?
[8] Garganum mugire putes nemus, aut mare Tuscum.
Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur, et artes,
[9] Divitiæque peregrinæ: quibus [10] oblitus actor
Cum stetit in scena, concurrit dextera lævæ.
Dixit adhuc aliquid? nil sane. Quid placet ergo?
[11] Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.
Ac ne forte putes me, quæ facere ipse recusem,
Cum recte tractent alii, laudare maligne:
Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur
Ire poeta; [12] meum qui pectus inaniter angit,

[1] But not this part of the poetic state
Alone, deserves the favour of the great:
Think of those authors, sir, who would rely
More on a reader's sense, than gazer's eye.
Or who shall wander where the Muses sing?
Who climb their mountain, or who taste their spring?
How shall we fill a [2] library with wit,
When Merlin's Cave is half unfurnish'd yet?
My liege! why writers little claim your thought,
I guess; and, with their leave, will tell the fault:
We [3] poets are (upon a poet's word)
Of all mankind, the creatures most absurd:
The [4] season, when to come, and when to go,
To sing, or cease to sing, we never know;
And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
You lose your patience just like other men.
Then too we hurt ourselves, when, to defend
A [5] single verse, we quarrel with a friend;
Repeat [6] unask'd; [7] lament, the wit's too fine
For vulgar eyes, and point out every line;
But most, when, straining with too weak a wing,
We needs will write epistles to the king;
And [8] from the moment we oblige the town,
Expect a place, or pension from the crown;
Or, dubb'd historians by express command,
T' enroll your triumphs o'er the seas and land,
Be call'd to court to plan some work divine,
As once for Louis, Boileau and Racine.
Yet think, great sir! (so many virtues shown)
Ah think, what poet best may make them known?
Or chuse at least some minister of grace,
Fit to bestow the [10] laureat's weighty place.
[11] Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair,
Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care;
And [12] great Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed
To fix him graceful on the bounding steed;
So well in paint and stone they judg'd of merit:
But kings in wit may want discerning spirit.

Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut magus; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.
[1] Verum age, et his, qui se lectori credere malunt,
Quam spectatoris fastidia ferre superbi,
Curam impende brevem: si [2] munus Apolline dignum
Vis complere libris; et vatibus addere calcar,
Ut studio majore petant Helicona virentem.
[3] Multa quidem nobis facimus mala sæpe poetæ,
(Ut vineta egomet cædam mea) cum tibi librum
[4] Solicito damus, aut fesso: cum lædimur, [5] unum
Si quis amicorum est ausus reprendere versum:
Cum loca jam [6] recitata revolvimus irrevocati:
Cum [7] lamentamur non apparere labores
Nostros, et tenui deducta poemata filo:
Cum [8] speramus eo rem venturam, ut, simul atque
Carmina rescieris nos fingere, commodus ultro
Arcessas, et egere vetes, et scribere cogas.
Sed tamen est [9] operæ pretium cognoscere, quales
Ædituos habeat belli spectata domique
Virtus, [10] indigno non committenda poetæ,
[11] Gratus Alexandro regi magno fuit ille
Chœrilus, incultis qui versibus et male natis
Rettulit acceptos, regale numisma, Philippos.
Sed veluti tractata notam labemque remittunt
Atramenta, fere scriptores carmine fœdo
Splendida facta linunt. idem rex ille, poema
Qui tam ridiculum tam care prodigus emit,
Edicto vetuit, ne quis se præter Apellem
Pingeret, aut alius Lysippo duceret æra
Fortis [12] Alexandri vultum simulantia. quod si
Judicium subtile videndis artibus illud

The hero William, and the martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore, andone pension'dQuarles;
Which made old Ben and surly Dennis swear,
"No lord's anointed, but a [1] Russian bear."
Not with such [2] majesty, such bold relief,
The forms august, of king, or conquering chief,
E'er swell'd on marble; as in verse have shin'd
(In polish'd verse) the manners and the mind.
Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
Your [3] arms, your actions, your repose to sing;
What [4] seas you travers'd, and what fields you fought!
Your country's peace, how oft, how dearly bought!
How [5] barbarous rage subsided at your word,
And nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the sword!
How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep,
[6] Peace stole her wing, and wrapp'd the world in sleep;
Till Earth's extremes your mediation own,
And [7] Asia's tyrants tremble at your throne—
But [8] verse, alas! your majesty disdains;
And I'm not us'd to panegyric strains:
The zeal of [9] fools offends at any time,
But most of all, the zeal of fools in rhyme.
Besides a fate attends on all I write,
That when I aim at praise, they say [10] I bite.
A vile [11] encomium doubly ridicules:
There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
If true, a [12] woful likeness; and if lies,
"Praise undeserv'd is scandal in disguise:"
Well may he [13] blush, who gives it, or receives;
And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves
(Like journals, odes, and such forgotten things
As Eusden, Philips, Settle, writ of kings)
[14] Clothe spice, line trunks, or, fluttering in a row,
Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

Ad libros et ad hæc Musarum dona vocares;
[1] Bœotum in crasso jurares aëre natum.
[At neque dedecorant tua de se judicia, atque
Munera quæ multa dantis cum laude tulerunt,
Dilecti tibi Virgilius Variusque poetæ;]
Nec magis expressi [2] vultus per ahenea signa,
Quam per vatis opus mores animique virorum
Clarorum apparent. nec sermones ego mallem
Repentes per humum, [3] quam res componere gestas,
Terrarumque [4] situs et flumina dicere, et arces
Montibus impositas, et [5] barbara regna, tuisque
Auspiciis totum [6] confecta duella per orbem,
Claustraque [7] custodem pacis cohibentia Janum,
Et [8] formidatum Parthis, te principe, Romam:
Si quantum cuperem, possem quoque. sed neque parvum
[9] Carmen majestas recipit tua; nec meus audet
Rem tentare pudor, quam vires ferre recusent.
Sedulitas autem [10] stulte, quem diligit, urget;
Præcipue cum se numeris commendat et arte.
Discit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud
Quod quis deridet, quam quod probat et veneratur.
Nil moror officium, [11] quod me gravat: ac neque
In [12] pejus vultu proponi cereus usquam, [ficto
Nec prave factis decorari versibus opto:
[13] Ne rubeam pingui donatus munere, et una
Cum scriptore meo capsa porrectus aperta,
[14] Deferar in vicum vendentem thus et odores,
Et piper, et quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

BOOK II. EPISTLE II.

Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur.

Dear col'nel, Cobham's and your country's friend,
You love a verse, take such as I can send.
[1] A Frenchman comes, presents you with his boy,
Bows, and begins—"This lad, sir, is of Blois:
Observe his shape how clean! his locks how curl'd!
My only son; I'd have him see the world:
His French is pure; his voice too—you shall hear,
Sir, he's your slave, for twenty pound a year.
Mere wax as yet, you fashion him with ease,
Your barber, cook, upholsterer, what you please:
A perfect genius at an opera song—
To say too much might do my honour wrong.
Take him with all his virtues, on my word;
His whole ambition was to serve a lord:
But, sir, to you, with what would I not part?
Though faith, I fear, 'twill break his mother's heart.
Once (and but once) I caught him in a lie,
And then, unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry:
The fault he has I fairly shall reveal,
(Could you o'erlook but that) it is, to steal."
[2] If, after this, you took the graceful lad,
Could you complain, my friend, he prov'd so bad?
Faith, in such case, if you should prosecute,
I think sir Godfrey should decide the suit;
Who sent the thief that stole the cash away,
And punish'd him that put it in his way.
[3] Consider then, and judge me in this light;
I told you when I went, I could not write;
You said the same; and are you discontent
With laws to which you gave your own assent?
Nay worse, to ask for verse at such a time!
D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme?
[4] In Anna's wars, a soldier poor and old
Had dearly earn'd a little purse of gold:

EPISTOLA II.

Flore, bono claroque fidelis amice Neroni,
[1] Si quis forte velit puerum tibi vendere natum.
Tibure vel Gabiis, et tecum sic agat: "Hic et
Candidus, et talos a vertice pulcher ad imos,
Fiet eritque tuus nummorum millibus octo;
Verna ministeriis ad nutus aptus heriles;
Litterulis Græcis imbutus, idoneus arti
Cuilibet: argilla quidvis imitaberis uda:
Quin etiam canet indoctum, sed dulce bibenti.
Multa fidem promissa levant, ubi plenius æquo
Laudat venales, qui vult extrudere, merces.
Res urget me nulla: meo sum pauper in ære.
Nemo hoc mangonum faceret tibi: non temere a me
Quivis ferret idem: semel hic cessavit, et (ut fit)
In scalis latuit metuens pendentis habenæ:
Des nummos, excepta mihil te si fuga lædit."
[2] Ille ferat pretium, pœnæ securus, opinor.
Prudens emisti vitiosum: dicta tibi est lex.
Insequeris tamen hunc, et lite moraris iniqua.
[3] Dixi me pigrum proficiscenti tibi, dixi
Talibus officiis prope mancum; ne mea sævus
Jurgares ad te quod epistola nulla veniret.
Quid tum profeci, mecum facientia jura
Si tamen attentas? quereris super hoc etiam, quod
Expectata tibi non mittam carmina mendax.
[4] Luculli miles collecta viatica multis
Ærumnis, lassus dum noctu stertit, ad assem
Perdiderat: post hoc vehemens lupus, et sibi et hosti

Tir'd with a tedious march, one luckless night,
He slept, poor dog! and lost it to a doit.
This put the man in such a desperate mind,
Between revenge and grief, and hunger join'd,
Against the foe, himself, and all mankind,
He leap'd the trenches, scal'd a castle-wall,
Tore down a standard, took the fort and all.
"Prodigious well!" his great commander cry'd,
Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.
Next, pleas'd his excellence a town to batter,
(Its name I know not, and 'tis no great matter);
"Go on my friend," (he cry'd) "see yonder walls!
Advance and conquer! go where Glory calls!
More honours, more rewards, attend the brave."
Don't you remember what reply he gave?
"D'ye think me, noble general, such a sot?
Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat."

[1] Bred up at home, full early I begun
To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son.
Besides, my father taught me from a lad,
The better art, to know the good from bad:
(And little sure imported to remove,
To hunt for truth in Maudlin's learned grove.)
But knottier points, we knew not half so well,
Depriv'd us soon of our paternal cell;
And certain laws, by sufferers thought unjust,
Deny'd all posts of profit or of trust:
Hopes after hopes of pious papists fail'd,
While mighty William's thundering arm prevail'd.
For right hereditary tax'd and fin'd,
He stuck to poverty with peace of mind;
And me, the Muses help'd to undergo it;
Convict a papist he, and I a poet.
But (thanks to Homer) since I live and thrive,
Indebted to no prince or peer alive,
Sure I should want the care of ten Monroes,
If I would scribble, rather than repose.

[2] Years following years steal something every day,
At last they steal us from ourselves away;
In one our frolics, one amusements end,
In one a mistress drops, in one a friend:

This subtle thief of life, this paltry Time,
What will it leave me, if it snatch my rhyme?
If every wheel of that unweary'd mill,
That turn'd ten thousand verses, now stands still?

[3] But after all, what would you have me do?
When out of twenty I can please not two;
When this heroics only deigns to praise,
Sharp satire that, and that Pindaric lays?
One likes the pheasant's wing, and one the leg;
The vulgar boil, the learned roast, an egg.
Hard task! to hit the palate of such guests,
When Oldfield loves what Dartineuf detests.

[4] But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,
Again to rhyme: can *London* be the place?
Who there his Muse, or self, or soul attends,
In crouds, and courts, law, business, feasts, and friends?
My counsel sends to execute a deed:
A poet begs me I will hear him read:
In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there—
At ten, for certain, sir, in Bloomsbury-square—
Before the lords at twelve my cause comes on—
There's a rehearsal, sir, exact at one.
"Oh but a wit can study in the streets,
And raise his mind above the mob he meets."
Not quite so well however as one ought;
A hackney coach may chance to spoil a thought;
And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
God knows, may hurt the very ablest head.
Have you not seen, at Guildhall's narrow pass,
Two aldermen dispute it with an ass?
And peers give way, exalted as they are,
Ev'n to their own s-r-v—nce in a car?

[5] Go, lofty poet! and in such a croud,
Sing thy sonorous verse—but not aloud.
Alas! to grottoes and to groves we run,
To ease and silence, every Muse's son:
Blackmore himself, for any grand effort,
Would drink and doze at Tooting or Earl's-Court.
How shall I rhyme in this eternal roar? [fore?
How match the bards whom none e'er match'd be-

[6] The man, who, stretch'd in Isis' calm retreat,
To books and study gives seven years complete,

Iratus pariter, jejunis dentibus acer,
Præsidium regale loco dejecit, ut aiunt,
Summe munito, et multarum divite rerum.
Clarus ob id factum, donis ornatur honestis,
Accipit et bis dena super sestertia nummûm.
Forte sub hoc tempus castellum evertere prætor
Nescio quod cupiens, hortari cœpit eundem
Verbis, quæ timido quoque possent addere mentem:
I, bone, quo virtus tua te vocat: i pede fausto,
Grandia laturus meritorum præmia: quid stas?
Post hæc ille catus, quantumvis rusticus, "Ibit,
Ibit eo, quo vis, qui zonam perdidit," inquit.

[1] Romæ nutriri mihi contigit, atque doceri,
Iratus Graiis quantum nocuisset Achilles.
Adjecere bonæ paulo plus artis Athenæ:
Scilicet ut possem curvo dignoscere rectum,
Atque inter sylvas Academi quærere verum.
Dura sed emovere loco me tempora grato;
Civilisque rudem belli tulit æstus in arma,
Cæsaris Augusti non responsura lacertis.
Unde simul primum me demisere Philippi,
Decisis humilem pennis, inopemque paterni
Et laris, et fundi, paupertas impulit audax
Ut versus facerem: sed, quod non desit habentem,
Quæ poterunt unquam satis expurgare cicutæ,
Ni melius dormire putem, quam scribere versus?

[2] Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes;
Eripuere jocos, venerem, convivia, ludum;

Tendunt extorquere poemata. quid faciam vis?

[3] Denique non omnes eadem mirantur amantque.
Carmine tu gaudes: hic delectatur iambis;
Ille Bioneis sermonibus, et sale nigro.
Tres mihi convivæ prope dissentire videntur,
Poscentes vario multum diversa palato. [alter:
Quid dem? quid non dem? renuis quod tu, jubet
Quod petis, id sane est invisum acidumque duobus.

[4] Præter cætera me Romæ ne poemata censes
Scribere posse, inter tot curas totque labores?
Hic sponsum vocat, hic auditum scripta, relictis
Omnibus officiis: cubat hic in colle Quirini,
Hic extremo in Aventino; visendus uterque.
Intervalla vides humane commoda. "Verum
Pure sunt plateæ, nihil ut meditantibus obstet."
Festinat calidus mulis gerulisque redemptor: [num:
Torquet nunc lapidem, nunc ingens machina tig-
Tristia robustis luctantur funera plaustris:
Hac rabiosa fugit canis, hac lutulenta ruit sus.
[5] I nunc, et versus tecum meditare canoros. [urbes,
Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, et fugit
Rite cliens Bacchi, somno gaudentis et umbra.
Tu me inter strepitus nocturnos atque diurnos
Vis canere, et contracta sequi vestigia vatum?

[6] Ingenium, sibi quod vacuas desumsit Athenas,
Et studiis annos septem dedit, insenuitque
Libris et curis, statua taciturnius exit

See! strow'd with learned dust, his nightcap on,
He walks, an object new beneath the Sun!
The boys flock round him, and the people stare:
So stiff, so mute! some statue you would swear,
Stepp'd from its pedestal to take the air!
And here, while town, and court, and city roars,
With mobs, and duns, and soldiers, at their doors;
Shall I, in London, act this idle part?
Composing songs, for fools to get by heart?
[1] The Temple late two brother sergeants saw,
Who deem'd each other oracles of law;
With equal talents, these congenial souls,
One lull'd th'Exchequer, and one stunn'd the Rolls;
Each had a gravity would make you split,
And shook his head at Murray, as a wit.
'Twas, "Sir, your law"—and "Sir, your eloquence,"
"Yours, Cowper's manner"—"and yours, Talbot's sense."
[2] Thus we dispose of all poetic merit,
Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's spirit.
Call Tibbald Shakespeare, and he'll swear the Nine,
Dear Cibber! never match'd one ode of thine.
Lord! how we strut through Merlin's Cave, to see
No poets there, but Stephen, you, and me.
Walk with respect behind, while we at ease
Weave laurel crowns, and take what names we please.
"My dear Tibullus!" If that will not do,
"Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you;
Or, I'm content, allow me Dryden's strains,
And you shall rise up Otway for your pains."
Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace
This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhyming race;
And much must flatter, if the whim should bite
To court applause by printing what I write:
But let the fit pass o'er, I'm wise enough
To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.
[3] In vain, bad rhymers all mankind reject,
They treat themselves with most profound respect;

'Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue,
Each prais'd within, is happy all day long:
But how severely with themselves proceed
The men, who write such verse as we can read?
Their own strict judges, not a word they spare,
That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care,
Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,
Nay though at court (perhaps) it may find grace;
Such they'll degrade; and sometimes, in its stead,
[4] In downright charity revive the dead;
Mark where a bold, expressive phrase appears,
Bright through the rubbish of some hundred years;
Command old words that long have slept to wake,
Words, that wise Bacon, or brave Rawleigh spake;
Or bid the new be English, ages hence,
(For Use will father what's begot by Sense)
Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,
Rich with the treasures of each foreign tongue;
Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
But show no mercy to an empty line:
Then polish all, with so much life and ease,
You think 'tis Nature, and a knack to please:
"But ease in writing flows from art, not chance;
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance."
[5] If such the plague and pains to write by rule,
Better (say I) be pleas'd, and play the fool;
Call, if you will, bad rhyming a disease,
It gives men happiness, or leaves them ease.
There liv'd in primo Georgii (they record)
A worthy member, no small fool, a lord;
Who, though the house was up, delighted sate;
Heard, noted, answer'd, as in full debate:
In all but this, a man of sober life,
Fond of his friend, and civil to his wife;
Not quite a madman, though a pasty fell;
And much too wise to walk into a well.
Him, the damn'd doctors and his friends immur'd,
They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd; in short, they cur'd:
What great the gentleman began to stare—[care!
"My friends!" he cry'd, "p-x take you for your

Plerumque, et risu populum quatit; hic ego rerum
Fluctibus in mediis, et tempestatibus urbis,
Verba lyræ motura sonum connectere digner?
[1] Frater erat Romæ consulti rhetor; ut alter
Alterius sermone meros audiret honores:
Gracchus ut hic illi foret, huic ut Mucius ille.
Qui minus argutos vexat furor iste poetas?
[2] Carmina compono, hic elegos; mirabile visu,
Cælatumque novem Musis opus. aspice primum,
Quanto cum fastu, quanto molimine circum-
spectemus vacuam Romanis vatibus ædem.
Mox etiam (si forte vacas) sequere, et procul audi,
Quid ferat, et quare sibi nectat uterque coronam.
Cædimur, et totidem plagis consumimus hostem,
Lento Samnites ad lumina prima duello.
Discedo Alcæus puncto illius; ille meo quis?
Quis, nisi Callimachus? si plus adposcere visus:
Fit Mimnermus, et optivo cognomine crescit.
Multa fero, ut placem genus irritabile vatum,
Cum scribo, et supplex populi suffragia capto:
Idem, finitis studiis, et mente recepta,
Obturem patulas impune legentibus aures.
[3] Ridentur mala qui componunt carmina: verum
Gaudet scribentes, et se venerantur, et ultro,
Si taceas, laudant; quidquid scripsere, beati.
At qui legitimum cupiet fecisse poema,
Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti:
Audebit quæcunque parum splendoris habebunt,
Et sine pondere erunt, et honore indigna ferentur,
Verba movere loco; quamvis invita recedant,
Et versentur adhuc intra penetralia Vestæ:

[4] Obscurata diu populo bonus eruet, atque
Proferet in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum,
Quæ priscis memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis,
Nunc situs informis premit et deserta vetustas;
Adsciscet nova, quæ genitor produxerit usus:
Vehemens et liquidus, puroque simillimus amni,
Fundet opes, Latiumque beabit divite lingua:
Luxuriantia compescet: nimis aspera sano
Levabit cultu, virtute carentia tollet:
Laudentis speciem dabit, torquebitur, ut qui
Nunc Satyrum, nunc agrestem Cyclopa movetur.
[5] Pratulerim scriptor delirus inersque videri,
Dum mea delectent mala me, vel denique fallant,
Quam sapere, et ringi. Fuit haud ignobilis Argis
Qui se credebat miros audire tragœdos,
In vacuo lætus sessor plausorque theatro:
Cætera qui vitæ servaret munia recto
More; bonus sane vicinus, amabilis hospes,
Comis in uxorem? posset qui ignoscere servis,
Et signo læso non insanire lagenæ:
Posset qui rupem, et puteum vitare patentem.
Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curisque refectus,
Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco,
Et redit ad sese: Pol me occidistis, amici,
Non servastis, ait; cui sic extorta voluptas,
Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error.

That from a patriot of distinguish'd note,
Have bled and purg'd me to a simple vote."
[1] Well, on the whole, plain prose must be my fate:
Wisdom (curse on it) will come soon or late.
There is a time when poets will grow dull:
I'll e'en leave verses to the boys at school:
To rules of poetry no more confin'd,
I'll learn to smooth and harmonize my mind,
Teach every thought within its bounds to roll,
And keep the equal measure of the soul.
[2] Soon as I enter at my country door,
My mind resumes the thread it dropp'd before;
Thoughts which at Hyde-park corner I forgot,
Meet and rejoin me, in the pensive grot.
There all alone, and compliments apart,
I ask these sober questions of my heart. [crave,
[3] If, when the more you drink, the more you
You tell the doctor; when the more you have,
The more you want, why not with equal ease
Confess as well your folly, as disease?
The heart resolves this matter in a trice,
"Men only feel the smart, but not the vice."
[4] When golden angels cease to cure the evil,
You give all royal witchcraft to the Devil:
When servile chaplains cry, that birth and place
Indue a peer with honour, truth, and grace;
Look in that breast, most dirty dean! be fair,
Say, can you find out one such lodger there?
Yet still, not heeding what your heart can teach,
You go to church to hear these flatterers preach.
Indeed, could wealth bestow or wit or merit,
A grain of courage, or a spark of spirit,
The wisest man might blush, I must agree,
If D*** lov'd sixpence, more than he.
[5] If there be truth in law, and use can give
A property, that's yours on which you live.
Delightful Abs-court, if its fields afford
Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord:
All [6] Worldly's hens, nay, partridge, sold to town,
His venison too, a guinea makes your own:
He bought at thousands, what with better wit
You purchase as you want, and bit by bit;
Now, or long since, what difference will be found?
You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.

[1] Heathcote himself, and such large-acred men,
Lords of fat E'sham, or of Lincoln-fen,
Buy every stick of wood that lends them heat;
Buy every pullet they afford to eat.
Yet these are wights, who fondly call their own
Half that the Devil o'erlooks from Lincoln-town.
The laws of God, as well as of the land,
Abhor a perpetuity should stand:
Estates have wings, and hang in Fortune's power
Loose on the point of every wavering hour,
Ready, by force, or of your own accord,
By sale, at least by death, to change their lord.
Man? and for ever? wretch! what wouldst thou have?
Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.
All vast possessions, (just the same the case
Whether you call them villa, park or chase)
Alas, my Bathurst! what will they avail?
Join Cotswood's hills to Saperton's fair dale,
Let rising granaries and temples here,
There mingled farms and pyramids appear,
Link towns to towns with avenues of oak,
Enclose whole downs in walls, 'tis all a joke!
Inexorable Death shall level all,
And trees, and stones, and farms, and farmer fall.
[3] Gold, silver, ivory, vases sculptur'd high,
Paint, marble, gems, and robes of Persian dye,
There are who have not—and thank Heaven there are,
Who if they have not, think not worth their care.
[4] Talk what you will of taste, my friend, you'll find
Two of a face, as soon as of a mind.
Why, of two brothers, rich and restless one
Ploughs, burns, manures, and toils from sun to sun;
The other slights, for women, sports, and wines,
All Townshend's turnips, and all Grosvenor's mines:
Why one like Bu— with pay and scorn content,
Bows and votes on, in court and parliament;
One, driven by strong benevolence of soul,
Shall fly like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole:
Is known alone to that Directing Power,
Who forms the genius in the natal hour;
That God of Nature, who, within us still,
Inclines our action, not constrains our will;
Various of temper, as of face or frame,
Each individual; his great end the same.

[1] Nimirum sapere est abjectis utile nugis,
Et tempestivum pueris concedere ludum;
[2] Ac non verba sequi fidibus modulanda Latinis,
Sed veræ numerosque modosque ediscere vitæ.
Quocirca mecum loquor hæc, tacitusque recordor:
[3] Si tibi nulla sitim finiret copia lymphæ,
Narrares medicis: quod quanto plura parasti,
Tanto plura cupis, nulline faterier audes?
[4] Si vulnus tibi monstrata radice vel herba
Non fieret levius, fugeres radice vel herba
Proficiente nihil curarier: audieras, cui
Rem Di donarint, ille decedere pravam
Stultitiam; et, cum sis nihilo sapientior, ex quo
Plenior es, tamen uteris monitoribus isdem?
At si divitiæ prudentem reddere possent,
Si cupidum timidumque minus te: nempe ruberes,
Viveret in terris, te si quis avarior uno. [est,
[5] Si proprium est, quod quis libra mercatus et ære
Quædam (si credis consultis) mancipat usus:
Qui te pascit ager, tuus est; et villicus Orbî,
Cum segetes occat tibi mox frumenta daturus,
Te dominum sentit.
[6] das nummos; accipis uvam,
Pullos, ova, cadum, temeti: nempe modo isto
Paulatim mercaris agrum, fortasse trecentis,
Aut etiam supra, nummorum millibus emtum.
Quid refert, vivas numerato nuper, an olim?
[1] Emptor Aricini quondam, Veientis et arvi,
Emtum cœnat olus, quamvis aliter putat; emtis
Sub noctem gelidam lignis calefactat ahenum.
Sed vocat usque suum, qua populus adsita certis
Limitibus vicina refugit jurgia: tanquam [ræ,
[2] Sit proprium cuiquam, puncto quod mobilis ho-
Nunc prece, nunc pretio, nunc vi, nunc sorte suprema,
Permutet dominos, et cedat in altera jura.
Sic, quia perpetuus nulli datur usus, et hæres
Hæredem alterius, velut unda supervenit undam:
Quid vici prosunt, aut horrea? quidve Calabris
Saltibus adjecti Lucani; si metit Orcus
Grandia cum parvis, non exorabilis auro?
[3] Gemmas, marmor, ebur, Tyrrhena sigilla, tabellas,
Argentum, vestes Gætulo murice tinctas, [bellas,
Sunt qui non habeant; est qui non curat habere.
[4] Cur alter fratrum cessare, et ludere, et ungi
Præferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus; alter
Dives et importunus, ad umbram lucis ab ortu
Silvestrem flammis et ferro mitiget agrum:
Scit Genius, natale comes qui temperat astrum:

[1] Yes, sir, how small soever be my heap,
A part I will enjoy, as well as keep.
My heir may sigh, and think it want of grace
A man so poor would live without a place:
But sure no statute in his favour says,
How free, or frugal, I shall pass my days:
I who at some times spend, at others spare,
Divided between carelessness and care.
'Tis one thing madly to disperse my store;
Another, not to heed to treasure more:
Glad, like a boy, to snatch the first good day,
And pleas'd, if sordid want be far away.
[2] What is't to me (a passenger God wot)
Whether my vessel be first-rate or not?
The ship itself may make a better figure;
But I that sail, am neither less nor bigger:
I neither strut with every favouring breath,
Nor strive with all the tempest in my teeth.
In power, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, plac'd
Behind the foremost, and before the last.
"[3] But why all this of avarice? I have none."
I wish you joy, sir, of a tyrant gone!
But does no other lord it at this hour,
As wild and mad? the avarice of power?
Does neither rage inflame, nor fear appall?
Not the black fear of death that saddens all?
With terrours round, can Reason hold her throne,
Despise the known nor tremble at th' unknown?
Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
In spite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?
Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
And count each birth-day with a grateful mind?
Has life no sourness, drawn so near its end;
Canst thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
Has age but melted the rough parts away,
As winter-fruits grow mild ere they decay?
Or will you think, my friend, your business done,
When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one?
[4] Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
You've play'd, and lov'd, and eat, and drank your fill:

Walk sober off; before a sprightlier age
Comes tittering on, and shoves you from the stage:
Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,
Whom folly pleases, and whose follies please.

THE

SATIRES OF DR. JOHN DONNE,

DEAN OF ST. PAULS,

VERSIFIED.

Quid vetat et nosmet Lucili scripta legentes
Quærere, num illius, num rerum dura negarit
Versiculos natura magis factos, et euntes
Mollius? Hor.

SATIRE II.

Yes; thank my stars! as early as I knew
This town, I had the sense to hate it too:
Yet here, as ev'n in Hell, there must be still
One giant-vice, so excellently ill,
That all beside, one pities, not abhors:
As who knows Sappho, smiles at other whores.
I grant that poetry's a crying sin;
It brought (no doubt) th' excise and army in:
Catch'd like the plague, or love, the Lord knows how,
But that the cure is starving, all allow.
Yet like the papist's, is the poet's state,
Poor and disarm'd, and hardly worth your hate!
Here a lean bard, whose wit could never give
Himself a dinner, makes an actor live:
The thief condemn'd, in law already dead,
So prompts, and saves a rogue who cannot read.
Thus as the pipes of some carv'd organ move,
The gilded puppets dance and mount above.
Heav'd by the breath th' inspiring bellows blow:
Th' inspiring bellows lie and pant below.
One sings the fair: but songs no longer move;
No rat is rhym'd to death, nor maid to love:

[1] Utar, et ex modico, quantum res poscet, acervo
Tollam: nec metuam, quid de me judicet hæres,
Quod non plura datis invenerit. et tamen idem
Scire volam, quantum simplex hilarisque nepoti
Discrepet, et quantum discordet parcus avaro.
Distat enim, spargas tua prodigus, an neque sumtum.
Invitus facias, nec plura parare labores; [tum.
Ac potius, puer ut festis Quinquatribus olim,
Exiguo gratoque fruaris tempore raptim.
[2] Pauperies immunda domûs procul absit: ego, utrum
Nave ferar magna an parva, ferar unus et idem.
Non agimur tumidis velis Aquilone secundo:
Non tamen adversis ætatem ducimus Austris.
Viribus, ingenio, specie, virtute, loco, re,
Extremi primorum, extremis usque priores.
[3] Non es avarus: abi. quid? cætera jam simul
Cum vitio fugere? caret tibi pectus inani [isto
Ambitione? caret mortis formidine et ira?
Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Thessala rides?
Natales grate numeras? ignoscis amicis?
Lenior et melior fis accedente senecta?
Quid te extrema levat spinis de pluribûs una?
[4] Vivere si recte nescis, decede peritis.
Lusisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti:

Tempus abire tibi est: ne potum largius æquo
Rideat, et pulset lasciva decentius ætas.

SATIRE II.

Sir; though (I thank God for it) I do hate
Perfectly all this town: yet there's one state
In all ill things, so excellently best, [rest.
That hate towards them, breeds pity towards the
Though poetry, indeed, be such a sin,
As I think, that brings dearth and Spaniards in:
Though like the pestilence and old-fashion'd love,
Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove
Never, till it be starv'd out; yet their state
Is poor, disarm'd, like papists, not worth hate.
One (like a wretch, which at barre judg'd as dead,
Yet prompts him which stands next, and cannot read
And saves his life) gives ideot actors means
(Starving himself) to live by 's labour'd scenes.
As in some organs puppits dance above,
And bellows pant below, which them do move.
One would move love by rhymes; but witchcraft's charms
Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms:
Rams and slings now are silly battery,
Pistolets are the best artillery.

In lov 's, in nature's spite, the siege they hold,
And scorn the flesh, the devil, and all but gold.
These write to lords, some mean reward to get,
As needy beggars sing at doors for meat.
Those write because all write, and so have still
Excuse for writing, and for writing ill.
Wretched indeed! but far more wretched yet
Is he who makes his meal on others wit:
'Tis chang'd, no doubt, from what it was before;
His rank digestion makes it wit no more:
Sense, past through him, no longer is the same;
For food digested takes another name.
I pass o'er all those confessors and martyrs,
Who live like S—tt—n, or who die like Chartres,
Out-cant old Esdras, or out-drink his heir,
Out-usure Jews, or Irishmen out-swear;
Wicked as pages, who in early years
Act sins which Prisca's confessor scarce hears.
Ev'n those I pardon, for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenements in Hell must make;
Of whose strange crimes no canonist can tell
In what commandment's large contents they dwell.
One, one man only breeds my just offence;
Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave impu-
Time, that at last matures a clap to pox, [dence:
Whose gentle progress makes a calf an ox,
And brings all natural events to pass,
Hath made him an attorney of an ass.
No young divine, new-benefic'd, can be
More pert, more proud, more positive, than he.
What further could I wish the fop to do,
But turn a wit, and scribble verses too?
Pierce the soft labyrinth of a lady's ear
With rhymes of this per cent, and that per year?
Or court a wife, spread out his wily parts,
Like nets or lime-twigs, for rich widows' hearts;
Call himself barrister to every wench,
And woo in language of the Pleas and Bench?

And they who write to lords, rewards to get,
Are they not like singers at doors for meat?
And they who write, because all write, have still
That 'scuse for writing, and for writing ill.
But he is worst, who beggarly doth chaw
Other wits fruits, and in his ravenous maw
Rankly digested, doth those things out-spue,
As his own things; and they're his own, 'tis true,
For if one eat my meat, though it be known
The meat was mine, the excrement's his own.
But these do me no harm, nor they which use,
. . . . . to out-usure Jews,
To out-drink the sea, t' out-swear the letanie,
Who with sins all kinds as familiar be
As confessors, and for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenements in Hell must make;
Whose strange sins canonists could hardly tell
In which commandment's large receit they dwell.
But these punish themselves. The insolence
Of Coscus, only, breeds my just offence,
Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches pox,
And plodding on, must make a calf an ox)
Hath made a lawyer; which (alas) of late;
But scarce a poet: jollier of this state,
Than are new-benefic'd ministers, he throws
Like nets or lime-twigs wheresoe'er he goes
His tittle of barrister on every wench,
And wooes in language of the Pleas and Bench. * *
Words, words which would tear
The tender labyrinth of a maid's soft ear:
Language, which Boreas might to Auster hold
More rough than forty Germans when they scold.
Curs'd be the wretch, so venal and so vain:
Paltry and proud, as drabs in Drury-lane.
'Tis such a bounty as was never known,
If Peter deigns to help you to your own:
What thanks, what praise, if Peter but supplies!
And what a solemn face, if he denies!
Grave, as when prisoners shake the head and swear
'Twas only suretyship that brought them there.
His office keeps your parchment fates entire,
He starves with cold to save them from the fire;
For you he walks the streets through rain or dust,
For not in chariots Peter puts his trust;
For you he sweats and labours at the laws,
Takes God to witness he affects your cause,
And lies to every lord in every thing,
Like a king's favourite—or like a king.
These are the talents that adorn them all,
From wicked Waters ev'n to godly * *
Not more of simony beneath black gowns,
Not more of bastardy in heirs to crowns.
In shillings and in pence at first they deal;
And steal so little, few perceive they steal;
Till, like the sea, they compass all the land,
From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover strand:
And when rank widows purchase luscious nights,
Or when a duke to Jansen punts at White's,
Or city heir in mortgage melts away;
Satan himself feels far less joy than they.
Piecemeal they win this acre first, then that,
Glean on, and gather up the whole estate.
Then strongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
Indentures, covenants, articles they draw
Large as the fields themselves, and larger far
Than civil codes, with all their glosses, are;

More, more than ten Sclavonians scolding, more
Than when winds in our ruin'd abbeys roar.
Then sick with poetry, and possest with Muse
Thou wast, and mad I hop'd; but men which
chuse
Law practice for mere gain: bold soul repute
Worse than imbrothel'd strumpets prostitute.
Now like an owl-like watchman he must walk,
His hand still at a bill; now he must talk
Idly, like prisoners, which whole months will swear,
That only suretiship had brought them there,
And to every suitor lye in every thing,
Like a king's favourite—or like a king.
Like a wedge in a block, wring to the barre,
Bearing like asses, and more shameless farre
Than carted whores, lye to the grave judge; for
Bastardy abounds not in king's titles, nor
Simony and sodomy in churchmen's lives,
As these things do in him; by these he thrives.
Shortly (as th' sea) he'll compass all the land,
From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover strand.
And spying heirs melting with luxury,
Satan will not joy at their sins as he;
For (as a thrifty wench scrapes kitchen-stuffe,
And barrelling the dropings and the snuffe
Of wasting candles, which in thirty year,
Reliquely kept, perchance buys wedding chear)
Piecemeal he gets lands, and spends as much
time
Wringing each acre, as maids pulling prime.
In parchment then, large as the fields he draws
Assurances, big as gloss'd civil laws,

So vast, our new divines, we must confess,
Are fathers of the church for writing less.
But let them write for you, each rogue impairs
The deeds, and dexterously omits, *ses heires:*
No commentator can more slily pass
Over a learn'd, unintelligible place:
Or, in quotation, shrewd divines leave out
Those words that would against them clear the doubt.
So Luther thought the pater-noster long,
When doom'd to say his beads and even-song;
But having cast his cowl, and left those laws,
Adds to Christ's prayer, the power and glory clause.
The lands are bought; but where are to be found
Those ancient woods, that shaded all the ground?
We see no new-built palaces aspire,
No kitchens emulate the vestal fire.
Where are those troops of poor, that throng'd of yore
The good old landlord's hospitable door?
Well, I could wish, that still in lordly domes
Some beasts were killed, though not whole hecatombs;
That both extremes were banish'd from their walls,
Carthusian fasts, and fulsome bacchanals;
And all mankind might that just mean observe,
In which none e'er could surfeit, none could starve.
These as good works, 'tis true, we all allow,
But oh! these works are not in fashion now:
Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.
Thus much I've said, I trust, without offence;
Let no court sycophant pervert my sense,
Nor sly informer watch these words to draw
Within the reach of treason, or the law.

SATIRE IV.

Well, if it be my time to quit the stage,
Adieu to all the follies of the age!

So huge that men (in our times forwardness)
Are fathers of the church for writing less
These he writes not; nor for these written payes,
Therefore spares no length (as in those first dayes
When Luther was profest, he did desire
Short pater-nosters, saying as a fryer
Each day his beads: but having left those laws,
Adds to Christ's prayer, the power and glory clause)
But when he sells or changes land, h' impaires
The writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out *ses heires,*
As slily as any commentator goes by
Hard words, or sense; or, in divinity
As controverters in vouch'd texts, leave out [doubt
Shrewd words, which might against them clear the
Where are these spread woods which cloth'd heretofore
Those bought lands? not built, nor burnt within door
Where the old landlords troops and almes? In halls
Carthusian fasts, and fulsome bachanals
Equally I hate. Means blest. In rich men's homes
I bid kill some beasts, but no hecatombs;
None starve, none surfeit so. But (oh) we allow
Good works as good, but out of fashion now,
Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none draws
Within the vast reach of th' huge statutes jawes.

SATIRE IV.

Well; I may now receive, and die. My sin
Indeed is great; but yet I have been in
I die in charity with fool and knave,
Secure of peace at least beyond the grave.
I've had my purgatory here betimes,
And paid for all my satires, all my rhymes.
The poet's Hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,
To this were trifles, toys, and empty names.
With foolish pride my heart was never fir'd,
Nor the vain itch t' admire, or be admir'd;
I hop'd for no commission from his grace;
I bought no benefice, I begg'd no place:
Had no new verses, nor new suit to show;
Yet went to court!—the Devil would have it so.
But, as the fool that in reforming days
Would go to mass in jest (as story says)
Could not but think, to pay his fine was odd,
Since 'twas no form'd design of serving God;
So was I punish'd, as if full as proud,
As prone to ill, as negligent of good,
As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
As vain, as idle, and as false, as they
Who live at court, for going once that way!
Scarce was I enter'd, when, behold! there came
A thing which Adam had been pos'd to name;
Noah had refus'd it lodging in his ark,
Where all the race of reptiles might embark:
A verier monster, than on Afric's shore
The Sun e'er got, or slimy Nilus bore,
Or Sloane or Woodward's wondrous shelves contain,
Nay, all that lying travellers can feign.
The watch would hardly let him pass at noon,
At night would swear him dropp'd out of the Moon.
One, whom the mob, when next we find or make
A popish plot, shall for a Jesuit take,
And the wise justice starting from his chair
Cry, "By your priesthood tell me what you are?"
Such was the wight: th' apparel on his back,
Though coarse, was reverend, and though bare, was black:

A purgatory, such as fear'd Hell is
A recreation, and scant map of this.
My mind, neither with pride's itch, nor hath been
Poyson'd with love to see or to be seen.
I had no suit there, nor new suit to show,
Yet went to court; but as Glare which did go
To mass in jest, catch'd, was fain to disburse
Two hundred markes which is the statutes curse,
Before he scap'd; so it pleas'd my destiny
(Guilty of my sin of going) to think me
As prone to all ill, and of good as forgetful, as proud, lustfull, and as much in debt,
As vain, as witless, and as false, as they
Which dwell in court, for once going that way.
Therefore I suffer'd this; towards me did run
A thing more strange, than on Nile's slime the Sun
E'er bred, or all which into Noah's ark came:
A thing which would have pos'd Adam to name:
Stranger than seven antiquaries studies,
Than Africk monsters, Guianaes rarities,
Stranger than strangers: one who, for a Dane,
In the Danes massacre had sure been slain,
If he had liv'd then; and without help dies,
When next the prentices 'gainst strangers rise;
One, whom the watch at noon lets scarce go by;
One, to whom th' examining justice sure would cry,
"Sir, by your priesthood, tell me what you are?"
His clothes were strange, though coarse, and black, though bare,

The suit, if by the fashion one might guess,
Was velvet in the youth of good queen Bess,
But more tuff-taffety what now remain'd;
So Time, that changes all things, had ordain'd;
Our sons shall see it leisurely decay,
First turn plain rash, then vanish quite away.
This thing has travell'd, and speaks language too,
And knows what's fit for every state to do;
Of whose best phrase and courtly accent join'd,
He forms one tongue, exotic and refin'd.
Talkers I've learn'd to bear; Morteux I knew,
Henley himself I've heard, and Budgel too,
The doctor's wormwood style, the hash of tongues
A pedant makes, the storm of Gonson's lungs,
The whole artillery of the terms of war,
And (all those plagues in one) the bawling bar;
These I could bear; but not a rogue so civil,
Whose tongue will compliment you to the Devil,
A tongue, that can cheat widows, cancel scores,
Make Scots speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,
With royal favourites in flattery vie,
And Oldmixon and Burnet both outlie.
He spies me out; I whisper, gracious God!
What sin of mine could merit such a rod?
That all the shot of dulness now must be
From this thy blunderbuss discharg'd on me!
"Permit" (he cries) "no stranger to your fame
To crave your sentiment, if ——'s your name.
What speech esteem you most?" "The king's," said I.
"But the best words?"—"O sir, the dictionary."
"You miss my aim! I mean the most acute
And perfect speaker?"—"Onslow, past dispute."
"But, sir, of writers?" "Swift for closer style,
But Hoadly for a period of a mile."
"Why yes, 'tis granted, these indeed may pass:
Good common linguists, and so Panurge was;

Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been
Velvet, but 'twas now, (so much ground was seen)
Become tuff-taffaty; and our children shall
See it plain rash a while, then nought at all.
This thing hath travail'd, and faith, speaks all tongues,
And only knoweth what to all states belongs,
Made of th' accents, and best phrase of all these,
He speaks one language. If strange meats displease,
Art can deceive, or hunger force my taste;
But pedants motly tongue, soldiers bombast,
Mountebanks drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,
Are strong enough preparatives to draw
Me to hear this; yet I must be content
With his tongue, in his tongue call'd complement:
In which he can win widows, and pay scores,
Make men speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,
Outflatter favourites, or outlie either
Jovius, or Surius, or both together.
He names me, and comes to me; I whisper, God,
How have I sinn'd, that thy wrath's furious rod,
This fellow, chuseth me! he saith, "Sir,
I love your judgment, whom do you prefer
For the best linguist?" and I seelily
Said that I thought Calepines dictionary.
"Nay, but of men, most sweet sir?" Beza then,
Some Jesuits, and two reverend men
Of our two academies I nam'd. Here
He stopt me, and said, "Nay your apostles were
Good pretty linguists; so Panurgus was.
Yet a poor gentleman; all these may pass
Nay troth th' apostles (though perhaps too rough)
Had once a pretty gift of tongues enough:
Yet these were all poor gentlemen! I dare
Affirm, 'twas travel made them what they were."
Thus, others' talents having nicely shown,
He came by sure transition to his own:
Till I cry'd out, "You prove yourself so able,
Pity! you was not Druggerman at Babel;
For had they found a linguist half so good,
I make no question but the tower had stood."
"Obliging sir! for courts you sure were made:
Why then for ever bury'd in the shade?
Spirits like you, should see and should be seen,
The king would smile on you—at least the queen."
"Ah, gentle sir! you courtiers so cajole us—
But Tully has it, Nunquam minus solus:
And as for courts, forgive me if I say
No lessons now are taught the Spartan way:
Though in his pictures lust be full display'd,
Few are the converts Aretine has made;
And though the court show vice exceeding clear
None should, by my advice, learn virtue there."
At this entranc'd, he lifts his hands and eyes,
Squeaks like a high-stretch'd lutestring, and replies;
"Oh, 'tis the sweetest of all earthly things
To gaze on princes, and to talk of kings!"
"Then, happy man who shows the tombs!" said I,
"He dwells amidst the royal family;
He every day from king to king can walk,
Of all our Harries, all our Edwards talk;
And get, by speaking truth of monarchs dead,
What few can of the living, ease and bread."
"Lord, sir, a mere mechanic! strangely low,
And coarse of phrase,—your English all are so.
How elegant your Frenchmen!" "Mine, d'ye mean?
I have but one; I hope the fellow's clean."
"Oh! sir, politely so! nay, let me die,
Your only wearing is your paduasoy."
"Not, sir, my only, I have better still,
And this you see is but my dishabille"—

By travail. Then, as if he would have sold
His tongue, he prais'd it, and such wonders told,
That I was fain to say, "If you had liv'd, sir,
Time enough to have been interpreter
To Babel's bricklayers, sure the tower had stood."
He adds, "If of court life you knew the good,
You would leave loneless." I said, "Not alone
My loneless is; but Spartanes fashion
To teach by painting drunkards doth not last
Now, Aretine's pictures have made few chaste;
No more can princes courts (though there be few
Better pictures of vice) teach me virtue." [sir,
He like to a high-strecht lutestring squeaks, "O
'Tis sweet to talk of kings." "At Westminster,"
Said I, "the man that keeps the abbey-tombs,
And for his price, doth with whoever comes
Of all our Harrys and our Edwards talk,
From king to king, and all their kin can walk:
Your ears shall hear nought but kings; your eyes
Kings only: the way to it is King-street." [meet
He smack'd, and cry'd. "He's base, mechanique, coarse,
So are all your Englishmen in their discourse.
Are not your Frenchmen neat?" "Mine, as you see,
I have but one, sir, look, he follows me."
"Certes they are neatly cloath'd. I of this mind am,
Your only wearing is your grogram."
"Not so, sir, I have more." Under this pitch
He would not fly; I chaff'd him: but as itch

Wild to get loose, his patience I provoke,
Mistake, confound, object at all he spoke.
But as coarse iron, sharpen'd, mangles more,
And itch most hurts when anger'd to a sore;
So when you plague a fool, 'tis still the curse,
You only make the matter worse and worse.
He past it o'er; affects an easy smile
At all my peevishness, and turns his style.
He asks, "What news?" I tell him of new plays,
New eunuchs, harlequins, and operas.
He hears, and as a still with simples in it,
Between each drop it gives, stays half a minute,
Loth to enrich me with too quick replies,
By little, and by little, drops his lies. [shows,
Mere houshold trash! of birthnights, balls, and
More than ten Hollinsheds, or Halls, or Stowes,
When the queen frown'd, or smil'd, he knows; and
A subtle minister may make of that: [what
Who sins with whom: who got his pension rug,
Or quicken'd a reversion by a drug:
Whose place is quarter'd out, three parts in four,
And whether to a bishop, or a whore:
Who, having lost his credit, pawn'd his rent,
Is therefore fit to have a government:
Who, in the secret, deals in stocks secure,
And cheats th' unknowing widow and the poor:
Who makes a trust of charity a job,
And gets an act of parliament to rob:
Why turnpikes rise, and now no cit nor clown
Can gratis see the country, or the town:
Shortly no lad shall chuck, or lady vole,
But some excising courtier will have toll.
He tells what strumpet places sells for life,
What 'squire his lands, what citizen his wife:
At last (which proves him wiser still than all)
What lady's face is not a whited wall.
As one of Woodward's patients, sick, and sore,
I puke, I nauseate, yet he thrusts in more:
Trims Europe's balance, tops the stateman's part,
And talks gazettes and postboys o'er by heart.

Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt iron ground
Into an edge, hurts worse: So, I (fool) found,
Crossing hurt me. To fit my sullenness,
He to another key his style doth dress;
And asks what news; I tell him of new playes,
He takes my hand, and as a still, which stayes
A sembrief 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
As loth to enrich me, so tells many a ly.
More than ten Hollensheds, or Halls, or Stows,
Of trivial houshold trash, he knows: he knows
When the queen frown'd or smil'd; and he knows
A subtle statesman may gather of that: [what
He knows who loves whom; and who by poison
Hasts to an officer's reversion;
Who wastes in meat, in clothes, in horse, he notes;
Who loveth whores . . . . . .
He knows, who hath sold his land, and now doth beg
A licence, old iron, boots, shoes, and egge-
Shells to transport;
shortly boys shall not play
At span-counter, or blow-point, but shall pay
Toll to some courtier; and wiser than all us.
He knows what lady is not painted. Thus
He with home meats cloys me. I belch, spue, spit,
Look pale and sickly, like a patient, yet
He thrusts on more, and as he had undertook,
To say Gallo Belgicus without book,
Speaks of all states and deeds that have been since
The Spaniards came to th' loss of Amyens.

Like a big wife at sight of loathsome m[illegible]
Ready to cast, I yawn, I sigh, and sw[illegible].
Then as a licens'd spy, whom nothing can
Silence or hurt, he libels every man;
Swears every place entail'd for years to come,
In sure succession to the day of doom:
He names the price for every office paid,
And says our wars thrive ill, because delay'd;
Nay hints, 'tis by contrivance of the court,
That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's still a port.
Not more amazement seis'd on Circe's guests,
To see themselves fall headlong into beasts,
Than mine to find a subject stay'd and wise
Already half turn'd traitor by surprise.
I felt th' infection slide from him to me;
As in the pox, some give it to get free;
And quick to swallow me, methought I saw
One of our giant statues ope its jaw.
In that nice moment, as another lie
Stood just a-tilt, the minister came by.
To him he flies, and bows, and bows again,
Then, close as Umbra, joins the dirty train.
Not Fannius' self more impudently near,
When half his nose is in his prince's ear.
I quak'd at heart; and, still afraid to see
All the court fill'd with stranger things than he,
Ran out as fast as one that pays his bail,
And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.

Like a big wife, at sight of loathed meat,
Ready to travail: so I sigh, and sweat
To hear this makaron talk: in vain, for yet,
Either my humour, or his own to fit,
He like a privileg'd spie, whom nothing can
Discredit, libels now 'gainst each great man.
He names the price of every office paid;
He saith our wars thrive ill, because delaid:
That offices are intail'd, and that there are
Perpetuities of them, lasting as far
As the last day; and that great officers
Do with the Spaniards share, and Dunkirkers.
I more amaz'd than Circe's prisoners, when
They felt themselves turn beasts, felt myself then
Becoming traytor, and methought I saw
One of our giant statues ope its jaw
To suck me in for hearing him: I found
That as burnt venemous leachers do grow sound
By giving others their sores, I might grow
Guilty, and be free: Therefore I did show
All signs of loathing; but since I am in,
I must pay mine, and my forefathers sin
To the last farthing. Therefore to my power
Toughly and stubbornly I bear; but th' hower
Of mercy was now come: he tries to bring
Me to pay a fine to 'scape a torturing,
And says, "Sir, can you spare me—?" I said,
"Willingly;"
"Nay, sir, can you spare me a crown?" Thankfully I
Gave it, as ransom; but as fidlers, still,
Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
Thrust one more jigg upon you: so did he
With his long complimental thanks vex me.
But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
And the prerogative of my crown; scant
His thanks were ended, when I (which did see
All the court fill'd with more strange things than he)
Ran from thence with such, or more haste than
one
Who fears more actions, doth hast from prison.

Bear me, some god! oh quickly bear me hence
To wholesome Solitude, the nurse of Sense;
Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
And the free soul looks down to pity kings!
There sober thought pursued th' amusing theme,
Till Fancy colour'd it, and form'd a dream.
A vision hermits can to Hell transport,
And forc'd ev'n me to see the damn'd at court.
Not Dante, dreaming all th' infernal state,
Beheld such scenes of envy, sin, and hate.
Base fear becomes the guilty, not the free;
Suits tyrants, plunderers, but suits not me:
Shall I, the terror of this sinful town,
Care, if a livery'd lord or smile or frown?
Who cannot flatter, and detest who can,
Tremble before a noble serving-man?
O my fair mistress, Truth! shall I quit thee
For huffing, braggart, puft nobility?
Thou, who since yesterday hast roll'd o'er all
The busy, idle blockheads of the ball,
Hast thou, oh Sun! beheld an emptier sort,
Than such as swell this bladder of a court?
Now pox on those who show a court in wax!
It ought to bring all courtiers on their backs:
Such painted puppets! such a varnish'd race
Of hollow gewgaws, only dress and face!
Such waxen noses, stately staring things—
No wonder some folks bow, and think them kings.
See! where the British youth, engag'd no more,
At Fig's, at White's, with felons, or a whore,
Pay their last duty to the court, and come
All fresh and fragrant, to the drawing room;
In hues as gay, and odours as divine,
As the fair fields they sold to look so fine.
"That's velvet for a king!" the flatterer swears;
'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be king Lear's.
Our court may justly to our stage give rules,
That helps it both to fool's-coats and to fools.

At home in wholesome solitariness
My pitcous soul began the wretchedness
Of suitors at court to mourn, and a trance
Like his, who dreamt he saw Hell, did advance
Itself o'er me; such men as he saw there
I saw at court, and worse and more. Low fear
Becomes the guilty, not the accuser: Then
Shall I, none's slave, of highborn or rais'd men
Fear frowns: and my mistress Truth, betray thee
For the huffing, bragart, puft nobility?
No, no, thou which since yesterday hast been
Almost about the whole world, hast thou seen,
O Sun, in all thy journey, vanity,
Such as swells the bladder of our court? I
Think he which made your waxen garden, and
Transported it from Italy, to stand
With us, at London, flouts our courtiers; for
Just such gay painted things, which no sap, nor
Taste have in them, ours are; and natural
Some of the stocks are; their fruits bastard all.
'Tis ten a clock and past; all whom the Mues,
Baloun, or tennis, diet, or the stews
Had all the morning held, now the second
Time made ready, that day, in flocks are found
In the presence, and I (God pardon me)
As fresh and sweet their apparels be, as be
Their fields they sold to buy them. For a king
Those hose are, cry the flatterers: and bring
Them next week to the theatre to sell.
Wants reach all states: me seems they do as well
And why not players strut in courtiers clothes?
For these are actors too, as well as those:
Wants reach all states: they beg but better drest,
And all is splendid poverty at best.
Painted for sight, and essenc'd for the smell,
Like frigates fraught with spice and cochinell,
Sail in the ladies: how each pirate eyes
So weak a vessel, and so rich a prize!
Top-gallant he, and she in all her trim,
He boarding her, she striking sail to him: [hit!"
"Dear countess! you have charms all hearts to
And "Sweet sir Fopling! you have so much wit!"
Such wits and beauties are not prais'd for nought,
For both the beauty and the wit are bought.
'Twould burst even Heraclitus with the spleen,
To see those anticks, Fopling and Courtin:
The presence seems, with things so richly odd,
The mosque of Mahound, or some queer pa-god.
See them survey their limbs by Durer's rules,
Of all beau-kind the best proportion'd fools!
Adjust their clothes, and to confession draw
Those venial sins, an atom, or a straw:
But oh! what terrors must distract the soul
Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole;
Or should one pound of powder less bespread
Those monkey-tails that wag behind their head!
Thus finish'd, and corrected to a hair,
They march, to prate their hour before the fair.
So first to preach a white-glov'd chaplain goes,
With band of lily, and with cheek of rose,
Sweeter than Sharon, in immac'late trim,
Neatness itself impertinent in him.
Let but the ladies smile, and they are blest:
Prodigious! how the things protest, protest!
Peace, fools, or Gonson will for papists seize you,
If once he catch you at your Jesu! Jesu!

At stage, as courts: all are players. Whoe'er looks
(For themselves dare not go) o'er Cheapside books,
Shall find their wardrobes inventory. Now
The ladies come. As pirates (which do know
That there came weak ships fraught with cutchanel)
The men board them: and praise (as they think) well,
Their beauties; they the mens wits; both are bought.
Why good wits ne'er wear scarlet gowns, I thought
This cause, these men, mens wits for speeches buy,
And women buy all red which scarlets dye.
He call'd her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net:
She fears her drugs ill lay'd, her hair loose set.
Wouldn't Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine
From hat to shoe, himself at door refine,
As if the presence were a mosque; and lift
His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shrift,
Making them confess not only mortal
Great stains and holes in them, but venial
Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicate:
And then by Durer's rules survey the state
Of his each limb, and with strings the odds tries
Of his neck to his leg, and waste to thighs.
So in immaculate clothes and symmetry
Perfect as circles, with such nicety
As a young preacher at his first time goes
To preach, he enters, and a lady which owes
Him not so much as good-will, he arrests,
And unto her protests, protests, protests,
So much as at Rome would serve to have thrown
Ten cardinals into the Inquisition;
And whispers by Jesu so oft, that a
Pursuevant would have ravish'd him away

Nature made every fop to plague his brother,
Just as one beauty mortifies another.
But here's the captain that will plague them both,
Whose air cries arm! whose very look's an oath:
The captain's honest, sirs, and that's enough,
Though his soul's bullet, and his body buff.
He spits fore-right; his haughty chest before,
Like battering rams, beats open every door:
And with a face as red, and as awry,
As Herod's hangdogs in old tapestry,
Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curse,
Has yet a strange ambition to look worse:
Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe,
Jests like a licens'd fool, commands like law.
Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it so
As men from jails to execution go;
For hung with deadly sins I see the wall,
And lin'd with giants deadlier than them all:
Each man an Askapart, of strength to toss
For quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-cross.
Scar'd at the grizly forms, I sweat, I fly,
And shake all o'er, like a discover'd spy.
Courts are too much for wits so weak as mine:
Charge them with Heaven's artillery, bold divine!
From such alone the great rebukes endure,
Whose satire's sacred, and whose rage secure:
'Tis mine to wash a few light stains; but theirs
To deluge sin, and drown a court in tears.
Howe'er, what's now Apocryphia, my wit,
In time to come, may pass for holy writ.

EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

IN TWO DIALOGUES.

WRITTEN IN M DCC XXXVIII.

DIALOGUE I.

Fr. Not twice a twelvemonth you appear in print,
And when it comes, the court see nothing in't.

For saying our lady's Psalter. But 'tis fit
That they each other plague, they merit it.
But here comes Glorious that will plague 'em both,
Who in the other extreme only doth
Call a rough carelessness good fashion:
Whose cloak his spurs tear, or whom he spits on,
He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm
To him; he rushes in, as if arm, arm,
He meant to cry; and though his face be as ill
As theirs which in old hangings whip Christ, still
He strives to look worse; he keeps all in awe;
Jests like a licens'd fool, commands like law.
Tir'd, now, I leave this place, and but pleas'd so
As men from gaols to execution go,
Go, through the great chamber (why is it hung,
With these seven deadly sins?) being among
Those Askaparts, men big enough to throw
Charing-cross, for a bar, men that do know
No token of worth, but queens man, and fine
Living; barrels of beef, flaggons of wine.
I shook like a spied spie—Preachers which are
Seas of wit and arts, you can, then dare,
Drown the sins of this place, but as for me
Which am but a scant brook, enough shall be
To wash the stains away: Although I yet
(With Maccabees modesty) the known merit
Of my work lessen, yet some wise men shall,
I hope, esteem my writs canonical.
You grow correct, that once with rapture writ,
And are, besides, too moral for a wit.
Decay of parts, alas! we all must feel—
Why now, this moment, don't I see you steal?
'Tis all from Horace; Horace long before ye
Said, "Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory;"
And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
"To laugh at fools who put their trust in Peter."
But Horace, sir, was delicate, was nice;
Bubo observes, he lash'd no sort of vice:
Horace would say, sir Billy serv'd the crown,
Blunt could do business, Higgins knew the town;
In Sappho touch the failings of the sex,
In reverend bishops note some small neglects,
And own the Spaniard did a waggish thing,
Who cropt our ears, and sent them to the king.
His sly, polite, insinuating style
Could please at court, and make Augustus smile:
An artful manager, that crept between
His friend and shame, and was a kind of screen.
But 'faith your very friends will soon be sore;
Patriots there are, who wish you'd jest no more—
And where's the glory? 'twill be only thought
The great man never offer'd you a groat.
Go see sir Robert——

P. See sir Robert!—hum—
And never laugh—for all my life to come?
Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
Of social pleasure, ill-exchang'd for power;
Seen him, uncumber'd with a venal tribe,
Smile without art, and win without a bribe.
Would he oblige me! let me only find,
He does not think me what he thinks mankind.
Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt;
The only difference is, I dare laugh out.

F. Why yes: with scripture still you may be free;
A horse-laugh, if you please, at honesty;
A joke on Jekyll, or some odd old whig,
Who never chang'd his principle, or wig;
A patriot is a fool in every age,
Whom all lord chamberlains allow the stage:
These nothing hurts; they keep their fashion still,
And wear their strange old virtue as they will.
If any ask you, "Who's the man, so near
His prince, that writes in verse, and has his ear?"
Why answer Lyttelton; and I'll engage
The worthy youth shall ne'er be in a rage:
But were his verses vile, his whisper base,
You'd quickly find him in lord Fanny's case.
Sejanus, Wolsey, hurt not honest Fleury,
But well may put some statesman in a fury.
Laugh then at any, but at fools or foes;
These you but anger, and you mend not those.
Laugh at your friends, and, if your friends are sore,
So much the better, you may laugh the more.
To vice and folly to confine the jest,
Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest;

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 2, in the MS.

You don't, I hope, pretend to quit the trade,
Because you think your reputation made:
Like good sir Paul, of whom so much was said,
That when his name was up, he lay a-bed.
Come, come, refresh us with a livelier song,
Or, like sir Paul, you'll lie a-bed too long.
P. Sir, what I write, should be correctly writ.
F. Correct! 'Tis what no genius can admit.
Besides, you grow too moral for a wit.

Did not the sneer of more impartial men
At sense and virtue balance all again.
Judicious wits spread wide the ridicule,
And charitably comfort knave and fool.
P. Dear sir, forgive the prejudice of youth:
Adieu distinction, satire, warmth, and truth!
Come, harmless characters that no one hit;
Come, Henley's oratory, Osborn's wit!
The honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,
The flowers of Bubo, and the flow of Young!
The gracious dew of pulpit eloquence,
And all the well-whipp'd cream of courtly sense,
That first was H—vy's, F—'s next, and then,
The S—te's, and then H—vy's once agen.
O *come*, that easy Ciceronian style,
So Latin, yet so English all the while,
As, though the pride of Middleton and Bland,
All boys may read, and girls may understand!
Then might I sing, without the least offence,
And all I sung should be the nation's sense;
Or teach the melancholy Muse to mourn,
Hang the sad verse on Carolina's urn,
And hail her passage to the realms of rest,
All parts perform'd, and all her children blest!
So—Satire is no more—I feel it die—
No gazetteer more innocent than I—
And let, a God's name, every fool and knave
Be grac'd through life, and flatter'd in his grave.
F. Why so? if Satire knows its time and place,
You still may lash the greatest—in disgrace:
For merit will by turns forsake them all;
Would you know when? exactly when they fall.
But let all satire in all changes spare
Immortal S—k, and grave De——re.
Silent and soft, as saints remov'd to Heaven,
All ties dissolv'd, and every sin forgiven,
These may some gentle ministerial wing
Receive, and place for ever near a king!
There, where no passion, pride, or shame transport,
Lull'd with the sweet nepenthe of a court;
There, where no father's, brother's, friend's disgrace
Once break their rest, or stir them from their place:
But past the sense of human miseries,
All tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes;
No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,
Save when they lose a question, or a job.
P. Good Heaven forbid, that I should blast their glory,
Who know how like Whig ministers to Tory,
And when three sovereigns dy'd could scarce be vext,
Considering what a gracious prince was next.
Have I, in silent wonder, seen such things
As pride in slaves, and avarice in kings;
And at a peer, or peeress, shall I fret,
Who starves a sister, or forswears a debt? 112
Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast;
But shall the dignity of vice be lost?
Ye gods! shall Cibber's son, without rebuke,
Swear like a lord, or Rich outwhore a duke?
A favourite's porter with his master vie,
Be brib'd as often, and as often lie?
Shall Ward draw contracts with a statesman's skill?
Or Japhet pocket, like his grace, a will?
Is it for Bond, or Peter, (paltry things)
To pay their debts, or keep their faith, like kings?
If Blunt dispatch'd himself, he play'd the man;
And so mayst thou, illustrious Passeran!

VARIATION.

Ver. 112, in some editions:
Who starves a mother—

But shall a printer, weary of his life,
Learn, from their books, to hang himself and wife?
This, this, my friend, I cannot, must not bear;
Vice thus abus'd, demands a nation's care:
This calls the church to deprecate our sin,
And hurls the thunder of the laws on gin.
Let modest Foster, if he will, excell
Ten Metropolitans in preaching well;
A simple quaker, or a quaker's wife,
Outdo Landaffe in doctrine,—yea in life:
Let humble Allen, with an aukward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame;
Virtue may choose the high or low degree,
'Tis just alike to Virtue, and to me;
Dwell in a monk, or light upon a king,
She's still the same belov'd, contented thing.
Vice is undone, if she forgets her birth,
And stoops from angels to the dregs of earth:
But 'tis the fall degrades her to a whore;
Let greatness own her, and she's mean no more,
Her birth, her beauty, crowds and courts confess,
Chaste matrons praise her, and grave bishops bless;
In golden chains the willing world she draws,
And hers the gospel is and hers the laws;
Mounts the tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,
And sees pale Virtue carted in her stead.
Lo! at the wheels of her triumphal car,
Old England's genius, rough with many a scar,
Dragg'd in the dust! his arms hang idly round,
His flag inverted trails along the ground!
Our youth, all livery'd o'er with foreign gold,
Before her dance: behind her, crawl the old!
See thronging millions to the pagod run,
And offer country, parent, wife, or son!
Hear her black trumpet through the land proclaim,
That not to be corrupted is the shame.
In soldier, churchman, patriot, man in power,
'Tis avarice all, ambition is no more!
See, all our nobles begging to be slaves!
See, all our fools aspiring to be knaves!
The wit of cheats, the courage of a whore,
Are what ten thousand envy and adore:
All, all look up, with reverential awe,
At crimes that 'scape, or triumph o'er the law:
While truth, worth, wisdom, daily they decry—
"Nothing is sacred now but villainy."
Yet may this verse (if such a verse remain)
Show there was one who held it in disdain.

DIALOGUE II.

Fr. 'Tis all a libel—Paxton (sir) will say,
P. Not yet, my friend! tomorrow 'faith it may;
And for that very cause I print to-day.
How should I fret to mangle every line,
In reverence to the sins of thirty-nine!
Vice with such giant-strides comes on amain,
Invention strives to be before in vain;
Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,
Some rising genius sins up to my song.
F. Yet none but you by name the guilty lash;
Even Guthry saves half Newgate by a dash.
Spare then the person, and expose the vice.
P. How, sir! not damn the sharper, but the dice!
Come on then, Satire! general, unconfin'd,
Spread thy broad wing, and souse on all the kind.
Ye statesmen, priests, of one religion all!
Ye tradesmen, vile, in army, court, or hall!

Ye reverend atheists. F. Scandal! name them, who?
P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.
Who starv'd a sister, who forswore a debt,
I never nam'd; the town's enquiring yet.
The poisoning dame—F. You mean—P. I don't—
F. You do.
P. See, now I keep the secret, and not you!
The bribing statesman—F. Hold, too high you go.
P. The brib'd elector—F. There you stoop too low.
P. I fain would please you, if I knew with what;
Tell me, which knave is lawful game, which not?
Must great offenders, once escap'd the crown,
Like royal harts, be never more run down?
Admit your law to spare the knight requires,
As beasts of nature may we hunt the squires?
Suppose I censure—you know what I mean—
To save a bishop, may I name a dean?
F. A dean, sir? no; his fortune is not made,
You hurt a man that's rising in the trade.
P. If not the tradesman who set up to day,
Much less the prentice who tomorrow may.
Down, down, proud Satire! though a realm be spoil'd,
Arraign no mightier thief than wretched Wild;
Or, if a court or country's made a job,
Go drench a pickpocket, and join the mob.
But, sir, I beg you, (for the love of Vice!)
The matter's weighty, pray consider twice;
Have you less pity for the needy cheat,
The poor and friendless villain, than the great?
Alas! the small discredit of a bribe
Scarce hurts the lawyer, but undoes the scribe.
Then better sure it Charity becomes
To tax directors, who (thank God) have plums;
Still better, ministers; or, if the thing
May pinch ev'n there—why lay it on a king.
F. Stop! stop!
P. Must Satire, then, nor rise nor fall?
Speak out, and bid me blame no rogues at all.
F. Yes, strike that Wild, I'll justify the blow.
P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago:
Who now that obsolete example fears?
Ev'n Peter trembles only for his ears.
F. What, always Peter? Peter thinks you mad,
You make men desperate, if they once are bad.
Else might he take to virtue some years hence—
P. As S—k, if he lives, will love the prince.
F. Strange spleen to S—k!
P. Do I wrong the man?
God knows, I praise a courtier where I can.
When I confess, there is who feels for fame,
And melts to goodness, need I Scarborow name?
Pleas'd let me own, in Esher's peaceful grove
(Where Kent and Nature vie for Pelham's love)
The scene, the master, opening to my view,
I sit and dream I see my Craggs anew!
Ev'n in a bishop I can spy desert.
Secker is decent; Rundel has a heart;
Manners with candour are to Benson given;
To Berkley every virtue under Heaven.
But does the court a worthy man remove?
That instant, I declare, he has my love:
I shun his zenith, court his mild decline;
Thus Sommers once, and Halifax, were mine.
Oft, in the clear, still mirrour of retreat,
I study'd Shrewsbury, the wise and great;
Carleton's calm sense, and Stanhope's noble flame,
Compar'd, and knew their generous end the same:
How pleasing Atterbury's softer hour:
How shin'd the soul, unconquer'd in the Tower!
How can I Pulteney, Chesterfield forget,
While Roman spirit charms, and Attic wit:
Argyll, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field:
Or Wyndham, just to freedom and the throne,
The master of our passions, and his own?
Names, which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,
Rank'd with their friends, not number'd with their [train;
And if yet higher the proud list should end,
Still let me say, No follower, but a friend.
Yet think not, friendship only prompts my lays:
I follow Virtue; where she shines, I praise;
Points she to priest or elder, Whig or Tory,
Or round a Quaker's beaver cast a glory.
I never (to my sorrow I declare)
Din'd with the man of Ross, or my Lord Mayor.
Some, in their choice of friends (nay, look not grave)
Have still a secret bias to a knave:
To find an honest man, I beat about;
And love him, court him, praise him, in or out.
F. Then why so few commended?
P. Not so fierce;
Find you the virtue, and I'll find the verse.
But random praise—the task can ne'er be done:
Each mother asks it for her booby son,
Each widow asks it for the best of men,
For him she weeps, for him she weds again.
Praise cannot stoop, like Satire, to the ground:
The number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.
Enough for half the greatest of these days,
To 'scape my censure; not expect my praise.
Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?
Dare they to hope a poet for their friend?
What Richelieu wanted, Louis scarce could gain,
And what young Ammon wish'd, but wish'd in vain.
No power the Muse's friendship can command;
No power, when Virtue claims it, can withstand:
To Cato, Virgil paid one honest line;
O let my country's friends illumine mine! [no sin,
—What are you thinking? F. Faith the thought's
I think your friends are out, and would be in.
P. If merely to come in, sir, they go out,
The way they take is strangely round about.
F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow?
P. I only call those knaves who are so now.
Is that too little? Come then, I'll comply—
Spirit of Arnall! aid me while I lie.
Cobham's a coward, Polwarth is a slave,
And Lyttelton a dark, designing knave;
St. John has ever been a mighty fool——
But let me add, sir Robert's mighty dull,
Has never made a friend in private life,
And was, besides, a tyrant to his wife,
But pray, when others praise him, do I blame?
Call Verres, Wolsey, any odious name?
Why rail they then, if but a wreath of mine,
O all-accomplish'd St. John! deck thy shrine?
What? shall each spur-gall'd hackney of the day,
When Paxton gives him double pots and pay,
Or each new-pension'd sycophant, pretend
To break my windows if I treat a friend;
Then wisely plead, to me they meant no hurt,
But 'twas my guest at whom they threw the dirt?
Sure, if I spare the minister, no rules
Of honour bind me, not to maul his tools;
Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be said
His saws are toothless, and his hatchets lead.
It anger'd Turenne, once upon a day,
To see a footman kick'd, that took his pay:

But when he heard th' affront the fellow gave,
Knew one a man of honour, one a knave;
The prudent general turn'd it to a jest,
And begg'd, he'd take the pains to kick the rest:
Which not at present having time to do— [you?
F. Hold, sir! for God's sake, where's th' affront to
Against your worship when had S—k writ?
Or P—ge pour'd forth the torrent of his wit?
Or grant the bard whose distich all commend
[In power a servant, out of power a friend]
To W—le guilty of some venial sin;
What's that to you who ne'er was out nor in?
The priest whose flattery bedropt the crown,
How hurt he you, he only stain'd the gown.
And how did, pray, the florid youth offend,
Whose speech you took, and gave it to a friend?
P. Faith, it imports not much from whom it came;
Whoever borrow'd, could not be to blame,
Since the whole house did afterwards the same.
Let courtly wits to wits afford supply,
As hog to hog in huts of Westphaly;
If one, through Nature's bounty or his lord's,
Has what the frugal, dirty soil affords,
From him the next receives it, thick or thin,
As pure a mess almost as it came in;
The blessed benefit, not there confin'd,
Drops to the third, who nuzzles close behind;
From tail to mouth, they feed and they carouse:
The last full fairly gives it to the house.
F. This filthy simile, this beastly line
Quite turns my stomach——
P. So does flattery mine:
And all your courtly civet-cats can vent,
Perfume to you, to me is excrement.
But hear me further—Japhet, 'tis agreed, 185
Writ not, and Chartres scarce could write or read,
In all the courts of Pindus guiltless quite;
But pens can forge, my friend, that cannot write;
And must no egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
Because the deed he forg'd was not my own?
Must never patriot then declaim at gin,
Unless, good man! he has been fairly in?
No zealous pastor blame a failing spouse,
Without a staring reason on his brows?
And each blasphemer quite escape the rod,
Because the insult's not on man, but God?
Ask you what provocation I have had?
The strong antipathy of good to bad.
When Truth or Virtue an affront endures,
Th' affront is mine, my friend, and should be yours.
Mine, as a foe profest to false pretence,
Who thinks a coxcomb's honour like his sense;
Mine, as a friend to every worthy mind;
And mine as man, who feel for all mankind.
F. You're strangely proud.
P. So proud, I am no slave:
So impudent, I own myself no knave:
So odd, my country's ruin makes me grave.
Yes, I am proud; I must be proud to see
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:
Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
Yet touch'd and sham'd by ridicule alone.
O sacred weapon! left for Truth's defence,
Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence!

VARIATION.

Ver. 185, in the MS.
I grant it, sir; and further 'tis agreed,
Japhet writ not, and Chartres scarce could read.

To all but heaven-directed hands deny'd,
The Muse may give thee, but the gods must guide:
Reverent I touch thee! but with honest zeal;
To rouse the watchmen of the public weal,
To Virtue's work provoke the tardy hall,
And goad the prelate slumbering in his stall.
Ye tinsel insects! whom a court maintains,
That counts your beauties only by your stains,
Spin all your cobwebs o'er the eye of day!
The Muse's wing shall brush you all away:
All his grace preaches, all his lordship sings,
All that makes saints of queens, and gods of kings.
All, all but truth, drops dead-born from the press,
Like the last gazette, or the last address. 227
When black ambition stains a public cause,
A monarch's sword when mad vain-glory draws,
Not Waller's wreath can hide the nation's scar,
Not Boileau turn the feather to a star.
Not so, when, diadem'd with rays divine,
Touch'd with the flame that breaks from Virtue's shrine,
Her priestess Muse forbids the good to die,
And opes the temple of eternity.
There, other trophies deck the truly brave,
Than such as Anstis cast into the grave;
Far other stars than * and * * wear,
And may descend to Mordington from Stair;
(Such as on Hough's unsully'd mitre shine,
Or beam, good Digby, from a heart like thine)
Let Envy howl, while Heaven's whole chorus sings,
And bark at honour not conferr'd by kings;
Let Flattery sicken in the incense rise,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies:
Truth guards the poet, sanctifies the line,
And makes immortal, verse as mean as mine.
Yes, the last pen for Freedom let me draw,
When Truth stands trembling on the edge of law;
Here, last of Britons! let your names be read;
Are none, none living? let me praise the dead,
And for that cause which made your fathers shine,
Fall by the votes of their degenerate line.
F. Alas, alas! pray end what you began,
And write next winter more essays on Man.

IMITATIONS OF HORACE.

EPISTLE VII.

IMITATED IN THE MANNER OF DR. SWIFT.

'Tis true, my lord, I gave my word,
I would be with you June the third;
Chang'd it to August, and (in short)
Have kept it—as you do at court.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 227, in the MS.
Where's now the star that lighted Charles to rise?
—With that which follow'd Julius to the skies.
Angels that watch'd the royal oak so well,
How chanc'd ye nod, when luckless Sorel fell?
Hence, lying miracles! reduc'd so low
As to the regal touch and papal toe;
Hence haughty Edgar's title to the main,
Britain's to France, and thine to India, Spain!

Quinque dies tibi pollicitus me rure futurum,
Sextilem totum mendax desideror. atqui,
Si me vivere vis sanum recteque valentem;
Quam mihi das aegro, dubis aegrotare timenti,

You humour me when I am sick,
Why not when I am splenetic?
In town, what objects could I meet?
The shops shut up in every street,
And funerals blackening all the doors,
And yet more melancholy whores:
And what a dust in every place!
And a thin court that wants your face,
And fevers raging up and down,
And W* and H** both in town!
"The dog-days are no more the case."
'Tis true, but Winter comes apace:
Then southward let your bard retire,
Hold out some months 'twixt sun and fire,
And you shall see, the first warm weather,
Me and the butterflies together.
My lord, your favours well I know;
'Tis with distinction you bestow;
And not to every one that comes,
Just as a Scotsman does his plums.
"Pray take them, sir—enough's a feast:
Eat some, and pocket up the rest"—
What, rob your boys? those pretty rogues!
"No, sir, you'll leave them to the hogs."
Thus fools with compliments besiege ye,
Contriving never to oblige ye.
Scatter your favours on a fop,
Ingratitude's the certain crop;
And 'tis but just, I'll tell you wherefore,
You give the things you never care for.
A wise man always is or should
Be mighty ready to do good;
But makes a difference in his thought
Betwixt a guinea and a groat.
Now this I'll say, you'll find in me
A safe companion and a free;
But if you'd have me always near—
A word, pray, in your honour's ear.
I hope it is your resolution
To give me back my constitution!
The sprightly wit, the lively eye,
Th' engaging smile, the gaiety,
That laugh'd down many a summer sun,
And kept you up so oft till one:

Mæcenas, veniam: dum ficus prima, calorque
Designatorum decorat lictoribus atris:
Dum pueris omnis pater, et matercula pallet;
Officiosaque sedulitas, et opella forensis
Addacit febres, et testamenta resignat.
Quod si bruma nives Albanis illinet agris;
Ad mare descendet vates tuus, et sibi parcet,
Contractusque leget; te, dulcis amice, reviset
Cum Zephyris, si concedes, et hirundine prima.
Non, quo more pyris vesci Calaber jubet hospes,
Tu me fecisti locupletem. Vescere sodes.
Jam satis est. At tu quantumvis tolle. Benigne.
Non invisa feres pueris munuscula parvis.
Tam teneor dono, quam si dimittar onustus.
Ut libet: hæc porcis hodie comedenda relinques.
Prodigus et stultus donat quæ spernit et odit:
Hæc seges ingratos tulit et feret omnibus annis.
Vir bonus et sapiens, dignis ait esse paratum!
Nec tamen ignorat, quid distent æra lupinis?
Dignum præstabo me, etiam pro laude merentis?
Quod si me noles usquam discedere; reddes
Forte latus, nigros angusta fronte capillos:
Reddes dulce loqui: reddes ridere decorum, et
Inter vina fugam Cynaræ mœrere protervæ.
Forte per angustam tenuis vulpecula rimam

And all that voluntary vein,
As when Belinda rais'd my strain.
A weazel once made shift to slink
In at a corn-loft through a chink;
But having amply stuff'd his skin,
Could not get out as he got in;
Which one belonging to the house
('Twas not a man, it was a mouse)
Observing, cry'd, "You 'scape not so,
Lean as you came, sir, you must go."
Sir, you may spare your application,
I'm no such beast, nor his relation;
Nor one that temperance advance,
Cramm'd to the throat with ortolans:
Extremely ready to resign
All that may make me none of mine.
South-sea subscriptions take who please,
Leave me but liberty and ease.
'Twas what I said to Craggs and Child,
Who prais'd my modesty, and smil'd.
"Give me," I cry'd (enough for me)
"My bread, and independency!"
So bought an annual-rent or two,
And liv'd——just as you see I do;
Near fifty, and without a wife,
I trust that sinking fund, my life.
Can I retrench? yes, mighty well,
Shrink back to my paternal cell,
A little house, with trees a-row,
And, like its master, very low.
There dy'd my father, no man's debtor,
And there I'll die, nor worse nor better.
To set this matter full before ye,
Our old friend Swift will tell his story.
"Harley, the nation's great support—"
But you may read it, I stop short.

THE LATTER PART OF SATIRE VI.[1]

O charming noons! and nights divine!
Or when I sup, or when I dine,
My friends above, my folks below,
Chatting and laughing all-a-row,
The beans and bacon set before 'em,
The grace-cup serv'd with all decorum:
Each willing to be pleas'd, and please,
And even the very dogs at ease!
Here no man prates of idle things,
How this or that Italian sings,

Repserat in cumeram frumenti: pastaque, rursus
Ire foras pleno tendebat corpore frustra,
Cui mustela procul, si vis, ait, effugere istinc,
Macra cavum repetes arctum, quem macra subisti.
Hæc ego si compellar imagine, cuncta resigno;
Nec somnum plebis laudo fatur altilium, nec
Otia divitiis Arabum liberrima muto.
Sæpe verecundum laudasti: Rexque, paterque
Audisti coram, nec verbo parcius absens:
Inspice, si possum donatur reponere lætus.
* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *
Parvum parva decent. mihi jam non regia Roma,
Sed vacuum Tibur placet, aut imbelle Tarentum.
Strenuus et fortis, causisque Philippus agendis
Clarus, &c.

O noctes cœnæque Deûm! quibus ipse meique,
Ante larem proprium veseor, vernasque procaces
Pasco libatis dapibus: cum, ut cuique libido est
Siccat inæquales calices conviva, solutus

[1] See the first part in Swift's poems.

A neighbour's madness, or his spouse's,
Or what's in either of the houses:
But something much more our concern,
And quite a scandal not to learn:
Which is the happier, or the wiser,
A man of merit, or a miser?
Whether we ought to chuse our friends,
For their own worth, or our own ends?
What good, or better, we may call,
And what, the very best of all?
Our friend Dan Prior told (you know)
A tale extremely "à propos:"
Name a town life, and in a trice
He had a story of two mice.
Once on a time (so runs the fable)
A country mouse, right hospitable,
Receiv'd a town mouse at his board,
Just as a farmer might a lord.
A frugal mouse, upon the whole,
Yet lov'd his friend, and had a soul,
Knew what was handsome, and would do't,
On just occasion, "coûte qui coûte."
He brought him bacon (nothing lean);
Pudding, that might have pleas'd a dean;
Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
But wish'd it Stilton for his sake;
Yet, to his guest though no way sparing,
He eat himself the rind and paring.
Our courtier scarce could touch a bit,
But show'd his breeding and his wit;
He did his best to seem to eat,
And cry'd, "I vow you're mighty neat.
But Lord, my friend, this savage scene!
For God's sake, come, and live with men:
Consider, mice, like men, must die,
Both small and great, both you and I:
Then spend your life in joy and sport;
(This doctrine, friend, I learn'd at court.)"
The veriest hermit in the nation
May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.

Away they came, through thick and thin,
To a tall house near Lincoln's-inn:
('Twas on the night of a debate,
When all their lordships had sate late.)
Behold the place, where if a poet
Shin'd in description, he might show it;
Tell how the moon-beam trembling falls,
And tips with silver all the walls;
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Grotesco roofs, and stucco floors:
But let it (in a word) be said,
The Moon was up, and men a-bed,
The napkins white, the carpet red:
The guests withdrawn had left the treat,
And down the mice sate, "tête à tête."
Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish;
Tells all their names, lays down the law.
"Que ça est bon! Ah goûtez ça!
"That jelly's rich, this marmsey healing,
Pray dip your whiskers and your tail in."
Was ever such a happy swain?
He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again.
"I'm quite asham'd—'tis mighty rude
To eat so much—but all's so good.
I have a thousand thanks to give—
My lord alone knows how to live."
No sooner said, but from the hall
Rush chaplain, butler, dogs and all:
"A rat, a rat! clap to the door"—
The cat comes bouncing on the floor.
O for the heart of Homer's mice,
Or gods to save them in a trice!
(It was by Providence they think,
For your damn'd stucco has no chink.)
"An't please your honour," quoth the peasant,
"This same dessert is not so pleasant:
Give me again my hollow tree,
A crust of bread, and liberty!"

Legibus insanis: seu quis capit acria fortis
Pocula; seu modicis uvescit lætius. ergo
Sermo oritur, non de villis domibusve alienis, [nos
Nec male necne Lepos saltet: sed quod magis ad
Pertinet, et nescire malum est, agitamus; utrumne
Divitiis homines, an sint virtute beati:
Quidve ad amicitias, usus rectumne, trahat nos:
Et quæ sit natura boni, summumque quid ejus.
Cervius hæc inter vicinus garrit aniles
Ex re fabellas. si quis nam laudat Arelli
Sollicitas ignarus opes; sic incipit: Olim
Rusticus urbanum murem mus paupere fertur
Accepisse cavo, veterem vetus hospes amicum;
Asper, et attentus quæsitis; ut tamen arctum
Solveret hospitiis animum, quid multa? neque illi
Sepositi ciceris, nec longæ invidit avenæ:
Ardua et ore ferens acinum, semesaque lardi
Frusta dedit, cupiens varia fastidia cœna
Vincere tangentis male singula dente superbo:
Cum pater ipse domus palea porrectus in horna
Esset ador loliumque, dapis meliora relinquens.
Tandem urbanus ad hunc; quid te juvat, inquit,
Prærupti nemoris patientem vivere dorso? [amice,
Vin' tu homines urbemque feris præponere sylvis
Carpe viam (mihi crede) comes: terrestria quandó
Mortales animas vivunt sortita, neque ulla est,
Aut magno aut parvo, leti fuga, quo, bone, circa,
Dum licet, in rebus jucundis vive beatus:
Vive memor quam sis ævi brevis. Hæc ubi dicta

BOOK IV. ODE I.

TO VENUS.

Again? new tumults in my breast?
Ah spare me, Venus! let me, let me rest!

Agrestem pepulere, domo levis exsilit: inde
Ambo propositum peragunt iter, urbis aventes
Mœnia nocturni subrepere, jamque tenebat
Nox medium cœli spatium, cum ponit uterque
In loculplete domo vestigia: rubro ubi cocco
Tincta super lectos canderet vestis eburnos;
Multaque de magna superessent fercula cœna,
Quæ procul extructis inerant hesterna canistris.
Ergo ubi purpurea porrectum in veste locavit
Agrestem; veluti succinctus cursitat hospes,
Continuatque dapes: nec non verniliter ipsis
Fungitur officiis, prælambens omne quod affert.
Ille cubans gaudet mutata sorte, bonisque
Rebus agit lætum convivam: cum subito ingens
Valvarum strepitus lectis excussit utrumque.
Currere per totum pavidi conclave; magisque
Exanimes trepidare, simul domus alta molossis
Personuit canibus. tum rusticus, Haud mihi vita
Est opus hac, ait, et valeas: me sylva, cavusque
Tutus ab insidiis tenui solabitur ervo.

AD VENERIM.

Intermissa, Venus, diu
Rursus bella moves? parce precor, precor,

I am not now, alas! the man
As in the gentle reign of my queen Anne.
Ah sound no more thy soft alarms,
Nor circle sober fifty with thy charms!
Mother too fierce of dear desires!
Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires.
To number five direct your doves, [loves;
There spread round Murray all your blooming
Noble and young, who strikes the heart
With every sprightly, every decent part;
Equal, the injur'd to defend,
To charm the mistress, or to fix the friend.
He, with a hundred arts refin'd,
Shall stretch thy conquests over half the kind:
To him each rival shall submit,
Make but his riches equal to his wit.
Then shall thy form the marble grace,
(Thy Grecian form) and Chloe lend the face;
His house, embosom'd in the grove,
Sacred to social life and social love,
Shall glitter o'er the pendant green,
Where Thames reflects the visionary scene:
Thither the silver-sounding lyres
Shall call the smiling Loves, and young Desires;
There, every Grace and Muse shall throng,
Exalt the dance, or animate the song;
There youths and nymphs, in consort gay,
Shall hail the rising, close the parting day.
With me, alas! those joys are o'er;
For me the vernal garlands bloom no more.
Adieu! fond hope of mutual fire,
The still-believing, still renew'd desire;
Adieu! the heart-expanding bowl,
And all the kind deceivers of the soul!
But why? ah tell me, ah too dear!
Steals down my cheek th' involuntary tear?
Why words so flowing, thoughts so free,
Stop, or turn nonsense, at one glance of thee?

Non sum qualis eram bonæ
Sub regno Cynaræ. desine, dulcium
Mater sæva Cupidinum,
Circa lustra decem flectere mollibus
Jam durum imperiis: abi
Quo blandæ juvenum te revocant preces.
Tempestivius in domum
Paulli, purpureis ales oloribus,
Commissabere Maximi;
Si torrere jecur quæris idoneum,
Namque et nobilis, et decens,
Et pro solicitis non tacitus reis,
Et centum puer artium,
Late signa feret militiæ tuæ.
Et, quandoque potentior
Largis muneribus riserit æmuli,
Albanos prope te lacus
Ponet marmoream sub trabe citrea.
Illic plurima naribus
Duces thura; lyraque et Berecynthiæ
Delectabere tibia
Mixtis carminibus, non sine fistula.
Illic bis pueri die
Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum
Laudantes, pede candido
In morem Salium ter quatient humum.
Me nec femina, nec puer
Jam, nec spes animi credula mutui,
Nec certare juvat mero,
Nec vincire novis tempora floribus.
Sed cur, heu! Ligurine, cur
Manat rara meas lacryma per genas?

Thee, dress'd in Fancy's airy beam,
Absent I follow through th' extended dream;
Now, now I cease, I clasp thy charms,
And now you burst (ah cruel!) from my arms!
And swiftly shoot along the Mall,
Or softly glide by the canal.
Now shown by Cynthia's silver ray,
And now on rolling waters snatch'd away.

Cur facunda parum decoro
Inter verba cadit lingua silentio?
Nocturnis te ego somniis
Jam captum teneo, jam volucrem sequor
Te per gramina Martii
Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubiles.

PART OF THE NINTH ODE OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

A FRAGMENT.

Lest you should think that verse shall die,
Which sounds the silver Thames along,
Taught on the wings of Truth to fly
Above the reach of vulgar song;

Though daring Milton sits sublime,
In Spenser native Muses play;
Nor yet shall Waller yield to time,
Nor pensive Cowley's moral lay—

Sages and chiefs long since had birth
Ere Cæsar was, or Newton nam'd;
Then rais'd new empires o'er the Earth,
And those, new heavens and systems fram'd.

Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride!
They had no poet, and they died:
In vain they schem'd, in vain they bled!
They had no poet, and are dead.

MISCELLANIES.

ON RECEIVING FROM THE RIGHT HON. LADY

FRANCES SHIRLEY,

A STANDISH AND TWO PENS.

Yes, I beh ld th' Athenian queen
Descend in all her sober charms;
"And take" (she said, and smil'd serene)
"Take at this hand celestial arms.

Ne forte credas interitura, quæ
Longe sonantem natus ad Aufidum
Non ante vulgatas per artes
Verba loquor socianda chordis;

Non, si priores Maeonius tenet
Sedes Homerus, Pindaricæ latent
Ceæque, et Alcæi minaces
Stesichorique graves Camenæ:

Nec si quid olim lusit Anacreon,
Delevit ætas: spirat adhuc amor,
Vivuntque commissi calores
Æoliæ fidibus puellæ.

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi; sed omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.

" Secure the radiant weapons wield;
This golden lance shall guard desert,
And if a vice dares keep the field,
This steel shall stab it to the heart."

Aw'd, on my bended knees I fell,
Receiv'd the weapons of the sky;
And dipp'd them in the sable well,
The fount of fame or infamy.

" What well? what weapon?" (Flavia cries)
" A standish, steel and golden pen!
It came from Bertrand's, not the skies;
I gave it you to write again.

" But, friend, take heed whom you attack;
You'll bring a house (I mean of peers)
Red, blue, and green, nay white and black,
L———— and all about your ears.

" You'd write as smooth again on glass,
And run, on ivory, so glib,
As not to stick at fool or ass,
Nor stop at flattery or fib.

" Athenian queen! and sober charms!
I tell you, fool, there's nothing in't:
'Tis Venus, Venus gives these arms;
In Dryden's Virgil see the print.

" Come, if you'll be a quiet soul,
That dares tell neither truth nor lies,
I'll list you in the harmless roll
Of those that sing of these poor eyes."

EPISTLE TO

ROBERT EARL OF OXFORD AND EARL MORTIMER.

SENT TO THE EARL OF OXFORD WITH DR. PARNELL'S POEMS PUBLISHED BY OUR AUTHOR, AFTER THE SAID EARL'S IMPRISONMENT IN THE TOWER, AND RETREAT INTO THE COUNTRY, IN THE YEAR 1721.

Such were the notes thy once-lov'd poet sung,
Till Death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh just beheld, and lost! admir'd, and mourn'd!
With softest manners, gentlest arts adorn'd!
Blest in each science, blest in every strain!
Dear to the Muse! to Harley dear—in vain!
For him, thou oft hast bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;
For Swift and him, despis'd the farce of state,
The sober follies of the wise and great;
Dextrous, the craving, fawning crowd to quit,
And pleas'd to 'scape from flattery to wit.
Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,
(A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear)
Recall those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days,
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays,
Who, careless now of interest, fame, or fate;
Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great;
Or, deeming meanest what we greatest call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.
And sure, if aught below the seats divine
Can touch immortals, 'tis a soul like thine:
A soul supreme, in each hard instance try'd,
Above all pain, and passion, and all pride,
The rage of power, the blast of public breath,
The lust of lucre, and the dread of Death.
In vain to deserts thy retreat is made;
The Muse attends thee to thy silent shade:
'Tis her's, the brave man's latest steps to trace,
Re-judge his acts, and dignify disgrace.
When interest calls off all her sneaking train,
And all th' oblig'd desert, and all the vain;
She waits, or to the scaffold, or the cell,
When the last lingering friend has bid farewell.
Ev'n now she shades thy evening-walk with bays
(No hireling she, no prostitute to praise);
Ev'n now, observant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm sun-set of thy various day,
Through Fortune's cloud one truly great can see
Nor fears to tell, that Mortimer is he.

EPISTLE TO

JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.

SECRETARY OF STATE IN THE YEAR 1720.

A Soul as full of worth, as void of pride,
Which nothing seeks to show, or needs to hide;
Which nor to guilt, nor fear, its caution owes,
And boasts a warmth that from no passion flows:
A face untaught to feign; a judging eye,
That darts severe upon a rising lie,
And strikes a blush through frontless flattery:
All this thou wert; and being this before,
Know, kings and fortune cannot make thee more.
Then scorn to gain a friend by servile ways,
Nor wish to lose a foe these virtues raise;
But candid, free, sincere, as you began,
Proceed—a minister, but still a man.
Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)
Asham'd of any friend, not ev'n of me:
The patriot's plain, but untrod, path pursue;
If not, 'tis I must be asham'd of you.

EPISTLE TO

MR. JERVAS,

WITH MR. DRYDEN'S TRANSLATION OF FRESNOY'S ART OF PAINTING.

This Epistle, and the two following, were written some years before the rest, and originally printed in 1717.

This verse be thine, my friend, nor thou refuse
This, from no venal or ungrateful Muse.
Whether thy hand strike out some free design,
Where life awakes, and dawns at every line;
Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd mass,
And from the canvass call the mimic face:
Read these instructive leaves, in which conspire
Fresnoy's close art, and Dryden's native fire:
And reading wish, like theirs, our fate and fame,
So mix'd our studies, and so join'd our name;
Like them to shine through long succeeding age,
So just thy skill, so regular my rage.
Smit with the love of sister-arts we came,
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;
Like friendly colours found them both unite,
And each from each contract new strength and light.
How oft in pleasing tasks we wear the day,
While summer-suns roll unperceiv'd away!
How oft our slowly-growing works impart,
While images reflect from art to art!
How oft review; each finding like a friend
Something to blame, and something to commend!
What flattering scenes our wandering fancy wrought,
Rome's pompous glories rising to our thought!

Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly,
Fir'd with ideas of fair Italy.
With thee on Raphael's monument I mourn,
Or wait inspiring dreams at Maro's urn:
With thee repose, where Tully once was laid,
Or seek some ruin's formidable shade:
While Fancy brings the vanish'd piles to view,
And builds imaginary Rome anew.
Here thy well-studied marbles fix our eye;
A fading fresco here demands a sigh:
Each heavenly piece unwearied we compare,
Match Raphael's grace with thy lov'd Guido's air,
Carracci's strength, Correggio's softer line,
Paulo's free stroke, and Titian's warmth divine.
How finish'd with illustrious toil appears
This small, well-polish'd gem, the work of years!
Yet still how faint by precept is express'd
The living image in the painter's breast!
Thence endless streams of fair ideas flow,
Strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow;
Thence Beauty, waking all her forms, supplies
An angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes.
Muse! at that name thy sacred sorrows shed,
Those tears eternal that embalm the dead;
Call round her tomb each object of desire,
Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire:
Bid her be all that cheers or softens life,
The tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife:
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore;
Then view this marble, and be vain no more!
Yet still her charms in breathing paint engage;
Her modest cheek shall warm a future age.
Beauty, frail flower that every season fears,
Blooms in thy colours for a thousand years.
Thus Churchill's race shall other hearts surprise,
And other beauties envy Worsley's eyes;
Each pleasing Blount shall endless smiles bestow,
And soft Belinda's blush for ever glow.
Oh, lasting as those colours may they shine,
Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line;
New graces yearly like thy works display,
Soft without weakness, without glaring gay;
Led by some rule, that guides, but not constrains;
And finish'd more through happiness than pains!
The kindred arts shall in their praise conspire,
One dip the pencil, and one string the lyre.
Yet should the Graces all thy figures place,
And breathe an air divine on every face;
Yet should the Muses bid my numbers roll
Strong as their charms, and gentle as their soul;
With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie,
And these be sung till Granville's Myra die:
Alas! how little from the grave we claim!
Thou but preserv'st a face, and I a name.

EPISTLE TO

MISS BLOUNT,

WITH THE WORKS OF VOITURE.

In these gay thoughts the Loves and Graces shine,
And all the writer lives in every line:
His easy art may happy nature seem,
Trifles themselves are elegant in him.
Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate,
Who without flattery pleas'd the fair and great;
Still with esteem no less convers'd than read;
With wit well-natur'd, and with books well-bred:
His heart, his mistress and his friend did share;
His time, the Muse, the witty and the fair.
Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,
Cheerful he play'd the trifle, life, away;
Till Fate, scarce felt, his gentle breath supprest,
As smiling infants sport themselves to rest.
Ev'n rival wits did Voiture's death deplore,
And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before;
The truest hearts for Voiture heav'd with sighs,
Voiture was wept by all the brightest eyes:
The Smiles and Loves had died in Voiture's death,
But that for ever in his lines they breathe.
Let the strict life of graver mortal be
A long, exact, and serious comedy;
In every scene some moral let it teach,
And, if it can, at once both please and preach.
Let mine, an innocent gay farce appear,
And more diverting still than regular,
Have humour, wit, a native ease and grace,
Though not too strictly bound to time and place:
Critics in wit, or life, are hard to please;
Few write to those, and none can live to these.
Too much your sex are by their forms confin'd,
Severe to all, but most to womankind;
Custom, grown blind with age, must be your guide;
Your pleasure is a vice, but not your pride;
By nature yielding, stubborn but for fame;
Made slaves by honour, and made fools by shame.
Marriage may all those petty tyrants chase,
But sets up one, a greater, in their place:
Well might you wish for change by those accurst,
But the last tyrant ever proves the worst.
Still in constraint your suffering sex remains,
Or bound in formal, or in real chains:
Whole years neglected, for some months ador'd,
The fawning servant turns a haughty lord.
Ah, quit not the free innocence of life,
For the dull glory of a virtuous wife;
Nor let false shows, nor empty titles please:
Aim not at joy, but rest content with ease.
The gods, to curse Pamela with her prayers,
Gave the gilt coach and dappled Flanders mares,
The shining robes, rich jewels, beds of state,
And, to complete her bliss, a fool for mate.
She glares in balls, front boxes, and the ring,
A vain, unquiet, glittering, wretched thing!
Pride, pomp, and state, but reach her outward part;
She sighs, and is no dutchess at her heart.
But, madam, if the Fates withstand, and you
Are destin'd Hymen's willing victim too;
Trust not too much your now resistless charms,
Those, age or sickness, soon or late disarms:
Good-humour only teaches charms to last,
Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past;
Love, rais'd on beauty, will like that decay,
Our hearts may bear its slender chain a day;
As flowery bands in wantonness are worn,
A morning's pleasure, and at evening torn;
This binds in ties more easy, yet more strong,
The willing heart, and only holds it long.
Thus Voiture's[1] early care still shone the same,
And Monthausier was only chang'd in name;
By this, ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,
Their wit still sparkling, and their flames still warm.
Now crown'd with myrtle, on th' Elysian coast,
Amid those lovers, joys his gentle ghost:
Pleas'd, while with smiles his happy lines you view,
And finds a fairer Rambouillet in you.

[1] Mademoiselle Paulet.

The brightest eyes in France inspir'd his Muse;
The brightest eyes in Britain now peruse;
And dead, as living, 'tis our author's pride
Still to charm those who charm the world beside.

EPISTLE TO

THE SAME.

ON HER LEAVING THE TOWN AFTER THE CORONATION, 1715.

As some fond virgin, whom her mother's care
Drags from the town to wholesome country air,
Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,
And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh;
From the dear man unwilling she must sever,
Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever:
Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,
Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew;
Not that their pleasures caus'd her discontent,
She sigh'd, not that they stay'd, but that she went.
She went to plain-work, and to purling brooks,
Old-fashion'd halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks:
She went from opera, park, assembly, play,
To morning-walks, and prayers three hours a-day;
To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea,
To muse, and spill her solitary tea;
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,
Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon;
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
Hum half a tune, tell stories to the 'squire;
Up to her godly garret after seven,
There starve and pray, for that's the way to Heaven.
Some 'squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack;
Whose game is whist, whose treat a toast in sack:
Who visits with a gun, presents you birds, [words!"
Then gives a smacking buss, and cries,—"No
Or with his hounds comes hallooing from the stable,
Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table;
Whose laughs are hearty, though his jests are coarse,
And loves you best of all things—but his horse.
In some fair evening, on your elbow laid,
You dream of triumphs in the rural shade;
In pensive thought recall the fancy'd scene,
See coronations rise on every green;
Before you pass th' imaginary sights
Of lords, and earls, and dukes, and garter'd knights,
While the spread fan o'ershades your closing eyes;
Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies.
Thus vanish sceptres, coronets, and balls,
And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls!
So when your slave, at some dear idle time,
Not plagu'd with head-achs, or the want of rhyme
Stands in the streets, abstracted from the crew,
And while he seems to study, thinks of you:
Just when his fancy points your sprightly eyes,
Or sees the blush of soft Parthenia rise,
Gay pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite,
Streets, chairs, and coxcombs, rush upon my sight;
Vex'd to be still in town, I knit my brow,
Look sour, and hum a tune, as you may now.

THE BASSET-TABLE,

AN ECLOGUE.

CARDELIA. SMILINDA.

CARDELIA.

The basset-table spread, the tallier come;
Why stays Smilinda in the dressing-room?
Rise, pensive nymph; the tallier waits for you.

SMILINDA.

Ah, madam, since my Sharper is untrue,
I joyless make my once ador'd alphiew.
I saw him stand behind Ombrelia's chair,
And whisper with that soft, deluding air, [fair.
And those feign'd sighs which cheat the listening

CARDELIA.

Is this the cause of your romantic strains?
A mightier grief my heavy heart sustains.
As you by Love, so I by Fortune cross'd;
One, one bad deal, three septlevas have lost.

SMILINDA.

Is that the grief, which you compare with mine?
With ease, the smiles of Fortune I resign:
Would all my gold in one bad deal were gone,
Were lovely Sharper mine, and mine alone.

CARDELIA.

A lover lost, is but a common care;
And prudent nymphs against that change prepare:
The knave of clubs thrice lost: Oh! who could guess
This fatal stroke, this unforeseen distress?

SMILINDA.

See Betty Lovet! very à propos,
She all the cares of love and play does know:
Dear Betty shall th' important point decide;
Betty, who oft the pain of each has try'd:
Impartial, she shall say who suffers most,
By cards, ill-usage, or by lovers lost.

LOVET.

Tell, tell your griefs; attentive will I stay,
Though time is precious, and I want some tea.

CARDELIA.

Behold this equipage, by Mathers wrought,
With fifty guineas (a great pen'worth) bought.
See, on the tooth-pick, Mars and Cupid strive;
And both the struggling figures seem alive.
Upon the bottom shines the queen's bright face:
A myrtle foilage round the thimble-case;
Jove, Jove himself does on the scissars shine;
The metal, and the workmanship, divine!

SMILINDA.

This snuff-box,—once the pledge of Sharper's love,
When rival beauties for the present strove;
At Corticelli's he the raffle won;
Then first his passion was in public shown:
Hazardia blush'd, and turn'd her head aside,
A rival's envy (all in vain) to hide.
This snuff-box,—on the hinge see brilliants shine!
This snuff-box will I stake; the prize is mine.

CARDELIA.

Alas! far lesser losses than I bear,
Have made a soldier sigh, a lover swear.
And oh! what makes the disappointment hard,
'Twas my own lord that drew the fatal card.
In complaisance I took the queen he gave;
Though my own secret wish was for the knave.
The knave won sonica, which I had chose;
And the next pull, my septleva I lose.

SMILINDA.

But ah! what aggravates the killing smart,
The cruel thought, that stabs me to the heart;
This curs'd Ombrelia, this undoing fair,
By whose vile arts this heavy grief I bear;
She, at whose name I shed these spiteful tears,
She owes to me the very charms she wears.
An awkward thing when first she came to town;
Her shape unfashion'd, and her face unknown:
She was my friend; I taught her first to spread
Upon her sallow cheeks enlivening red:
I introduc'd her to the park and plays;
And by my interest, Cozens made her stays.
Ungrateful wretch, with mimic airs grown pert,
She dares to steal my favourite lover's heart!

CARDELIA.

Wretch that I was! how often have I swore,
When Winnall tally'd, I would punt no more!
I know the bite, yet to my ruin run;
And see the folly, which I cannot shun.

SMILINDA.

How many maids have Sharper's vows deceiv'd!
How many curs'd the moment they believ'd!
Yet his known falsehoods could no warning prove:
Ah! what is warning to a maid in love?

CARDELIA.

But of what marble must that breast be form'd,
To gaze on Basset, and remain unwarm'd?
When kings, queens, knaves, are set in decent rank;
Expos'd in glorious heaps the tempting bank,
Guineas, half-guineas, all the shining train;
The winner's pleasure, and the loser's pain:
In bright confusion open rouleaus lie,
They strike the soul, and glitter in the eye.
Fir'd by the sight, all reason I disdain;
My passions rise, and will not bear the rein.
Look upon Basset, you who reason boast;
And see if reason must not there be lost.

SMILINDA.

What more than marble must that heart compose,
Can hearken coldly to my Sharper's vows?
Then, when he trembles! when his blushes rise!
When awful love seems melting in his eyes!
With eager beats his Mechlin cravat moves:
He loves,—I whisper to myself, he loves!
Such unfeign'd passion in his looks appears,
I lose my memory of my former fears;
My panting heart confesses all his charms,
I yield at once, and sink into his arms.
Think of that moment; you who prudence boast,
For such a moment, prudence well were lost.

CARDELIA.

At the Groom-porter's, batter'd bullies play,
Some dukes at Marybone bowl time away.
But who the bowl, or rattling dice compares
To Basset's heavenly joys, and pleasing cares?

SMILINDA.

Soft Simplicetta doats upon a beau;
Prudina likes a man, and laughs at show.
Their several graces in my Sharper meet;
Strong as the footman, as the master sweet.

LOVET.

Cease your contention, which has been too long;
I grow impatient, and the tea's too strong.
Attend, and yield to what I now decide;
The equipage shall grace Smilinda's side:
The snuff-box to Cardelia I decree;
Now leave complaining, and begin your tea.

VERBATIM FROM BOILEAU.

UN JOUR, DIT UN AUTEUR, &c.

Once (says an author, where I need not say)
Two travellers found an oyster in their way,
Both fierce, both hungry; the dispute grew strong,
While scale in hand dame Justice pass'd along.
Before her each with clamour pleads the laws,
Explain'd the matter, and would win the cause.
Dame Justice weighing long the doubtful right,
Takes, opens, swallows it, before their sight.
The cause of strife remov'd so rarely well,
"There take, (says Justice) take you each a shell.
We thrive at Westminster on fools like you:
'Twas a fat oyster—Live in peace—Adieu."

ANSWER

TO THE FOLLOWING QUESTION OF MRS. HOWE.

What is Prudery?
'Tis a beldam,
Seen with wit and beauty seldom.
'Tis a fear that starts at shadows.
'Tis (no, 'tis n't) like miss Meadows.
'Tis a virgin hard of feature,
Old, and void of all good-nature;
Lean and fretful; would seem wise;
Yet plays the fool before she dies.
'Tis an ugly, envious shrew,
That rails at dear Lepell and you.

OCCASIONED BY SOME VERSES OF

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Muse, 'tis enough: at length thy labour ends,
And thou shalt live, for Buckingham commends,
Let crowds of critics now my verse assail,
Let Dennis write, and nameless numbers rail:
This more than pays whole years of thankless pain,
Time, health, and fortune, are not lost in vain.
Sheffield approves, consenting Phœbus bends,
And I and Malice from this hour are friends.

PROLOGUE

BY MR. POPE,

TO A PLAY FOR MR. DENNIS'S BENEFIT, IN 1733, WHEN HE WAS OLD, BLIND, AND IN GREAT DISTRESS; A LITTLE BEFORE HIS DEATH.

As when that hero, who in each campaign
Had brav'd the Goth, and many a Vandal slain,

Lay fortune-struck, a spectacle of woe!
Wept by each friend, forgiv'n by every foe:
Was there a generous, a reflecting mind,
But pitied Belisarius old and blind?
Was there a chief but melted at the sight?
A common soldier, but who clubb'd his mite?
Such, such emotions should in Britons rise,
When press'd by want and weakness Dennis lies;
Dennis, who long had warr'd with modern Huns,
Their quibbles routed, and defy'd their puns;
A desperate bulwark, sturdy, firm, and fierce,
Against the Gothic sons of frozen verse:
How chang'd from him who made the boxes groan,
And shook the stage with thunder all his own!
Stood up to dash each vain pretender's hope,
Maul the French tyrant, or pull down the pope!
If there's a Briton then, true bred and born,
Who holds dragoons and wooden shoes in scorn;
If there's a critic of distinguish'd rage;
If there's a senior, who contemns this age;
Let him to-night his just assistance lend,
And be the critic's, Briton's, old man's friend.

PROLOGUE TO SOPHONISBA.

BY POPE AND MALLET[1].

When learning, after the long Gothic night,
Fair, o'er the western world, renew'd its light,
With arts arising, Sophonisba rose:
The tragic Muse, returning, wept her woes.
With her th' Italian scene first learn'd to glow;
And the first tears for her were taught to flow.
Her charms the Gallic Muses next inspir'd:
Corneille himself saw, wonder'd, and was fir'd.
What foreign theatres with pride have shown,
Britain, by juster title, makes her own.
When freedom is the cause, 'tis hers to fight;
And hers, when freedom is the theme, to write.
For this a British author bids again
The heroine rise, to grace the British scene.
Here, as in life, she breathes her genuine flame:
She asks, what bosom has not felt the same?
Asks of the British youth—Is silence there?
She dares to ask it of the British fair.
To-night our home-spun author would be true,
At once, to nature, history, and you.
Well-pleas'd to give our neighbours due applause,
He owns their learning, but disdains their laws.
Not to his patient touch, or happy flame,
'Tis to his British heart he trusts for fame.
If France excel him in one free-born thought,
The man, as well as poet, is in fault.
Nature! informer of the poet's art,
Whose force alone can raise or melt the heart,
Thou art his guide; each passion, every line,
Whate'er he draws to please, must all be thine.
Be thou his judge: in every candid breast,
Thy silent whisper is the sacred test.

[1] I have been told by Savage, that of the Prologue to Sophonisba, the first part was written by Pope, who could not be persuaded to finish it; and that the concluding lines were written by Mallet. Dr. Johnson.

MACER:

A CHARACTER.

When simple Macer, now of high renown,
First sought a poet's fortune in the town,
'Twas all th' ambition his high soul could feel,
To wear red stockings, and to dine with Steel.
Some ends of verse his betters might afford;
And gave the harmless fellow a good word.
Set up with these, he ventur'd on the town,
And with a borrow'd play out did poor Crown.
There he stopp'd short, nor since has writ a tittle,
But has the wit to make the most of little:
Like stunted hide-bound trees, that just have got
Sufficient sap at once to bear and rot.
Now he begs verse, and what he gets commends,
Not of the wits his foes, but fools his friends.
So some coarse country wench, almost decay'd,
Trudges to town, and first turns chambermaid;
Awkward and supple, each devoir to pay,
She flatters her good lady twice a-day;
Thought wonderous honest, though of mean degree,
And strangely lik'd for her simplicity:
In a translated suit, then tries the town,
With borrow'd pins, and patches not her own:
But just endur'd the winter she began,
And in four months a batter'd harridan.
Now nothing left, but wither'd, pale and shrunk,
To bawd for others, and go shares with punk.

TO MR. JOHN MOORE,

AUTHOR OF THE CELEBRATED WORM-POWDER.

How much, egregious Moore, are we
Deceiv'd by shows and forms!
Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
All human kind are worms.

Man is a very worm by birth,
Vile, reptile, weak, and vain?
A while he crawls upon the earth,
Then shrinks to earth again.

That woman is a worm, we find
E'er since our grandame's evil;
She first convers'd with her own kind,
That ancient worm, the Devil.

The learn'd themselves we book-worms name,
The blockhead is a slow-worm;
The nymph whose tail is all on flame,
Is aptly term'd a glow-worm:

The fops are painted butterflies,
That flutter for a day;
First from a worm they take their rise,
And in a worm decay.

The flatterer an earwig grows;
Thus worms suit all conditions;
Misers are muck-worms, silk-worms beaus,
And death-watches physicians.

That statesmen have the worm, is seen
By all their winding play;
Their conscience is a worm within,
That gnaws them night and day.

Ah Moore! thy skill were well employ'd,
And greater gain would rise,
If thou could'st make the courtier void
The worm that never dies!

O learned friend of Abchurch-lane,
Who sett'st our entrails free;
Vain is thy art, thy powder vain,
Since worms shall eat ev'n thee.

Our fate thou only canst adjourn
Some few short years, no more!
Ev'n Button's wits to worms shall turn,
Who maggots were before.

SONG,

BY A PERSON OF QUALITY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1733.

Fluttering spread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;
I a slave in thy dominions;
Nature must give way to art.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming,
All beneath yon flowery rocks.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping,
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth;
Him the boar, in silence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers;
Fair Discretion, string the lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking slumbers:
Bright Apollo, lend thy choir.

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrours,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrours,
Watering soft Elysian plains.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
Morpheus hovering o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

Melancholy smooth Mæander,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flowery chaplets crown'd.

Thus when Philomela drooping,
Softly seeks her silent mate,
See the bird of Juno stooping;
Melody resigns to Fate.

ON A CERTAIN LADY AT COURT.

I know the thing that's most uncommon;
(Envy, be silent and attend!)
I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warp'd by passion, aw'd by rumour:
Not grave through pride, nor gay through folly;
An equal mixture of good-humour,
And sensible soft melancholy.

"Has she no faults then, (Envy says) sir?"
Yes, she has one, I must aver:
When all the world conspires to praise her,
The woman's deaf, and does not hear.

ON HIS GROTTO AT TWICKENHAM.

COMPOSED OF MARBLE, SPARS, GEMS, ORES, AND MINERALS.

Thou who shalt stop, where Thames' translucent wave
Shines a broad mirrour through the shadowy cave;
Where lingering drops from mineral roofs distil,
And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill,
Unpolish'd gems no ray on pride bestow,
And latent metals innocently glow;
Approach. Great Nature studiously behold!
And eye the mine without a wish for gold.
Approach: but awful! Lo! the Ægerian grot,
Where, nobly pensive, St. John sat and thought;
Where British sighs from dying Windham stole,
And the bright flame was shot through Marchmont's soul.
Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor,
Who dare to love their country, and be poor.

TO MRS. M. B. ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

On, be thou blest with all that Heaven can send,
Long health, long youth, long pleasure, and a friend!
Not with those toys the female world admire,
Riches that vex, and vanities that tire.
With added years, if life bring nothing new,
But like a sieve let every blessing through,
Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain, some sad reflection more;
Is that a birth-day; 'tis alas! too clear,
'Tis but the funeral of the former year.
Let joy or ease, let affluence or content,
And the gay conscience of a life well spent,
Calm every thought, inspirit every grace,
Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face.
Let day improve on day, and year on year,
Without a pain, a trouble, or a fear;
Till Death unfelt that tender frame destroy,
In some soft dream, or ecstasy of joy,
Peaceful sleep out the sabbath of the tomb,
And wake to raptures in a life to come.

TO MR. THOMAS SOUTHERN,

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, 1742.

Resign'd to live, prepar'd to die,
With not one sin, but poetry,
This day Tom's fair account has run
(Without a blot) to eighty-one.
Kind Boyle, before his poet, lays
A table, with a cloth of bays;
And Ireland, mother of sweet singers,
Presents her harp still to his fingers.
The feast, his towering genius marks
In yonder wild-goose and the larks!
The mushrooms show his wit was sudden!
And for his judgment, lo a pudden!

VARIATION.

Ver. 15. Originally thus in the MS.
And oh, since Death must that fair frame destroy,
Die, by some sudden ecstasy of joy;
In some soft dream may thy mild soul remove,
And be thy latest gasp a sigh of love.

Roast beef, though old, proclaims him stout,
And grace, although a bard, devout.
May Tom, whom Heaven sent down to raise
The price of prologues and of plays,
Be every birth-day more a winner,
Digest his thirty-thousandth dinner;
Walk to his grave without reproach,
And scorn a rascal and a coach.

TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE[1].

In beauty or wit,
No mortal as yet
To question your empire has dar'd;
But men of discerning
Have thought that in learning,
To yield to a lady was hard.

Impertinent schools,
With musty dull rules,
Have reading to females deny'd:
So papists refuse
The Bible to use,
Lest flocks should be wise as their guide.

'Twas a woman at first,
(Indeed she was curst)
In knowledge that tasted delight,
And sages agree
The laws should decree
To the first of possessors the right.

Then bravely, fair dame,
Resume the old claim,
Which to your whole sex does belong;
And let men receive,
From a second bright Eve,
The knowledge of right, and of wrong.

But if the first Eve
Hard doom did receive,
When only one apple had she,
What a punishment new
Shall he found out for you,
Who tasting, have robb'd the whole tree?

THE FOURTH EPISTLE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE'S EPISTLES[2],

A MODERN IMITATION.

Say [3], St. John, who alone peruse
With candid eye, the mimic Muse,
What schemes of politics, or laws,
In Gallic lands the patriot draws!
Is then a greater work in hand,
Than all the tomes of Haines's band?
"C. shoots he folly as it flies?
"Or catches manners as they rise?" [4]
Or, urg'd by unquench'd native heat,
[5] Does St. John Greenwich sports repeat?
Where (emulous of Chartres' fame)
Ev'n Chartres' self is scarce a name.
[6] To you (th' all-envy'd gift of Heaven)
Th' indulgent gods, unask'd, have given
A form complete in every part,
And, to enjoy that gift, the art.
[7] What could a tender mother's care
Wish better to her favourite heir,
Than wit, and fame, and lucky hours,
A stock of health, and golden showers,
And graceful fluency of speech,
Precepts before unknown to teach?
[8] Amidst thy various ebbs of fear,
And gleaming hope, and black despair;
Yet let thy friend this truth impart;
A truth I tell with bleeding heart,
(In justice for your labours past)
[9] That every day shall be your last;
That every hour you life renew
Is to your injur'd country due.
In spite of fears, of mercy spite,
My genius still must rail, and write.
Haste to thy Twickenham's safe retreat,
And mingle with the grumbling great:
There, half devour'd by spleen, you'll find
The rhyming bubbler of mankind;
There (objects of our mutual hate)
We'll ridicule both church and state.

EPIGRAM ON MRS. TOFTS.

A HANDSOME WOMAN WITH A FINE VOICE, BUT VERY COVETOUS AND PROUD.[10]

So bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,
As had drawn both the beasts and their Orpheus along;
But such is thy avarice, and such is thy pride,
That the beasts must have starv'd, and the poet have died.

[1] This panegyric on lady Mary Wortley Montague might have been suppressed by Mr. Pope, on account of her having satirized him in her verses to the Imitator of Horace; which abuse he returned in the first Satire of the second book of Horace.

From furious Sappho, scarce a milder fate,
P—'d by her love, or libel'd by her hate. *S.*

[2] This satire on Lord Bolingbroke, and the praise bestowed on him in a letter to Mr. Richardson, where Mr. Pope says,

The sons shall blush their fathers were his foes;

being so contradictory, probably occasioned the former to be suppressed. *S.*

Ad Albium Tibullum.

[3] Albi, nostrorum sermonum candide judex,
Quid nunc te dicam facere in regione Pedana?
Scribere, quod Cassi Parmensis opuscula vincat?

[4] The lines here quoted occur in the Essay on Man.

[5] An tacitam silvas inter reptare salubres?

[6] ——— Di tibi formam
Di tibi divitias dederant, artemque fruendi.

[7] Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno,
Quam sapere, et fari posset quæ sentiat, et cui
Gratia, fama, valetudo contingat abunde,
——— non deficiente crumena?

[8] Inter spem, curamque, timores inter et iras.

[9] Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum.
Me pinguem, et nitidum bene curata cute vises,
Cum ridere voles Epicuri de grege porcum.

[10] This epigram, first printed anonymously in Steele's Collection, and copied in the Miscellanies of Swift and Pope, is ascribed to Pope by sir John Hawkins, in his History of Music.—Mrs. Tofts, who was the daughter of a person in the family of bishop Burnet, is celebrated as a singer little in-

EPIGRAM

ON ONE WHO MADE LONG EPITAPHS. [1]

FREIND, for your Epitaphs I'm griev'd,
Where still so much is said;
One half will never be believ'd,
The other never read.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

ON HIS PAINTING FOR ... THE STATUES OF APOLLO, VENUS, AND HERCULES.

WHAT god, what genius did the pencil move
When Kneller painted these?
'Twas Friendship—warm as Phœbus, kind as Love,
And strong as Hercules.

A FAREWELL TO LONDON,

IN THE YEAR 1715.

DEAR, damn'd, distracting town, farewell!
Thy fools no more I'll teaze:
This year in peace, ye critics, dwell,
Ye harlots, sleep at ease!

Soft B—— and rough C——, adieu!
Earl Warwick make your moan,
The lively H——k and you
May knock up whores alone.

To drink and drole be Rowe allow'd
Till the third watchman toll;
Let Jervis gratis paint, and Frowde
Save three-pence and his soul.

Farewell Arbuthnot's raillery
On every learned sot,
And Garth, the best good Christian he,
Although he knows it not.

Lintot, farewell! thy bard must go;
Farewell, unhappy Tonson!
Heaven gives thee, for thy loss of Rowe,
Lean Philips, and fat Johnson.

Why should I stay? Both parties rage;
My vixen mistress squalls;
The wits in envious feuds engage;
And Homer (damn him!) calls.

The love of arts lies cold and dead
In Halifax's urn;
And not one Muse of all he fed,
Has yet the grace to mourn.

My friends, by turns, my friends confound,
Betray, and are betray'd:
Poor Y—r's sold for fifty pound,
And B———ll is a jade.

Why make I friendships with the great,
When I no favour seek?
Or follow girls seven hours in eight?—
I need but once a week.

Still idle, with a busy air,
Deep whimsies to contrive;
The gayest valetudinaire,
Most thinking rake alive.

Solicitous for others ends,
Though fond of dear repose;
Careless or drowsy with my friends,
And frolic with my foes.

Luxurious lobster-nights, farewell,
For sober, studious days!
And Burlington's delicious meal,
For sallads, tarts, and pease!

Adieu to all but Gay alone,
Whose soul sincere and free,
Loves all mankind, but flatters none,
And so may starve with me.

A DIALOGUE.

POPE. SINCE my old friend is grown so great,
As to be minister of state,
I'm told (but 'tis not true I hope)
That Craggs will be asham'd of Pope.

CRAGGS. Alas! if I am such a creature,
To grow the worse for growing greater;
Why faith, in spite of all my brags,
'Tis Pope must be asham'd of Craggs.

EPIGRAM.

ENGRAVED ON THE COLLAR OF A DOG, WHICH I GAVE TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS.

I AM his Highness' dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?

EPIGRAM.

OCCASIONED BY AN INVITATION TO COURT.

IN the lines that you sent are the Muses and Graces;
You 've the Nine in your wit, and the Three in your faces.

ON AN OLD GATE

ERECTED IN CHISWICK GARDENS.

O GATE, how cam'st thou here?
GATE. I was brought from Chelsea last year,
Batter'd with wind and weather.
Inigo Jones put me together.
Sir Hans Sloane
Let me alone:
Burlington brought me hither.
1742.

ferior, either for her voice or manner, to the best Italian women. She lived at the introduction of the opera into this kingdom, and sung in company with Nicolini; but, being ignorant of Italian, chanted her recitative in English, in answer to his Italian; yet the charms of their voices overcame the absurdity.

[1] It is not generally known that the person here meant was Dr. Robert Freind, head master of *Westminster-school*.

A FRAGMENT.

What are the falling rills, the pendant shades,
The morning bowers, the evening colonades,
But soft recesses for th' uneasy mind
To sigh unheard in, to the passing wind!
So the struck deer, in some sequester'd part,
Lies down to die (the arrow in his heart);
There hid in shades, and wasting day by day,
Inly he bleeds, and pants his soul away.

VERSES LEFT BY MR. POPE,

ON HIS LYING IN THE SAME BED WHICH WILMOT THE CELEBRATED EARL OF ROCHESTER SLEPT IN, AT ADDERBURY, THEN BELONGING TO THE DUKE OF ARGYLE, JULY 9th, 1739.

With no poetic ardour fir'd
I press'd the bed where Wilmot lay;
That here he lov'd, or here expir'd,
Begets no numbers grave, or gay.

But in thy roof, Argyle, are bred
Such thoughts as prompt the brave to lie
Stretch'd out in Honour's nobler bed,
Beneath a nobler roof—the sky.

Such flames as high in patriots burn,
Yet stoop to bless a child or wife;
And such as wicked kings may mourn,
When freedom is more dear than life.

VERSES TO MR. C.

ST. JAMES'S PLACE.

LONDON, OCTOBER 22.

Few words are best; I wish you well;
Bethel, I'm told, will soon be here:
Some morning-walks along the Mall,
And evening friends, will end the year.

If, in this interval, between
The falling leaf and coming frost,
You please to see, on Twit'nam green,
Your friend, your poet, and your host;

For three whole days you here may rest,
From office, business, news, and strife;
And (what most folks would think a jest)
Want nothing else, except your wife.

EPITAPHS.

His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere! Virg.

ON CHARLES EARL OF DORSET,

IN THE CHURCH OF WITHYAM IN SUSSEX.

Dorset, the grace of courts, the Muses' pride,
Patron of Arts, and judge of Nature, dy'd.
The scourge of pride, though sanctified or great,
Of fops in learning, and of knaves in state:
Yet soft his nature, though severe his lay,
His anger moral, and his wisdom gay.
Blest satyrist! who touch'd the mean so true,
As show'd, Vice had his hate and pity too.
Blest courtier! who could king and country please,
Yet sacred keep his friendships, and his ease.
Blest peer! his great forefathers' every grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his race;
Where other Buckhursts, other Dorsets shine,
And patrons still, or poets, deck the line.

ON SIR WILLIAM TRUMBAL,

ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL SECRETARIES OF STATE TO KING WILLIAM III. WHO, HAVING RESIGNED HIS PLACE, DIED IN HIS RETIREMENT AT EASTHAMSTED IN BERKSHIRE, 1716.

A pleasing form; a firm, yet cautious mind;
Sincere, though prudent; constant, yet resign'd;
Honour unchang'd, a principle profest,
Fix'd to one side, but moderate to the rest:
An honest courtier, yet a patriot too:
Just to his prince, and to his country true:
Fill'd with the sense of age, the fire of youth,
A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth;
A generous faith, from superstition free:
A love to peace, and hate of tyranny;
Such this man was: who now from Earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that liberty he lov'd.

ON THE HON. SIMON HARCOURT,

ONLY SON OF THE LORD CHANCELLOR HARCOURT, AT THE CHURCH OF STANTON-HARCOURT IN OXFORDSHIRE, 1720.

To this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art! draw near,
Here lies the friend most lov'd, the son most dear;
Who ne'er knew joy, but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief but when he dy'd.
How vain is reason, eloquence how weak!
If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak.
Oh let thy once-lov'd friend inscribe thy stone,
And with a father's sorrows mix his own.

ON JAMES CRAGGS, *ESQ.*

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

JACOBUS CRAGGS,

REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS
ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS,
PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR ET DELICIÆ,
VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR
ANNOS, HEU PAUCOS, XXXV.
OB. FEB. XVI. MDCCXX.

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear!
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend.
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the Muse he lov'd.

INTENDED FOR MR. ROWE.

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

Thy reliques, Rowe, to this fair urn we trust,
And sacred, place by Dryden's awful dust:

VARIATION.

It is as follows on the monument in the Abbey, erected to Rowe and his daughter,

Thy reliques, Rowe! to this sad shrine we trust,
And near thy Shakspeare place thy honour'd bust,

Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,
To which thy tomb shall guide inquiring eyes.
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest!
Blest in thy genius, in thy love too blest!
One grateful woman to thy fame supplies
What a whole thankless land to his denies.

ON MRS. CORBET,

WHO DIED OF A CANCER IN HER BREAST.

Here rests a woman, good without pretence,
Blest with plain reason, and with sober sense:
No conquests she, but o'er herself, desir'd,
No arts essay'd, but not to be admir'd.
Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
Convinc'd that virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, so compos'd a mind;
So firm, yet soft; so strong, yet so refin'd;
Heaven, as its purest gold, by tortures try'd;
The saint sustain'd it, but the woman dy'd.

ON THE MONUMENT OF THE HONOURABLE

ROBERT DIGBY, AND OF HIS SISTER MARY,

ERECTED BY THEIR FATHER THE LORD DIGBY,
IN THE CHURCH OF SHERBORNE, IN DORSETSHIRE,
1727.

Go! fair example of untainted youth,
Of modest wisdom, and pacific truth;
Compos'd in sufferings, and in joy sedate,
Good without noise, without pretension great.
Just of thy word, in every thought sincere,
Who knew no wish but what the world might hear:
Of soft yet manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace, and friend of human kind:
Go, live! for Heaven's eternal year is thine,
Go, and exalt thy moral to divine.
And thou, blest maid! attendant on his doom,
Pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb,
Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more!
Go then, where only bliss sincere is known!
Go, where to love and to enjoy are one!
Yet take these tears, mortality's relief,
And till we share your joys, forgive our grief:
These little rites, a stone, a verse receive;
'Tis all a father, all a friend can give!

ON SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, 1723.

Kneller, by Heaven, and not a master taught,
Whose art was Nature, and whose pictures thought;
Now for two ages having snatch'd from Fate
Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,

VARIATION.

Oh, next him, skill'd to draw the tender tear,
For never heart felt passion more sincere!
To nobler sentiment to fire the brave,
For never Briton more disdain'd a slave.
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest;
Blest in thy genius, in thy love too blest!
And blest, that, timely from our scene remov'd,
Thy soul enjoys the liberty it lov'd.
To these so mourn'd in death, so lov'd in life;
The childless parent and the widow'd wife,
With tears inscribe this monumental stone,
That holds their ashes and expects her own.

Lies crown'd with princes' honours, poets' lays,
Due to his merit, and brave thirst of praise.
Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works; and, dying, fears herself may die.

ON GENERAL HENRY WITHERS,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, 1729.

Here, Withers, rest! thou bravest, gentlest mind,
Thy country's friend, but more of human kind.
Oh born to arms! O worth in youth approv'd!
O soft humanity, in age belov'd!
For thee the hardy veteran drops a tear,
And the gay courtier feels the sigh sincere.
Withers, adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy martial spirit, or thy social love!
Amidst corruption, luxury, and rage,
Still leave some ancient virtues to our age:
Nor let us say (those English glories gone)
The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

ON MR. ELIJAH FENTON,

AT EASTHAMSTED, IN BERKS, 1730.

This modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, "Here lies an honest man:"
A poet, blest beyond the poet's fate,
Whom Heaven kept sacred from the proud and great:
Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
Content with Science in the vale of Peace,
Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From Nature's temperate feast rose satisfy'd,
Thank'd Heaven that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

ON MR. GAY,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, 1732.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit, a man; simplicity, a child:
With native humour tempering virtuous rage,
Form'd to delight at once and lash the age:
Above temptation in a low estate,
And uncorrupted, ev'n among the great:
A safe companion, and an easy friend,
Unblam'd through life, lamented in thy end.
These are thy honours! not that here thy bust
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—Here lies Gay.

ANOTHER.

Well then, poor Gay lies under ground,
So there's an end of honest Jack:
So little justice here he found,
'Tis ten to one he 'll ne'er come back.

INTENDED FOR SIR ISAAC NEWTON,
IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ISAACUS NEWTONUS:
Quem Immortalem
Testantur Tempus, Natura, Cœlum:
Mortalem
Hoc marmor fatetur.

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
God said, "Let Newton be!" and all was light.

ON DR. FRANCIS ATTERBURY,

BISHOP OF ROCHESTER,

WHO DIED IN EXILE AT PARIS, 1732.

[His only daughter having expired in his arms, immediately after she arrived in France to see him.]

DIALOGUE.

SHE.

Yes, we have liv'd—one pang, and then we part!
May Heaven, dear father! now have all thy heart.
Yet ah! how once we lov'd, remember still,
Till you are dust like me.

HE.

Dear shade! I will.
Then mix this dust with thine—O spotless ghost!
O more than fortune, friends, or country lost!
Is there on Earth one care, one wish beside?
Yes—"Save my country, Heaven,"
—He said, and dy'd.

ON EDMOND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,

WHO DIED IN THE NINETEENTH YEAR OF HIS AGE, 1735.

If modest youth, with cool reflection crown'd,
And every opening virtue blooming round,
Could save a parent's justest pride from fate,
Or add one patriot to a sinking state;
This weeping marble had not ask'd thy tear,
Or sadly told how many hopes lie here!
The living virtue now had shone approv'd,
The senate heard him, and his country lov'd.
Yet softer honours, and less noisy fame
Attend the shade of gentle Buckingham:
In whom a race, for courage fam'd and art,
Ends in the milder merit of the heart;
And, chiefs or sages long to Britain given,
Pays the last tribute of a saint to Heaven.

FOR ONE

WHO WOULD NOT BE BURIED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Heroes and kings! your distance keep,
In peace let one poor poet sleep,
Who never flatter'd folks like you:
Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.

ANOTHER, ON THE SAME.

Under this marble, or under this sill,
Or under this turf, or e'en what they will;
Whatever an heir, or a friend in his stead,
Or any good creature shall lay o'er my head,
Lies one who ne'er car'd, and still cares not a pin,
What they said, or may say, of the mortal within:
But who, living and dying, serene still and free,
Trusts in God, that as well as he was, he shall be.

LORD CONINGSBY'S EPITAPH[1].

Here lies lord Coningsby—be civil;
The rest God knows—so does the Devil.

[1] This epitaph, originally written on Picus Mirandula, is applied to F. Chartres, and printed among the works of Swift. See Hawkesworth's edition, vol. vi. *S.*

ON BUTLER'S MONUMENT.

PERHAPS BY MR. POPE[1].

Respect to Dryden, Sheffield justly paid,
And noble Villers honour'd Cowley's shade:
But whence this Barber?—that a name so mean
Should, join'd with Butler's, on a tomb be seen:
This pyramid would better far proclaim,
To future ages humbler Settle's name:
Poet and patron then had been well pair'd,
The city printer, and the city bard.

THE DUNCIAD:

IN FOUR BOOKS.

WITH THE PROLEGOMENA OF SCRIBLERUS, THE HYPERCRITICS OF ARISTARCHUS, AND NOTES VARIORUM.

A LETTER TO THE PUBLISHER,

OCCASIONED BY THE FIRST CORRECT EDITION OF THE DUNCIAD.

It is with pleasure I hear, that you have procured a correct copy of the Dunciad, which the many surreptitious ones have rendered so necessary; and it is yet with more, that I am informed it will be attended with a commentary: a work so requisite, that I cannot think the author himself would have omitted it, had he approved of the first appearance of this poem.

Such notes as have occurred to me I herewith send you: you will oblige me by inserting them amongst those which are, or will be, transmitted to you by others; since not only the author's friends, but even strangers, appear engaged by humanity, to take some care of an orphan of so much genius and spirit, which its parent seems to have abandoned from the very beginning, and suffered to step into the world naked, unguarded, and unattended.

It was upon reading some of the abusive papers lately published, that my great regard to a person, whose friendship I esteem as one of the chief honours of my life, and a much greater respect to truth, than to him or any man living, engaged me in inquiries, of which the inclosed notes are the fruit.

[1] Mr. Pope, in one of the prints from Scheemaker's monument of Shakspeare in Westminster Abbey, has sufficiently shown his contempt of alderman Barber, by the following couplet, which is substituted in the place of "The cloud-capp'd towers, &c."

Thus Britain lov'd me; and preserv'd my fame,
Clear from a Barber's or a Benson's name.

A. POPE.

Pope might probably have suppressed his satire on the alderman, because he was one of Swift's acquaintances and correspondents; though in the fourth book of the Dunciad he has an anonymous stroke at him:

So by each bard an alderman shall sit,
A heavy lord shall hang at every wit. *S.*

I perceived, that most of these authors had been (doubtless very wisely) the first aggressors. They had tried, till they were weary, what was to be got by railing at each other: nobody was either concerned or surprised, if this or that scribbler was proved a dunce. But every one was curious to read what could be said to prove Mr. Pope one, and was ready to pay something for such a discovery: a stratagem which would they fairly own, it might not only reconcile them to me, but screen them from the resentment of their lawful superiors, whom they daily abuse, only (as I charitably hope) to get that by them, which they cannot get from them.

I found this was not all: ill success in that had transported them to personal abuse, either of himself, or (what I think he could less forgive) of his friends. They had called men of virtue and honour bad men, long before he had either leisure or inclination to call them bad writers: and some had been such old offenders, that he had quite forgotten their persons as well as their slanders, till they were pleased to revive them.

Now what had Mr. Pope done before, to incense them? He had published those works which are in the hands of every body, in which not the least mention is made of any of them. And what has he done since? He has laughed, and written the Dunciad. What has that said of them? A very serious truth, which the public had said before, that they were dull: and what it had no sooner said, but they themselves were at great pains to procure, or even purchase, room in the prints, to testify under their hands to the truth of it.

I should still have been silent, if either I had seen any inclination in my friend to be serious with such accusers, or if they had only meddled with his writings; since whoever publishes, puts himself on his trial by his country. But when his moral character was attacked, and in a manner from which neither truth nor virtue can secure the most innocent; in a manner, which, though it annihilates the credit of the accusation with the just and impartial, yet aggravates very much the guilt of the accusers; I mean by authors without names; then I thought, since the danger was common to all, the concern ought to be so; and that it was an act of justice to detect the authors, not only on this account, but as many of them are the same who for several years past have made free with the greatest names in church and state, exposed to the world the private misfortunes of families, abused all, even to women, and whose prostituted papers (for one or other party, in the unhappy divisions of their country) have insulted the fallen, the friendless, the exiled, and the dead.

Besides this, which I take to be a public concern, I have already confessed I had a private one. I am one of that number who have long loved and esteemed Mr. Pope; and had often declared it was not his capacity or writings (which we ever thought the least valuable part of his character) but the honest, open, and beneficent man, that we most esteemed, and loved in him. Now, if what these people say were believed, I must appear to all my friends either a fool, or a knave; either imposed on myself, or imposing on them, so that I am as much interested in the confutation of these calumnies, as he is himself.

I am no author, and consequently not to be suspected either of jealousy or resentment against any of the men, of whom scarce one is known to me by sight; and as for their writings, I have sought them (on this one occasion) in vain, in the closets and libraries of all my acquaintance. I had still been in the dark, if a gentleman had not procured me (I suppose from some of themselves, for they are generally much more dangerous friends than enemies) the passages I send you. I solemnly protest I have added nothing to the malice or absurdity of them; which it behoves me to declare, since the vouchers themselves will be so soon and so irrecoverably lost. You may in some measure prevent it, by preserving at least their titles[1], and discovering (as far as you can depend on the truth of your information) the names of the concealed authors.

The first objection I have heard made to the poem is, that the persons are too obscure for satire. The persons themselves, rather than allow the objection, would forgive the satire; and if one could be tempted to afford it a serious answer, were not all assassinates, popular insurrections, the insolence of the rabble without doors, and of domestics within, most wrongfully chastised, if the meanness of offenders indemnified them from punishment? On the contrary, obscurity renders them more dangerous, as less thought of: law can pronounce judgment only on open facts: morality alone can pass censure on intentions of mischief; so that for secret calumny, or the arrow flying in the dark, there is no public punishment left, but what a good writer inflicts.

The next objection is, that these sort of authors are poor. That might be pleaded as an excuse at the Old Bailey, for lesser crimes than defamation (for it is the case of almost all who are tried there) but sure it can be none here: for who will pretend that the robbing another of his reputation supplies the want of it in himself? I question not but such authors are poor, and heartily wish the objection were removed by any honest livelihood. But poverty is here the accident, not the subject: he who describes malice and villainy to be pale and meagre, expresses not the least anger against paleness or leanness, but against malice and villainy. The Apothecary in Romeo and Juliet is poor; but is he therefore justified in vending poison? Not but poverty itself becomes a just subject of satire, when it is the consequence of vice, prodigality, or neglect of one's lawful calling; for then it increases the public burthen, fills the streets and highways with robbers, and the garrets with clippers, coiners, and weekly journalists.

But omitting that two or three of these offend less in their morals than in their writings; must poverty make nonsense sacred? If so, the fame of bad authors would be much better consulted than that of all the good ones in the world; and not one of an hundred had ever been called by his right name.

They mistake the whole matter: it is not charity to encourage them in the way they follow, but to get them out of it; for men are not bunglers because they are poor, but they are poor because they are bunglers.

[1] Which we have done in a list printed in the Appendix.

Is it not pleasant enough, to hear our authors crying out on the one hand, as if their persons and characters were too sacred for satire; and the public objecting on the other, that they are too mean even for ridicule? But whether bread or fame be their end, it must be allowed, our author, by and in this poem, has mercifully given them a little of both.

There are two or three, who by their rank and fortune have no benefit from the former objections, supposing them good; and these I was sorry to see in such company. But if, without any provocation, two or three gentlemen will fall upon one, in an affair wherein his interest and reputation are equally embarked; they cannot certainly, after they have been content to print themselves his enemies, complain of being put into the number of them.

Others, I am told, pretend to have been once his friends. Surely they are their enemies who say so; since nothing can be more odious than to treat a friend as they have done. But of this I cannot persuade myself, when I consider the constant and eternal aversion of all bad writers to a good one.

Such as claim a merit from being his admirers, I would gladly ask, if it lays him under a personal obligation? At that rate he would be the most obliged humble servant in the world. I dare swear for these in particular, he never desired them to be his admirers, nor promised in return to be theirs: that had truly been a sign he was of their acquaintance; but would not the malicious world have suspected such an approbation of some motive worse than ignorance, in the author of the Essay on Criticism? Be it as it will, the reasons of their admiration and of his contempt are equally subsisting, for his works and theirs are the very same that they were.

One, therefore, of their assertions I believe may be true, "That he has a contempt for their writings." And there is another which would probably be sooner allowed by himself than by any good judge beside, "That his own have found too much success with the public." But as it cannot consist with his modesty to claim this as a justice, it lies not on him, but entirely on the public, to defend its own judgment.

There remains what in my opinion might seem a better plea for these people, than any they have made use of. If obscurity or poverty were to exempt a man from satire, much more should folly or dullness, which are still more involuntary; nay, as much so as personal deformity. But even this will not help them: deformity becomes an object of ridicule, when a man sets up for being handsome; and so must dulness, when he sets up for a wit. They are not ridiculed because ridicule in itself is, or ought to be, a pleasure; but because it is just to undeceive and vindicate the honest and unpretending part of mankind from imposition, because particular interest ought to yield to general, and a great number who are not naturally fools, ought never to be made so, in complaisance to a few who are. Accordingly we find, that in all ages, all vain pretenders, were they ever so poor or ever so dull, have been constantly the topics of the most candid satirists, from the Codrus of Juvenal to the Damon of Boileau.

Having mentioned Boileau, the greatest poet and most judicious critic of his age and country, admirable for his talents, and yet perhaps more admirable for his judgment in the proper application of them; I cannot help remarking the resemblance betwixt him and our author, in qualities, fame, and fortune; in the distinctions shown them by their superiors, in the general esteem of their equals, and in their extended reputation amongst foreigners; in the latter of which ours has met with a better fate, as he has had for his translators persons of the most eminent rank and abilities in their respective nations[1]. But the resemblance holds in nothing more than in their being equally abused by the ignorant pretenders to poetry of their times; of which not the least memory will remain but in their own writings, and in the notes made upon them. What Boileau has done in almost all his poems, our author has only in this: I dare answer for him he will do it in no more; and on this principle, of attacking few but who had slandered him, he could not have done it at all, had he been confined from censuring obscure and worthless persons, for scarce any other were his enemies. However, as the parity is so remarkable, I hope it will continue to the last; and if ever he should give us an edition of this poem himself, I may see some of them treated as gently, on their repentance or better merit, as Perrault and Quinault were at last by Boileau.

In one point I must be allowed to think the character of our English poet the more amiable. He has not been a follower of fortune or success; he has lived with the great without flattery; been a friend to men in power, without pensions, from whom, as he asked, so he received no favour, but what was done him in his friends. As his satires were the more just for being delayed, so were his panegyrics; bestowed only on such persons as he had familiarly known, only for such virtues as he had long observed in them, and only at such times as others cease to praise, if not begin to calumniate them, I mean when out of power or out of fashion[2]. A satire, therefore, on writers so notorious for the contrary practice, became no man so well as himself; as none, it is plain, was so little in their friendships, or so much in that of those whom

[1] Essay on Criticism in French verse, by General Hamilton; the same, in verse also, by Monsieur Roboton, counsellor and privy secretary to king George I. after by the abbé Reynel in verse, with notes. Rape of the Lock, in French, by the princess of Conti, Paris, 1728; and in Italian verse, by the abbé Conti, a noble Venetian; and the marquis Rangoni, envoy extraordinary from Modena to king George II. Others of his works by Salvini of Florence, &c. His Essays and Dissertations on Homer, several times translated into French. Essay on Man, by the abbé Reynel, in verse; by Monsieur Silhouet, in prose, 1737, and since, by others in French, Italian, and Latin.

[2] As Mr. Wycherley, at the time the town declaimed against his book of poems; Mr. Walsh, after his death; sir William Trumball, when he had resigned the office of secretary of state; lord Bolingbroke, at his leaving England, after the queen's death; lord Oxford, in his last decline of life; Mr. secretary Craggs, at the end of the South-sea year, and after his death: others only in epitaphs.

they had most abused, namely the greatest and best of all parties. Let me add a further reason, that, though engaged in their friendships, he never espoused their animosities; and can almost singly challenge this honour, not to have written a line of any man, which, through guilt, through shame, or through fear, through variety of fortune, or change of interests, he was ever unwilling to own.

I shall conclude with remarking, what a pleasure it must be to every reader of humanity, to see all along, that our author in his very laughter, is not indulging his own ill-nature, but only punishing that of others. As to his poem, those alone are capable of doing it justice, who, to use the words of a great writer, know how hard it is (with regard both to his subject and his manner) vetustis dare novitatem, obsoletis nitorem, obscuris lucem, fastiditis gratiam.

I am

your most humble servant,

St. James's, WILLIAM CLELAND[1].
Dec. 22d, 1728.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

HIS PROLEGOMENA AND ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE

DUNCIAD:

WITH THE HYPERCRITICS OF ARISTARCHUS.

DENNIS' REMARKS ON PRINCE ARTHUR.

I CANNOT but think it the most reasonable thing in the world, to distinguish good writers, by discouraging the bad. Nor is it an ill-natured thing, in relation even to the very persons upon whom the reflections are made. It is true, it may deprive them, a little the sooner, of a short profit and a transitory reputation; but then it may have a good effect, and oblige them (before it be too late) to decline that for which they are so very unfit, and to have recourse to something in which they may be more successful.

CHARACTER OF MR. P. 1716.

The persons whom Boileau has attacked in his writings, have been for the most part authors, and most of those authors, poets: and the censures he hath passed upon them have been confirmed by all Europe.

GILDON, PREF. TO HIS NEW REHEARSAL.

It is the common cry of the poetasters of the town, and their fautors, that it is an ill-natured thing to expose the pretenders to wit and poetry. The judges and magistrates may with full as good reason be reproached with ill-nature for putting the laws in execution against a thief or impostor.—The same will hold in the republic of letters, if the critics and judges will let every ignorant pretender to scribbling pass on the world.

THEOBALD, LETTER TO MIST, JUNE 22, 1728.

Attacks may be levelled, either against failures in genius, or against the pretensions of writing without one.

CONCANEN, DED. TO THE AUTHOR OF THE DUNCIAD.

A satire upon dulness is a thing that has been used and allowed in all ages.

Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, wicked scribbler!

TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS

CONCERNING OUR POET AND HIS WORKS.

M. SCRIBLERUS LECTORI S.

BEFORE we present thee with our exercitations on this most delectable poem (drawn from the many volumes of our adversaria on modern authors) we shall here, according to the laudable usage of editors, collect the various judgments of the learned concerning our poet: various indeed, not only of different authors, but of the same author at different seasons. Nor shall we gather only the testimonies of such eminent wits, as would of course descend to posterity, and consequently be read without our collection; but we shall likewise with incredible labour seek out for divers others, which, but for this our diligence, could never, at the distance of a few months, appear to the eye of the most curious. Hereby thou mayest not only receive the delectation of variety, but also arrive at a more certain judgment by a grave and circumspect comparison of the witnesses with each other, or of each with himself. Hence also thou wilt be enabled to draw reflections, not only of a critical, but a moral nature, by being let into many particulars of the person as well as genius, and of the fortune as well as merit, of our author: in which if I relate some things of little concern peradventure to thee, and some of us little even to him; I entreat thee to consider how minutely all true critics and commentators are wont to insist upon such, and how material they seem to themselves, if to none other. Forgive me, gentle reader, if (following learned example) I ever and anon become tedious: allow me to take the same pains to find whether my author were good or bad, well or ill-natured, modest or arrogant; as another, whether his author was fair or brown, short or tall, or whether he wore a coat or a cassoc.

We proposed to begin with his life, parentage, and education: but as to these, even his contemporaries do exceedingly differ. One saith[1], he was educated at home; another[2], that he was bred at St. Omer's, by Jesuits; a third[3], not at St. Omer's,

[1] Giles Jacob's Lives of the Poets, vol. ii. in his Life. [2] Dennis's Reflections on the Essay on Crit. [3] Dunciad dissected, p. 4.

but at Oxford! a fourth,[1] that he had no university education at all. Those who allow him to be bred at home, differ as much concern'g his tutor: one saith[2], he was kept by his father on purpose; a second[3], that he was an itinerant priest; a third[4], that he was a parson; one[5] calleth him a secular clergyman of the church of Rome; another[6], a monk. As little do they agree about his father, whom one[7] supposeth, like the father of Hesiod, a tradesman or merchant; another[8], a husbandman; another[9], a hatter, &c. Nor has an author been wanting to give our poet such a father as Apuleius hath to Plato, Jamblichus to Pythagoras, and divers to Homer, namely a demon: for thus Mr. Gildon[10]: "Certain it is, that his original is not from Adam, but the devil; and that he wanteth nothing but horns and tail to be the exact resemblance of his infernal father." Finding, therefore, such contrariety of opinions, and (whatever be ours of this sort of generation) not being fond to enter into controversy, we shall defer writing the life of our poet, till authors can determine among themselves what parents or education he had, or whether he had any education or parents at all.

Proceed we to what is more certain, his works, though not less uncertain the judgments concerning them: beginning with his Essay on Criticism, of which hear first the most ancient of critics,

MR. JOHN DENNIS.

"His precepts are false or trivial, or both, his thoughts are crude and abortive, his expressions absurd, his numbers harsh and unmusical, his rhymes trivial and common;—instead of majesty, we have something that is very mean: instead of gravity, something that is very boyish; and instead of perspicuity and lucid order, we have but too often obscurity and confusion." And in another place—"What rare numbers are here! Would not one swear that this youngster had espoused some antiquated Muse, who had sued out a divorce from some superannuated sinner, upon account of impotence, and who, being poxed by the former spouse, has got the gout in her decrepid age, which makes her hobble so damnably[11]."

No less peremptory is the censure of our hypercritical historian

MR. OLDMIXON.

"I dare not say any thing of the Essay on Criticism in verse; but if any more curious reader has discovered in it something new, which is not in Dryden's prefaces, dedications, and his essay on dramatic poetry, not to mention the French critics, I should be very glad to have the benefit of the discovery[1]."

He is followed (as in fame, so in judgment) by the modest and simple-minded

MR. LEONARD WELSTED,

Who, out of great respect to our poet, not naming him, doth yet glance at his essay, together with the duke of Buckingham's, and the criticisms of Dryden and of Horace, which he more openly taxeth[2]: "As to the numerous treatises, essays, arts, &c. both in verse and prose, that have been written by the moderns on the same round-work, they do but hackney the same thoughts over again, making them still more trite. Most of their pieces are nothing but a pert, insipid heap of common-place. Horace has, even in his Art of Poetry, thrown out several things which plainly show, he thought an art of poetry was of no use, even while he was writing one."

To all which great authorities, we can only oppose that of

MR. ADDISON.

"The Art of Criticism (saith he) which was published some months since, is a master-piece in its kind. The observations follow one another like those in Horace's Art of Poetry, without that methodical regularity which would have been requisite in a prose writer. They are some of them uncommon, but such as the reader must assent to, when he sees them explained with that ease and perspicuity in which they are delivered. As for those which are the most known and the most received, they are placed in so beautiful a light, and illustrated with such apt allusions, that they have in them all the graces of novelty; and make the reader, who was before acquainted with them, still more convinced of their truth and solidity. And here give me leave to mention what Monsieur Boileau has so well enlarged upon in the preface to his works: that wit and fine writing doth not consist so much in advancing things that are new, as in giving things that are known an agreeable turn. It is impossible for us, who live in the latter ages of the world, to make observations in criticism, morality, or any art or science, which have not been touched upon by others; we have little else left us, but to represent the common sense of mankind in more strong, more beautiful, or more uncommon lights. If a reader examines Horace's Art of Poetry, he will find but few precepts in it which he may not meet with in Aristotle, and which were not commonly known by all the poets of the Augustan age. His way of expressing, and applying them, not his invention of them, is what we are chiefly to admire.

"Longinus, in his Reflections, has given us the same kind of sublime, which he observes in the several passages that occasioned them: I cannot but take notice that our English author has after the same manner exemplified several of the precepts in the very precepts themselves[3]." He then produces some instances of a particular beauty in the numbers, and concludes with saying, that "there are three poems in our tongue of the same

[1] Guardian, No. 40. [2] Jacob's Lives, &c. vol. ii. [3] Dunciad dissected, p. 4. [4] Farmer P. and his son. [5] Dunciad dissected. [6] Characters of the Times, p. 45. [7] Female Dunciad, p. ult. [8] Dunciad dissected. [9] Roome, Paraphrase on the 4th of Genesis, printed 1729.

[10] Character of Mr. P. and his writings, in a Letter to a Friend, printed for S. Popping, 1716, p. 10. Curll, in his Key to the Dunciad (first edition said to be printed for A. Dodd) in the 10th page, declared Gildon to be the author of that libel; though in the subsequent editions of his Key he left out this assertion, and affirmed (in the Curliad, p. 4 and 8) that it was written by Dennis only.

[11] Reflections critical and satirical on a rhapsody, called, an Essay on Criticism. Printed for Bernard Lintot, octavo.

[1] Essay on Criticism in prose, octavo, 1728, by the author of the Critical History of England.

[2] Preface to his Poems, p. 18, 53.

[3] Spectator, No. 253.

nature, and each a master-piece in its kind! The Essay on Translated Verse; the Esay on the Art of Poetry; and the Essay on Criticism."

Of Windsor Forest, positive is the judgment of the affirmative

MR. JOHN DENNIS,

"That it is a wretched rhapsody, impudently writ in emulation of the Cooper's Hill of sir John Denham: the author of it is obscure, is ambiguous, is affected, is temerarious, is barbarous [1]."

But the author of the Dispensary[2],

GARTH,

in the preface to his poem of Claremont, differs from this opinion: "Those who have seen these two excellent poems of Cooper's Hill and Windsor Forest, the one written by sir John Denham, the other by Mr. Pope, will show a great deal of candour if they approve of this."

Of the Epistle to Eloisa, we are told by the obscure writer of a poem called Sawney, "That because Prior's Henry and Emma charmed the finest tastes, our author writ his Eloisa in opposition to it; but forgot innocence and virtue: if you take away her tender thoughts, and her fierce desires, all the rest is of no value." In which, methinks, his judgment resembleth that of a French taylor on a villa and gardens by the Thames: "All this is very fine; but take away the river, and it is good for nothing."

But very contrary hereunto was the opinion of

MR. PRIOR

himself, saying in his Alma,[3]

O Abelard! ill-fated youth,
Thy tale will justify this truth:
But well I weet, thy cruel wrong
Adorns a nobler poet's song:
Dan Pope, for thy misfortune griev'd,
With kind concern and skill has weav'd
A silken web; and ne'er shall fade
Its colours: gently has he laid
The mantle o'er thy sad distress,
And Venus shall the texture bless, &c.

Come we now to his translation of the Iliad, celebrated by numerous pens, yet shall it suffice to mention the indefatigable

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE, KNT.

Who (though otherwise a severe censurer of our author) yet styleth this a "laudable translation [4]." That ready writer

MR. OLDMIXON,

in his forementioned Essay, frequently commends the same. And the painful

MR. LEWIS THEOBALD

thus extols it[5], "The spirit of Homer breathes all through this translation.—I am in doubt, whether I should most admire the justness to the original, or the force and beauty of the language, or the sounding variety of the numbers: but when I find all these meet, it puts me in mind of what the poet says of one of his heroes, that he alone raised and flung with ease a weighty stone, that two common men could not lift from the ground; just so, one single person has performed in this translation, what I once despair'd to have seen done by the force of several masterly hands." Indeed the same gentleman appears to have changed his sentiments in his Essay on the Art of Sinking in Reputation (printed in Mist's Journal, March 30, 1728), where he says thus: "In order to sink in reputation, let him take it into his head to descend into Homer (let the world wonder, as it will, how the Devil he got there), and pretend to do him into English, so his version denote his neglect of the manner how." Strange variation! We are told in

MIST'S JOURNAL, JUNE 8,

"That this translation of the Iliad was not in all respects conformable to the fine taste of his friend Mr. Addison; insomuch that he employed a younger Muse in an undertaking of this kind, which he supervised himself." Whether Mr. Addison did find it conformable to his taste, or not, best appears from his own testimony the year following its publication, in these words;

MR. ADDISON'S FREEHOLDER, NO. 40.

"When I consider myself as a British freeholder, I am in a particular manner pleased with the labours of those who have improved our language with the translations of old Greek and Latin authors.—We have already most of their historians in our own tongue, and, what is more for the honour of our language, it has been taught to express with elegance the greatest of their poets in each nation. The illiterate among our own countrymen may learn to judge from Dryden's Virgil of the most perfect epic performance. And those parts of Homer which have been published already by Mr. Pope, give us reason to think that the Iliad will appear in English with as little disadvantage to that immortal poem."

As to the rest there is a slight mistake, for this younger Muse was an elder: nor was the gentleman (who is a friend of our author) employed by Mr. Addison to translate it after him, since he saith himself that he did it before[1]. Contrariwise, that Mr. Addison engaged our author in this work appeareth by declaration thereof in the preface to the Iliad, printed some time before his death, and by his own letters of October 26, and November 2, 1713, where he declares it is his opinion that no other person was equal to it.

Next comes his Shakespeare on the stage: "Let him (quoth one, whom I take to be

MR. THEOBALD, MIST'S JOURNAL, JUNE 8, 1728,)

publish such an author as he has least studied and forget to discharge even the dull duty of an editor. In this project let him lend the bookseller his name (for a competent sum of money) to promote the credit of an exorbitant subscription. Gentle reader, be pleased to cast thine eye on the proposal below quoted, and on what follows (some months after the former assertion) in the same Journalist of June 8. "The bookseller proposed the book by subscription, and raised some thousand of pounds for the same: I believe the gentleman did not share in the profits of this extravagant subscription."

"After the Iliad, he undertook (saith

MIST'S JOURNAL, JUNE 8, 1728,)

the sequel of that work, the Odyssey; and having secured the success by a numerous subscription,

[1] Letter to B. B. at the end of the Remarks on Pope's Homer, 1717. [2] Printed 1728, p. 12.
[3] Alma, Cant. 2.
[4] In his Essays, vol. i. printed for E. Curll.
[5] Censor, vol. ii. p. 33.

[1] Vid. pref. to Mr. Tickell's translation of the first book of the Iliad, 4to.

he employed some underlings to perform what, according to his proposals, should come from his own hands." To which heavy charge we can in truth oppose nothing but the words of

MR. POPE'S PROPOSAL FOR THE ODYSSEY (PRINTED BY J. WATTS, JAN. 10, 1724.)

"I take this occasion to declare that the subscription for Shakespeare belongs wholly to Mr. Tonson: and that the benefit of this proposal is not solely for my own use, but for that of two of my friends, who have assisted me in this work." But these very gentlemen are extolled above our poet himself in another of Mist's Journals, March 30, 1728, saying, "That he would not advise Mr. Pope to try the experiment again of getting a great part of a book done by assistants, lest those extraneous parts should unhappily ascend to the sublime, and retard the declension of the whole." Behold! these underlings are become good writers!

If any say, that before the said proposals were printed, the subscription was begun without declaration of such assistance; verily those who set it on foot, or (as the term is) secured it, to wit, the right honourable the lord viscount Harcourt, were he living, would testify, and the right honourable the lord Bathurst, now living, doth testify, the same is a falsehood.

Sorry I am, that persons professing to be learned, or of whatever rank of authors, should either falsely tax, or be falsely taxed. Yet let us, who are only reporters, be impartial in our citations, and proceed.

MIST'S JOURNAL, JUNE 8, 1728.

"Mr. Addison raised this author from obscurity, obtained him the acquaintance and friendship of the whole body of our nobility, and transferred his powerful interests with those great men to this rising bard, who frequently levied by that means unusual contributions on the public." Which surely cannot be, if, as the author of the Dunciad Dissected reporteth, Mr. Wycherley had before introduced him into a familiar acquaintance with the greatest peers and brightest wits then living."

"No sooner (saith the same journalist) was his body lifeless, but this author, reviving his resentment, libelled the memory of his departed friend; and what was still more heinous, made the scandal public." Grievous the accusation! unknown the accuser! the person accused, no witness in his own cause; the person, in whose regard accused, dead! But if there be living any one nobleman whose friendship, yea any one gentleman whose subscription, Mr. Addison procured to our author, let him stand forth, that truth may appear! Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas. In verity, the whole story of the libel is a lie; witness those persons of integrity, who, several years before Mr. Addison's decease, did see and approve of the said verses, in no wise a libel, but a friendly rebuke sent privately in our author's own hand to Mr. Addison himself, and never made public, till after their own journals, and Curll had printed the same. One name alone, which I am here authorised to declare, will sufficiently evince this truth, that of the right honourable the earl of Burlington.

Next is he taxed with a crime (in the opinion of some authors, I doubt, more heinous than any in morality), to wit, plagiarism, from the inventive and quaint-conceited

JAMES-MOORE SMITH, GENT.

"Upon reading the third volume of Pope's Miscellanies, I found five lines which I thought excellent; and happening to praise them, a gentleman produced a modern comedy (the Rival Modes) published last year, where were the same verses to a tittle.

"These gentlemen are undoubtedly the first plagiaries, that pretend to make a reputation by stealing from a man's works in his own life-time, and out of a public print." Let us join to this what is written by the author of the Rival Modes, the said Mr. James-Moore Smith, in a letter to our author himself, who had informed him a month before that play was acted, Jan. 27, 1726-7, that "These verses, which he had before given him leave to insert in it, would be known for his, some copies being got abroad. He desires, nevertheless, that since the lines had been read in his comedy to several, Mr. P. would not deprive it of them," &c. Surely, if we add the testimonies of the lord Bolingbroke, of the lady to whom the said verses were originally addressed, of Hugh Bethel, Esq. and others, who knew them as our author's, long before the said gentleman composed his play; it is hoped, the ingenuous, that affect not errour, will rectify their opinion by the suffrage of so honourable personages.

And yet followeth another charge, insinuating no less than his enmity both to church and state, which could come from no other informer than the said

MR. JAMES-MOORE SMITH.

"The Memoirs of a Parish Clerk was a very dull and unjust abuse of a person who wrote in defence of our religion and constitution, and who has been dead many years[1]." This seemeth also most untrue; it being known to divers that these Memoirs were written at the seat of the lord Harcourt in Oxfordshire, before that excellent person (bishop Burnett's) death, and many years before the appearance of that history, of which they are pretended to be an abuse. Most true it is, that Mr. Moore had such a design, and was himself the man who prest Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Pope to assist him therein; and that he borrowed those memoirs of our author, when that history came forth, with intent to turn them to such abuse. But being able to obtain from our author but one single hint, and either changing his mind, or having more mind than ability, he contented himself to keep the said memoirs, and read them as his own to all his acquaintance. A noble person there is, into whose company Mr. Pope once chanced to introduce him, who well remembereth the conversation of Mr. Moore to have turned upon the "contempt he had for the work of that reverend prelate, and how full he was of a design he declared himself to have of exposing it." This noble person is the earl of Peterborough.

Here in truth should we crave pardon of all the foresaid right honourable and worthy personages, for having mentioned them in the same page with such weekly riff-raff railers and rhymers; but that we had their ever-honour'd commands for the

[1] Daily Journal, March 18, 1728.
[2] Daily Journal, April 3, 1728.

same; and that they are introduced not as witnesses in the controversy, but as witnesses that cannot be controverted: not to dispute, but to decide.

Certain it is, that dividing our writers into two classes, of such who were acquaintance, and of such who were strangers to our author; the former are those who speak well, and the other those who speak evil of him. Of the first class, the most noble

JOHN DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

sums up his character in these lines:

And yet so wondrous, so sublime a thing,
As the great Iliad, scarce could make me sing,
Unless I justly could at once commend
A good companion, and as firm a friend;
One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed,
Can all desert in sciences exceed [1].

So also is he decyphered by the honourable

SIMON HARCOURT.

Say, wondrous youth, what column wilt thou chuse,
What laurel'd arch, for thy triumphant Muse?
Though each great ancient court thee to his shrine,
Though every laurel through the dome be thine,
Go to the good and just, an awful train!
Thy soul's delight [2],——

Recorded in like manner for his virtuous disposition, and gentle bearing, by the ingenious

MR. WALTER HART,

in this apostrophe:

Oh! ever worthy, ever crown'd with praise!
Blest in thy life, and blest in all thy lays,
Add, that the Sisters every thought refine,
And ev'n thy life be faultless as thy line,
Yet Envy still with fiercer rage pursues,
Obscures the virtue, and defames the Muse,
A soul like thine, in pain, in grief, resign'd,
Views with just scorn the malice of mankind [3].

The witty and moral satirist

DR. EDWARD YOUNG,

wishing some check to the corruption and evil manners of the times, calleth out upon our poet to undertake a task so worthy of his virtue:

Why slumbers Pope, who leads the Muses' train,
Nor hears that Virtue, which he loves, complain [4]?

MR. MALLET,

in his Epistle on Verbal Criticism:

Whose life, severely scann'd, transcends his lays;
For wit supreme, is but his second praise.

MR. HAMMOND,

that delicate and correct imitator of Tibullus, in his Love Elegies. Elegy xiv.

Now, tir'd by Pope and Virtue, leave the age,
In low pursuit of self-undoing wrong,
And trace the author through his moral page,
Whose blameless life still answers to his song.

MR. THOMSON,

in his elegant and philosophical poem of the Seasons—

Although not sweeter his own Homer sings,
Yet is his life the more endearing song.

To the same tune also singeth that learned clerk, of Suffolk,

MR. WILLIAM BROOME,

Thus, nobly rising in fair Virtue's cause,
From thy own life transcribe th' unerring laws [1].

And, to close all, hear the reverend dean of St. Patrick's:

"A soul with every virtue fraught,
By patriots, priests, and poets taught.
Whose filial piety excells
Whatever Grecian story tells.
A genius for each business fit,
Whose meanest talent is his wit," &c.

Let us now recreate thee by turning to the other side, and showing his character drawn by those with whom he never conversed, and whose countenances he could not know, though turned against him: first again commencing with the high voiced and never enough quoted

MR. JOHN DENNIS,

Who, in his Reflections on the Essay on Criticism, thus describeth him: "A little affected hypocrite, who has nothing in his mouth but candour, truth, friendship, good-nature, humanity, and magnanimity. He is so great a lover of falsehood, that, whenever he has a mind to calumniate his contemporaries, he brands them with some defect which was just contrary to some good quality, for which all their friends and acquaintance commended them. He seems to have a particular pique to people of quality, and authors of that rank.—He must derive his religion from St. Omer's."—But in the character of Mr. P. and his writings (printed by S. Popping, 1716) he saith, "Though he is a professor of the worst religion, yet he laughs at it;" but that, "nevertheless, he is a virulent papist; and yet a pillar for the church of England."

Of both which opinions

MR. LEWIS THEOBALD

seems also to be; declaring in Mist's Journal of June 22, 1728, "That, if he is not shrewdly abused, he made it his practice to cackle to both parties in their own sentiments." But, as to his pique against people of quality, the same journalist doth not agree, but saith (May 8, 1728), "He had by some means or other, the acquaintance and friendship of the whole body of our nobility."

However contradictory this may appear, Mr. Dennis and Gildon, in the character last cited, make it all plain, by assuring us, "That he is a creature that reconciles all contradictions: he is a beast, and a man; a Whig, and a Tory; a writer (at one and the same time) of Guardians and Examiners [2]; an asserter of liberty, and of the dispensing power of kings; a jesuitical professor of truth; a base and a foul pretender to candour." So that, upon the whole account, we must conclude him either to have been a great hypocrite, or a very honest man; a terrible imposer upon both parties, or very moderate to either.

Be it as to the judicious reader shall seem good. Sure it is, he is little favoured of certain authors, whose wrath is perilous: for one declares he ought to have a price set on his head, and to be hunted

[1] Verses to Mr. P. on his translation of Homer.
[2] Poem prefixed to his works.
[3] In his poems, printed for B. Lintot.
[4] Universal Passion, Sat. i.

[1] In his poems, and at the end of the Odyssey.
[2] The names of two weekly papers.

down as a wild beast [1]. Another protests that he does not know what may happen; advises him to ensure his person; says, he has bitter enemies, and expressly declares it will be well if he escapes with his life [2]. One desires he would cut his own throat, or hang himself [3]. But Pasquin seemed rather inclined it should be done by the government, representing him engaged in grievous designs with a lord of parliament then under prosecution [4]. Mr. Dennis himself hath written to a minister, that he is one of the most dangerous persons in this kingdom [5]; and assureth the public, that he is an open and mortal enemy to his country; a monster, that will, one day, show as daring a soul as a mad Indian, who runs a muck to kill the first Christian he meets [6]. Another gives information of treason discovered in his poem [7]. Mr. Curll boldly supplies an imperfect verse with kings and princesses [8]. And one Matthew Concanen, yet more impudent, publishes at length the two most sacred names in this nation, as members of the Dunciad [9]!

This is prodigious! yet it is almost as strange, that in the midst of these invectives his greatest enemies have (I know not how) borne testimony to some merit in him.

MR. THEOBALD,

in censuring his Shakespeare, declares, "He has so great an esteem for Mr. Pope, and so high an opinion of his genius and excellencies; that, notwithstanding he professes a veneration almost rising to idolatry for the writings of this inimitable poet, he would be very loth even to do him justice, at the expense of that other gentleman's character [10]."

MR. CHARLES GILDON,

after having violently attacked him in many pieces, at last came to wish from his heart, "That Mr. Pope would be prevailed upon to give us Ovid's Epistles by his hand, for it is certain we see the original of Sappho to Phaon with much more life and likeness in his version, than in that of sir Car Scrope. And this (he adds) is the more to be wished, because in the English tongue we have scarcely any thing truly and naturally written upon love [11]." He also, in taxing sir Richard Blackmore for his heterodox opinions of Homer, challengeth him to answer what Mr. Pope hath said in his preface to that poet.

[1] Theobald, Letter in Mist's Journal, June 22, 1728.

[2] Smedley, Pref. to Gulliveriana, p. 14. 16.

[3] Gulliveriana, p. 332. [4] Anno 1723.

[5] Anno 1729. [6] Preface to Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, p. 12. and in the last page of that treatise.

[7] Page 6, 7. of the Preface, by Concanen, to a book called, A Collection of all the Letters, Essays, Verses, and Advertisements, occasioned by Pope and Swift's Miscellanies. Printed for A. Moore, octavo, 1712.

[8] Key to the Dunciad, 3d edit. p. 18.

[9] A List of Persons, &c. at the end of the forementioned Collection of all the Letters, Essays, &c.

[10] Introduction to his Shakespeare Restored, in quarto, p. 3.

[11] Commentary on the duke of Buckingham's Essay, octavo, 1721. p. 97, 98.

MR. OLDMIXON

calls him a great master of our tongue; declares "the purity and perfection of the English language to be found in his Homer; and, saying there are more good verses in Dryden's Virgil than in any other work, except this of our author only [1]."

THE AUTHOR OF A LETTER TO MR. CIBBER.

says, "Pope was so good a versifier [once] that, his predecessor Mr. Dryden, and his contemporary Mr. Prior excepted, the harmony of his numbers is equal to [illegible] body's. And, that he had all the merit, that [illegible] man can have that way [2]." And

MR. THOMAS COOKE,

after much blemishing our author's Homer, crieth out,

> But in his other works what beauties shine,
> While sweetest music dwells in every line!
> These he admir'd, on these he stamp'd his praise,
> And bade them live to brighten future days [3].

So also one who takes the name of

H. STANHOPE,

the maker of certain verses to Duncan Campbell [4], in that poem, which is wholly a satire upon Mr. Pope, confesseth,

> 'Tis true, if finest notes alone could show
> (Tun'd justly high, or regularly low)
> That we should fame to these mere vocals give;
> Pope more than we can offer should receive:
> For when some gliding river is his theme,
> His lines run smoother than the smoothest stream, &c.

MIST'S JOURNAL, JUNE 8, 1728.

Although he says, "The smooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit;" yet that same paper hath these words; "The author is allowed to be a perfect master of an easy and elegant versification. In all his works we find the most happy turns, and natural similies, wonderfully short and thick sown."

The Essay on the Dunciad also owns, p. 25. it is very full of beautiful images. But the panegyric, which crowns all that can be said on this poem, is bestowed by our laureate,

MR. COLLEY CIBBER,

who "grants it to be a better poem of its kind than ever was writ:" but adds, "it was a victory over a parcel of poor wretches, whom it was always cowardice to conquer.—A man might as well triumph for having killed so many silly flies that offended him. Could he have let them alone, by this time, poor souls! they had all been buried in oblivion [1]." Here we see our excellent laureate allows the justice of the satire on every man in it, but himself; as the great Mr. Dennis did before him.

The said

MR. DENNIS AND MR. GILDON,

in the most furious of all their works (the fore-

[1] In his prose Essay on Criticism.

[2] Printed by J. Roberts, 1742. p. 11.

[3] Battle of the Poets, folio, p. 15.

[4] Printed under the title of the Progress of Dulness, duodecimo, 1728.

[1] Cibber's Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9, 12.

cited character, p. 5.) do in concert[1] confess, "That some men of good understanding value him for his rhymes." And (p. 17.) "that he has got, like Mr. Bays in the Rehearsal (that is, like Mr. Dryden), a notable knack at rhyming, and writing smooth verse."

Of his Essay on Man, numerous were the praises bestowed by his avowed enemies, in the imagination that the same was not written by him, as it was printed anonymously.

Thus sang of it even

BESALEEL MORRIS.

Auspicious bard! while all admire thy strain,
All but the selfish, ignorant, and vain;
I, whom no bribe to servile flattery drew,
Must pay the tribute to thy merit due:
Thy Muse sublime, significant, and clear,
Alike informs the soul and charms the ear, &c.

And

MR. LEONARD WELSTED

thus wrote[2] to the unknown author, on the first publication of the said essay; "I must own, after the reception which the vilest and most immoral ribaldry hath lately met with, I was surprised to see what I had long despaired, a performance deserving the name of a poet. Such, sir, is your work. It is, indeed, above all commendation, and ought to have been published in an age and country more worthy of it. If my testimony be of weight any where, you are sure to have it in the amplest manner," &c. &c. &c.

Thus we see every one of his works hath been extolled by one or other of his most inveterate enemies; and to the success of them all they do unanimously give testimony. But it is sufficient, instar omnium, to behold the great critic, Mr. Dennis, sorely lamenting it, even from the Essay on Criticism to this day of the Dunciad! "A most notorious instance (quoth he) of the depravity of genius and taste, the approbation this Essay meets with[3].—I can safely affirm, that I never attacked any of these writings, unless they had success infinitely beyond their merit. This, though an empty, has been a popular scribbler. The epidemic madness of the times has given him reputation.[4]—If, after the cruel treatment so many extraordinary men (Spenser, Lord Bacon, Ben Jonson, Milton, Butler, Otway, and others) have received from this country, for these last hundred years, I should shift the scene, and show all that penury changed at once to riot and profuseness; and more squandered away upon one object, than would have satisfied the greater part of those extraordinary men; the reader to whom this one creature should be unknown, would fancy him a prodigy of art and nature, would believe that all the great qualities of these persons were centered in him alone. But if I should venture to assure him, that the people of England had made such a choice—the reader would either believe me a malicious enemy, and slanderer; or that the reign of the last (queen Anne's) ministry was designed by fate to encourage fools.[5]"

But it happens, that this our poet never had any place, pension, or gratuity, in any shape, from the said glorious queen, or any of her ministers. All he owed, in the whole course of his life, to any court, was a subscription for his Homer, of 200l. from king George I. and 100l. from the prince and princess.

However, lest we imagine our Author's success was constant and universal, they acquaint us of certain works in a less degree of repute, whereof, although owned by others, yet do they assure us he is the writer. Of this sort Mr. Dennis[6] ascribes to him two farces, whose names he does not tell, but assures us that there is not one jest in them: and an imitation of Horace, whose title he does not mention, but assures us it is much more execrable than all his works[7]. The Daily Journal, May 11, 1728, assures us, "He is below Tom Durfey in the drama, because (as that writer thinks) the Marriage-hater matched, and the Boarding-school, are better than the What-d'ye-call-it;" which is not Mr. P.'s, but Mr. Gay's. Mr. Gildon assures us, in his New Rehearsal, p. 48. "That he was writing a play of the lady Jane Grey;" but it afterwards proved to be Mr. Rowe's. We are assured by another, "He wrote a pamphlet called Dr. Andrew Tripe[8];" which proved to be one Dr. Wagstaff's. Mr. Theobald assures us, in Mist of the 27th of April, "That the treatise of the Profound is very dull, and that Mr. Pope is the author of it." The writer of Gulliveriana is of another opinion; and says, "The whole, or greatest part, of the merit of this treatise must and can only be ascribed to Gulliver." [Here, gentle reader! cannot I but smile at the strange blindness and positiveness of men; knowing the said treatise to appertain to none other but to me, Martinus Scriblerus.]

[1] in concert] Hear how Mr. Dennis hath proved our mistake in this place: "As to my writing in concert with Mr. Gildon, I declare upon the honour and word of a gentleman, that I never wrote so much as one line in concert with any one man whatsoever. And these two letters from Gildon will plainly show, that we are not writers in concert with each other.

'SIR,

'The height of my ambition is to please men of the best judgment; and finding that I have entertained my master agreeably, I have the extent of the reward of my labour.'

'SIR,

'I had not the opportunity of hearing of your excellent pamphlet till this day. I am infinitely satisfied and pleased with it, and hope you will meet with that encouragement your admirable performance deserves,' &c. 'CH. GILDON.'

"Now is it not plain that any one who sends such compliments to another, has not been used to write in partnership with him to whom he sends them?" Dennis, Remarks on the Dunciad, p. 50. Mr. Dennis is therefore welcome to take this piece to himself.

[2] In a letter under his own hand, dated March 12, 1733.

[3] Dennis, Pref. to his Reflect. on the Essay on Criticism.

[4] Preface to his Remarks on Homer.

[5] Rem. on Homer, p. 8, 9. [6] Ib. p. 8.

[6] Character of Mr. Pope, p. 7.

[6] Character of Mr. Pope, p. 6. [7] Gulliv. p. 336.

We are assured, in Mist of June 8, "That his own plays and farces would better have adorned the Dunciad, than those of Mr. Theobald; for he had neither genius for tragedy nor comedy." Which whether true or not, it is not easy to judge; in as much as he had attempted neither. Unless we will take it for granted, with Mr. Cibber, that his being once very angry at hearing a friend's play abused, was an infallible proof the play was his own; the said Mr. Cibber thinking it impossible for a man to be much concerned for any but himself: "Now let any man judge (saith he) by his concern, who was the true mother of the child[1]?"

But from all that hath been said, the discerning reader will collect, that it little availed our author to have any candour, since, when he declared he did not write for others, it was not credited; as little to have any modesty, since, when he declined writing in any way himself, the presumption of others was imputed to him. If he singly enterprised one great work, he was taxed of boldness and madness to a prodigy[2]: if he took assistants in another, it was complained of, and represented as a great injury to the public[3]. The loftiest heroics, the lowest ballads, treatises against the state or church, satires on lords and ladies, raillery on wits and authors, squabbles with booksellers, or even full and true accounts of monsters, poisons, and murders; of any hereof was there nothing so good, nothing so bad, which hath not at one or other season been to him ascribed. If it bore no author's name, then lay he concealed; if it did, he fathered it upon that author to be yet better concealed: if it resembled any of his styles, then was it evident; if it did not, then disguised he it on set purpose. Yea, even direct oppositions in religion, principles, and politics, have equally been supposed in him inherent. Surely a most rare and singular character; of which let the reader make what he can.

Doubtless most commentators would hence take occasion to turn all to their author's advantage, and from the testimony of his very enemies would affirm, that his capacity was boundless, as well as his imagination; that he was a perfect master of all styles, and all arguments; and that there was in those times no other writer, in any kind, of any degree of excellence, save he himself. But as this is not our own sentiment, we shall determine on nothing: but leave thee, gentle reader, to steer thy judgment equally between various opinions, and to chuse whether thou wilt incline to the testimonies of authors avowed, or of authors concealed: of those who knew him, or of those who knew him not. P.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

OF THE POEM.

This poem, as it celebrateth the most grave and ancient of things, Chaos, Night, and Dulness:

so is it of the most grave and ancient kind. Homer (saith Aristotle) was the first who gave the form, and (saith Horace) who adapted the measure, to heroic poesy. But even before this, may be rationally presumed from what the ancients have left written, was a piece by Homer composed, of like nature and matter with this of our poet. For of epic sort it appeareth to have been, yet of matter surely not unpleasant, witness what is reported of it by the learned archbishop Eustathius, in Odyss. x. And accordingly Aristotle, in his Poetics, chap. iv. doth further set forth, that as the Iliad and Odyssey gave example to tragedy, so did this poem to comedy its first idea.

From these authors also it should seem, that the hero, or chief personage of it was no less obscure, and his understanding and sentiments no less quaint and strange (if indeed not more so) than any of the actors of our poem. Margites was the name of this personage, whom antiquity recordeth to have been Dunce the first; and surely from what we hear of him, not unworthy to be the root of so spreading a tree, and so numerous a posterity. The poem therefore celebrating him was properly and absolutely a Dunciad; which though now unhappily lost, yet is its nature sufficiently known by the infallible tokens aforesaid. And thus it doth appear that the first Dunciad was the first epic poem, written by Homer himself, and anterior even to the Iliad or Odyssey.

Now, forasmuch as our poet hath translated those two famous works of Homer which are yet left, he did conceive it in some sort his duty to imitate that also which was lost: and was therefore induced to bestow on it the same form which Homer's is reported to have had, namely, that of Epic Poem; with a title also framed after the ancient Greek manner, to wit, that of Dunciad.

Wonderful it is, that so few of the moderns have been stimulated to attempt some Dunciad! since, in the opinion of the multitude, it might cost less pain and toil than an imitation of the greater epic. But possible it is also, that, on due reflection, the maker might find it easier to paint a Charlemagne, a Brute, or a Godfrey, with just pomp and dignity heroic, than a Margites, a Codrus, or a Fleckno.

We shall next declare the occasion and the cause which moved our poet to this particular work. He lived in those days, when (after Providence had permitted the invention of printing as a scourge for the sins of the learned) paper also became so cheap, and printers so numerous, that a deluge of authors covered the land: whereby not only the peace of the honest unwriting subject was daily molested, but unmerciful demands were made of his applause, yea of his money, by such as would neither earn the one, nor deserve the other. At the same time, the licence of the press was such, that it grew dangerous to refuse them either: for they would forthwith publish slanders unpunished, the authors being anonymous, and skulking under the wings of publishers, a set of men who neither scrupled to vend either calumny or blasphemy, as long as the town would call for it.

[1] Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. p. 19.

[2] Burnet's Homerides, p. 1. of his translation of the Iliad.

[3] The London and Mist's Journals, on his undertaking the Odyssey.

[1] Now our author, living in those times, did

[1] Vide Bossu, Du Poeme Epique, chap. viii.

conceive it an endeavour well worthy an honest satirist, to dissuade the dull, and punish the wicked, the only way that was left. In that public spirited view he laid the plan of this poem, as the greatest service he was capable (without much hurt, or being slain) to render his dear country. First, taking things from their original, he considereth the causes creative of such authors, namely Dulness and Poverty; the one born with them, the other contracted by neglect of their proper talents, through self-conceit of greater abilities. This truth he shadoweth in an allegory[1] (as the construction of epic poesy requireth), and feigns that one of these goddesses had taken up her abode with the other, and that they jointly inspired all such writers and such works. He proceedeth to show the qualities they bestow on these authors[2], and the effects they produce[3]: then the materials, or stock, with which they furnish them[4]; and (above all) that self-opinion[5] which causeth it to seem to themselves vastly greater than it is, and is the prime motive of their setting up in this sad and sorry merchandise. The great power of these goddesses acting in alliance (whereof as the one is the mother of industry, so is the other of plodding) was to be exemplified in some one great and remarkable action: and none could be more so than which our poet hath chosen[6], viz. the restoration of the reign of Chaos and Night, by the ministry of Dulness their daughter, in the removal of her imperial seat from the city to the polite world; as the action of the Æneid is the restoration of the empire of Troy, by the removal of the race from thence to Latium. But as Homer singeth only the wrath of Achilles, yet includes in his poem the whole history of the Trojan war, in like manner our author hath drawn into this single action the whole history of Dulness and her children.

A person must next be fixed upon to support this action. This phantom in the poet's mind must have a name[7]: he finds it to be ———: and he becomes of course the hero of the poem.

The fable being thus, according to the best example, one and entire, as contained in the proposition; the machinery is a continued chain of allegories, setting forth the whole power, ministry, and empire of Dulness, extended through her subordinate instruments, in all her various operations.

This is branched into episodes, each of which hath its moral apart, though all conducive to the main end. The crowd assembled in the second book, demonstrates the design to be more extensive than to bad poets only, and that we may expect other episodes of the patrons, encouragers, or paymasters of such authors, as occasion shall bring them forth. And the third book, if well considered, seemeth to embrace the whole world. Each of the games relateth to some or other vile class of writers: the first concerneth the plagiary, to whom he giveth the name of Moore; the second, the libellous novelist, whom he stileth Eliza; the third, the flattering dedicator; the fourth, the bawling critic, or noisy poet; the fifth, the dark and dirty party-writer: and so of the rest: assigning to each some proper name or other, such as he could find.

As for the characters, the public hath already acknowledged how justly they are drawn: the manners are so depicted, and the sentiment so peculiar to those to whom applied, that surely to transfer them to any other or wiser personages, would be exceeding difficult: and certain it is, that every person concerned, being consulted apart, hath readily owned the resemblance of every portrait, his own excepted. So Mr. Cibber calls them, "a parcel of poor wretches, so many silly flies[1]:" but adds, our author's wit is remarkably "more bare and barren, whenever it would fall foul on Cibber, than upon any other person whatever."

The descriptions are singular, the comparisons very quaint, the narration various, yet of one colour: the purity and chastity of diction is so preserved, that, in the places most suspicious, not the words but only the images have been censured, and yet are those images no other than have been sanctified by ancient and classical authority (though, as was the manner of those good times, not so curiously wrapped up), yea, and commented upon by the most grave doctors, and approved critics.

As it beareth the name of epic, it is thereby subject to such severe indispensable rules as are laid on all neoterics, a strict imitation of the ancients; insomuch that any deviation, accompanied with whatever poetic beauties, hath always been censured by the sound critic. How exact that limitation hath been in this piece, appeareth not only by its general structure, but by particular illusions infinite, many whereof have escaped both the commentator and poet himself; yea, divers by his exceeding diligence are so altered and interwoven with the rest, that several have already been, and more will be, by the ignorant abused, as altogether and originally his own.

In a word, the whole poem proveth itself to be the work of our author, when his faculties were in full vigour and perfection; at that exact time when years have ripened the judgment, without diminishing the imagination: which, by good critics, is held to be punctually at forty. For at that season it was that Virgil finished his Georgics; and sir Richard Blackmore, at the like age, composing his Arthurs, declared the same to be the very acme and pitch of life for epic poesy: though since he hath altered it to sixty, the year in which he published his Alfred[2]. True it is, that the talents for criticism, namely, smartness, quick censure, vivacity of remark, certainty of asseveration, indeed all but acerbity, seem rather the gifts of youth, than of riper age: but it is far otherwise in poetry; witness the works of Mr. Rymer and Mr. Dennis, who, beginning with criticism, became afterwards such poets as no age hath paralleled. With good reason therefore did our author chuse to write his essay on that subject at twenty, and reserve for his maturer years this great and wonderful work of the Dunciad.

[1] Bossu, chap. vii.
[2] Book I. ver. 32, &c.
[3] Ver. 45 to 54.
[4] Ver. 57 to 77.
[5] Book I. ver. 80.
[6] Ibid. chap. vii, viii.
[7] Bossu, chap. viii. Vide Aristot. Poet. cap. ix.

[1] Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. page 9. 12. 41.
[2] See his Essays.

RICARDUS ARISTARCHUS

OF THE HERO OF THE POEM.

Of the nature of Dunciad in general, whence derived, and on what authority founded, as well as of the art and conduct of this our poem in particular, the learned and laborious Scriblerus hath, according to his manner, and with tolerable share of judgment, dissertated. But when he cometh to speak of the person of the hero fitted for such poem, in truth he miserably halts and hallucinates: for, misled by one Monsieur Bossu, a Gallic critic, he prateth of I cannot tell what phantom of a hero, only raised up to support the fable. A putid conceit! As if Homer and Virgil, like modern undertakers, who first build their house and then seek out for a tenant, had contrived the story of a war and a wandering, before they once thought either of Achilles or Æneas. We shall therefore set our good brother and the world also right in this particular, by assuring them, that, in the greater epic, the prime intention of the Muse is to exalt heroic virtue, in order to propagate the love of it among the children of men; and consequently that the poet's first thought must needs be turned upon a real subject meet for laud and celebration; not one whom he is to make, but one whom he may find, truly illustrious. This is the primum mobile of his poetic world, whence every thing is to receive life and motion. For, this subject being found, he is immediately ordained, or rather acknowledged, an hero, and put upon such action as befitteth the dignity of his character.

But the Muse ceaseth not here her eagle-flight. For sometimes, satiated with the contemplation of these suns of glory, she turneth downward on her wing, and darts with Jove's lightning on the goose and serpent kind. For we may apply to the Muse in her various moods, what an ancient master of wisdom affirmeth of the gods in general: Si Dii non irascuntur impiis et injustis, nec pios utique justosque diligunt. In rebus enim diversis, aut in utramque partem moveri necesse est aut in neutram. Itaque qui bonos diligit, et malos odit; et qui malos non odit, nec bonos diligit. Quia et diligere bonos ex odio malorum venit; et malos odisse ex bonorum caritate descendit. Which in our vernacular idiom may be thus interpreted: "If the gods be not provoked at evil men, neither are they delighted with the good and just. For contrary objects must either excite contrary affections, or no affections at all. So that he who loveth good men, must at the same time hate the bad; and he who hateth not bad men, cannot love the good; because to love good men proceedeth from an aversion to evil, and to hate evil men from a tenderness to the good." From this delicacy of the Muse arose the little epic (more lively and choleric than her elder sister, whose bulk and complexion incline her to the phlegmatic): and for this, some notorious vehicle of vice and folly was sought out, to make thereof an example. An early instance of which (nor could it escape the accurate Scriblerus) the father of epic poem himself affordeth us. From him the practice descended to the Greek dramatic poets, his offspring; who, in the composition of their tetralogy, or set of four pieces, were wont to make the last a satiric tragedy. Happily, one of these ancient Dunciads (as we may well term it) is come down unto us, amongst the tragedies of the poet Euripides. And what doth the reader suppose may be the subject thereof? Why in truth, and it is worthy observation, the unequal contest of an old, dull, debauched buffoon Cyclops, with the heaven-directed favourite of Minerva; who, after having quietly borne all the monster's obscene and impious ribaldry, endeth the farce in punishing him with the mark of an indelible brand in his forehead. May we not then be excused, if, for the future, we consider the epics of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, together with this our poem, as a complete tetralogy, in which the last worthily holdeth the place or station of the satiric piece?

Proceed we therefore in our subject. It hath been long, and alas for pity! still remaineth a question, whether the hero of the greater epic should be an honest man; or as the French critics express it, un honnête homme[1]: but it never admitted of a doubt, but that the hero of the little epic should be just the contrary. Hence, to the advantage of our Dunciad, we may observe, how much juster the moral of that poem must needs be, where so important a question is previously decided.

But then it is not every knave, nor (let me add) every fool, that is a fit subject for a Dunciad. There must still exist some analogy, if not resemblance of qualities between the heroes of the two poems; and this in order to admit what neoteric critics call the parody, one of the liveliest graces of the little epic. Thus it being agreed that the constituent qualities of the greater epic hero, are wisdom, bravery, and love, from whence springeth heroic virtue; it followeth, that those of the lesser epic hero should be vanity, assurance, and debauchery, from which assemblage resulteth heroic dulness, the never-dying subject of this our poem.

This being settled, come we now to particulars. It is the character of true wisdom, to seek its chief support and confidence within itself; and to place that support in the resources which proceed from a conscious rectitude of will.—And are the advantages of vanity, when arising to the heroic standard, at all short of this self-complacence? nay, are they not, in the opinion of the enamoured owner, far beyond it? "Let the world" (will such an one say) "impute to me what folly or weakness they please; but till wisdom can give me something that will make me more heartily happy, I am content to be gazed at[2]." This, we see, is vanity according to the heroic gage or measure; not that low and ignoble species which pretendeth to virtues we have not; but the laudable ambition of being gazed at for glorying in those vices, which every body knows we have. "The world may ask" (says he) "why I make my follies public? Why not? I have passed my life very pleasantly with them[3]." In short, there is no sort of vanity such a hero would scruple, but that which might go near to degrade

[1] Si un heros poëtique doit être un honnête homme. Bossu, du Poëme Epique, liv. v. ch. 5.

[2] Ded. to the Life of C. C.

[3] Life, p. 2. oct. edit.

him from his high station in this our Dunciad; namely, "whether it would not be vanity in him, to take shame to himself for not being a wise man[1]?"

Bravery, the second attribute of the true hero, is courage manifesting itself in every limb; while its correspondent virtue, in the mock hero, is that same courage all collected into the face. And as power, when drawn together, must needs have more force and spirit than when dispersed, we generally find this kind of courage in so high and heroic a degree, that it insults not only men, but gods. Mezentius, without doubt, the bravest character in all the Æneis: but how? His bravery, we know, was an high courage of blasphemy. And can we say less of this brave man's, who having told us that he placed his "summum bonum in those follies, which he was not content barely to possess, but would likewise glory in," adds, "If I am misguided, 'tis nature's fault, and I follow her[2]." Nor can we be mistaken in making this happy quality a species of courage, when we consider those illustrious marks of it, which made his face "more known (as he justly boasteth) than most in the kingdom;" and his language to consist of what we must allow to be the most daring figure of speech, that which is taken from the name of God.

Gentle love, the next ingredient in the true hero's composition, is a mere bird of passage, or (as Shakespeare calls it) summer-teeming lust, and evaporates in the heat of youth; doubtless by that refinement it suffers in passing through those certain strainers which our poet somewhere speaketh of. But when it is let alone to work upon the lees, it acquireth strength by old age; and becometh a lasting ornament to the little epic. It is true, indeed, there is one objection to its fitness for such an use: for not only the ignorant may think it common, but it is admitted to be so, even by him who best knoweth its value. "Don't you think" (argueth he) "to say 'only a man has his whore[3],' ought to go for little or nothing? Because defendit numerus; take the first ten thousand men you meet, and, I believe, you would be no loser if you betted ten to one, that every single sinner of them, one with another, had been guilty of the same frailty[4]." But here he seemeth not to have done justice to himself: the man is sure enough a hero, who hath his lady at fourscore. How doth his modesty herein lessen the merit of a whole well-spent life: not taking to himself the commendation (which Horace accounted the greatest in a theatrical character) of continuing to the very dregs the same he was from the beginning,

——Servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto processerat.——

But here, in justice both to the poet and the hero, let us farther remark, that the calling her his whore, implied she was his own, and not his neighbour's. Truly a commendable continence! and such as Scipio himself must have applauded. For how much self-denial was necessary not to covet his neighbour's whore? and what disorders must the coveting her have occasioned in that society, where (according to this political calculator) nine in ten of all ages have their concubines!

We have now, as briefly as we could advise, gone through the three constituent qualities of either hero. But it is not in any, or in all of these that heroism properly or essentially resideth. It is a lucky result rather from the collision of these lively qualities against one another. Thus, as from wisdom, bravery, and love, ariseth magnanimity, the object of admiration, which is the aim of the greater epic; so from vanity, assurance, and debauchery, springeth buffoonry, the source of ridicule, that "laughing ornament," as he well termeth it[1], of the little epic.

He is not ashamed (God forbid he ever should be ashamed!) of this character; who deemeth, that not reason but risibility distinguisheth the human species from the brutal. "As Nature" (saith this profound philosopher) "distinguished our species from the mute creation by our risibility, her design must have been by that faculty as evidently to raise our happiness, as by our os sublime (our erected faces) to lift the dignity of our form above them[2]." All this considered, how complete a hero must he be, as well as how happy a man, whose risibility lieth, not barely in his muscles, as in the common sort, but (as himself informeth us) in his very spirits? and whose os sublime is not simply an erect face, but a brazen head; as should seem by his preferring it to one of iron, said to belong to the late king of Sweden[3]?

But whatever personal qualities a hero may have, the examples of Achilles and Æneas show us, that all those are of small avail, without the constant assistance of the gods: for the subversion and erection of empires have never been adjudged the work of man. How greatly soever then we may esteem of his high talents, we can hardly conceive his personal prowess alone sufficient to restore the decayed empire of Dulness. So weighty an achievement must require the particular favour and protection of the great; who being the natural patrons and supporters of letters, as the ancient gods were of Troy, must first be drawn off and engaged in another interest, before the total subversion of them can be accomplished. To surmount, therefore, this last and greatest difficulty, we have, in this excellent man, a professed favourite and intimado of the great. And look, of what force ancient piety was to draw the gods into the party of Æneas, that, and much stronger, is modern incense, to engage the great in the party of Dulness.

Thus have we essayed to pourtray or shadow out this noble imp of fame. But now the impatient reader will be apt to say, "If so many and various graces go to the making up a hero, what mortal shall suffice to bear his character?" Ill hath he read, who seeth not, in every trace of

[1] Life, p. 2. oct. edit.
[2] Life of C. C. p. 23. oct. edit.
[3] Alluding to these lines in the Epist. to Dr. Arbuthnot:
And has not Colly still his lord and whore,
His butchers Henley, his free-masons Moore?
[4] Letter to Mr. P. p. 46.

[1] Letter to Mr. P. p. 31. [2] Life, p. 23, 24.
[3] Letter, p. 8.

this picture, that individual, all-accomplished person, in whom these rare virtues and lucky circumstances have agreed to meet and concenter with the strongest lustre and fullest harmony.

The good Scriblerus indeed, may the world itself, might be imposed on, in the late spurious editions, by I can't tell what sham hero or phantom: but it was not so easy to impose on him whom this egregious errour most of all concerned. For no sooner had the fourth book laid open the high and swelling scene, but he recognized his own heroic acts: and when he came to the words,

Soft on her lap her laureat son reclines,

(though laureat imply no more than one crowned with laurel, as befitteth any associate or consort in empire), he loudly resented this indignity to violated Majesty. Indeed, not without cause, he being there represented as fast asleep; so misbeseeming the eye of empire, which, like that of Providence, should never doze nor slumber. "Hah!" (saith he) "fast asleep, it seems! that's a little too strong. Pert and dull at least you might have allowed me, but as seldom asleep as any fool[1]." However, the injured Hero may comfort himself with this reflection, that though it be a sleep, yet it is not the sleep of death, but of immortality. Here he will[2] live at least, though not awake; and in no worse condition than many an enchanted warriour before him. The famous Durandante, for instance, was, like him, cast into a long slumber by Merlin, the British bard and necromancer; and his example for submitting to it with a good grace, might be of use to our hero. For that disastrous knight being sorely pressed or driven to make his answer by several persons of quality, only replied with a sigh, patience, and shuffle the cards[3].

But now, as nothing in this world, no not the most sacred and perfect things, either of religion or government, can escape the sting of envy, methinks I already hear these carpers objecting to the clearness of our hero's title.

"It would never!" (say they) "have been esteemed sufficient to make an hero for the Iliad or Æneis, that Achilles was brave enough to overturn one empire, or Æneas pious enough to raise another, had they not been goddess-born, and Princes bred. What then did this author mean, by erecting a player instead of one of his patrons (a person, 'never a hero even on the stage[4]'), to this dignity of colleague in the empire of dulness, and achiever of a work that neither old Omar, Attila, nor John of Leyden, could entirely bring to pass."

To all this we have, as we conceive, a sufficient answer from the Roman historian, fabrum esse suæ quemque fortunæ: that every man is the smith of his own fortune. The politic Florentine, Nicholas Machiavel, goeth still further, and affirmeth that a man needeth but to believe himself a hero to be one of the worthiest. "Let him" (saith he) "but fancy himself capable of the highest things, and he will of course be able to achieve them." From this principle it follows, that nothing can exceed our hero's prowess; as nothing ever equalled the greatness of his conceptions. Hear how he constantly paragons himself; at one time to Alexander the Great and Charles the XII. of Sweden for the excess and delicacy of his ambition[1]; to Henry the IV. of France, for honest policy[2]; to the first Brutus, for love of liberty[3]; and to Sir Robert Walpole, for good government while in power[4]: at another time, to the godlike Socrates for his diversions and amusements[5]: to Horace, Montaigne, and sir William Temple, for an elegant vanity that maketh them for ever read and admired[6]: to two Lord Chancellors, for law, from whom, when confederate against him at the bar, he carried away the prize of eloquence[7]; and, to say all in a word, to the right reverend the lord bishop of London himself, in the art of writing pastoral letters[8].

Nor did his actions fall short of the sublimity of his conceit. In his early youth he met the Revolution[9] face to face in Nottingham; at a time when his betters contented themselves with following her. It was here he got acquainted with Old Battle-array, of whom he hath made so honourable mention in one of his immortal odes. But he shone in courts as well as in camps: he was called up when the nation fell in labour of this Revolution[10]; and was a gossip at her christening, with the bishop and the ladies[11].

As to his birth, it is true he pretendeth no relation either to heathen god or goddess; but, what is as good, he was descended from a maker of both[12]. And that he did not pass himself on the world for a hero, as well by birth as education, was his own fault: for his lineage he bringeth into his life as an anecdote, and is sensible he had it in his power to be thought nobody's son at all[13]: and what is that but coming into the world a hero?

But be it (the punctilious laws of epic poesy so requiring) that a hero of more than mortal birth must needs be had: even for this we have a remedy. We can easily derive our hero's pedigree from a goddess of no small power and authority amongst men; and legitimate and instal him after the right classical and authentic fashion: for, like as the ancient sages found a son of Mars in a mighty warrior; a son of Neptune in a skilful seaman; a son of Phœbus in a harmonious poet; so have we here, if need be, a son of Fortune in an artful gamester. And who fitter than the offspring of Chance, to assist in restoring the empire of Night and Chaos?

There is in truth another objection of greater weight, namely, "That this hero still existeth, and hath not yet finished his earthly course. For if Solon said well,

——ultima semper
Expectanda dies homini: dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet!

if no man can be called happy till his death, surely much less can any one, till then, be pro-

[1] Letter, p. 53. [2] Letter, p. 1.
[3] Don Quixote, part ii, book ii, ch. 22.
[4] See Life, p. 148.

[1] Life, p. 149. [2] P. 424. [3] P. 366.
[4] P. 457. [5] P. 18. [6] P. 425.
[7] P. 436, 437. [8] P. 52. [9] P. 47.
[10] P. 57. [11] P. 58, 59. [12] A statuary.
[13] Life, p. 6.

nounced a hero: this species of men being far more subject than others to the caprices of fortune and humour." But to this also we have an answer, that will (we hope) be deemed decisive. *It cometh from himself*; who, to cut this matter short, hath solemnly protested that he will never change or amend.

With regard to his vanity, he declareth that nothing shall ever part them. "Nature" (said he) "hath amply supplied me in vanity; a pleasure which neither the pertness of wit, nor the gravity of wisdom, will ever persuade me to part with[1]." Our poet had charitably endeavoured to administer a cure to it: but he telleth us plainly, "My superiors perhaps may be mended by him; but for my part I own myself incorrigible. I look upon my follies as the best part of my fortune[2]." And with good reason; we see to what they have brought him!

Secondly, as to buffoonry, "Is it" (saith he) "a time of day for me to leave off these fooleries, and set up a new character? I can no more put off my follies than my skin; I have often tried, but they stick too close to me: nor am I sure my friends are displeased with them, for in this light I afford them frequent matter of mirth, &c. &c[3]." Having then so publicly declared himself incorrigible, he is become dead in law (I mean the law Epopœian), and devolveth upon the poet as his property; who may take him, and deal with him as if he had been dead as long as an old Egyptian hero; that is to say, embowel and embalm him for posterity.

Nothing therefore (we conceive) remaineth to hinder his own prophecy of himself from taking immediate effect. A rare felicity! and what few prophets have had the satisfaction to see, alive! Nor can we conclude better than with that extraordinary one of his, which is conceived in these oraculous words, "my dulness will find somebody to do it right[4]."

> Tandem Phœbus adest, morsusque inferre parantem
> Congelat, et patulos, ut erant, induat hiatus[5].

BY AUTHORITY.

By virtue of the authority in us vested by the act for subjecting poets to the power of a licenser, we have revised this piece; where finding the style and appellation of king to have been given to a certain pretender, pseudo-poet, or phantom, of the name of Tibbald; and apprehending the same may be deemed in some sort a reflection on majesty, or at least an insult on that legal authority which has bestowed on another person the crown of poesy: We have ordered the said pretender, pseudo-poet, or phantom, utterly to vanish and evaporate out of this work: And do declare the said throne of poesy from henceforth to be abdicated and vacant, unless duly and lawfully supplied by the laureate himself. And it is hereby enacted, that no other person do presume to fill the same. C. CH.

[1] Life, p. 424. [2] P. 19. [3] P. 17.
[4] Life, p. 243. octavo edit.
[5] Ovid, of the serpent biting at Orpheus's head.

THE DUNCIAD.

TO DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK THE FIRST.

ARGUMENT.

The proposition, the invocation, and the inscription. Then the original of the great empire of Dulness, and cause of the continuance thereof. The college of the goddess in the city, with her private academy for poets in particular; the governors of it, and the four cardinal virtues. Then the poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting her, on the evening of a lord mayor's day, revolving the long succession of her sons, and the glories past and to come. She fixes her eyes on Bays[1] to be the instrument of that great event which is the subject of the poem. He is described pensive among his books, giving up the cause, and apprehending the period of her empire: After debating whether to betake himself to the church, or to gaming, or to party-writing, he raises an altar of proper books, and (making first his solemn prayer and declaration) purposes thereon to sacrifice all his unsuccessful writings. As the pile is kindled, the goddess, beholding the flame from her seat, flies and puts it out by casting upon it the poem of Thulé. She forthwith reveals herself to him, transports him to her temple, unfolds her arts, and initiates him into her mysteries; then anouncing the death of Eusden, the poet laureat, anoints him, carries him to court, and proclaims him successor.

BOOK I.

The mighty mother, and her son, who brings,
The Smithfield Muses to the ear of kings,

[1] In the first editions Tibbald was the hero of the poem, which will account for most of the subsequent variations.

VARIATION.

Ver. 1. The mighty mother, &c.] In the first edit. it was thus,

Books and the man I sing, the first who brings,
The Smithfield Muses to the ear of kings,
Say, great patricians! since yourselves inspire
These wondrous works (so Jove and Fate require)
Say, for what cause, in vain decry'd and curst,
Still———

REMARKS.

The Dunciad, sic MS. It may well be disputed whether this be a right reading: Ought it not rather to be spelled Duncéiad, as the etimology evidently demands? Dunce with an e, therefore Duncéiad with an e. That accurate and punctual man of letters, the restorer of Shakespeare, constantly observes the preservation of this very letter e, in spelling the name of his beloved author, and not like his common careless editors, with the omission of one, nay sometimes of two ee's (as Shakspear), which is utterly unpardonable. "Nor is the neglect of a single letter so trivial as to some it may appear; the al-

I sing. Say you, her instruments, the great!
Call'd to this work by Dulness, Jove, and Fate;

REMARKS.

teration whereof in a learned language is an achievement that brings honour to the critic who advances it; and Dr. Bentley will be remembered to posterity for his performances of this sort, as long as the world shall have any esteem for the remains of Menander and Philemon."—THEOBALD.

This is surely a slip in the learned author of the foregoing note; there having been since produced by an accurate antiquary, an autograph of Shakespeare himself whereby it appears that he spelled his own name without the first e. And upon this authority it was, that those most critical curators of his monument in Westminster Abbey erased the former wrong reading, and restored the new spelling on a new piece of old Ægyptian granite. Nor for this only do they deserve our thanks, but for exhibiting on the same monument the first specimen of an edition of an author in marble; where (as may be seen on comparing the tomb with the book) in the space of five lines, two words and a whole verse are changed, and it is to be hoped will there stand, and outlast whatever hath been hitherto done in paper; as for the future, our learned sister university (the other eye of England) is taking care to perpetuate a total new Shakespeare at the Clarendon press. BENTL.

It is to be noted, that this great critic also has omitted one circumstance; which is, that the inscription with the name of Shakespeare was intended to be placed on the marble scroll to which he points with his hand; instead of which it *is* now placed behind his back, and that specimen of an edition is put on the scroll, which indeed Shakespeare hath great reason to point at. ANON.

Though I have as just a value for the letter E, as any grammarian living, and the same affection for the name of this poem as any critic for that of his author, yet cannot it induce me to agree with those who would add yet another e to it, and call it the Dunceiade; which being a French and foreign termination, is no way proper to a word entirely English, and vernacular. One e therefore in this case is right, and two ee's wrong. Yet upon the whole I shall follow the manuscript, and print it without any e at all; moved thereto by authority (at all times, with critics, equal, if not superior to reason). In which method of proceeding, I can never enough praise my good friend, the exact Mr. Tho. Hearne; who, if any word occur, which to him and all mankind is evidently wrong, yet keeps he it in the text with due reverence, and only remarks in the margin, sic MS. In like manner we shall not amend this errour in the title itself, but only note it obiter, to evince to the learned that it was not our fault, nor any effect of our ignorance or inattention. SCRIBL.

This poem was written in the year 1726. In the next year an imperfect edition was published at Dublin, and reprinted at London in twelves; another at Dublin, and another at London in octavo: and three others in twelves the same year. But there was no perfect edition before that of London in quarto; which was attended with notes. We are willing to acquaint posterity, that this poem was presented to king George the

You, by whose care, in vain decry'd and curst,
Still Dunce the second reigns like Dunce the first;
Say, how the goddess bade Britannia sleep,
And pour'd her spirit o'er the land and deep.
In eldest time, ere mortals writ or read,
Ere Pallas issued from the thunderer's head,

REMARKS.

second and his queen, by the hands of sir Robert Walpole, on the 12th of March, 1728-9. SCHOL. VET.

It was expressly confessed in the preface to the first edition, that this poem was not published by the author himself. It was printed originally in a foreign country. And what foreign country? Why, one notorious for blunders; where finding blanks only instead of proper names, these blunderers filled them up at their pleasure.

The very hero of the poem hath been mistaken to this hour; so that we are obliged to open our notes with a discovery who he really was. We learn from the former editor, that this piece was presented by the hands of sir Robert Walpole to king George II. Now the author directly tells us, his hero is the man

—— who brings
The Smithfield Muses to the ear of kings.

And it is notorious who was the person on whom this prince conferred the honour of the laurel.

It appears as plainly from the apostrophe to the great in the third verse, that Tibbald could not be the person, who was never an author in fashion, or caressed by the great; whereas this single characteristic is sufficient to point out the true hero: who, above all other poets of his time, was the peculiar delight and chosen companion of the nobility of England; and wrote, as he himself tells us, certain of his works at the earnest desire of persons of quality.

Lastly, the sixth verse affords full proof; this poet being the only one who was universally known to have had a son so exactly like him, in his poetical, theatrical, political, and moral capacities, that it could justly be said of him,

Still Dunce the second reigns like Dunce the first. BENTL.

Ver. 1. The mighty mother and her son, &c.] The reader ought here to be cautioned, that the mother, and not the son, is the principal agent of this poem; the latter of them is only chosen as her colleague (as was anciently the custom in Rome before some great expedition), the main action of the poem being by no means the coronation of the laureate, which is performed in the very first book, but the restoration of the empire of Dulness in Britain, which is not accomplished till the last.

Ver. 2. The Smithfield Muses.] Smithfield is the place where Bartholomew-fair was kept, whose shows, machines, and dramatical entertainments, formerly agreeable only to the taste of the rabble, were, by the hero of this poem, and others of equal genius, brought to the theatres of Covent-garden, Lincoln's-inn-fields, and the Hay-market, to be the reigning pleasures of the court and town. This happened in the reigns of K. Geo. I. and II. See Book iii.

Ver. 4. By Dulness, Jove, and Fate:] i. e. by their judgments, their interests, and their inclinations

Dulness o'er all possess'd her ancient right,
Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night:
Fate in their dotage this fair idiot gave,
Gross as her sire, and as her mother grave,
Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
She rul'd, in native anarchy, the mind.
Still her old empire to restore she tries,
For, born a goddess, Dulness never dies.
Oh thou! whatever title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver!
Whether thou chuse Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair,
Or praise the court, or magnify mankind,
Or thy griev'd country's copper chains unbind;
From thy Bœotia though her power retires,
Mourn not, my Swift, at ought our realm acquires.
Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings out-spread
To hatch a new saturnian age of lead.

REMARKS.

Ver. 15. Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, &c.] I wonder the learned Scriblerus has omitted to advertise the reader, at the opening of this poem, that Dulness here is not to be taken contractedly for mere stupidity, but in the enlarged sense of the word, for all slowness of apprehension, shortness of sight, or imperfect sense of things. It includes (as we see by the poet's own words) labour, industry, and some degrees of activity and boldness; a ruling principle not inert, but turning topsy-turvy the understanding, and inducing an anarchy or confused state of mind. This remark ought to be carried along with the reader throughout the work; and without this caution he will be apt to mistake the importance of many of the characters, as well as of the design of the poet. Hence it is, that some have complained he chuses too mean a subject, and imagined he employs himself like Domitian, in killing flies; whereas those who have the true key will find he sports with nobler quarry, and embraces a larger compass; or (as one saith, on a like occasion)

Will see his work, like Jacob's ladder rise,
Its foot in dirt, its head amid the skies.

BENTL.

Ver. 17. Still her old empire to restore] This restoration makes the completion of the poem. Vide Book iv.

Ver. 22.—laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair,] The imagery is exquisite; and the equivoque in the last words, gives a peculiar elegance to the whole expression. The easy chair suits his age: Rabelais' easy chair marks his character; and he filled and possessed it as the right heir and successor of that original genius.

Ver. 23. Or praise the court, or magnify mankind,] Ironicè, alluding to Gulliver's representations of both. The next line relates to the papers of the Drapier against the currency of Wood's copper coin in Ireland, which, upon the great discontent of the people, his majesty was graciously pleased to recall.

Ver. 26. Mourn not, my Swift! at ought our realm acquires.] Ironicè iterum. The politics of England and Ireland were at this time by some thought to be opposite, or interfering with each other. Dr. Swift of course was in the interest of the latter, our author of the former.

Close to those walls where Folly holds her throne,
And laughs to think Monroe would take her down,
Where o'er the gates, by his fam'd father's hand,
Great Cibber's brazen, brainless brothers stand;
One cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye,
The cave of Poverty and Poetry.
Keen, hollow winds howl through the bleak recess,
Emblem of music caus'd by emptiness.
Hence bards, like Proteus long in vain ty'd down,
Escape in monsters, and amaze the town.
Hence miscellanies spring, the weekly boast
Of Curll's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post:
Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,
Hence journals, medleys, mercuries, magazines;

VARIATION.

Ver. 29—39. Close to those walls, &c.] In the former edit. thus:

Where wave the tatter'd ensigns of Rag-fair,
A yawning ruin hangs and nods in air;
Keen hollow winds howl through the bleak recess,
Emblem of music caus'd by emptiness:
Here in one bed two shivering sisters lie,
The cave of Poverty and Poetry.
This, the great mother dearer held than all
The clubs of Quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall;
Here stood her opium, here she nurs'd her owls,
And destin'd here th' imperial seat of fools.
Hence spring each weekly Muse the living boast,
&c.

Var. Where wave the tatter'd ensigns of Rag-fair.] Rag-fair is a place near the Tower of London, where old cloaths and frippery are sold.

Ver. 41. in the former edit.

Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lay,
Hence the soft sing song on Cecilia's day.

Ver. 42. Alludes to the annual songs composed to music on St. Cecilia's feast.

REMARKS.

Ver. 31. By his fam'd father's hand,] Mr. Caius-Gabriel Cibber, father of the poet-laureate. The two statues of the lunatics over the gates of Bedlam-hospital were done by him, and (as the son justly says of them) are no ill monuments of his fame as an artist.

Ver. 34. Poverty and Poetry.] I cannot here omit a remark that will greatly endear our author to every one, who shall attentively observe that humanity and candour, which every where appears in him towards those unhappy objects of the ridicule of all mankind, the bad poets. He here imputes all scandalous rhymes, scurrilous weekly papers, base flatteries, wretched elegies, songs, and verses (even from those sung at court, to ballads in the street), not so much to malice or servility as to dulness; and not so much to dulness as to necessity. And thus, at the very commencement of his satire, makes an apology for all that are to be satyrized.

Ver. 40. Curll's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post:] Two booksellers, of whom see Book ii. The former was fined by the court of King's Bench for publishing obscene books; the latter usually adorned his shop with titles in red letters.

Ver. 41. Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,] It is an ancient English custom for the malefactors to sing a psalm at their execution at Tyburn; and no less customary to print elegies on their deaths, at the same time, or before.

Sepulchral lies, our holy walls to grace,
And new-year odes, and all the Grub-street race.
In clouded majesty here Dulness shone,
Four guardian virtues, round, support her throne:
Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears:
Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake
Who hunger, and who thirst, for scribbling sake:
Prudence, whose glass presents th' approaching jail:
Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise.
Here she beholds the chaos dark and deep,
Where nameless somethings in their causes sleep,
Till genial Jacob, or a warm third day,
Call forth each mass, a poem, or a play:
How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie,
How new-born Nonsense first is taught to cry,
Maggots, half-form'd, in rhyme exactly meet,
And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.
Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,
And ductile Dulness new meanders takes;
There motley images her fancy strike,
Figures ill-pair'd, and similies unlike.
She sees a mob of metaphors advance,
Pleas'd with the madness of the mazy dance;
How Tragedy and Comedy embrace;
How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race;
How Time himself stands still at her command,
Realms shift their place, and Ocean turns to land;
Here gay description Egypt glads with showers,
Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flowers;
Glittering with ice here hoary hills are seen,
There painted vallies of eternal green,
In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.
All these, and more, the cloud-compelling queen
Beholds through fogs, that magnify the scene.

REMARKS.

Ver. 43. Sepulchral lies,] is a just satire on the flatteries and falsehoods admitted to be inscribed on the walls of churches, in epitaphs; which occasioned the following epigram:

Friend! in your epitaphs, I'm griev'd,
So very much is said;
One half will never be believ'd,
The other never read.

Ver. 44. new-year odes.] Made by the poet laureate for the time being, to be sung at court on every new-year's day, the words of which are happily drowned in the voices and instruments. The new-year odes of the hero of this work were of a cast distinguished from all that preceded him, and made a conspicuous part of his character as a writer, which doubtless induced our author to mention them here so particularly.

Ver. 45. In clouded majesty here Dulness shone,] See this cloud removed, or rolled back, or gathered up to her head, Book iv. ver. 17, 18. It is worth while to compare this description of the majesty of Dulness in a state of peace and tranquility, with that more busy scene where she mounts the throne in triumph, and is not so much supported by her own virtues, as by the princely consciousness of having destroyed all other.

Ver. 57. genial Jacob] Tonson. The famous race of booksellers of that name.

She, tinsell'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
With self-applause her wild creation views;
Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
And with her own fools-colours gilds them all.
'Twas on the day, when * * rich and grave,
Like Cimon triumph'd both on land and wave:
(Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,
Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad faces)
Now night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more.
Now mayors and shrieves all hush'd and satiate lay,
Yet eat, in dreams, the custard of the day? [lay,
While pensive poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves, to give their readers sleep.
Much to the mindful queen the feast recalls
What city swans once sung within the walls;
Much she revolves their arts, their ancient praise,
And sure succession down from Heywood's days.
She saw, with joy, the line immortal run,
Each sire imprest and glaring in his son:
So watchful Bruin forms, with plastic care,
Each growing lump, and brings it to a bear.
She saw old Pryn in restless Daniel shine,
And Eusden eke out Blackmore's endless line:

VARIATION.

Ver. 85. in the former editions,

'Twas on the day, when Thorold, rich and grave.] Sir George Thorold, lord mayor of London in the year 1720.

REMARKS.

Ver. 85, 86. 'T was on the day, when * * rich and grave—Like Cimon triumph'd] Viz. a lord mayor's day; his name the author had left in blanks, but most certainly could never be that which the editor foisted in formerly, and which no way agrees with the chronology of the poem. Bentl.

The procession of a lord mayor is made partly by land, and partly by water—Cimon, the famous Athenian general, obtained a victory by sea, and another by land, on the same day, over the Persians and Barbarians.

Ver. 90. But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more.] A beautiful manner of speaking, usual with poets in praise of poetry.

Ibid. But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more.] Settle was poet to the city of London. His office was to compose yearly panegyrics upon the lord mayors, and verses to be spoken in the pageants: But that part of the shows being at length frugally abolished, the employment of city poet ceased; so that upon Settle's demise, there was no successor to that place.

Ver. 98. John Heywood, whose interludes were printed in the time of Henry VIII.

Ver. 103. Old Pryn in restless Daniel] The first edition had it,

She saw in Norton all his father shine.

a great mistake! for Daniel de Foe had parts, but Norton de Foe was a wretched writer, and never attempted poetry. Much more justly is Daniel himself made successor to W. Pryn, both of whom wrote verses as well as politics; as appears by the poem de Jure Divino, &c. of De Foe, and by some lines in Cowley's Miscellanies on the other. And both these authors had a re-

She saw slow Philips creep like Tate's poor page,
And all the mighty mad in Dennis rage.
In each she marks her image full exprest,
But chief in Bays's monster-breeding breast;

REMARKS.

semblance in their fates as well as their writings, having been alike sentenced to the pillory.

Ver. 104. And Eusden eke out, &c.] Laurence Eusden, poet laureate. Mr. Jacob gives a catalogue of some few only of his works, which were very numerous. Mr. Cook, in his Battle of poets, saith of him,

Eusden, a laurell'd bard, by fortune rais'd,
By very few was read, by fewer prais'd.

Mr. Oldmixon, in his Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, p. 413, 414. affirms, "That of all the Galimatias he ever met with, none comes up to some verses of this poet, which have as much of the ridiculum and the fustian in them as can well be jumbled together, and are of that sort of nonsense, which so perfectly confounds all ideas, that there is no distinct one left in the mind." Farther he says of him, "That he hath prophesied his own poetry shall be sweeter than Catullus, Ovid, and Tibullus; but we have little hope of the accomplishment of it, from what he hath lately published." Upon which Mr. Oldmixon has not spared a reflection, "That the putting the laurel on the head of one who writ such verses, will give futurity a very lively idea of the judgment and justice of those who bestowed it." Ibid. p. 417. But the well known learning of that noble person, who was then lord chamberlain, might have screened him from this unmannerly reflection. Nor ought Mr. Oldmixon to complain, so long after, that the laurel would have better become his own brows, or any other's: It were more decent to acquiesce in the opinion of the Duke of Buckingham upon this matter;

—In rush'd Eusden, and cry'd, "Who shall have it,
But I, the true laureate, to whom the King gave it?"
Apollo begg'd pardon, and granted his claim,
But vow'd that till then he ne'er heard of his name.
Session of Poets.

The same plea might also serve for his successor, Mr. Cibber; and is further strengthened in the following epigram made on that occasion;

In merry Old England it once was a rule,
The king had his poet, and also his fool;
But nowwe're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,
That Cibber can serve both for fool and for poet.

Of Blackmore, see Book ii. Of Philips, Book i. ver. 262. and Book iii. prope fin.

Nahum Tate was poet laureat, a cold writer, of no invention; but sometimes translated tolerably when befriended by Mr. Dryden. In his second part of Absalom and Achitophel are above two hundred admirable lines together of that great hand, which strongly shine through the insipidity of the rest. Something parallel may be observed of another author here mentioned.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 108. But chief in Bays's, &c.] In the former Ed. thus,

Bays, form'd by nature stage and town to bless,
And act, and be, a coxcomb with success.

VARIATIONS.

But chief in Tibbald's monster breeding breast;
Sees gods with demons in strange league engage,
And Earth, and Heaven, and Hell her battles wage.
She ey'd the bard, where supperless he sate;
And pin'd, unconscious of his rising fate;
Studious he sate, with all his books around,
Sinking from thought to thought, &c.

Var. Tibbald] Author of a pamphlet entituled, Shakespeare restored. During two whole years, while Mr. Pope was preparing his edition of Shakespeare, he published advertisements, requesting assistance, and promising satisfaction to any who could contribute to its greater perfection. But this restorer, who was at that time soliciting favours of him by letters, did wholly conceal his design, till after its publication (which he was since not ashamed to own, in a Daily Journal of Nov. 26, 1728): And then an outcry was made in the prints, that our author had joined with the bookseller to raise an extravagant subscription; in which he had no share, of which he had no knowledge, and against which he had publicly advertised his own proposals for Homer. Probably that proceeding elevated Tibbald to the dignity he holds in this poem, which he seems to deserve no other way better than his brethren; unless we impute it to the share he had in the Journals, cited among the testimonies of authors prefixed to this work.

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Ver. 106. And all the mighty mad in Dennis rage.] Mr. Theobald, in the Censor, vol. ii. N. 33, calls Mr. Dennis by the name of Furius. "The modern Furius is to be looked upon more as an object of pity, than of that which he daily provokes, laughter and contempt. Did we really know how much this poor man" [I wish that reflection on poverty had been spared] "suffers by being contradicted, or, which is the same thing in effect, by hearing another praised; we should, in compassion, sometimes attend to him with a silent nod, and let him go away with the triumphs of his ill-nature.—Poor Furius (again) when any of his contemporaries are spoken well of, quitting the ground of the present dispute, steps back a thousand years to call in the succour of the ancients. His very panegyric is spiteful, and he uses it for the same reason as some ladies do their commendations of a dead beauty, who would never have had their good word, but that a living one happened to be mentioned in their company. His applause is not the tribute of his heart, but the sacrifice of his revenge," &c. Indeed his pieces against our poet are somewhat of an angry character, and as they are now scarce extant, a taste of his style may be satisfactory to the curious. "A young, squab, short gentleman, whose outward form, though it should be that of downright monkey, would not differ so much from human shape as his unthinking immaterial part does from human understanding.—He is as stupid and as venomous as a hunch-back'd toad. A book through which Folly and Ignorance, those brethren so lame and impotent, do ridiculously look big and very dull, and strut and

Dulness with transport eyes the lively dunce,
Remembering she herself was Pertness once.

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hobble, cheek by jowl, with their arms on kimbo, being led and supported, and bully-back'd by that blind Hector, Impudence." Reflect. on the Essay on Criticism, p. 26, 29, 30.

It would be unjust not to add his reasons for this Fury, they are so strong and so coercive. "I regard him (saith he) as an enemy, not so much to me, as to my king, to my country, to my religion, and to that liberty which has been the sole felicity of my life. A vagary of fortune, who is sometimes pleased to be frolicksome, and the epidemic madness of the times, have given him reputation, and reputation (as Hobbes says) is power, and that has made him dangerous. Therefore I look on it as my duty to king George, whose faithful subject I am; to my country, of which I have appeared a constant lover; to the laws, under whose protection I have so long lived; and to the liberty of my country, more dear to me than life, of which I have now for forty years been a constant assertor, &c. I look upon it as my duty, I say, to do—you shall see what—to pull the lion's skin from this little ass, which popular errour has thrown round him; and to shew that this author, who has been lately so much in vogue, has neither sense in his thoughts, nor English in his expressions." Dennis, Rem. on Hom. Pref. p. 2, 91, &c.

Besides these public-spirited reasons, Mr. D. had a private one; which, by his manner of expressing it in p. 92, appears to have been equally strong. He was even in bodily fear of his life from the machinations of the said Mr. P. "The story" (says he) "is too long to be told, but who would be acquainted with it, may hear it from Mr. Curll, my bookseller.—However, what my reason has suggested to me, that I have with a just confidence said, in defiance of his two clandestine weapons, his slander and his poison." Which last words of his book plainly discover Mr. D.'s suspicion was that of being poisoned, in like manner as Mr. Curll had been before him: of which fact see A full and true account of the horrid and barbarous revenge, by poison, on the body of Edmund Curll, printed in 1716, the year antecedent to that wherein these remarks of Mr. Dennis were published. But what puts it beyond all question, is a passage in a very warm treatise, in which Mr. D. was also concerned, price two pence, called A true character of Mr. Pope and his Writings, printed for S. Popping, 1716; in the tenth page whereof he is said "to have insulted people on those calamities and diseases which he himself gave them, by administering poison to them:" and is called (p. 4.) "a lurking waylaying coward, and a stabber in the dark." Which (with many other things most lively set forth in that piece) must have rendered him a terrour, not to Mr. Dennis only, but to all Christian people. This charitable warning only provoked our incorrigible poet to write the following Epigram:

Should Dennis publish you had stabb'd your brother,
Lampoon'd your monarch, or debauch'd your mother;
Now (shame to Fortune!) an ill run at play
Blank'd his bold visage, and a thin third day:
Swearing and supperless the hero sate, [fate.
Blasphem'd his gods, the dice, and damn'd his

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Say, what revenge on Dennis can be had?
Too dull for laughter, for reply too mad;
On one so poor you cannot take the law;
On one so old your sword you scorn to draw:
Uncag'd then let the harmless monster rage,
Secure in dulness, madness, want, and age.

For the rest; Mr. John Dennis was the son of a sadler, in London, born in 1657. He paid court to Mr. Dryden; and having obtained some correspondence with Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Congreve, he immediately obliged the public with their letters. He made himself known to the Government by many admirable schemes and projects; which the ministry, for reasons best known to themselves, constantly kept private. For his character, as a writer, it is given us as follows: "Mr. Dennis is excellent at pindaric writings, perfectly regular in all his performances, and a person of sound learning. That he is master of a great deal of penetration and judgment, his criticisms (particularly on Prince Arthur) do sufficiently demonstrate." From the same account it also appears that he writ plays "more to get reputation than money." Dennis of himself. See Giles Jacob's Lives of Dram. Poets, p. 68, 69, compared with p. 286.

Ver. 109. Bays, form'd by nature, &c.] It is hoped the poet here hath done full justice to his hero's character, which it were a great mistake to imagine was wholly sunk in stupidity: he is allowed to have supported it with a wonderful mixture of vivacity. This character is heightened according to his own desire, in a letter he wrote to our author. "Pert and dull at least you might have allowed me. What! am I only to be dull, and dull still, and again, and for ever?" He then solemnly appealed to his own conscience, that "he could not think himself so, nor believe that our poet did; but that he spake worse of him than he could possibly think; and concluded it must be merely to show his wit, or for some profit or lucre to himself." Life of C. C. chap. vii. and Letter to Mr. P. page 15, 40, 53. And to show his claim to what the poet was so unwilling to allow him, of being pert as well as dull, he declares he will have the last word; which occasioned the following Epigram:

Quoth Cibber to Pope, "Tho' in verse you foreclose,
"I'll have the last word: for, by G—, I'll write prose."
Poor Colly, thy reasoning is none of the strongest,
For know, the last word is the word that lasts longest.

Ver. 115. supperless the hero sate,] It is amazing how the sense of this hath been mistaken by all the former commentators, who most idly suppose it to imply that the hero of the poem wanted a supper. In truth a great absurdity. Not that we are ignorant that the hero of Homer's Odyssey is frequently in that circumstance, and therefore it can no way derogate from the grandeur

Then gnaw'd his pen, then dash'd it on the ground,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound!
Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there,
Yet wrote and flounder'd on, in mere despair.
Round him much embryo, much abortion lay,
Much future ode, and abdicated play:
Nonsense precipitate, like running lead,
That slipp'd through crags and zig-zags of the head;
All that on Folly Frenzy could beget,
Fruits of dull heat, and sooterkins of wit.
Next o'er his books his eyes began to roll,
In pleasing memory of all he stole,
How here he sipp'd, how there he plunder'd snug,
And suck'd all o'er, like an industrious bug.
Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes, and here
The frippery of crucify'd Moliere:
There hapless Shakespeare, yet of Tibbald sore,
Wish'd he had blotted for himself before.

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Ver. 121. Round him much embryo, &c.] In the former editions thus:

He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay,
Where yet unpawn'd much learned lumber lay;
Volumes, whose size the space exactly fill'd,
Or which fond authors were so good to gild.
Or where, by sculpture made for ever known,
The page admires new beauties not its own.
Here swells the shelf, &c.

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of epic poem to represent such hero under a calamity, to which the greatest not only of critics and poets, but of kings and warriors, have been subject. But much more refined, I will venture to say, is the meaning of our author: it was to give us obliquely a curious precept, or what Bossu calls a disguised sentence, that "Temperance is the life of study." The language of poesy brings all into action; and to represent a critic encompassed with books but without a supper, is a picture which lively expresseth how much the true critic prefers the diet of the mind to that of the body, one of which he always castigates, and often totally neglects, for the greater improvement of the other.—Scribl.

But since the discovery of the true hero of the poem, may we not add, that nothing was so natural, after so great a loss of money at dice, or of reputation by his play, as that the poet should have no great stomach to eat a supper? Besides, how well has the poet consulted his heroic character, in adding that he swore all the time?—Bentl.

Ver. 131. poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes,] A great number of them taken out to patch up his plays.

Ver. 132. The frippery] "When I fitted up an old play, it was as a good housewife will mend old linen, when she has not better employment."—Life, p. 217, octavo.

Ver. 133. hapless Shakespeare, &c.] It is not to be doubted but Bays was a subscriber to Tibbald's Shakespeare. He was frequently liberal in this way; and, as he tells us, "subscribed to Mr. Pope's Homer, out of pure generosity and civility; but when Mr. Pope did so to his Nonjuror, he concluded it could be nothing but a joke."—Letter to Mr. P. p. 24.

The rest on outside merit but presume,
Or serve (like other fools) to fill a room;
Such with their shelves as due proportion hold,
Or their fond parents drest in red and gold;
Or where the pictures for the page atone,
And Quarles is sav'd by beauties not his own.
Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great;
There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete:
Here all his suffering brotherhood retire,
And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire:
A Gothic library! of Greece and Rome
Well purg'd, and worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.

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This Tibbald, or Theobald, published an edition of Shakespeare, of which he was so proud himself as to say, in one of Mist's Journals, June 8, "That to expose any errours in it was impracticable." And in another, April 27, "That whatever care might for the future be taken by any other editor, he would still give above five hundred emendations, that shall escape them all."

Ver. 134. Wish'd he had blotted] It was a ridiculous praise which the players gave to Shakespeare, "that he never blotted a line." Ben Jonson honestly wished he had blotted a thousand; and Shakespeare would certainly have wished the same, if he had lived to see those alterations in his works, which, not the actors only (and especially the daring hero of this poem) have made on the stage, but the presumptuous critics of our days in their editions.

Ver. 135. The rest on outside merit, &c.] This library is divided into three parts: The first consists of those authors from whom he stole, and whose works he mangled; the second of such as fitted the shelves, or were gilded for show, or adorned with pictures: the third class our author calls solid learning, old bodies of divinity, old commentaries, old English printers, or old English translations: all very voluminous, and fit to erect altars to Dulness.

Ver. 141. Ogilby the great;] "John Ogilby was one, who from a late initiation into literature, made such a progress as might well style him the prodigy of his time! sending into the world so many large volumes! His translations of Homer and Virgil done to the life, and with such excellent sculptures: And (what added great grace to his works) he printed them all on special good paper, and in a very good letter."—Winstanly, Lives of Poets.

Ver. 142. There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete:] "The dutchess of Newcastle was one who busied herself in the ravishing delights of poetry; leaving to posterity in print three ample volumes of her studious endeavours." Winstanly, ibid. Langbane reckons up eight folios of her grace's: which were usually adorned with gilded covers, and had her coat of arms upon them.

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Ver 145. in the first edit. it was

A Gothic vatican! of Greece and Rome
Well purg'd, and worthy W—y, W——s and [Bl—.

And in the following altered to Withers, Quarles, and Blome, on which was the following note.

It was printed in the surreptitious editions, W——ly, W——s, who were persons eminent

But, high above, more solid learning shone,
The classics of an age that heard of none;
There Caxton slept, with Wynkyn at his side,
One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide;
There, sav'd by spice, like mummies, many a year,
Dry bodies of divinity appear:

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for good life; the one writ the Life of Christ in verse, the other some valuable pieces in the lyric kind on pious subjects. The line is here restored according to its original.

"George Withers was a great pretender to poetical zeal against the vices of the times, and abused the greatest personages in power, which brought upon him frequent correction. The Marshalsea and Newgate were no strangers to him."—Winstanly. Quarles was as dull a writer, but an honest dull man. Blome's books are remarkable for their cuts.

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Ver. 146. worthy Settle, Banks and Broome.] The poet has mentioned these three authors in particular, as they are parallel to our hero in his three capacities; 1. Settle was his brother laureate; only indeed upon half-pay, for the city instead of the court; but equally famous for unintelligible flights in his poems on public occasions, such as shows, birth-days, &c. 2. Banks was his rival in tragedy (though more successful) in one of his tragedies, the Earl of Essex, which is yet alive: Anna Boleyn, the Queen of Scots, and Cyrus the Great, are dead and gone. These he drest in a sort of beggar's velvet, or a happy mixture of the thick fustian and thin prosaic; exactly imitated in Perolla and Isidora, Cæsar in Ægypt, and the Heroic Daughter. 3. Broome was a serving-man of Ben Jonson, who once picked up a comedy from his betters, or from some cast scenes of his master, not entirely contemptible.

Ver. 147. More solid learning] Some have objected, that books of this sort suit not so well the library of our Bays, which they imagined consisted of novels, plays, and obscene books; but they are to consider, that he furnished his shelves only for ornament, and read these books no more than the dry bodies of divinity, which, no doubt, were purchased by his father when he designed him for the gown. See the note on ver. 200.

Ver. 149. Caxton] A printer in the time of Edw. IV. Rich. III. and Hen. VII.; Wynkyn de Word, his successor, in that of Hen. VII. and VIII. The former translated into prose Virgil's Æneis, as a history; of which he speaks, in his proeme, in a very singular manner, as of a book hardly known. Tibbald quotes a rare passage from him in Mist's Journal of March 16, 1728, concerning a straunge and marvayllouse beaste called Sagittarye, which he would have Shakespeare to mean rather than Teucer, the archer celebrated by Homer.

VARIATION.

Ver. 152. Old bodies of philosophy appear.

De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
And here the groaning shelves Philemon bends.
Of these twelve volumes, twelve of amplest size,
Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pies,
Inspir'd he seizes: These an altar raise:
An hecatomb of pure unsully'd lays
That altar crowns: A folio common-place
Founds the whole pile, of all his works the base:
Quartos, octavos, shape the lessening pyre;
A twisted birth-day ode completes the spire.
Then he: great tamer of all human art!
First in my care, and ever at my heart;
Dulness! whose good old cause I yet defend,
With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end,
E'er since sir Fopling's periwig was praise,
To the last honours of the butt and bays:
O thou! of business the directing soul!
To this our head like biass to the bowl,
Which, as more ponderous, made its aim more true,
Obliquely waddling to the mark in view:
O! ever gracious to perplex'd mankind,
Still spread a healing mist before the mind;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 162. A twisted, &c.] In the former edit.

And last, a little Ajax tips the spire.

Var. a little Ajax] in duodecimo, translated from Sophocles by Tibbald.

Ver. 167, 168. Not in the first editions.

Ver. 170. To human heads, &c.

Ver. 171. Makes their aim.

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Ver. 153. Nich. de Lyra, or Harpsfield, a very voluminous commentator, whose works in five vast folios, were printed in 1472.

Ver. 154. Philemon Holland, doctor in physic. "He translated so many books, that a man would think he had done nothing else; insomuch that he might be called translator general of his age. The books alone of his turning into English are sufficient to make a country gentleman a compleat library."—Winstanly.

Ver. 167. E'er since sir Fopling's periwig] The first visible cause of the passion of the town for our hero, was a fair flaxen full-bottom'd periwig, which, he tells us, he wore in his first play of the Fool in Fashion. It attracted, in a particular manner, the friendship of Col. Brett, who wanted to purchase it. "Whatever contempt" (says he) "philosophers may have for a fine periwig, my friend, who was not to despise the world but live in it, knew very well that so material an article of dress upon the head of a man of sense, if it became him, could never fail of drawing to him a more partial regard and benevolence, than could possibly be hoped for in an ill-made one. This, perhaps, may soften the grave censure, which so youthful a purchase might otherwise have laid upon him. In a word, he made his attack upon this periwig, as your young fellows generally do upon a lady of pleasure, first by a few familiar praises of her person, and then a civil inquiry into the price of it; and we finished our bargain that night over a bottle." See Life, octavo, p. 303. This remarkable periwig usually made its entrance upon the stage in a sedan, brought in by two chairmen, with infinite approbation of the audience.

And, lest we err by wit's wild dancing light,
Secure us kindly in our native night.
Or, if to wit a coxcomb make pretence,
Guard the sure barrier between that and sense;
Or quite unravel all the reas'ning thread,
And hang some curious cobweb in its stead!

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 177. Or, if to wit, &c.] In the former edit.

Ah! still o'er Britain stretch that peaceful wand,
Which lulls th' Helvetian and Batavian land;
Where rebel to thy throne if Science rise,
She does but show her coward face and dies:
There thy good scholiasts with unwearied pains
Make Horace flat, and humble Maro's strains:
Here studious I unlucky modes save,
Nor sleeps one errour in its father's grave,
Old puns restore, lost blunders nicely seek,
And crucify poor Shakespeare once a week.
For thee I dim these eyes, and stuff this head,
With all such reading as was never read;
For thee supplying, in the worst of days,
Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays,
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, goddess, and about it,
So spins the silkworm small its slender store,
And labours, till it clouds itself all o'er.
Not that my quill to critiques was confin'd,
My verse gave ampler lessons to mankind;
So gravest precepts may successles prove,
But sad examples never fail to move.
As, forc'd from wind-guns, &c.

Var. Nor sleeps one error—Old puns restore, lost blunders, &c.] As where he [Tibbald] laboured to prove Shakespeare guilty of terrible anachronisms, or low conundrums, which time had covered; and conversant in such authors as Caxton and Wynkyn, rather than in Homer or Chaucer. Nay, so far had he lost his reverence to this incomparable author, as to say in print "He deserved to be whipt." An insolence which nothing sure can parallel! but that of Dennis, who can be proved to have declared before company, that Shakespeare was a rascal. O tempora! O mores!

Var. And crucify poor Shakespeare once a week.] For some time, once a week or fortnight he printed in Mist's Journal a single remark or poor conjecture on some word or pointing of Shakespeare, either in his own name, or in letters to himself, as from others, without name. Upon these somebody made this epigram:

'Tis generous, Tibbald! in thee and thy brothers,
To help us thus to read the works of others:
Never for this can just returns be shown;
For who will help us e'er to read thy own?

Var. Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays;] As to Cook's Hesiod, where sometimes a note, and sometimes even half a note, are carefully owned by him: And to Moore's comedy of the Rival Modes, and other authors of the same rank. These were people who writ about the year 1726.

REMARKS.

Ver. 178, 179. Guard the sure barrier—Or quite unravel, &c.] For wit or reasoning are never greatly hurtful to dulness, but when the first is founded in truth, and the other in usefulness.

As, forc'd from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
And ponderous slugs cut swiftly through the sky;
As clocks to weight their nimble motions owe,
The wheels above urg'd by the load below:
Me Emptiness and Dulness could inspire,
And were my elasticity and fire.
Some demon stole my pen (forgive th' offence)
And once betray'd me into common sense:
Else all my prose and verse were much the same;
This, prose on stilts; that, poetry fall'n lame.
Did on the stage my fops appear confin'd?
My life gave ampler lessons to mankind.
Did the dead letter unsuccessful prove?
The brisk example never fail'd to move.
Yet sure had Heaven decreed to save the state,
Heaven had decreed these works a longer date.
Could Troy be sav'd by any single hand,
This grey-goose weapon must have made her stand.
What can I now? my Fletcher cast aside,
Take up the Bible, once my better guide?

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Ver. 181. As, forc'd from wind-guns, &c.] The thought of these four verses is founded in a poem of our author's of a very early date (namely written at fourteen years old, and soon after printed) to the author of a poem called Successio.

Ver. 198.—grey-goose weapon] Alluding to the old English weapon, the arrow of the long bow, which was fletched with the feathers of the grey-goose.

Ver. 199. my Fletcher] A familiar manner of speaking, used by modern critics, of a favourite author. Bays might as justly speak this of

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 195. Yet sure had Heaven &c.] In the former edit.

Had Heaven decreed such works a longer date,
Heaven had decreed to spare the Grub-street [state.
But see great Settle to the dust descend,
And all thy cause and empire at an end!
Could Troy be sav'd, &c.

Instead of ver. 200—246. in the former editions.

Take up th' attorney's (once my better) guide?
Or rob the Roman geese of all their glories,
And save the state by cackling to the Tories.
Yes, to my country I my pen consign,
Yes, from this moment, mighty Mist! am thine.
And rival Curtius! of thy fame and zeal,
O'er head and ears plunge for the public weal.
Adieu, my children! better thus expire
Unstall'd, unsold; thus glorious mount in fire,
Fair without spot, than greas'd by grocer's hands,
Or ship'd with Ward to Ape-and-monkey lands,
Or waiting ginger, round the streets to run,
And visit ale-house, where ye first begun.
With that he lifted thrice the sparkling brand,
And thrice he dropp'd it, &c.

IMITATION.

Ver. 197, 198. Could Troy be sav'd—This grey-goose weapon]

——Si Pergama dextra
Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent.
Virg. Æn. ii.

Or tread the path by venturous heroes trod,
This box my thunder, this right hand my God?
Or chair'd at White's amidst the doctors sit,
Teach oaths to gamesters, and to nobles wit?
Or bidst thou rather party to embrace?
(A friend to party thou, and all her race;
'Tis the same rope at different ends they twist;
To Dulness Ridpath is as dear as Mist.)
Shall I, like Curtius, desperate in my zeal,
O'er head and ears plunge for the commonweal?
Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,
And cackling save the monarchy of Tories?

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Fletcher, as a French wit did of Tully, seeing his works in a library, "Ah! mon cher Ciceron! je le connois bien; c'est le même que Marc Tulle." But he had a better title to call Fletcher his own, having made so free with him.

Ver. 200. Take up the bible, once my better guide?] When, according to his father's intention, he had been a clergyman, or (as he thinks himself) a bishop of the church of England. Hear his own words: "At the time that the fate of king James, the prince of Orange, and myself, were on the anvil, Providence thought fit to postpone mine, till theirs were determined: but had my father carried me a month sooner to the university, who knows but that purer fountain might have washed my imperfections into a capacity of writing, instead of plays and annual odes, sermons, and pastoral letters?" Apology for his Life, chap. iii.

Ver 203. at White's amidst the doctors] These doctors had a modest and upright appearance, no air of over-bearing; but, like true masters of arts, were only habited in black and white: They were justly styled subtiles and graves, but not always irrefragabiles, being sometimes examined, and, by a nice distinction, divided and laid open. Scribl

This learned critic is to be understood allegorically. The doctors in this place mean no more than false dice, a cant phrase used among gamesters. So the meaning of these four sonorous lines is only this, "Shall I play fair or foul?"

Ver. 208. Ridpath—Mist.] George Ridpath, author of a Whig paper, called the Flying-post; Nathaniel Mist, of a famous Tory journal.

Ver. 211. Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,] Relates to the well-known story of the geese that sav'd the Capitol; of which Virgil, Æn. viii

Atque hic auratis volitans argenteus anser
Porticibus, Gallos in limine adesse canebat.

A passage I have always suspected. Who sees not the antithesis of auratis and argenteus to be unworthy the Virgilian majesty? And what absurdity to say a goose sings? canebat. Virgil gives a contrary character of the voice of this silly bird, in Ecl. ix.

——argutos inter strepere anser olores.

Read it, therefore, adesse strepebat. And why

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 202. This box my thunder, this right hand my god.]

Dextra mihi Deus, & telum quod missile libro.
Virgil of the Gods of Mezentius.

Hold—to the minister I more incline;
To serve his cause, O queen! is serving thine.
And see! thy very Gazetteers give o'er,
Ev'n Ralph repents, and Henley writes no more.
What then remains? Ourself. Still, still remain
Cibberian forehead, and Cibberian brain.
This brazen brightness, to the 'squire so dear;
This polish'd hardness, that reflects the peer: 220
This arch absurd, that wit and fool delights;
This mess, toss'd up of Hockley-hole and White's;
Where dukes and butchers join to wreathe my crown,
At once the bear and fiddle of the town.
O born in sin, and forth in folly brought!
Works damn'd, or to be damn'd! (your father's fault)
Go, purify'd by flames ascend the sky,
My better and more Christian progeny!

REMARKS.

auratis porticibus? does not the very verse preceding this inform us,

Romuleoque recens horrebat regia culmo.

Is this thatch in one line, and gold in another, consistent? I scruple not (repugnantibus omnibus manuscriptis) to correct it auritis. Horace uses the same epithet in the same sense,

Auritas fidibus canoris
Ducere quercus.

And to say that walls have ears is common even to a proverb.—Scribl.

Ver. 212. And cackling save the monarchy of Tories?] Not out of any preference or affection to the Tories. For what Hobbes so ingenuously confesses of himself, is true of all ministerial writers whatsoever: "That he defends the supreme powers, as the geese by their cackling defended the Romans, who held the Capitol; for they favoured them no more than the Gauls, their enemies, but were as ready to have defended the Gauls, if they had been possessed of the Capitol."—Epist. Dedic. to the Leviathan.

Ver. 215. Gazetteers] A band of ministerial writers, hired at the price mentioned in the note on book ii. ver. 316. who, on the very day their patron quitted his post, laid down their paper, and declared they would never more meddle in politics.

Ver. 218. Cibberian forehead] So indeed all the MSS. read, but I make no scruple to pronounce them all wrong, the Laureate being elsewhere celebrated by our poet for his great modesty—modest Cibber—Read, therefore, at my peril, Cerberian forehead. This is perfectly classical, and, what is more, Homerical; the dog was the ancient, as the bitch is the modern, symbol of impudence: (Κυνὸς ὄμματ' ἔχων, says Achilles to Agamemnon) which, when in a superlative degree, may well be denominated from Cerberus, the dog with three heads.—But as to the latter part of this verse, Cibberian brain, that is certainly the genuine reading.—Bentl.

Ver. 225. O born in sin, &c.] This is a tender and passionate apostrophe to his own works, which he is going to sacrifice, agreeable to the nature of man in great affliction: and reflecting like a parent on the many miserable fates to which they would otherwise be subject.

Ver. 228. My better and more Christian progeny!] "It may be observable, that my muse and my spouse were equally prolific; that the one

Unstain'd, untouch'd, and yet in maiden sheets;
While all your smutty sisters walk the streets.
Ye shall not beg, like gratis-given Bland,
Sent with a pass, and vagrant through the land;
Nor sail with Ward, to ape and monkey climes,
Where vile mundungus trucks for viler rhymes:
Not, sulphur-tipt, emblaze an ale-house fire;
Nor wrap up oranges, to pelt your sire!
O! pass more innocent, in infant state,
To the mild limbo of our father Tate:
Or peaceably forgot, at once be blest
In Shadwell's bosom with eternal rest!
Soon to that mass of Nonsense to return,
Where things destroy'd are swept to things unborn.
With that, a tear (portentous sign of grace!)
Stole from the master of the seven-fold face:
And thrice he lifted high the birth-day brand,
And thrice he dropt it from his quivering hand;
Then lights the structure, with averted eyes:
The rolling smokes involve the sacrifice.
The opening clouds disclose each work by turns,
Now flames the Cid, and now Perolla burns;

REMARKS.

was seldom the mother of a child, but in the same year the other made me the father of a play. I think we had a dozen of each sort between us; of both which kinds some died in their infancy," &c. Life of C. C. p. 217. 8vo edit.

Ver. 231. gratis-given Bland,—Sent with a pass,] It was a practice so to give the Daily Gazetteer and ministerial pamphlets (in which this B. was a writer) and to send them post free to all the towns in the kingdom.

Ver. 233—with Ward, to ape and monkey climes,] "Edward Ward, a very voluminous poet in Hudibrastic verse, but best known by the London Spy, in prose. He has of late years kept a public house in the city (but in a genteel way), and with his wit, humour, and good liquor (ale), afforded his guests a pleasurable entertainment, especially those of the high church party." Jacob, Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 225. Great number of his works were yearly sold into the Plantations.—Ward, in a book called Apollo's Maggot, declared this account to be a great falsity, protesting that his public house was not in the city, but in Moorfields.

Ver. 238, 240. Tate—Shadwell] Two of his predecessors in the laurel.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 250. Now flames the Cid, &c.] In the former Ed.

Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns,
In one quick flash see Proserpine expire,
And last, his own cold Æschylus took fire.
Then gush'd the tears, as from the Trojan's eyes
When the last blaze, &c.

Var. Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns,
In one quick flash see Proserpine expire,] Memnon, a hero in the Persian Princess, very apt to take fire, as appears by these lines, with which he begins the play,

By heaven it fires my frozen blood with rage,
And makes it scald my aged trunk.———

Rodrigo, the chief personage of the Perfidious Brother (a play written between Theobald and a watch-maker). The Rape of Proserpine, one of the farces of this author, in which Ceres setting fire to a corn-field, endangered the burning of the play-house.

Great Cæsar roars, and hisses in the fires;
King John in silence modestly expires:
No merit now the dear Nonjuror claims,
Molière's old stubble in a moment flames.
Tears gush'd again, as from pale Priam's eyes,
When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.
Rouz'd by the light, old Dulness heav'd the head,
Then snatch'd a sheet of Thule from her bed;
Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre;
Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire.
Her ample presence fills up all the place;
A veil of fogs dilates her awful face:
Great in her charms! as when on shrieves and mayors
She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.
She bids him wait her to her sacred dome:
Well pleas'd he enter'd, and confess'd his home.
So, spirits, ending their terrestrial race,
Ascend, and recognise their native place.
This the great mother dearer held than all
The clubs of quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall:

VARIATIONS.

Var. And last, his own cold Æschylus took fire.] He had been (to use an expression of our poet) about Æschylus for ten years, and had received subscriptions for the same, but then went about other books. The character of this tragic poet is fire and boldness in a high degree, but our author supposes it very much cooled by the translation: upon sight of a specimen of which was made this epigram,

Alas! poor Æschylus! unlucky dog!
Whom once a lobster kill'd, and now a log.

But this is a grievous errour, for Æschylus was not slain by the fall of a lobster on his head, but of a tortoise, teste Val. Max. l. ix. cap. xii.—Scribl.

After ver. 268. in the former edit. followed these two lines,

Raptur'd, he gazes round the dear retreat,
And in sweet numbers celebrates the seat.

Var. And in sweet numbers celebrates the seat.] Tibbald writ a poem called the Cave of Poverty, which concludes with a very extraordinary wish, "That some great genius, or man of distinguished merit, may be starved, in order to celebrate her power, and describe her cave." It was printed in octavo, 1715.

REMARKS.

Ver. 250. Now flames the Cid, &c.] In the first notes on the Dunciad it was said, that this author was particularly excellent at tragedy. "This" (says he) "is as unjust as to say I could not dance on a rope." But certain it is that he had attempted to dance on this rope, and fell most shamefully, having produced no less than four tragedies (the names of which the poet preserves in these few lines), the three first of them were fairly printed, acted, and damned; the fourth suppressed in fear of the like treatment.

Ver. 253. the dear Nonjuror—Moliere's old stubble] A comedy threshed out of Moliere's Tartuffe, and so much the translator's favourite, that he assures us all our author's dislike to it could only arise from disaffection to the government. He assures us, that "when he had the honour to kiss his majesty's hand upon presenting his

Here stood her opium, here she nurs'd her owls,
And here she plann'd th' imperial seat of fools.
Here to her chosen all her works she shows;
Prose swell'd to verse, verse loitering into prose:
How random thoughts now meaning chance to find,
Now leave all memory of sense behind:
How prologues into prefaces decay,
And these to notes are fritter'd quite away:
How index-learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail:
How, with less reading than makes felons 'scape,
Less human genius than God gives an ape,
Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
A past, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd, new piece,
'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakespeare, and Corneille,
Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell.

VARIATION.

Ver. 286. Can make a Cibber, Johnson, or Ozell.

REMARKS.

dedication of it, he was graciously pleased, out of his royal bounty, to order him two hundred pounds for it. And this he doubts not grieved Mr. P."

Ver. 258. Thule] An unfinished poem of that name, of which one sheet was printed many years ago, by Ambrose Philips, a northern author. It is an usual method of putting out a fire, to cast wet sheets upon it. Some critics have been of opinion that this sheet was of the nature of the asbestos, which cannot be consumed by fire: But I rather think it an allegorical allusion to the coldness and heaviness of the writing.

Ver. 269. great mother] Magna mater, here applied to Dulness. The quidnuncs, a name given to the ancient members of certain politcal clubs, who were constantly inquiring quid nunc? What news?

Ver. 286. Tibbald,] Lewis Tibbald (as pronounced) or Theobald (as written) was bred an attorney, and son to an attorney (says Mr. Jacob) of Sittenburn, in Kent. He was author of some forgotten plays, translations, and other pieces. He was concerned in a paper called the Censor, and a translation of Ovid. "There is a notorious idiot, one hight Wachum, who, from an under-spur-leather to the law, is become an understrapper to the play-house, who hath lately burlesqued the Metamorphoses of Ovid by a vile translation, &c. This fellow is concerned in an impertinent paper called the Censor."—Dennis, Rem. on Pope's Hom. p. 9, 10.

Ibid. Ozell.] "Mr. John Ozell (if we credit Mr. Jacob) did go to school in Leicestershire, where somebody left him something to live on, when he shall retire from business. He was designed to be sent to Cambridge, in order for priesthood; but he chose rather to be placed in an office of accounts, in the city, being qualified for the same by his skill in arithmetic, and writing the necessary hands. He has obliged the world with many translations of French plays."—Jacob, Lives of Dram. Poets, p. 198.

Mr. Jacob's character of Mr. Ozell seems vastly short of his merits, and he ought to have further justice done him, having since fully confuted all sarcasms on his learning and genius, by an ad-

The goddess then, o'er his anointed head,
With mystic words, the sacred opium shed.
And lo! her bird (a monster of a fowl,
Something betwixt a heidegger and owl)
Perch'd on his crown. "All hail! and hail again,
My son! the promis'd land expects thy reign.
Know, Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise;
He sleeps among the dull of ancient days;
Safe, where no critics damn, no duns molest,
Where wretched Withers, Ward, and Gildon rest,
And high-born Howard, more majestic sire,
With fool of quality completes the quire.
Thou, Cibber! thou, his laurel shalt support,
Folly, my son, has still a friend at court.

REMARKS.

vertisement of Sept. 20, 1729, in a paper called the Weekly Medley, &c. "As to my learning, this envious wretch knew, and every body knows, that the whole bench of bishops, not long ago, were pleased to give me a purse of guineas, for discovering the erroneous translations of the Common-prayer in Portuguese, Spanish, French, Italian, &c. As for my genius, let Mr. Cleland show better verses in all Pope's works, than Ozell's version of Boileau's Lutrin, which the late lord Halifax was so pleased with, that he complimented him with leave to dedicate it to him, &c. Let him show better and truer poetry in the Rape of the Lock, than in Ozell's Rape of the Bucket (la Secchia rapita). And Mr. Toland and Mr. Gildon publicly declared Ozell's translation of Homer to be, as it was prior, so likewise superior to Pope's.—Surely, surely, every man is free to deserve well of his country!"—John Ozell.

We cannot but subscribe to such reverend testimonies, as those of the bench of bishops, Mr. Toland, and Mr. Gildon.

Ver. 290. a heidegger] A strange bird from Switzerland, and not (as some have supposed) the name of an eminent person who was a man of parts, and, as was said of Petronius, arbiter elegantiarum.

Ver. 296. Withers,] See on ver. 146.

Ver. 296. Gildon] Charles Gildon, a writer of criticisms and libels in the last age, bred at St. Omer's with the Jesuits; but renouncing popery, he published Blount's books against the Divinity of Christ, the Oracles of Reason, &c. He signalized himself as a critic, having written some very bad plays; abused Mr. P. very scandalously in an anonymous pamphlet of the Life of Mr. Wycherley, printed by Curll; in another, called the New Rehearsal, printed in 1714; in a third, entitled the Complete Art of English Poetry, in two volumes; and others.

VARIATION.

Ver. 293. Know, Eusden, &c.] In the former edit.
Know, Settle, cloy'd with custard and with praise,
Is gather'd to the dull of ancient days,
Safe where no critics damn, no duns molest,
Where Gildon, Banks, and high-born Howard rest.
I see a king! who leads my chosen sons
To lands that flow with clenches and with puns:
Till each fam'd theatre my empire own;
Till Albion, as Hibernia, bless my throne!
I see! I see!—Then rapt she spoke no more,
God save king Tibbald! Grub-street alleys roar.
So when Jove's block, &c.

Lift up your gates, ye princes, see him come!
Sound, sound ye viols, be the cat-call dumb!
Bring, bring the madding bay, the drunken vine;
The creeping, dirty, courtly ivy join.
And thou! his aid-de-camp, lead on my sons,
Light-arm'd with points, antitheses, and puns.
Let Bawdry, Billingsgate, my daughters dear,
Support his front, and oaths bring up the rear:
And under his, and under Archer's wing, [310
Gaming and Grub-street skulk behind the king.
"O! when shall rise a monarch all our own,
And I, a nursing-mother, rock the throne;
'Twixt prince and people close the curtain draw,
Shade him from light, and cover him from law;
Fatten the courtier, starve the learned band,
And suckle armies, and dry-nurse the land:
Till senates nod to lullabies divine,
And all be sleep, as at an ode of thine."
She ceas'd. Then swells the chapel-royal throat:
God save king Cibber! mounts in every note. 320
Familiar White's, God save king Colley! cries;
God save king Colley! Drury-lane replies:
To Needham's quick the voice triumphal rode,
But pious Needham dropt the name of God;
Back to the Devil the last echoes roll,
And Coll! each butcher roars at Hockly-hole.

REMARKS.

Ver. 297. Howard] Hon. Edward Howard, author of the British Princes, and a great number of wonderful pieces, celebrated by the late earls of Dorset and Rochester, duke of Buckingham, Mr. Waller, &c.

Ver. 309, 310. under Archer's wing,—Gaming, &c.] When the statute against gaming was drawn up, it was represented, that the king, by ancient custom, plays at hazard one night in the year; and therefore a clause was inserted, with an exemption as to that particular. Under this pretence, the groom-porter had a room appropriated to gaming all the summer the court was at Kensington, which his majesty accidentally being acquainted with, with a just indignation, prohibited. It is reported the same practice is yet continued wherever the court resides, and the hazard table there open to all the professed gamesters in town.

Greatest and justest Sovereign; know you this?
Alas! no more, than Thames calm head can know,
Whose meads his arms drown, or whose corn o'erflow. Donne to Queen Eliz

Ver. 319. chapel-royal] The voices and instruments used in the service of the chapel-royal being also employed in the performance of the birth-day, and new-year odes.

Ver. 324. But pious Needham] a matron of great fame, and very religious in her way; whose constant prayer it was that she might "get enough by her profession to leave it off in time, and make her peace with God." But her fate was not so happy; for being convicted, and set in the pillory, she was (to the lasting shame of all her great friends and votaries) so ill used by the populace, that it put an end to her days.

Ver. 325. Back to the Devil] The Devil Tavern in Fleet street, where these odes are usually rehearsed before they are performed at court.

So when Jove's block descended from on high
(As sings thy great forefather Ogilby)
Loud thunder to its bottom shook the bog, [330
And the hoarse nation croak'd, God save king Log!

REMARKS.

Upon which a wit of those times made this epigram:

When Laureates make odes, do you ask of what sort?
Do you ask if they're good, or are evil?
You may judge—From the Devil they come to the court,
And go from the court to the Devil.

Ver. 328—Ogilby)—God save king Log!] See Ogilby's Esop's Fables, where, in the story of the Frogs and their King, this excellent hemistich is to be found.

Our author manifests here, and elsewhere, a prodigious tenderness for the bad writers. We see he selects the only good passage, perhaps, in all that ever Ogilby writ! which shews how candid and patient a reader he must have been. What can be more kind and affectionate than the words in the preface to his poems, where he labours to call up all our humanity and forgiveness toward these unlucky men, by the most moderate representation of their case, that has ever been given by any author?

But how much all indulgence is lost upon these people may appear from the just reflection made on their constant conduct and constant fate, in the following epigram:

Ye little wits, that gleam'd a-while,
When Pope vouchsaf'd a ray,
Alas! depriv'd of his kind smile,
How soon ye fade away!

To compass Phœbus' car about,
Thus empty vapours rise,
Each lends his cloud to put him out,
That rear'd him to the skies.

Alas! those skies are not your sphere;
There he shall ever burn:
Weep, weep, and fall! for Earth ye were,
And must to Earth return.

BOOK THE SECOND.

ARGUMENT.

The king being proclaimed, the solemnity is graced with public games and sports of various kinds; not instituted by the hero, as by Æneas in Virgil, but for greater honour by the goddess in person (in like manner as the games Pythia, Isthmia, &c. were anciently said to be ordained by the gods, and as Thetis herself appearing, according to Homer, Odyss. xxiv. proposed the prizes in honour of her son Achilles). Hither flock the poets and critics, attended, as is but just, with their patrons and booksellers. The goddess is first pleased, for her disport, to propose games to the booksellers, and setteth up the phantom of a poet, which they contend to overtake. The races described, with their divers accidents. Next, the game for a poetess. Then follow the exercises for the poets, of tickling, vociferating, diving: the first

holds forth the arts and practices of dedicators, the second of disputants and fustian poets, the third of profound, dark, and dirty party-writers. Lastly, for the critics, the goddess proposes (with great propriety) an exercise, not of their parts, but their patience, in hearing the works of two voluminous authors, one in verse, and the other in prose, deliberately read, without sleeping: the various effects of which, with the several degrees and manners of their operation, are here set forth; till the whole number, not of critics only, but of spectators, actors, and all present, fall fast asleep; which naturally and necessarily ends the games.

BOOK II.

High on a gorgeous seat, that far out-shone
Henley's gilt tub, or Fleckno's Irish throne,

REMARKS.

Two things there are, upon the supposition of which the very basis of all verbal criticism is founded and supported: The first, that an author could never fail to use the best word on every occasion; the second, that a critic cannot chuse but know which that is. This being granted, whenever any word doth not fully content us, we take upon us to conclude, first, that the author could never have used it; and, secondly that he must have used that very one, which we conjecture, in its stead.

We cannot, therefore, enough admire the learned Scriblerus for his alteration of the text in the two last verses of the preceding book, which in all the former editions stood thus:

Hoarse thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
And the loud nation croak'd, God save king Log.

He has, with great judgment, transposed these two epithets; putting hoarse to the nation, and loud to the thunder; And this being evidently the true reading, he vouchsafed not so much as to mention the former; for which assertion of the just right of a critic he merits the acknowledgment of all sound commentators.

Ver. 2. Henley's gilt tub,] The pulpit of a dissenter is usually called a tub; but that of Mr. Orator Henley was covered with velvet, and adorned with gold. He had also a fair altar, and over it this extraordinary inscription, "The Primitive Eucharist." See the history of this person, book iii.

Ver. 2. or Fleckno's Irish throne,] Richard Fleckno was an Irish priest, but had laid aside (as himself expressed it) the mechanic part of priesthood. He printed some plays, poems, letters, and travels. I doubt not, our author took occasion to mention him in respect to the poem of Mr. Dryden, to which this bears some resemblance, though of a character more different from it than that of the Æneid from the Iliad, or the Lutrin of Boileau from the Defait de Bouts rimées of Sarazin.

It may be just worth mentioning, that the eminence from whence the ancient sophists entertained their auditors, was called by the pompous name of a throne. Themistius, Orat. i.

Or that where on her Curlls the public pours,
All bounteous, fragrant grains and golden showers,
Great Cibber sate: the proud Parnassian sneer,
The conscious simper, and the jealous leer,
Mix on his look: all eyes direct their rays
On him, and crowds turn coxcombs as they gaze.
His peers shine round him with reflected grace,
New edge their dulness, and new bronze their face.
So from the Sun's broad beam, in shallow urns,
Heaven's twinkling sparks draw light, and point their horns.

Not with more glee, by hands pontific crown'd,
With scarlet hats wide-waving circled round,
Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit,
Thron'd on seven hills, the antichrist of wit.

And now the queen, to glad her sons, proclaims
By herald hawkers, high heroic games.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 5. Great Tibbald nods.

Ver. 8. In the former edit.

On him, and crowds grow foolish as they gaze.

The four next lines are added.

Ver. 17.

To grace this honour'd day, the queen proclaims.

Ver. 19. She summons all her sons, &c.

REMARKS.

Ver. 3. Or that where on her Curlls the public pours,] Edmund Curll stood in the pillory at Charing-cross, in March 1727-8. "This" (saith Edmund Curll) "is a false assertion—I had indeed the corporal punishment of what the gentlemen of the long robe are pleased jocosely to call mounting the rostrum for one hour: but that scene of action was not in the month of March, but in February." (Curliad, 12mo, p. 19.) And of the history of his being tost in a blanket, he saith, "Here, Scriblerus! thou leesest in what thou assertest concerning the blanket: it was not a blanket, but a rug." p. 25. Much in the same manner Mr. Cibber remonstrated, that his brothers, at Bedlam, mentioned Book i. were not brazen, but blocks; yet our author let it pass unaltered, as a trifle that no way altered the relationship.

We should think (gentle reader) that we but ill performed our part, if we corrected not as well our own errours now, as formerly those of the printer. Since what moved us to this work, was solely the love of truth, not in the least any vainglory, or desire to contend with great authors. And further, our mistakes, we conceive, will the rather be pardoned, as scarce possible to be avoided in writing of such persons and works as do ever shun the light. However, that we may not any way soften or extenuate the same, we give them thee in the very words of our antagonists; not defending, but retracting them from our heart, and craving excuse of the parties offended: For surely in this work, it hath been above all things our desire to provoke no man. Scribl.

Ver. 15. Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit,] Camillo Querno was of Apulia, who hearing the great encouragement which Leo X. gave to poets, travelled to Rome with a harp in his hand, and sung to it twenty thousand verses of a poem called Alexias. He was introduced as a buffoon to Leo, and promoted to the honour of the laurel; a jest which the court of Rome and the Pope himself

They summon all her race: an endless band
Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land.
A motley mixture! in long wigs, in bags,
In silks, in crapes, in garters, and in rags,
From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
On horse, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots:
All who true Dunces in her cause appear'd,
And all who knew those Dunces to reward.
Amid that area wide they took their stand,
Where the tall May-pole once o'erlook'd the Strand,
But now (so Anne and Piety ordain)
A church collects the saints of Drury-lane.
With authors, stationers obey'd the call
(The field of glory is a field for all).
Glory and gain, th' industrious tribe provoke;
And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.
A poet's form she plac'd before their eyes,
And bade the nimblest racer seize the prize;
No meagre, muse-rid mope, adust and thin,
In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin,
But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,
Twelve starveling bards of these degenerate days.
All as a partridge plump, full-fed and fair,
She form'd this image of well-body'd air;
With pert flat eyes she window'd well its head;
A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead;
And empty words she gave, and sounding strain,
But senseless, lifeless! idol void and vain!
Never was dash'd out at one lucky hit,
A fool, so just a copy of a wit;
So like, that critics said, and courtiers swore,
A wit it was, and call'd the phantom More.

All gaze with ardour: some a poet's name,
Others a sword-knot and lac'd suit inflame.

REMARKS.

entered into so far, as to cause him to ride on an elephant to the Capitol, and to hold a solemn festival on his coronation; at which it is recorded the poet himself was so transported as to weep for joy*. He was ever after a constant frequenter of the pope's table, drank abundantly, and poured forth verses without number. Paulus Jovius, Elog. Vir. doct. cap. lxxxiii. Some idea of his poetry is given by Fam. Strada, in his Prolusions.

* See Life of C. C. chap. vi. p. 149.

Ver. 34. And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.] This species of mirth called a joke, arising from a malentendu, may be well supposed to be the delight of Dulness.

Ver. 47. Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit,] Our author here seems willing to give some account of the possibility of Dulness making a wit (which could be done no other way than by chance). The fiction is the more reconciled to probability by the known story of Apelles, who being at a loss to express the foam of Alexander's horse, dashed his pencil in despair at the picture, and happened to do it by that fortunate stroke.

Ver. 50. and call'd the phantom More.] Curll, in his Key to the Dunciad, affirmed this to be James-Moore Smith, Esq; and it is probable (considering what is said of him in the testimonies) that some might fancy our author obliged to represent this gentleman as a plagiary, or to pass for one himself. His case indeed was like that of a man I have heard of, who, as he was sitting in company, perceived his next neighbour had stolen his handkerchief; "Sir," (said the thief, finding himself detected) "do not expose me, I did it for mere want; be so good but to take it privately out of my pocket again, and say nothing" The honest man did so, but the other cried out, "See, gentlemen, what a thief we have among us! look, he is stealing my handkerchief!"

Some time before, he had borrowed of Dr. Arbuthnot a paper called an Historico-physical account of the South Sea; and of Mr. Pope, the Memoirs of a Parish Clerk, which for two years he kept, and read to the rev. Dr. Young, F. Billers, Esq. and many others, as his own. Being applied to for them, he pretended they were lost, but there happening to be another copy of the letter, it came out in Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. Upon this, it seems, he was so far mistaken as to confess his proceeding by an end or to hide it: unguardedly printing (in the Daily Journal of April 3. 1728) "That the contempt which he and others had for those pieces," (which only himself had shown, and handed about as his own) "occasioned their being lost, and for that cause only not returned." A fact, of which as none but he could be conscious, none but he could be the publisher of it. The plagiarisms of this person gave occasion to the following epigram:

Moore always smiles whenever he recites;
He smiles (you think) approving what he writes.
And yet in this no vanity is shown;
A modest man may like what's not his own.

This young gentleman's whole misfortune was too inordinate a passion to be thought a wit. Here is a very strong instance attested by Mr. Savage, son of the late earl Rivers; who having shown some verses of his in manuscript to Mr. Moore, wherein Mr. Pope was called first of the tuneful train, Mr. Moore the next morning sent to Mr. Savage to desire him to give those verses another turn, to wit, "That Pope might now be the first, because Moore had left him unrivalled, in turning his style to comedy." This was during the rehearsal of the Rival Modes, his first and only work; the town condemned it in the action, but he printed it in 1726-7, with this modest motto,

"Hic cestus, artemque repono."

The smaller pieces which we have heard attributed to this author are, An Epigram on the Bridge at Blenheim, by Dr. Evans: Cosmelia, by Mr. Pit, Mr. Jones, &c. The Mock Marriage of a mad Divine, with a Cl. for a Parson, by Dr. W. The Saw-pit, a Simile by a Friend. Certain Physical works on Sir James Baker; and some unowned Letters, Advertisements, and Epigrams against our author in the Daily Journal.

Notwithstanding what is here collected of the person imagined by Curll to be meant in this place, we cannot be of that opinion; since our poet had certainly no need of vindicating half a dozen verses to himself, which every reader had done for him; since the name itself is not spelled Moore, but More; and lastly, since the learned Scriblerus has so well proved the contrary.

But lofty Lintot in the circle rose:
"This prize is mine; who tempt it are my foes;
With me began this genius, and shall end."
He spoke: and who with Lintot shall contend?
Fear held them mute. Alone, untaught to fear
Stood dauntless Curll; "Behold that rival here,
The race by vigour, not by vaunts, is won;
So take the hindmost, Hell," (he said) and run.
Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind,
He left huge Lintot, and out-stript the wind.
As when a dab-chick waddles through the copse
On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops:
So labouring on, with shoulders, hands, and head,
Wide as a wind-mill all his fingers spread,
With arms expanded Bernard rows his state,
And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate.

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Ver. 50. the phantom More.] It appears from hence, that this is not the name of a real person, but fictitious. More from μῶρος, stultus, μωρία, stultitia, to represent the folly of a plagiary. Thus Erasmus, Admonuit me Mori cognomen tibi, quod tam ad Moriæ vocabulum accedit quam es ipse a re alienus. Dedication of Moriæ Encomium to sir Tho. More; the farewell of which may be our author's to his plagiary, Vale, More! et moriam tuam gnaviter defende. Adieu! More! and be sure strongly to defend thy own folly. Scribl.

Ver. 53. But lofty Lintot] We enter here upon the episode of the booksellers; persons, whose names being more known and famous in the learned world than those of the authors in this poem, do therefore need less explanation. The action of Mr. Lintot here imitates that of Dares in Virgil, rising just in this manner to lay hold on a bull. This eminent bookseller printed the Rival Modes before-mentioned.

Ver. 58. Stood dauntless Curll;] We come now to a character of much respect, that of Mr. Edmund Curll. As a plain repetition of great actions is the best praise of them, we shall only say of this eminent man, that he carried the trade many lengths beyond what it ever before had arrived at; and that he was the envy and admiration of all his profession. He possessed himself of a command over all authors whatever; he caused them to write what he pleased; they could not call their very names their own. He was not only famous among these; he was taken notice of by the state, the church, and the law, and received particular marks of distinction from each.

It will be owned that he is here introduced with all possible dignity: He speaks like the intrepid Diomede; he runs like the swift-footed Achilles; if he falls, 'tis like the beloved Nisus; and (what Homer makes to be the chief of all praises) he is favoured of the gods: he says but three words, and his prayer is heard; a goddess conveys it to the seat of Jupiter: though he loses the prize, he gains the victory; the great mother herself comforts him, she inspires him with expedients, she honours him with an immortal present (such as Achilles receives from

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Ver. 67. With legs expanded Bernard urg'd the race,
And seem'd to emulate great Jacob's pace.

Full in the middle way there stood a lake,
Which Curll's Corinna chanc'd that morn to make;
(Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
Her evening cates before his neighbour's shop)
Here fortun'd Curll to slide; loud shout the band,
And Bernard! Bernard! rings through all the Strand.
Obscene with filth the miscreant lies bewray'd,
Fall'n in the plash his wickedness had laid:
Then first (if poets aught of truth declare)
The caitiff vaticide conceiv'd a prayer.
Hear, Jove! whose name my bards and I adore,
As much at least as any gods, or more;
And him and his if more devotion warms,
Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.
A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and seas,
Where, from ambrosia, Jove retires for ease.
There in his seat two spacious vents appear,
On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,
And hears the various vows of fond mankind;
Some beg an eastern, some a western wind:
All vain petitions, mounting to the sky,
With reams abundant this abode supply;
Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills
Sign'd with that ichor which from gods distills.
In office here fair Cloacina stands,
And ministers to Jove with purest hands.

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Thetis, and Æneas from Venus), at once instructive, and prophetical: after this he is unrivalled, and triumphant.

The tribute our author here pays him is a grateful return for several numerited obligations: many weighty animadversions on the public affairs, and many excellent and diverting pieces on private persons, has he given to his name. If ever he owed two verses to any other, he owed Mr. Curll some thousands. He was every day extending his fame, and enlarging his writings: witness innumerable instances; but it shall suffice only to mention the Court Poems, which he meant to publish as the work of the true writer, a lady of quality; but being first threatened, and afterwards punished for it by Mr. Pope, he generously transferred it from her to him, and ever since printed it in his name. The single time that ever he spoke to C. was on that affair, and to that happy incident he owed all the favour since received from him: so true is the saying of Dr. Sydenham, "that any one shall be, at some time or other, the better or the worse, for having but seen or spoken to a good or bad man."

Ver. 70. Curll's Corinna] This name, it seems, was taken by one Mrs. Thomas, who procured some private letters of Mr. Pope, while almost a boy, to Mr. Cromwell, and sold them without the consent of either of those gentlemen to Curll, who printed them in 12mo, 1727. He discovered her to be the publisher, in his Key, p. 11. We only take this opportunity of mentioning the manner in which those letters got abroad, which the author was ashamed of as very trivial things, full not only of levities, but of wrong judgments of men and books, and only excusable from the youth and inexperience of the writer.

Ver. 82. Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.] The Bible, Curll's sign; the cross-keys, Lintot's.

Forth from the heap she pick'd her votary's prayer,
And plac'd it next him, a distinction rare!
Oft had the goddess heard her servant's call,
From her black grottos near the Temple-wall,
Listening delighted to the jest unclean
Of link-boys vile, and watermen obscene;
Where as he fish'd her nether realms for wit,
She oft had favour'd him, and favours yet.
Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic force,
As oil'd with magic juices for the course,
Vigorous he rises; from the effluvia strong,
Imbibes new life, and scours and stinks along;
Re-passes Lintot, vindicates the race,
Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.
And now the victor stretch'd his eager hand [110
Where the tall nothing stood, or seem'd to stand;
A shapeless shade it melted from his sight,
Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night.
To seize his papers, Curll, was next thy care;
His papers, light, fly diverse, tost in air;
Songs, sonnets, epigrams, the winds uplift,
And whisk them back to Evans, Young and Swift.
Th' embroider'd suit at least he deemed his prey,
That suit an unpay'd taylor snatch'd away.
No rag, no scrap, of all the beau, or wit,
That once so flutter'd, and that once so writ. 120
Heaven rings with laughter: of the laughter vain,
Dulness, good queen, repeats the jest again.
Three wicked imps, of her own Grub-street choir,
She deck'd like Congreve, Addison, and Prior;

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Ver. 99.—104. In former edit. thus:

(Oft as he fish'd her nether realms for wit,
The goddess favour'd him, and favours yet)

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Ver. 101. Where, as he fish'd, &c.] See the preface to Swift's and Pope's Miscellanies.

Ver. 116. Evans, Young, and Swift.] Some of those persons, whose writings, epigrams, or jests he had owned. See note on ver. 50.

Ver. 118. an unpay'd taylor] This line has been loudly complained of in Mist, June 8, Dedic. to Sawney, and others, as a most inhuman satire on the poverty of poets: but it is thought our author will be acquitted by a jury of taylors. To me this instance seems unluckily chosen; if it be a satire on any body, it must be on a bad paymaster, since the person to whom they have here applied it, was a man of fortune. Not but poets may well be jealous of so great a prerogative as non-payment; which Mr. Dennis so far asserts, as boldly to pronounce, that "if Homer himself was not in debt, it was because nobody would trust him."—Pref. to Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, p. 15.

Ver. 124. like Congreve, Addison, and Prior;] These authors being such whose names will reach posterity, we shall not give any account of them, but proceed to those of whom it is necessary.—Besaleel Morris was author of some satires on the translators of Homer, with many other things printed in news-papers.—"Bond writ a satire against Mr. P—. Capt. Breval was author of The Confederates, an ingenious dramatic performance to expose Mr. P., Mr. Gay, Dr. Arb. and some ladies of quality," says Curll, Key, p. 11.

Ver. 125. Mears, Warner, Wilkins] Booksellers and printers of much anonymous stuff.

Mears, Warner, Wilkins, run: delusive thought!
Breval, Bond, Besaleel, the varlets caught.
Curll stretches after Gay, but Gay is gone,
He grasps an empty Joseph for a John:
So Proteus, hunted in a nobler shape,
Became, when seiz'd, a puppy, or an ape. 130
To him the goddess: "Son! thy grief lay down
And turn this whole illusion on the town:
As the sage dame, experienc'd in her trade,
By names of toasts retails each batter'd jade;
(When hapless Monsieur much complains at Paris
Of wrongs from dutchesses and lady Maries;)
Be thine, my stationer! this magic gift;
Cook shall be Prior; and Concanen, Swift:
So shall each hostile name become our own,
And we too boast our Garth and Addison." 140

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Ver. 126. Breval, Bond, Besaleel,] I foresee it will be objected from this line, that we were in an errour in our assertion on ver. 50 of this book, that More was a fictitious name, since those persons are equally represented by the poet as phantoms. So at first sight it may be seen; but be not deceived, reader; these also are not real persons. 'Tis true, Curll declares Breval, a captain, author of a piece called the Confederates; but Curll first said it was written by Joseph Gay: Is his second assertion to be credited any more than his first? He likewise affirms Bond to be one who writ a satire on our poet: but where is such a satire to be found? where was such a writer ever heard of? As for Besaleel, it carries forgery in the very name; nor is it, as the others are, a surname. Thou may'st depend upon it, no such authors ever lived; all phantoms.—Scribl.

Ver 128. Joseph Gay, a fictitious name put by Curll before several pamphlets, which made them pass with many for Mr. Gay's—The ambiguity of the word Joseph, which likewise signifies a loose upper-coat, gives much pleasantry to the idea.

Ver. 132. And turn this whole illusion on the town:] It was a common practice of this bookseller to publish vile pieces of obscure hands under the names of eminent authors.

Ver. 138. Cook shall be Prior,] The man here specified writ a thing called The Battle of the Poets, in which Philips and Welsted were the heroes, and Swift and Pope utterly routed. He also published some malevolent things in the British, London, and Daily Journals; and at the same time wrote letters to Mr. Pope, protesting his innocence. His chief work was a translation of Hesiod, to which Theobald writ notes and half notes, which he carefully owned.

Ver. 138. and Concanen, Swift:] In the first edition of this poem there were only asterisks in this place, but the names were since inserted, merely to fill up the verse, and give ease to the ear of the reader.

Ver. 140. And we too boast our Garth and Addison.] Nothing is more remarkable than our author's love of praising good writers. He has in this very poem celebrated Mr. Locke, sir Isaac Newton, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Atterbury, Mr. Dryden, Mr Congreve, Dr. Garth, Mr. Addison, &c. in a word, almost every man of his time that deserved it; even Cibber himself (presuming him to be the author of the Careless Husband). It was very difficult to have that pleasure in a poem

With that she gave him (piteous of his case,
Yet smiling at his rueful length of face)

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on this subject, yet he has found means to insert their panegyric, and has made even Dulness out of her own mouth pronounce it. It must have been particularly agreeable to him to celebrate Dr. Garth; both as his constant friend, and as he was his predecessor in this kind of satire. The Dispensary attacked the whole body of apothecaries, a much more useful one undoubtedly than that of the bad poets; if in truth this can be a body, of which no two members ever agreed. It also did, what Mr. Theobald says is unpardonable, draw in parts of private character, and introduced persons independent of his subject. Much more would Boileau have incurred his censure, who left all subjects whatever, on all occasions, to fall upon the bad poets (which, it is to be feared, would have been more immediately his concern.) But certainly next to commending good writers, the greatest service to learning is to expose the bad, who can only that way be made of any use to it. This truth is very well set forth in these lines addressed to our author.

The craven rook, and pert jackdaw,
(Though neither birds of moral kind)
Yet serve, if hang'd, or stuff'd with straw,
To show us which way blows the wind.

Thus dirty knaves, or chattering fools,
Strung up by dozens in thy lay,
Teach more by half than Dennis' rules,
And point instruction every way.

With Ægypt's art thy pen may strive:
One potent drop let this but shed,
And every rogue that stunk alive,
Becomes a precious mummy dead.

Ver. 142. rueful length of face] "The decrepid person or figure of a man are no reflections upon his genius. An honest mind will love and esteem a man of worth, though he be deformed or poor. Yet the author of the Dunciad hath libelled a person for his rueful length of face!" Mist's Journal, June 8. This genius and man of worth, whom an honest mind should love, is Mr. Curll. True it is, he stood on the pillory, an incident which will lengthen the face of any man, though it were ever so comely, therefore is no reflection on the natural beauty of Mr. Curll. But as to reflections on any man's face or figure, Mr. Dennis saith excellently; "Natural deformity comes not by our fault; it is often occasioned by calamities and diseases, which a man can no more help than a monster can his deformity. There is no one misfortune, and no one disease, but what all the rest of mankind are subject to.—But the deformity of this author is visible, present, lasting, unalterable, and peculiar to himself. 'Tis the mark of God and Nature upon him, to give us warning that we should hold no society with him, as a creature not of our original, nor of our species: and they who have refused to take this warning which God and Nature has given them, and have, in spite of it, by a senseless presumption, ventured to be familiar with him, have severely suffered, &c. 'Tis certain his original is not from Adam, but from the Devil," &c.—Dennis, character of Mr. P. octavo, 1716.

A shaggy tapestry, worthy to be spread,
On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed;
Instructive work! whose wry-mouth'd portraiture
Display'd the fates her confessors endure.
Earless on high, stood unabash'd De Foe,
And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge below.

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Admirably it is observed by Mr. Dennis against Mr. Law, p. 33. "That the language of Billingsgate can never be the language of charity, nor consequently of Christianity." I should else be tempted to use the language of a critic; for what is more provoking to a commentator than to behold his author thus pourtrayed? Yet I consider it really hurts not him! whereas to call some others dull, might do them prejudice with a world too apt to believe it. Therefore, though Mr. D. may call another a little ass or a young toad, far be it from us to call him a toothless lion or an old serpent. Indeed, had I written these notes (as was once my intent) in the learned language, I might have given him the appellations of balatro, calceatum caput, scurra in triviis, being phrases in good esteem and frequent usage among the best learned: but in our mother-tongue, were I to tax any gentleman of the Dunciad, surely it should be in words not to the vulgar intelligible; whereby Christian charity, decency, and good accord among authors, might be preserved.—Scribl.

The good Scriblerus here, as on all occasions, eminently shows his humanity. But it was far otherwise with the gentlemen of the Dunciad, whose scurrilities were always personal, and of that nature which provoked every honest man but Mr. Pope; yet never to be lamented, since they occasioned the following amiable verses:

While malice, Pope, denies thy page
Its own celestial fire;
While critics, and while bards in rage,
Admiring, won't admire:

While wayward pens thy worth assail,
And envious tongues decry:
These times though many a friend bewail,
These times bewail not I.

But when the world's loud praise is thine,
And spleen no more shall blame,
When with thy Homer thou shalt shine
In one establish'd fame:

When none shall rail, and every lay
Devote a wreathe to thee;
That day (for come it will), that day
Shall I lament to see.

Ver. 143. A shaggy tapestry,] A sorry kind of tapestry frequent in old inns, made of worsted, or some coarser stuff; like that which is spoken of by Donne—Faces as frightful as theirs who whipt Christ in old hangings. This imagery woven in it alludes to the mantle of Cloanthus, in Æn. v.

Ver. 144. John Dunton was a broken bookseller, and abusive scribbler; he writ Neck or Nothing, a violent satire on some ministers of state; a libel on the duke of Devonshire and the bishop of Peterborough, &c.

Ver. 148. And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge] John Tutchin, author of some vile verses, and of a weekly paper called the Observator. He

There Ridpath, Roper, cudgel'd might ye view,
The very worsted still look'd black and blue.
Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies,
As, from the blanket, high in air he flies,
"And oh!" (he cry'd) "what street, what lane, but knows
Our purgings, pumpings, blanketings, and blows!
In every loom our labours shall be seen,
And the fresh vomit run for ever green!"
See in the circle next, Eliza plac'd,
Two babes of love close clinging to her waist;
Fair as before her works she stands confess'd,
In flowers and pearls by bounteous Kirkall dress'd.

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was sentenced to be whipped through several towns in the west of England, upon which he petioned king James II. to be hanged. When that prince died in exile, he wrote an invective against his memory, occasioned by some humane elegies on his death. He lived to the time of queen Anne.

Ver. 149. There Ridpath, Roper.] Authors of the Flying-post and Post-boy, two scandalous papers on different sides, for which they equally and alternately deserved to be cudgelled, and were so.

Ver. 151. Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies,] The history of Curll's being tossed in a blanket, and whipped by the scholars of Westminster, is well known. Of his purging and vomiting, see A full and true account of a horrid Revenge on the body of Edm. Curll, &c. in Swift and Pope's Miscellanies.

Ver. 157. See in the circle next, Eliza plac'd,] In this game is exposed, in the most contemptuous manner, the profligate licentiousness of those shameless scribblers (for the most part of that sex which ought least to be capable of such malice or impudence) who, in libellous memoirs and novels, reveal the faults or misfortunes of both sexes, to the ruin of public fame, or disturbance of private happiness. Our good poet (by the whole cast of his work being obliged not to take off the irony) where he could not show his indignation, hath shown his contempt, as much as possible; having here drawn as vile a picture as could be represented in the colours of epic poesy.—Scribl.

Ibid. Eliza Haywood; this woman was autoress of those most scandalous books called the Court of Carimania, and the New Utopia. For the two babes of love, see Curll, Key, p. 22. But whatever reflection he is pleased to throw upon this lady, surely it was what from him she little deserved, who had celebrated Curll's undertakings for reformation of manners, and declared herself "to be so perfectly acquainted with the sweetness of his disposition, and that tenderness with which he considered the errours of his fellow-creatures; that, though she should find the little inadvertencies of her own life recorded in his papers, she was certain it would be done in such a manner as she could not but approve."—Mrs. Haywood, Hist. of Clar. printed in the Female Dunciad, p. 18.

Ver. 160. Kirkall,] the name of an engraver. Some of this lady's works were printed in four volumes in 12mo, with her picture thus dressed up before them.

The goddess then: "Who best can send on high
The salient spout, far streaming to the sky;
His be yon Juno of majestic size,
With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.
This China jordan let the chief o'ercome
Replenish, not ingloriously, at home."
Osborne and Curll accept the glorious strife,
(Though this his son dissuades, and that his wife.)
One on his manly confidence relies,
One on his vigour and superior size.
First Osborne lean'd against his letter'd post:
It rose, and labour'd to a curve at most.
So Jove's bright bow displays its watery round
(Sure sign that no spectator shall be drown'd).
A second effort brought but new disgrace,
The wild meander wash'd the artist's face:
Thus the small jet, which hasty hands unlock,
Spirts in the gardener's eyes who turns the cock.
Not so from shameless Curll; impetuous spread
The stream, and smoking flourish'd o'er his head.
So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns)
Eridanus his humble fountain scorns;
Through half the heavens he pours th' exalted urn;
His rapid waters in their passage burn.

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Ver. 167. Osborne, Thomas] A bookseller in Gray's-inn, very well qualified by his impudence to act this part; therefore placed here instead of a less deserving predecessor. [Chapman, the publisher of Mrs. Haywood's New Utopia, &c.] This man published advertisements for a year together, pretending to sell Mr. Pope's subscription books of Homer's Illiad at half the price: of which book he had none, but cut to the size of them (which was quarto) the common books in folio, without copper-plates, on a worse paper, and never above half the value.

Upon this advertisement the Gazetteer harangued thus, July 6, 1739, "How melancholy must it be to a writer to be so unhappy as to see his works hawked for sale in a manner so fatal to his fame! How, with honour to yourself, and justice to your subscribers, can this be done! What an ingratitude to be charged on the only honest poet that lived in 1738! and than whom Virtue has not had a shriller trumpeter for many ages! That you were once generally admired and esteemed, can be denied by none; but that you and your works are now despised, is verified by this fact:" which being utterly false, did not indeed much humble the author, but drew this just chastisement on the bookseller.

Ver. 183. Through half the heavens he pours th' exalted urn;] In a manuscript Dunciad (where are some marginal corrections of some gentlemen some time deceased) I have found another reading of these lines: thus,

And lifts his urn, through half the heavens to flow;
His rapid waters in their passage glow.

This I cannot but think the right: for, first, though the difference between burn and glow may seem not very material to others, to me I confess the latter has an elegance, a je ne scay quoy, which is much easier to be conceived than explained. Secondly, every reader of our poet must have observed how frequently he uses this

Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes:
Still happy Impudence obtains the prize.
Thou triumph'st, victor of the high-wrought day,
And the pleas'd dame, soft smiling, lead'st away.
Osborne, through perfect modesty o'ercome,
Crown'd with the jordan, walks contented home.
But now for authors nobler palms remain:
Room for my lord! three jockeys in his train;
Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair:
He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a stare.
His honour's meaning Dulness thus exprest,
"He wins this patron who can tickle best."
He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state:
With ready quills the dedicators wait;
Now at his head the dextrous task commence,
And, instant, fancy feels th' imputed sense;
Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
He struts Adonis, and affects grimace:
Rolli the feather to his ear conveys,
Then his nice taste directs our operas:
Bentley his mouth with classic flattery opes,
And the pull'd orator bursts out in tropes.
But Welsted most the poet's healing balm
Strives to extract from his soft, giving palm;

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word glow in other parts of his works: To instance only in his Homer:

(1.) Iliad ix. ver. 726.—With one resentment glows.
(2.) Iliad xi. ver. 626.—There the battle glows.
(3.) Ibid. ver. 985.—The closing flesh that instant cens'd to glow.
(4.) Iliad xii. ver. 45.—Encompass'd Hector glows.
(5.) Ibid. ver. 475.—His beating breast with generous ardour glows.
(6.) Iliad. xviii. ver. 591.—Another part glow'd with refulgent arms.
(7.) Ibid. ver. 654.—And curl'd on silver props in order glow.

I am afraid of growing too luxuriant in examples, or I could stretch this catalogue to a great extent; but these are enough to prove his fondness for this beautiful word, which, therefore, let all future editions replace here.

I am aware, after all, that burn is the proper word to convey an idea of what was said to be Mr. Curll's condition at this time: but from that very reason I infer the direct contrary. For surely every lover of our author will conclude he had more humanity than to insult a man on such a misfortune or calamity, which could never befal him purely by his own fault, but from an unhappy communication with another. This note is half Mr. Theobald, half Scribl."

Ver. 203. Paolo Antonio Rolli,] an Italian poet, and writer of many operas in that language, which, partly by the help of his genius, prevailed in England near twenty years. He taught Italian to some fine gentlemen, who affected to direct the operas.

Ver. 205. Bentley his mouth, &c.] Not spoken of the famous Dr. Richard Bentley, but of one

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Ver. 205. In former edit. Welsted.
Ver. 207. in the first edit.
But Oldmixon the poet's healing balm, &c.
And again in ver. 209. Unlucky Oldmixon!

Unlucky Welsted! thy unfeeling master,
The more thou ticklest, gripes his fist the faster.
While thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain,
And quick sensations skip from vein to vein;
A youth unknown to Phœbus, in despair,
Puts his last refuge all in Heaven and prayer.
What force have pious vows! the queen of love
Her sister sends, her votaress, from above,
As, taught by Venus, Paris learnt the art
To touch Achilles' only tender part;
Secure, through her, the noble prize to carry,
He marches off, his grace's secretary.
"Now turn to different sports" (the goddess cries)
"And learn, my sons, the wondrous power of noise.
To move, to raise, to ravish every heart,
With Shakespeare's nature, or with Jonson's art,
Let others aim: 'Tis yours to shake the soul
With thunder rumbling from the mustard-bowl,
With horns and trumpets now to madness swell,
Now sink in sorrows with a tolling bell!
Such happy arts attention can command,
When fancy flags, and sense is at a stand.
Improve we these. Three cat-calls be the bribe
Of him, whose chattering shames the monkey tribe:
And his this drum, whose hoarse heroic bass
Drowns the loud clarion of the braying ass."
Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din:
The monkey-mimics rush discordant in;

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Tho. Bentley, a small critic, who aped his uncle in a little Horace. The great one was intended to be dedicated to the lord Halifax, but (on a change of the ministry) was given to the earl of Oxford; for which reason the little one was dedicated to his son the lord Harley.

Ver. 207. Welsted.] Leonard Welsted, author of the Triumvirate, or a Letter in verse from Palæmon to Celia at Bath, which was meant for a satire on Mr. P. and some of his friends about the year 1718. He writ other things which we cannot remember. Smedley, in his Metamorphosis of Scriblerus, mentions one, the Hymn of a Gentleman to his Creator: And there was another in praise either of a Cellar, or a Garret. L. W. characterized in the Περὶ Βάθους, or the Art of Sinking, as a didapper, and after as an eel, is said to be this person, by Dennis, Daily Journal of May 11, 1728. He was also characterised under another animal, a mole, by the author of the ensuing simile, which was handed about at the same time:

Dear Welsted, mark in dirty hole,
That painful animal, a mole:
Above ground never born to grow;
What mighty stir it keeps below!
To make a mole-hill all his strife!
It digs, pokes, undermines for life.
How proud a little dirt to spread;
Conscious of nothing o'er its head!
Till, labouring on for want of eyes,
It blunders into light and dies.]

You have him again in book iii. ver. 169.

Ver. 226. With thunder rumbling from the mustard-bowl,] The old way of making thunder and mustard were the same; but since, it is more advantageously performed by troughs of wood with stops in them. Whether Mr. Dennis was the inventor of that improvement, I know not; but it

'Twas chattering, grinning, mouthing, jabbering all,
And noise and Norton, brangling and Breval,
Dennis and dissonance, and captious art,
And snip-snap short, and interruption smart.
And demonstration thin, and theses thick,
And major, minor, and conclusion quick.
"Hold," cry'd the queen, "A cat-call each shall win;
Equal your merits! equal is your din!
But that this well-disputed game may end,
Sound forth, my brayers, and the welkin rend."
As when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait
At some sick miser's triple-bolted gate,
For their defrauded, absent foals they make
A moan so loud, that all the Guild awake;
Sore sighs sir Gilbert, starting at the bray,
From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay:
So swells each wind-pipe: ass intones to ass,
Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and brass;
Such as from labouring lungs th' enthusiast blows,
High sounds, attemper'd to the vocal nose;
Or such as bellow from the deep divine; [thine.
There, Webster! peal'd thy voice, and Whitfield!
But far o'er all sonorous Blackmore's strain;
Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again.
In Tottenham fields, the brethren, with amaze,
Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze!
Long Chancery-lane retentive rolls the sound,
And courts to courts return it round and round;
Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall,
And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl.
All hail him victor in both gifts of song,
Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 241, 242. added since the first edition.
Ver. 257, 258. This couplet is an addition.

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is certain, that being once at a tragedy of a new author, he fell into a great passion at hearing some, and cried, "'Sdeath! that is my thunder."

Ver. 238. Norton,] See ver. 417.—J. Durant Breval, author of a very extraordinary book of travels, and some poems. See before, note on ver. 126.

Ver. 258. Webster—and Whitfield] [The one the writer of a news-paper called the Weekly Miscellany, the other a field-preacher. This thought the only means of advancing religion was by the new-birth of spiritual madness: that by the old death of fire and faggot: and therefore they agreed in this, though in no other earthly thing, to abuse all the sober clergy. From the small success of these two extraordinary persons, we may learn how little hurtful bigotry and enthusiasm are, while the civil magistrate prudently forbears to lend his power to the one, in order to the employing it against the other.]

Ver. 263. Long Chancery-lane] The place where the offices of chancery are kept. The long detention of clients in that court, and the difficulty of getting out, is humourously allegorized in these lines.

Ver. 268. Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.] A just character of sir Richard Blackmore, knight, who (as Mr. Dryden expresseth it)

Writ to the rumbling of his coach's wheels.

and whose indefatigable Muse produced no less than six epic poems; Prince and King Arthur,

This labour past, by Bridewell all descend,
(As morning-prayers and flagellation end)

REMARKS.

twenty books: Eliza, ten; Alfred, twelve; the Redeemer, six; besides Job, in folio; the whole Book of Psalms; the Creation, seven books; Nature of Man, three books; and many more. It is in this sense he is styled afterwards the everlasting Blackmore. Notwithstanding all which, Mr. Gildon seems assured, "that this admirable author did not think himself upon the same foot with Homer."—Comp. Art. of Poetry, vol. 1. p. 108.

But how different is the judgment of the author of Characters of the Times? p. 25, who says, "Sir Richard Blackmore is unfortunate in happening to mistake his proper talents; and that he has not for many years been so much as named, or even thought of among writers." Even Mr. Dennis differs greatly from his friend Mr. Gildon: "Blackmore's action", saith he, "has neither unity, nor integrity, nor morality, nor universality; and consequently he can have no fable, and no heroic poem: his narration is neither probable, delightful, nor wonderful; his characters have none of the necessary qualifications; the things contained in his narration are neither in their own nature delightful, nor numerous enough, nor rightly disposed, nor surprising, nor pathetic."—Nay, he proceeds so far as to say, sir Richard has no genius; first laying down that "genius is caused by a furious joy and pride of soul, on the conception of an extraordinary hint. Many men (says he) have their hints, without these motions of fury and pride of soul, because they want fire enough to agitate their spirits; and these we call cold writers. Others who have a great deal of fire, but have not excellent organs, feel the fore-mentioned motions, without the extraordinary hints; and these we call fustian writers. But he declares that sir Richard had neither the hints nor the motions."—Remarks on Pr. Arth. octavo, 1696. Preface.

This gentleman in his first works abused the character of Mr. Dryden; and in his last, of Mr. Pope, accusing him in very high and sober terms of profaneness and immorality (Essay on Polite Writing, vol. ii. p. 270.) on a mere report from Edm. Curll, that he was author of a travestie on the first psalm. Mr. Dennis took up the same report, but with the addition of what sir Richard had neglected, an argument to prove it; which being very curious we shall here transcribe. "It is he who burlesqued the psalms of David. It is apparent to me that psalm was burlesqued by a popish rhymester. Let rhyming persons who have been brought up protestants be otherwise what they will, let them be rakes, let them be scoundrels, let them be atheists, yet education has made an invincible impression on them in behalf of the sacred writings. But a popish rhymester has been brought up with a contempt for those sacred writings; now show me another popish rhymester but he." This manner of argumentation is usual with Mr. Dennis; he has employed the same against sir Richard himself, in a like charge of impiety and irreligion. "All Mr. Blackmore's celestial machines, as they cannot be defended so much as by common received opinion, so are they

To where Fleet-ditch with disemboguing streams
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,
The King of dykes! than whom no sluice of mud
With deeper sable blots the silver flood.
"Here strip, my children! here at once leap in.
Here, prove who best can dash through thick and thin,
And who the most in love of dirt excel,
Or dark dexterity of groping well.
Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes around
The stream, be his the Weekly Journals bound;
A pig of lead to him who dives the best;
A peck of coals apiece shall glad the rest."
In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,
And, Milo-like, surveys his arms and hands;

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directly contrary to the doctrine of the church of England, for the visible descent of an angel must be a miracle. Now it is the doctrine of the church of England that miracles had ceased a long time before prince Arthur came into the world. Now if the doctrine of the church of England be true, as we are obliged to believe, then are all the celestial machines in prince Arthur unsufferable, as wanting not only human, but divine probability. But if the machines are sufferable, that is, if they have so much as divine probability, then it follows of necessity that the doctrine of the church is false. So I leave it to every impartial clergyman to consider," &c.—Preface to the Remarks on Prince Arthur.

Ver. 270. (As morning prayer and flagellation end)] It is between eleven and twelve in the morning, after church service, that the criminals are whipt in Bridewell.—This is to mark punctually the time of the day: Homer does it by the circumstance of the judges rising from court, or of the labourers dinner: our author by one very proper both to the persons and the scene of his poem, which we may remember commenced in the evening of the lord-mayor's day. The first book passed in that night; the next morning the games begin in the Strand, thence along Fleet-street (places inhabited by booksellers), then they proceed by Bridewell toward Fleet-ditch, and lastly through Ludgate to the city, and the temple of the goddess.

Ver. 280. the Weekly Journals] Papers of news and scandal intermixed, on different sides and parties, and frequently shifting from one side to the other, called the London Journal, British Journal, Daily Journal, &c. the concealed writers of which for some time were Oldmixon, Roome, Arnall, Concanen, and others; persons never seen by our author.

Ver. 283. In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,] Mr. John Oldmixon, next to Mr. Dennis, the most ancient critic of our nation; an unjust censurer of Mr. Addison in his prose Essay on Criticism, whom also in his imitation of Bouhours (called the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric) he misrepresents in plain matter of fact; for in p. 45. he cites the Spectator as abusing Dr. Swift by name, where there is not the least hint of it; and in p. 304 is so injurious as to suggest that Mr. Addison himself writ that Tatler, No. 43, which says of his own simile, that "'Tis as great as ever entered into the mind

VARIATION.

Ver. 283. In former edit.—great Dennis stands,

Then sighing thus, "And am I now threescore?
"Ah, why, ye gods; should two and two make four?"
He said, and climb'd a stranded lighter's height,
Shot to the black abyss, and plung'd downright.
The senior's judgment all the crowd admire,
Who, but to sink the deeper, rose the higher.
Next Smedley div'd; slow circles dimpled o'er
The quaking mud, that clos'd and op'd no more.
All look, all sigh, and call on Smedley lost;
Smedley in vain resounds through all the coast.
Then * * essay'd; scarce vanish'd out of sight,
He buoys up instant, and returns to light:

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of man." "In poetry he was not so happy as laborious, and therefore characterised by the Tatler, No. 62, by the name of Omicron the Unborn Poet." Curll, Key, p. 13. "He writ dramatic works, and a volume of poetry consisting of heroic epistles, &c. some whereof were very well done," said that great judge, Mr. Jacob, in his Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 303.

In his Essay on Criticism, and the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, he frequently reflects on our author. But the top of his character was, a perverter of history, in that scandalous one of the Stuarts in folio, and his Critical History of England, two volumes octavo. Being employed by bishop Kennet, in publishing the historians in his collection, he falsified Daniel's Chronicle in numberless places. Yet this very man, in the preface to the first of these books, advanced a particular fact to charge three eminent persons of falsifying the lord Clarendon's History; which fact has been disproved by Dr. Atterbury, late bishop of Rochester, then the only survivor of them; and the particular part he pretended to be falsified, produced since, after almost ninety years, in that noble author's original manuscript. He was all his life a virulent party-writer for hire, and received his reward in a small place, which he enjoyed to his death.

Ver. 291. Next Smedley div'd;] In the surreptitious editions, this whole episode was applied to an initial letter E—, by whom if they meant the laureat, nothing was more absurd, no part agreeing with his character. The allegory evidently demands a person dipped in scandal, and deeply immersed in dirty work; whereas Mr. Eusden's writings rarely offended but by their length and multitude, and accordingly are taxed of nothing else in book i. ver. 102. But the person here mentioned, an Irishman, was author and publisher of many scurrilous pieces, a weekly Whitehall Journal, in the year 1722, in the name of sir James Baker; and particularly whole volumes of Billingsgate against Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope, called Gulliveriana and Alexandriana, printed in octavo, 1728.

Ver. 295. Then * * essay'd;] A gentleman of genius and spirit, who was secretly dipt in some papers of this kind, on whom our poet bestows a panegyric instead of a satire, as deserving to be better employed than in party-quarrels, and personal invectives.

VARIATION.

Ver. 295. in former edit.
Then * * try'd, but hardly snatch'd from sight,

He bears no tokens of the sabler streams,
And mounts far off among the swans of Thames.
True to the bottom, see Concanen creep,
A cold, long-winded, native of the deep:
If perseverance gain the diver's prize,
Not everlasting Blackmore this denies:
No noise, no stir, no motion canst thou make,
Th' unconscious stream sleeps o'er thee like a lake.
Next plung'd a feeble, but a desperate pack,
With each a sickly brother at his back:
Sons of a day! just buoyant on the flood,
Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
Ask ye their names? I could as soon disclose
The names of these blind puppies as of those.
Fast by, like Niobe (her children gone)
Sits Mother Osborne, stupify'd to stone!
And monumental brass this record bears,
"These are,—ah no! these were the Gazetteers!"
Not so bold Arnall; with a weight of skull,
Furious he dives, precipitately dull.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 298. in the first edit. followed these:

Far worse unhappy D—r succeeds,
He search'd for coral, but he gather'd weeds.

Ver. 305—314. Not in former ed.

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Ver. 299. Concanen] Mathew Concanen, an Irishman, bred to the law. Smedley (one of his brethren in enmity to Swift) in his Metamorphosis of Scriblerus, p. 7. accuses him of "having boasted of what he had not written, but others had revised and done for him." He was author of several dull and dead scurrilities in the British and London Journals, and in a paper called the Speculatist. In a pamphlet, called a Supplement to the Profound, he dealt very unfairly with our poet, not only frequently imputing to him Mr. Broome's verses (for which he might indeed seem in some degree accountable, having corrected what that gentleman did) but those of the duke of Buckingham, and others: to this rare piece somebody humorously caused him to take for his motto, De profundis clamavi. He was since a hired scribbler in the Daily Courant, where he poured forth much Billingsgate against the lord Bolingbroke, and others; after which this man was surprisingly promoted to administer justice and law in Jamaica.

Ver. 306, 307. With each a sickly brother at his back:—Sons of a day, &c.] These were daily papers, a number of which, to lessen the expense, were printed one on the back of another.

Ver. 312. Osborne] A name assumed by the eldest and gravest of these writers, who, at last, being ashamed of his pupils, gave his paper over, and in his age remained silent.

Ver. 314. Gazetteers] We ought not to suppose that a modern critic here taxeth the poet with an anachronism, affirming these gazetteers not to have lived within the time of his poem, and challenging us to produce any such paper of that date. But we may with equal assurance assert these gazetteers not to have lived since, and challenge all the learned world to produce one such paper at this day. Surely therefore, where the point is so obscure, our author ought not to be censured too rashly. Scribl.

Whirlpools and storms his circling arm invest,
With all the might of gravitation blest.

VARIATION.

Ver. 315. In first edit.

Not Welsted-so: drawn endlong by his skull,
Furious he sinks, precipitately dull.

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Notwithstanding this affected ignorance of the good Scriblerus, the Daily Gazetteer was a title given very properly to certain papers, each of which lasted but a day. Into this, as a common sink, was received all the trash, which had been before dispersed in several journals, and circulated at the public expense of the nation. The authors were the same obscure men; though sometimes relieved by occasional essays from statesmen, courtiers, bishops, deans, and doctors. The meaner sort were rewarded with money; others with places or benefices, from an hundred to a thousand a-year. It appears from the Report of the Secret Committee for inquiring into the Conduct of R. Earl of O—. "That no less than fifty thousand seventy-seven pounds eighteen shillings, were paid to authors and printers of newspapers, such as Free Britons, Daily Courants, Corn Cutter's Journals, Gazetters, and other political papers, between Feb. 10, 1731, and Feb. 10, 1741." Which shows the benevolence of one minister, to have expended, for the current dulness of ten years in Britain, double the sum which gained Louis XIV. so much honour, in annual pensions to learned men all over Europe. In which, and in a much longer time, not a pension at court, nor preferment in the church or universities, of any consideration, was bestowed on any man distinguished for his learning separately from party-merit, or pamphlet-writing.

It is worth a reflection, that of all the panegyrics bestowed by these writers on this great minister, not one is at this day extant or remembered, not even so much credit done to his personal character by all they have written, as by one short occasional compliment of our author:

Seen him I have; but in his happier hour
Of social pleasure, ill exchang'd for power!
Seen him, uncumber'd by the venal tribe,
Smile without art, and win without a bribe.

Ver. 315. Arnall] William Arnall, bred an attorney, was a perfect genius in this sort of work. He began under twenty with furious party-papers; then succeeded Concanen in the British Journal. At the first publication of the Dunciad, he prevailed on the author not to give him his due place in it, by a letter professing his detestation of such practices as his predecessor's. But since, by the most unexampled insolence, and personal abuse of several great men, the poet's particular friends, he most amply deserved a niche in the temple of infamy: witness a paper, called the Free Briton, a dedication entituled, To the Genuine Blunderer, 1732, and many others. He writ for hire, and valued himself upon it; not indeed without cause, it appearing by the aforesaid Report, that he received "for Free Britons, and other writings, in the space of four years, no less than ten thousand nine hundred and ninety-seven pounds six shillings and eight pence, out of the Treasury."

No crab more active in the dirty dance,
Downward to climb, and backward to advance,
He brings up half the bottom on his head,
And [illegible]dly claims the journals and the lead.
The plunging prelate, and his ponderous grace,
With holy envy gave one layman place.
When lo! a burst of thunder shook the flood,
Slow rose a form, in majesty of mud;
Shaking the horrours of his sable brows,
And each ferocious feature grim with ooze,
Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares;
Then thus the wonders of the deep declares:
First he relates, how sinking to the chin,
Smit with his mien, the mud-nymphs suck'd him
How young Lutetia, softer than the down,
Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown,
Vy'd for his love in jetty bowers below,
As Hylas fair was ravish'd long ago.
Then sung, how, shown him by the nut-brown maids,
A branch of Styx here rises from the shades;
That, tinctur'd as it runs with Lethe's streams,
And wafting vapours from the land of dreams
(As under seas Alpheus' secret sluice
Bears Pisa's offering to his Arethuse),
Pours into Thames: and hence the mingled wave
Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave:

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 323—326. In first edit. thus:

Sudden a burst of thunder shook the flood,
Lo, Smedley rose in majesty of mud.

Ver. 343—351. In first Edit. thus:

Pours into Thames: each city bowl is full
Of the mixt wave, and all who drink grow dull.
Here to the banks where bards departed doze,
They led him soft; here all the bards arose!
Taylor, sw[illegible]et bird of Thames, majestic bows,
And Shadwell nods the poppy on his brows;
While Milbourne there, deputed by the rest,
Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest;
And "Take" (he said) "&c."

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But frequently, through his fury or folly, he exceeded all the bounds of his commission, and obliged his honourable patron to disavow his scurrilities.

Ver. 323. The plunging prelate, &c.] It having been invidiously insinuated that by this title was meant a truly great prelate, as respectable for his defence of the present balance of power in the civil constitution, as for his opposition to the scheme of no power at all, in the religious; I owe so much to the memory of my deceased friend as to declare, that when, a little before his death, I informed him of this insinuation, he called it vile and malicious, as any candid man, he said, might understand, by his having paid a willing compliment to this very prelate in another part of the poem.

Ver. 349. And Milbourne] Luke Milbourne, a clergyman, the fairest of critics; who, when he wrote against Mr. Dryden's Virgil, did him justice in printing at the same time his own translations of him, which were intolerable. His manner of writing has a great resemblance with that of the gentlemen of the Dunciad against our author, as will be seen in the parallel of Mr. Dryden and him. Append.

Here brisker vapours o'er the Temple creep,
There, all from Paul's to Aldgate drink and sleep.
Thence to the banks where reverend bards repose,
They led him soft; each reverend bard arose;
And Milbourne chief, deputed by the rest,
Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest.
"Receive" (he said) "these robes which once were mine,
Dulness is sacred in a sound divine."
He cras'd, and spread the robe; the crowd confess
The reverend flamen in his lengthen'd dress.
Around him wide a sable army stand,
A low-born, cell-bred, selfish, servile band,
Prompt or to guard or stab, to saint or damn,
Heaven's Swiss, who fight for any god, or man.
Thro' Lud's fam'd gates, along the well-known Fleet,
Rolls the black troop, and overshades the street,
Till showers of sermons, characters, essays,
In circling fleeces whiten all the ways:
So clouds, replenish'd from some bog below,
Mount in dark volumes, and descend in snow.
Here stopt the goddess; and in pomp proclaims
A gentler exercise to close the games.
"Ye critics! in whose heads, as equal scales,
I weigh what author's heaviness prevails:
Which most conduce to sooth the soul in slumbers,
My Henley's periods or my Blackmore's numbers,
Attend the trial we propose to make:
If there be man, who o'er such works can wake,
Sleep's all-subduing charms who dares defy,
And boasts Ulysses' ear with Argus' eye;
To him we grant our amplest powers, to sit
Judge of all present, past, and future wit;
To cavil, censure, dictate, right or wrong,
Full and eternal privilege of tongue."
Three college sophs and three pert templars came,
The same their talents, and their tastes the same;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 355—362. Not in first edit. where, instead of ver. 365—367, were originally these lines:

Slow moves the goddess, from the sable flood,
(Her priest preceeding) through the gates of Lud.
Her Critics there she summons, and proclaims
A gentler exercise to close the games.
Here you, in whose grave heads, &c.

Ver. 379. In first edit. Three Cambridge sophs.

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Ver. 355. Around him wide, &c.] It is to be hoped that the satire in these lines will be understood in the confined sense in which the author meant it, of such only of the clergy, who, though solemnly engaged in the service of religion, dedicate themselves for venal and corrupt ends to that of ministers or factions; and though educated under an entire ignorance of the world, aspire to interfere in the government of it, and consequently to disturb and disorder it; in which they fall short of their predecessors only by being invested with much less of that power and authority, which they employed indifferently (as is hinted at in the lines above) either in supporting arbitrary power, or in exciting rebellion: in canonizing the vices of tyrants, or in blackening the virtues of patriots; in corrupting religion by superstition, or betraying it by libertinism, as either was thought best to serve the ends of policy, or flatter the follies of the great.

Each prompt to query, answer, and debate,
And smit with love of poesy and prate.
The ponderous books two gentle readers bring!
The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring.
The clamorous crowd is hush'd with mugs of mum,
Till all, tun'd equal, send a general hum.
Then mount the clerks, and in one lazy tone
Through the long, heavy, painful page drawl on;
Soft creeping, words on words, the sense compose,
At every line they stretch, they yawn, they doze.
As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low
Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow;
Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs divine.
And now to this side, now to that they nod,
As verse, or prose, infuse the drowzy god.
Thrice Budgel aim'd to speak, but, thrice suppress
By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breast.
Toland and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer,
Yet silent bow'd to "Christ's no kingdom here."
Who sate the nearest, by the words o'ercome,
Slept first, the distant nodded to the hum.
Then down are roll'd the books; stretch'd o'er them
Each gentle clerk, and muttering seals his eyes.
As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes,
One circle first, and then a second makes;
What Dulness dropt among her sons imprest
Like motion from one circle to the rest:
So from the mid-most the mutation spreads
Round and more round, o'er all the sea of heads.
At last Centlivre felt her voice to fail,
Motteux himself unfinish'd left his tale,
Boyer the state, and Law the stage gave o'er,
Morgan and Mandevil could prate no more;
Norton, from Daniel and Ostrœa sprung,
Bless'd with his father's front, and mother's tongue,
Hung silent down his never-blushing head;
And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.
Thus the soft gifts of sleep conclude the day,
And stretch'd on bulks, as usual, poets lay.
Why should I sing, what bards the nightly Muse
Did slumbering visit, and convey to stews;
Who prouder march'd with magistrates in state,
To some fam'd round-house, ever-open gate!
How Henley lay inspir'd beside a sink,
And to mere mortals seem'd a priest in drink:
While others, timely, to the neighbouring Fleet
(Haunt of the Muses) made their safe retreat.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 413. In the first edit. it was,

T—s and T— the church and state gave o'er,
Nor * * * talk'd nor S— whisper'd more.

In the second,

Boyer the state, and Law the stage gave o'er,
Nor Motteux talk'd, nor Naso whisper'd more.

Ver. 425. In first edit. How Laurus lay, &c.

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Ver. 413. Boyer the state, and Law the stage gave o'er,] A. Boyer, a voluminous compiler of annals, political collections, &c.—William Law, A. M. wrote with great zeal against the stage; Mr. Dennis answered with as great: their books were printed in 1726. The same Mr. Law is author of a book entituled, An Appeal to all that doubt of or disbelieve the truth of the Gospel; in which he has detailed a system of the rankest Spinozism, for the most exalted theology; and amongst other things as rare, has informed us of this, that sir Isaac Newton stole the principles of his philosophy from one Jacob Behmen, a German cobler.

Ver. 414. Morgan] A writer against religion, distinguished no otherwise from the rabble of his tribe, than by the pompousness of his title; for having stolen his morality from Tindal, and his philosophy from Spinosa, he calls himself, by the courtesy of England, a moral philosopher.

Ibid. Mandevil] This writer, who prided himself in the reputation of an immoral philosopher, was author of a famous book called the Fable of the Bees; written to prove, that moral virtue is the invention of knaves, and christian virtue the imposition of fools; and that vice is necessary, and alone sufficient to render society flourishing and happy.

Ver. 415. Norton] Norton De Foe, offspring of the famous Daniel, fortes creantur fortibus. One of the authors of the Flying Post, in which well-bred work Mr. P. had some time the honour to be abused with his betters; and of many hired scurrilities and daily papers, to which he never set his name.

Ver. 427. Fleet] A prison for insolvent debtors on the bank of the ditch.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 399. in the first edit. it was,

Collins and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer.

Ver. 412. In first edit. Old James himself.

REMARKS.

Ver. 397. Thrice Budgel aim'd to speak,] Famous for his speeches on many occasions about the South Sea scheme, &c. "*He is a very ingenious gentleman, and hath written some excellent epilogues to plays, and one small piece on Love, which is very pretty.*" Jacob, Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 289. But this gentleman since made himself much more eminent, and personally well known to be the greatest statesman of all parties, as well as to all the courts of law in this nation.

Ver. 399. Toland and Tindal,] Two persons not so happy as to be obscure, who writ against the religion of their country. Toland, the author of the atheist's liturgy, called Pantheisticon, was a spy, in pay to lord Oxford. Tindal was author of the Rights of the Christian Church, and Christianity as old as the Creation. He also wrote an abusive pamphlet against earl S——, which was suppressed while yet in MS. by an eminent person, then out of the ministry, to whom he showed it, expecting his approbation. This doctor afterwards published the same piece, mutatis mutandis, against that very person.

Ver. 400. Christ's no kingdom,] This is said by Curll, Key to Dunc. to allude to a sermon of a reverend bishop.

Ver. 411. Centlivre] Mrs. Susanna Centlivre, wife to Mr. Centlivre, yeoman of the mouth to his majesty. She writ many plays, and a song (says Mr. Jacob, vol i. p. 32.) before she was seven years old. She also writ a ballad against Mr. Pope's Homer, before he began it.

BOOK THE THIRD.

ARGUMENT.

After the other persons are disposed in their proper places of rest, the goddess transports the king to her temple, and there lays him to slumber with his head on her lap; a position of

marvellous virtue, which causeth all the visions of wild enthusiasts, projectors, politicians, inamoratos, castle-builders, chymists, and poets. He is immediately carried on the wings of fancy, and led by a mad poetical sibyl, to the Elysian shade; where, on the banks of Lethe, the souls of the dull are dipped by Bavius, before their entrance into this world. There he is met by the ghost of Settle, and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with those which he himself is destined to perform. He takes him to a mount of vision, from whence he shows him the past triumphs of the empire of Dulness, then the present, and lastly the future: how small a part of the world was ever conquered by Science, how soon those conquests were stopped, and those very nations again reduced to her dominion. Then distinguishing the island of Great Britain, shows by what aids, by what persons, and by what degrees, it shall be brought to her empire. Some of the persons he causes to pass in review before his eyes, describing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications. On a sudden the scene shifts, and a vast number of miracles and prodigies appear, utterly surprising and unknown to the king himself, till they are explained to be the wonders of his own reign now commencing. On this subject Settle breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmixed with concern, that his own times were but the types of these. He prophesies how first the nation shall be over-run with farces, operas, and shows; how the throne of Dulness shall be advanced over the theatres, and set up even at court: then how her sons shall preside in the seats of arts and sciences; giving a glimpse, or Pisgah sight, of the future fulness of her glory, the accomplishment whereof is the subject of the fourth and last book.

BOOK III.

But in her temple's last recess enclos'd,
On Dulness' lap th' anointed head repos'd.
Him close she curtains round with vapours blue,
And soft besprinkles with Cimmerian dew,
Then raptures high the seat of Sense o'erflow,
Which only heads refin'd from Reason know.
Hence, from the straw where Bedlam's prophet
He hears loud oracles, and talks with gods: [nods,
Hence the fool's paradise, the statesman's scheme,
The air-built castle, and the golden dream,
The maid's romantic wish, the chymist's flame,
And poet's vision of eternal Fame.

And now on Fancy's easy wing convey'd,
The king descending, views th' Elysian shade.
A slip-shod Sibyl led his steps along,
In lofty madness meditating song;
Her tresses staring from poetic dreams,
And never wash'd but in Castalia's streams.
Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar,
(Once swan of Thames, though now he sings no more).
Benlowes, propitious still to blockheads, bows;
And Shadwell nods the poppy on his brows.
Here, in a dusky vale where Lethe rolls,
Old Bavius sits, to dip poetic souls,

VARIATION.

Ver. 15—22. Not in the first edit.

REMARKS.

Ver. 5, 6, &c.] Hereby is intimated that the following vision is no more than the chimera of the dreamer's brain, and not a real or intended satire on the present age, doubtless more learned, more enlightened, and more abounding with great geniuses in divinity, politics, and whatever arts and sciences, than all the preceding. For fear of any such mistake of our poet's honest meaning, he hath again, at the end of the vision, repeated this monition, saying that it all passed through the ivory gate, which (according to the ancients) denoteth falsity.—Scribl.

How much the good Scriblerus was mistaken, may be seen from the fourth book, which, it is plain from hence, he had never seen.—Bentl.

Ver. 15. A slip-shod sibyl] This allegory is extremely just, no confirmation of the mind so much subjecting it to real madness, as that which produces real dulness. Hence we find the religious (as well as the poetical) enthusiasts of all ages were ever, in their natural state, most heavy and lumpish; but on the least application of heat, they ran like lead, which of all metals fall quickest into fusion. Whereas fire in a genius is truly Promethean, it hurts not its constituent parts, but only fits it (as it does well-tempered steel) for the necessary impressions of art. But the common people have been taught (I do not know on what foundation) to regard lunacy as a mark of wit, just as the Turks and our modern methodists do of holiness. But if the cause of madness assigned by a great philosopher be true, it will unavoidably fall upon the dunces. He supposes it to be the dwelling over long on one object or idea. Now as this attention is occasioned either by grief or study, it will be fixed by dulness; which hath not quickness enough to comprehend what it seeks, nor force and vigour enough to divert the imagination from the object it laments.

Ver. 19. Taylor,] John Taylor, the water-poet, an honest man, who owns he learned not so much as the accidence: a rare example of modesty in a poet!

I must confess I do want eloquence,
And never scarce did learn my accidence:
For having got from possum to posset,
I there was gravell'd, could no farther get.

He wrote fourscore books in the reign of James I. and Charles I. and afterwards (like Edward Ward) kept an ale-house in Long-acre. He died in 1654.

Ver. 21. Benlowes,] A country gentleman, famous for his own bad poetry, and for patronizing bad poets, as may be seen from many dedications of Quarles and others to him. Some of these anagramed his name Benlowes into Benevolus: to verify which, he spent his whole estate upon them.

Ver. 22. And Shadwell nods the poppy, &c.] Shadwell took opium for many years; and died of too large a dose, in the year 1692.

Ver. 24. Old Bavius sits,] Bavius was an ancient poet, celebrated by Virgil for the like causes as Bays by our author, though not in so Christian

And blunt the sense, and fit it for a skull
Of solid proof, impenetrably dull:
Instant, when dipt, away they wing their flight,
Where Brown and Meers unbar the gates of light,
Demand new bodies, and in calf's array,
Rush to the world, impatient for the day.
Millions and millions on these banks he views,
Thick as the stars of night, or morning dews,
As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly,
As thick as eggs at Ward in pillory.
Wondering he gaz'd: When lo! a sage appears,
By his broad shoulders known, and length of ears,

IMITATION.

Ver. 28. unbar the gates of light,] An hemistich of Milton.

REMARKS.

like a manner: for heathenishly it is declared by Virgil of Bavius, that he ought to be hated and detested for his evil works; qui Bavium non odit; whereas we have often had occasion to observe our poet's great good-nature and mercifulness through the whole course of this poem — Scribl.

Ver. 28. Brown and Meers] Booksellers, printers for any body.—The allegory of the souls of the dull coming forth in the form of books, dressed in calf's leather, and being let abroad in vast numbers by booksellers, is sufficiently intelligible.

Ver. 34. Ward in pillory.] John Ward, of Hackney, esq. member of parliament, being convicted of forgery, was first expelled the house, and then sentenced to the pillory on the 17th of February, 1727. Mr. Curll (having likewise stood there) looks upon the mention of such a gentleman in a satire, as a great act of barbarity, Key to the Dunc. 3d edit. p. 16. And another author reasons thus upon it. Durgen, 8vo. p. 11, 12. "How unworthy is it of Christian charity to animate the rabble to abuse a worthy man in such a situation? What could move the poet thus to mention a brave sufferer, a gallant prisoner, exposed to the view of all mankind! It was laying aside his senses, it was committing a crime for which the law is deficient not to punish him! nay, a crime which man can scarce forgive, or time efface! nothing surely could have induced him to it but being bribed by a great lady," &c. (to whom this brave, honest, worthy gentleman was guilty of no offence but forgery, proved in open court). But it is evident, this verse could not be meant of him; it being notorious that no eggs were thrown at that gentleman. Perhaps therefore it might be intended of Mr. Edward Ward, the poet, when he stood there.

Ver. 36. and length of ears,] This is a sophisticated reading. I think I may venture to affirm all the copyists are mistaken here: I believe I may say the same of the critics; Dennis, Oldmixon, Welsted, have passed it in silence. I have also stumbled at it, and wondered how an errour so manifest could escape such accurate persons. I dare assert, it proceeded originally from the inadvertency of some transcriber, whose head ran on the pillory, mentioned two lines before; it is therefore amazing that Mr. Curll himself should overlook it! Yet that scholiast takes not the least notice hereof. That the learned Mist also read

Known by the band and suit which Settle wore
(His only suit) for twice three years before:
All as the vest, appear'd the wearer's frame
Old in new state, another yet the same.
Bland and familiar as in life, begun
Thus the great father to the greater son:
Oh born to see what none can see awake!
Behold the wonders of th' oblivious lake.
Thou, yet unborn, hast touch'd this sacred shore;
The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er and o'er.
But blind to former, as to future fate,
What mortal knows his pre-existent state?
Who knows how long thy transmigrating soul
Might from Bœotian to Bœotian roll!
How many Dutchmen she vouchsaf'd to thrid?
How many stages through old monks she rid?

REMARKS.

it thus, is plain from his ranging this passage among those in which our author was blamed for personal satire on a man's face (whereof doubtless he might take the ear to be a part); so likewise Concanen, Ralph, the Flying Post, and all the herd of commentators.—Tota armenta sequuntur.

A very little sagacity (which all these gentlemen therefore wanted) will restore to us the true sense of the poet thus:

By his broad shoulders known, and length of years.

See how easy a change; of one single letter! That Mr. Settle was old, is most certain; but he was (happily) a stranger to the pillory. This note is partly Mr. Theobald's, partly Scribl.

Ver. 37. Settle] Elkanah Settle was once a writer in vogue as well as Cibber, both for dramatic poetry and politics. Mr. Dennis tells us, that "he was a formidable rival to Mr. Dryden, and that in the university of Cambridge there were those who gave him the preference." Mr. Welsted goes yet farther in his behalf! "Poor Settle was formerly the mighty rival of Dryden: nay, for many years, bore his reputation above him." Pref. to his Poems, 8vo. p. 31. And Mr. Milbourne cried out, "How little was Dryden able, even when his blood run high, to defend himself against Mr. Settle!" Notes on Dryd. Virg. p. 175. These are comfortable opinions; and no wonder some authors indulge them.

He was author or publisher of many noted pamphlets in the time of king Charles II. He answered all Dryden's political poems! and being cried up on one side, succeeded not a little in his tragedy of the Empress of Morocco [the first that was ever printed with cuts]. "Upon this he grew insolent, the wits writ against his play, he replied, and the town judged he had the better. In short, Settle was then thought a very formidable rival to Mr. Dryden; and not only the town, but the university of Cambridge was divided which to prefer; and in both places the younger sort inclined to Elkanah." Dennis, Pref. to Rem. on Hom.

Ver. 50. Might from Bœotian, &c.] Bœotia lay under the ridicule of the wits formerly, as Ireland does now; though it produced one of the greatest poets and one of the greatest generals of Greece:

Bœotum crasso jurares aëre natum. Horat.

And all who since, in wild benighted days,
Mix'd the owl's ivy with the poet's bays.
As m[illegible]n's meanders to the vital spring
[illegible]" their tides, then back their circles bring;
[illegible]hirligigs, twirl'd round by skilful swain,
[illegible]the thread in, then yield it out again:
[illegible]nsense thus, of old or modern date,
[illegible]in the centre, from thee circulate.
[illegible]is, our queen unfolds to vision true
[illegible]ental eye, for thou hast much to view:
[illegible]cenes of glory, times long cast behind,
[illegible]all, first recall'd, rush forward to thy mind:
Then stretch thy sight o'er all her rising reign,
And let the past and future fire thy brain.
Ascend this hill, whose cloudy point commands
Her boundless empire over seas and lands.
See, round the poles where keener spangles shine,
Where spices smoke beneath the burning line,
(Earth's wide extremes) her sable flag display'd,
And all the nations cover'd in her shade!
Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the Sun
And orient Science their bright course begun:
One god-like monarch all that pride confounds,
He, whose long wall the wandering Tartar bounds;
Heavens! what a pile! whole ages perish there,
And one bright blaze turns learning into air.
Thence to the south extend thy giadden'd eyes;
There rival flames with equal glory rise,
From shelves to shelves see greedy Vulcan roll,
And lick up all their physic of the soul.
How little, mark! that portion of the ball,
Where, faint at best, the beams of science fall:
Soon as they dawn, from Hyperborean skies
Embody'd dark, what clouds of Vandals rise!
Lo! where Mœotis sleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanais through a waste of snows,
The North by myriads pours her mighty sons,
Great nurse of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns!
See Alaric's stern port! the martial frame
Of Genseric; and Attila's dread name!
See, the bold Ostrogoths on Latium fall:
See, the fierce Visigoths on Spain and Gaul!
See, where the morning gilds the palmy shore
(The soil that arts and infant letters bore)
His conquering tribes th' Arabian prophet draws,
And saving Ignorance enthrones by laws.
See Christians, Jews, one heavy sabbath keep,
And all the western world believe and sleep.
Lo! Rome herself, proud mistress now no more
Of arts, but thundering against heathen lore;
Her grey-hair'd synods damning books unread,
And Bacon trembling for his brazen head.
Padua, with sighs, beholds her Livy burn,
And even th' Antipodes Virgilius mourn.
See, the cirque falls, th' unpillar'd temple nods,
Streets pav'd with heroes, Tyber choak'd with gods:
Till Peter's keys some christen'd Jove adorn,
And Pan to Moses lends his pagan horn;
See graceless Venus to a virgin turn'd,
Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd.
Behold yon isle, by palmers, pilgrims trod,
Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod,
Peel'd, patch'd, and pyebald, linsey-wolsey brothers,
Grave mummers! sleeveless some, and shirtless others.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 73. in the former edit.

Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the
And orient Science at a birth begun [Sun

But as this was thought to contradict that line of the introduction,

In eldest times, ere mortals writ or read,

which supposes the Sun and Science did not set out together, it was altered to "their bright course begun." But this slip, as usual, escaped the gentlemen of the Dunciad.

REMARKS.

Ver. 75. Chi Ho-am-ti, emperor of China, the same who built the great wall between China and Tartary, destroyed all the books and learned men of that empire.

Ver. 81, 82. The Caliph, Omar I. having conquered Egypt, caused his general to burn the Ptolemæan library, on the gates of which was this inscription, ΨΥΧΗΣ ΙΑΤΡΕΙΟΝ, the physic of the soul.

Ver. 86. (The soil that arts and infant letters bore) Phœnicia, Syria, &c. where letters are said to have been invented. In these countries Mahomet began his conquests.

Ver. 102. thundering against heathen lore;] A strong instance of this pious rage is placed to pope Gregory's account. John of Salisbury gives a very odd encomium of this pope, at the same time that he mentions one of the strangest effects of this excess of zeal in him: "Doctor sanctissimus ille Gregorius, qui malleo prædicationis imbre totam rigavit et inebriavit ecclesiam; non modo mathesin jussit ab aula, sed, ut traditur a majoribus, incendio dedit probatæ lectionis scripta, Palatinus quæcunque tenebat Apollo." And in another place: "Fertur beatus Gregorius bibliothecam combussisse gentilem; quo divinæ paginæ gratior esset locus, et major authoritas, et diligentia studiosior." Desiderius, archbishop of Vienna, was sharply reproved by him for teaching grammar and literature, and explaining the poets; because (says this pope) "In uno se ore cum Jovis laudibus Christi laudes non capiunt: Et quam grave nefandumque sit episcopis canere quod nec laico religioso conveniat, ipse considera." He is said, among the rest, to have burned Livy; "Quia in superstitionibus et sacris Romanorum perpetuo versatur." The same pope is accused by Vossius, and others, of having caused the noble monuments of the old Roman magnificence to be destroyed, lest those who came to Rome should give more attention to triumphal arches, &c. than to holy things. Bayle, Dict.

Ver. 109. Till Peter's keys some christen'd Jove adorn.] After the government of Rome devolved to the popes, their zeal was for some time exerted in demolishing the heathen temples and statues, so that the Goths scarce destroyed more monuments of antiquity out of rage, than these out of devotion. At length they spared some of the temples, by converting them to churches; and some of the statues, by modifying them into images of saints. In much later times, it was thought necessary to change the statues of Apollo and Pallas, on the tomb of Sannazarius, into David and Judith; the lyre easily became a harp, and the Gorgon's head turned to that of Holofernes.

That once was Britain—Happy! had she seen
No fiercer sons, had Easter never been.
In peace, great goddess, ever be ador'd;
How keen the war, if Dulness draw the sword! 120
Thus visit not thy own! on this blest age
O spread thy influence, but restrain thy rage.
And see, my son! the hour is on its way,
That lifts our goddess to imperial sway;
This favourite isle, long sever'd from her reign,
Dove-like she gathers to her wings again. [draws!
Now look through fate! behold the scene she
What aids, what armies, to assert her cause!
See all her progeny, illustrious sight!
Behold, and count them, as they rise to light, 130
As Berecynthia, while her offspring vye
In homage to the mother of the sky,
Surveys around her, in the blest abode,
An hundred sons, and every son a god:
Not with less glory mighty Dulness crown'd
Shall take through Grubstreet her triumphant
And, her Parnassus glancing o'er at once, [round;
Behold an hundred sons, and each a Dunce. [place,
Mark first that youth who takes the foremost
And thrusts his person full into your face. 140
With all thy father's virtues blest, be born!
And a new Cibber shall the stage adorn.
A second see, by meeker manners known,
And modest as the maid that sips alone;
From the strong fate of drams if thou get free,
Another D'Urfey, Ward! shall sing in thee.
Thee shall each alehouse, thee each gillhouse
mourn,
And answering gin-shops sourer sighs return.
Jacob, the scourge of grammar, mark with awe;
Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of law. 150
Lo, P—p—le's brow, tremendous to the town,
Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's funereal frown.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 149. in the first edit. it was,

Woolston, the scourge of Scripture, mark with awe!
And mighty Jacob, blunderbuss of law! [awe!

Ver. 151, 152. Lo, P—p—le's brow, &c.] In the former edit. thus:

Lo, next two slip-shod Muses traipse along,
In lofty madness, meditating song,
With tresses staring from poetic dreams,
And never wash'd, but in Castalia's streams.
Haywood, Centlivre, glories of their race,
Lo, Horneck's fierce and Roome's funereal face.

REMARKS.

Ver 117, 118. Happy! had Easter never been!] Wars in England anciently, about the right time of celebrating Easter.

Ver. 126. Dove like, she gathers] This is fulfilled in the fourth book.

Ver. 128. What aids, what armies to assert her cause!] i. e. Of poets, antiquaries, critics, divines, free-thinkers. But as this revolution is only here set on foot by the first of these classes, the poets, they only are here particularly celebrated, and they only properly fall under the care and review of this colleague of Dulness, the laureat. The others, who finish the great work, are reserved for the fourth book, where the goddess herself appears in full glory.

Ver. 149. Jacob, the scourge of grammar, mark with awe;] "This gentleman is son of a considerable master of Romsey in Southampshire, and bred to the law under a very emin attorney: who, between his more labo studies, has diverted himself with poetry. a great admirer of poets and their works, has occasioned him to try his genius that w He has writ in prose the Lives of the Poets, Es and a great many law books, 'The Accomplish Conveyancer, Modern Justice, &c.' Giles Jacob of himself, Lives of Poets, vol. 1. He very grossly, and unprovoked, abused in that book the author's friend, Mr. Gay.

Ver. 149, 150.

Jacob, the scourge of grammar, mark with awe;
Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of law.]

There may seem some errour in these verses. Mr. Jacob having proved our author to have a respect for him, by this undeniable argument. "He had once a regard for my judgment; otherwise he never would have subscribed two guineas to me, for one small book in octavo." Jacob's Letter to Dennis, printed in Dennis's Remarks on the Dunciad, p. 49. Therefore I should think the appellation of Blunderbuss to Mr. Jacob, like that of Thunderbolt to Scipio, was meant in his honour.

Mr. Dennis argues the same way. "My writings having made great impression on the minds of all sensible men, Mr. P. repented, and to give proof of his repentance, subscribed to my two volumes of Letters." Ibid. p. 80. We should hence believe, the name of Mr. Dennis hath also crept into this poem by some mistake. But from hence, gentle reader! thou may'st beware, when thou givest thy money to such authors, not to flatter thyself that thy motives are good-nature, or charity.

Ver. 152. Horneck and Roome] These two were virulent party-writers, worthily coupled together, and one would think prophetically, since, after the publishing of this piece, the former dying, the latter succeeded him in honour and employment. The first was Philip Horneck, author of a Billingsgate paper called The High German Doctor. Edward Roome was son of an undertaker for funerals in Fleetstreet, and writ some of the papers called Pasquin, where by malicious innendoes, he endeavoured to represent our author guilty of malevolent practices with a great man then under prosecution of parliament. Of this man was made the following epigram:

You ask why Roome diverts you with his jokes,
Yet if he writes, is dull as other folks!
You wonder at it—This, Sir, is the case,
The jest is lost unless he prints his face.

P—le was the author of some vile plays and pamphlets. He published abuses on our author in a paper called the Prompter.

Ver. 153. Goode,] an ill-natured critic, who writ a satire on our author, called The Mock Æsop, and many anonymous libels in news-papers for hire.

Lo sneering Goode, half malice and half whim,
A fiend in glee, ridiculously grim.

Each cygnet sweet, of Bath and Tunbridge race,
Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass:
Each songster, riddler, every nameless name,
All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to fame.
Some strain in rhyme; the Muses, on their racks,
Scream like the winding of ten thousand jacks; 160
Some, free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,
Break Priscian's head, and Pegasus's neck;
Down, down the larum, with impetuous whirl,
The Pindars and the Miltons of a Curll. [howls,
Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia
And makes night hideous—Answer him, ye owls!
Sense, speech, and measure, living tongues and dead,
Let all give way,—and Morris may be read.
Flow, Welsted, flow! like thine inspirer, beer;
Though stale, not ripe; though thin, yet never clear; 170

VARIATION.

Ver. 155, 156, are added since the first edit.

Ver. 157. Each songster, riddler, &c.] In the former ed.

Lo Bond and Foxton, every nameless name.

After ver. 158. in the first ed. followed,

How proud, how pale, how earnest all appear!
How rhymes eternal gingle in their ear!

Ver. 168. In former ed.—and Durgen may be read.

REMARKS.

Ver. 156. Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass] There were several successions of these sorts of minor poets at Tunbridge, Bath, &c. singing the praise of the annuals flourishing for that season; whose names indeed would be nameless, and therefore the poet slurs them over with others in general.

Ver. 165. Ralph] James Ralph, a name inserted after the first editions, not known to our author till he writ a swearing piece called Sawney, very abusive of Dr. Swift, Mr. Gay, and himself. These lines allude to a thing of his, entitled Night, a Poem. This low writer attended his own works with panegyrics in the Journals, and once in particular praised himself highly above Mr. Addison, in wretched remarks upon that author's Account of English Poets, printed in a London Journal, Sept. 1728. He was wholly illiterate, and knew no language, not even French. Being advised to read the rules of dramatic poetry before he began a play, he smiled and replied, "Shakespeare writ without rules." He ended at last in the common sink of all such writers, a political news paper, to which he was recommended by his friend Arnall and received a small pittance for pay.

Ver. 168. Morris,] Bezaleel. See Book ii.

Ver. 169. Flow, Welsted, &c.] Of this author see the Remark on Book ii. v. 209. But (to be impartial) add to it the following different character of him:

Mr. Welsted had, in his youth, raised so great expectations of his future genius, that there was a kind of struggle between the most eminent of the two Universities, which should have the honour of his education. To compound this he (civilly) became a member of both, and after having passed some time at the one, he removed to the other. From thence he returned to town, where he became the darling expectation of all the polite writers, whose encouragement he acknowledged in his occasional poems, in a manner that will make no small part of the fame of his protectors. It also appears from his works, that he was happy in the patronage of the most illustrious characters of the present age—Encouraged by such a combination in his favour, he—published a book of poems, some in the Ovidian, some in the Horatian manner; in both which the most exquisite judges pronounce he even rivalled his masters—His love verses have rescued that way of writing from contempt—In his translations, he has given us the very soul and spirit of his author. His Ode—his Epistle—his Verses—his Love-tale—all, are the most perfect things in all poetry. Welsted of himself, Char. of the Times, 8vo, 1728, page 23, 24. It should not be forgot for his honour, that he received at one time the sum of five hundred pounds for secret service, among the other excellent authors hired to write anonymously for the ministry. See Report of the Secret Committee, &c. in 1742.

So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull;
Heady, not strong; o'erflowing, though not full.
Ah Dennis! Gildon ah! what ill-starr'd rage
Divides a friendship long confirm'd by age?
Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,
But fool with fool is barbarous civil war.

REMARKS.

Ver. 173. Ah Dennis! Gildon ah!] These men became the public scorn by a mere mistake of their talents. They would needs turn critics of their own country writers (just as Aristotle and Longinus did of theirs), and discourse upon the beauties and defects of composition:

How parts relate to parts, and they to whole;
The body's harmony, the beaming soul.

Whereas had they followed the example of those microscopes of wit, Kuster, Burman, and their followers, in verbal criticism on the learned languages, their acuteness and industry might have raised them a name equal to the most famous of the scholiasts. We cannot therefore but lament the late apostacy of the prebendary of Rochester, who beginning in so good a train, has now turned short to write comments on the Fire-side, and dreams upon Shakespeare; where we find the spirit of Oldmixon, Gildon, and Dennis, all revived in his belaboured observations.—Scribl.

Here Scriblerus, in this affair of the Fire-side, I want thy usual candour. It is true Mr. Upton did write notes upon it, but with all the honour and good faith in the world. He took it to be a panegyric on his patron. This it is to have to do with wits; a commerce unworthy a scholiast of so solid learning.—Arist.

Ver. 173. Ah, Dennis, &c.] The reader, who has seen, through the course of these notes, what a constant attendance Mr. Dennis paid to our author and all his works, may perhaps wonder he should be mentioned but twice, and so slightly touched, in this poem. But in truth he looked upon him with some esteem, for having (more generously than all the rest) set his name to such writings. He was also a very old man at this time. By his own account of himself in Mr. Jacob's Lives, he must have been above threescore, and happily lived many years after. So that he was senior to Mr. D'Urfey, who hitherto of all our poets enjoyed the longest bodily life.

Embrace, embrace, my sons! be foes no more!
Nor glad vile poets with true critics gore.
Behold yon pair, in strict embraces join'd;
How like in manners, and how like in mind;
Equal in wit, and equally polite,
Shall this a Pasquin, that a Grumbler write;
Like are their merits, like rewards they share,
That shines a consul, this commissioner.
"But who is he, in closet close y-pent,
Of sober face, with learned dust besprent?"
Right well mine eyes arede the myster wight,
On parchment scraps y-fed, and Wormius hight.
To future ages may thy dulness last,
As thou preserv'st the dulness of the past!
There, dim in clouds, the poring scholiasts mark,
Wits, who like owls, see only in the dark,

VARIATION.

After ver. 180. in many editions, stood,

Fam'd for good-nature, Burnet, and for truth;
Ducket for pious passion to the youth.

REMARKS.

Ver. 179. Behold yon pair, &c.] One of these was author of a weekly paper called The Grumbler, as the other was concerned in another called Pasquin, in which Mr. Pope was abused with the duke of Buckingham, and bishop of Rochester. They also joined in a piece against his first undertaking to translate the Iliad, entituled Homerides, by Sir Iliad Doggrel, printed 1715.

Of the other works of these gentlemen the world has heard no more, than it would of Mr. Pope's, had their united laudable endeavours discouraged him from pursuing his studies. How few good works had ever appeared (since men of true merit are always the least presuming) had there been always such champions to stifle them in their conception? And were it not better for the public, that a million of monsters should come into the world, which are sure to die as soon as born, than that the serpents should strangle one Hercules in his cradle?

The union of these two authors gave occasion to this epigram:

Burnet and Ducket, friends in spite,
Came hissing out in verse;
Both were so forward, each would write,
So dull, each hang an a——.
Thus Amphisbœna (I have read)
At either end assails;
None knows which leads or which is led,
For both heads are but tails.

After many editions of this poem, the author thought fit to omit the names of these two persons, whose injury to him was of so old a date.

Ver. 184. That shines a consul, this commissioner.] Such places were given at this time to such sort of writers.

Ver. 187. myster wight.] Uncouth mortal.

Ver. 188. Wormius hight.] Let not this name, purely fictitious, be conceited to mean the learned Olaus Wormius; much less (as it was unwarrantably foisted into the surreptitious editions) our own antiquary Mr. Thomas Hearne, who had no way aggrieved our poet, but on the contrary published many curious tracts which he hath to his great contentment perused.

Ver. 192. Wits, who, like owls, &c.] These few lines exactly describe the right verbal critic:

A lumberhouse of books in every head,
For ever reading, never to be read!
But, where each science lifts its modern type,
History her pot, Divinity her pipe,
While proud Philosophy repines to show,
Dishonest sight! his breeches rent below;
Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo! Henley stands,
Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 197. in the first edit. it was,

And proud Philosophy with breeches torn,
And English music with a dismal horn.
Fast by in darkness palpable inshrin'd
W—s, B—r, M—n, all the poring kind.

REMARKS.

the darker his author is, the better he is pleased; like the famous quack doctor, who put up in his bills, he delighted in matters of difficulty. Somebody said well of these men, that their heads were libraries out of order.

Ver. 199. lo! Henley stands, &c.] J. Henley the orator; he preached on the Sundays upon theological matters, and on the Wednesdays upon all other sciences. Each auditor paid one shilling. He declaimed some years against the greatest persons, and occasionally did our author that honour.—Welsted in Oratory Transactions, No. 1. published by Henley himself, gives the following account of him: "He was born at Melton Mowbray, in Leicestershire. From his own parish school he went to St. John's College, in Cambridge. He began there to be uneasy; for it shocked him to find he was commanded to believe against his own judgment in points of religion, philosophy, &c. for his genius leading him freely to dispute all propositions, and call all points to account, he was impatient under those fetters of the free-born mind.—Being admitted to priest's orders, he found the examination very short and superficial, and that it was not necessary to conform to the Christian religion, in order either to deaconship or priesthood." He came to town, and, after having for some years been a writer for booksellers, he had an ambition to be so for ministers of state. The only reason he did not rise in the church, we are told, "was the envy of others, and a disrelish entertained of him, because he was not qualified to be a complete spaniel." However, he offered the service of his pen to two great men, of opinions and interests directly opposite; by both of whom being rejected, he set up a new project, and styled himself the Restorer of ancient Eloquence. He thought "it as lawful to take a licence from the king and parliament in one place, as another; at Hickes's Hall, as at Doctor's Commons; so set up his oratory in Newport-market, Butcher-row. There," (says his friend) "he had the assurance to form a plan, which no mortal ever thought of; he had success against all opposition; challenged his adversaries to fair disputations, and none would dispute with him; writ, read, and studied twelve hours a day; composed three dissertations a week on all subjects; undertook to teach in one year what schools and universities teach in five; was not terrified by menaces, insults, or satires, but still proceeded, matured his bold scheme, and put the church.

How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue!
How sweet the periods, neither said, nor sung!
Still break the benches, Henley! with thy strain,
While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson, preach in vain.
O! great restorer of the good old stage,
Preacher at once, and zany of thy age!
O worthy thou of Ægypt's wise abodes,
A decent priest, where monkeys were the gods!
But Fate with butchers plac'd thy priestly stall,
Meet modern Faith to murder, hack, and maul; 210
And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praise,
In Toland's, Tindal's, and in Woolston's days.
Yet oh, my son, a father's words attend:
(So may the Fates preserve the years you lend)
'Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame,
A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame:

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 204. In former ed.
While K**, B**, W**, preach in vain.

After ver. 212. followed in former ed.

Here too, great Woolston! here exalt thy throne,
And prove, no miracles can match thy own.

Ver. 216. In former ed.—or a seraph's flame.

REMARKS.

and all that, in danger."—Welsted, Narrative in Orat. Transact. N. 1.

After having stood some prosecutions, he turned his rhetoric to buffoonery upon all public and private occurrences. All this passed in the same room; where sometimes he broke jests, and sometimes that bread which he called the primitive eucharist.—This wonderful person struck medals, which he dispersed as tickets to his subscribers: the device a star rising to the meridian, with this motto, AD SVMMA; and below, INVENIAM VIAM AVT FACIAM. This man had an hundred pounds a year given him for the secret service of a weekly paper of unintelligible nonsense, called the Hyp-Doctor.

Ver. 204. Sherlock, Hare, Gibson,] Bishops of Salisbury, Chichester and London; whose sermons and pastoral letters did honour to their country as well as stations.

Ver. 212. Of Toland, and Tindal, see Book ii. Tho. Woolston was an impious madman, who wrote in a most insolent style against the miracles of the Gospel, in the year 1726, &c.

Ver. 213. Yet oh, my sons, &c.] The caution against blasphemy here given by a departed son of Dulness to his yet existing brethren, is, as the poet rightly intimates, not out of tenderness to the ears of others, but their own. And so we see that when that danger is removed, on the open establishment of the goddess in the fourth book, she encourages her sons, and they beg assistance to pollute the source of light itself, with the same virulence they had before done the purest emanations from it.

Ver. 215. 'Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame,
A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame:]

Thankfully received, and freely used, is this gracious licence by the beloved disciple of that prince of cabalistic dunces, the tremendous Hutchinson. Hear with what honest plainness he treateth our great geometer, "As to mathematical demonstration" (saith he) "founded upon the proportions of lines and circles to each other, and the ringing of changes upon figures, these have no more to do with the greatest part of philosophy, than they have with the man in the moon. Indeed, the zeal for this sort of gibberish [mathematical principles] is greatly abated of late: and though it is now upwards of twenty years that the Dagon of modern philosophers, sir Isaac Newton, has lain with his face upon the ground before the ark of God, scripture philosophy; for so long Moses's Principia have been published; and the Treatise of Power Essential and Mechanical, in which sir Isaac Newton's philosophy is treated with the utmost contempt, has been published a dozen years; yet is there not one of the whole society who hath had the courage to attempt to raise him up. And so let him lie."—The philosophical principles of Moses asserted, &c. p. 2. by Julius Bate, A. M. Chaplain to the right honourable the Earl of Harrington. London, 1744, octavo.—Scribl.

But oh! with One, immortal One, dispense,
The source of Newton's Light, of Bacon's sense.
Content each emanation of his fires
That beams on Earth, each virtue he inspires, 220
Each art he prompts, each charm he can create,
Whate'er he gives, are given for you to hate.
Persist, by all divine in man unaw'd,
But, "Learn, ye Dunces! not to scorn your God."

Thus he, for then a ray of reason stole
Half through the solid darkness of his soul;
But soon the cloud return'd—and thus the sire:
See now, what Dulness and her sons admire!
See what the charms, that smite the simple heart
Not touch'd by Nature, and not reach'd by Art. 230
His never-blushing head he turn'd aside
(Not half so pleas'd when Goodman prophesy'd);
And look'd, and saw a sable sorcerer rise,
Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies:
All sudden, gorgons hiss, and dragons glare,
And ten-horn'd fiends and giants rush to war.
Hell rises, Heaven descends, and dance on Earth:
Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage and mirth,

VARIATION.

Ver. 231, 232. Added when the hero was changed.

REMARKS.

Ver. 224. But, "Learn, ye Dunces! not to scorn your God."] The hardest lesson a Dunce can learn. For being bred to scorn what he does not understand, that which he understands least he will be apt to scorn most. Of which, to the disgrace of all government, and (in the poet's opinion) even of that of Dulness herself, we have had a late example in a book entitled, Philosophical Essays concerning human understanding.

Ver. 224.—*not to scorn your God.*"] See this subject pursued in Book iv.

Ver. 232. (Not half so pleas'd, when Goodman prophesy'd.)] Mr. Cibber tells us, in his Life, p. 149. that Goodman being at the rehearsal of a play, in which he had a part, clapped him on the shoulder, and cried, "if he does not make a good actor, I'll be d—d." "And," says Mr. Cibber, "I make it a question, whether Alexander himself, or Charles the twelfth of Sweden, when at the head of their first victorious armies, could

A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
Till one wide conflagration swallows all.
Thence a new world, to Nature's laws unknown,
Breaks out refulgent, with a heaven its own;
Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
And other planets circle other suns.
The forests dance, the rivers upward rise,
Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies;
And last, to give the whole creation grace,
Lo! one vast egg produces human race.
Joy fills his soul, joy innocent of thought;
"What power," he cries, "what power these wonders wrought?"
Son; what thou seekst is in thee! Look, and find
Each monster meets his likeness in thy mind.
Yet wouldst thou more! in yonder cloud behold,
Whose sarsenet skirts are edg'd with flaming gold,
A matchless youth! his nod these worlds controls,
Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls.
Angel of Dulness sent to scatter round
Her magic charms o'er all unclassic ground:
Yon stars, yon sons, he rears at pleasure higher,
Illumes their light, and sets their flames on fire.
Immortal Rich! how calm he sits at ease
'Midst snows of paper, and fierce hail of pease;
And, proud his mistress' orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.
But lo! to dark encounter in mid air,
New wizards rise; I see my Cibber there!

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 266. In former edit.

New wizards rise: here Booth, and Cibber there.

REMARKS.

feel a greater transport in their bosoms than I did in mine."

Ver. 233. a sable sorcerer] Dr. Faustus, the subject of a set of farces, which lasted in vogue two or three seasons, in which both playhouses strove to outdo each other for some years. All the extravagancies in the sixteen lines following were introduced on the stage, and frequented by persons of the first quality in England, to the twentieth and thirtieth time.

Ver. 237. Hell rises, Heaven descends, and dance on Earth.] This monstrous absurdity was actually represented in Tibbald's Rape of Proserpine.

Ver. 248. Lo! one vast egg] In another of these farces Harlequin is hatched upon the stage, out of a large egg.

Ver. 261. Immortal Rich!] Mr. John Rich, master of the theatre royal in Covent-garden, was the first that excelled this way.

Ver. 266. I see my Cibber there!] The history of the foregoing absurdities is verified by himself, in these words, (Life, chap. xv.) "Then sprung forth that succession of monstrous medleys that have so long infested the stage, which arose upon one another alternately at both houses, out-vying each other in expense." He then proceeds to excuse his own part in them, as follows: "If I am asked why I assented? I have no better excuse for my errour than to confess I did it against my conscience, and had not virtue enough to starve. Had Henry IV. of France a better for changing his religion? I was still in my heart as much as he could be, on the side of truth and sense: but with this difference, that I had their leave to quit

Booth in his cloudy tabernacle shrin'd
On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind.
Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din,
Here shouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's-inn;
Contending theatres our empire raise,
Alike their labours, and alike their praise.
And are these wonders, son, to thee unknown?
Unknown to thee? These wonders are thy own.
These Fate reserv'd to grace thy reign divine,
Foreseen by me, but ah! withheld from mine.
In Lud's old walls though long I rul'd, renown'd
Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound:
Though my own aldermen conferr'd the bays,
To me committing their eternal praise,
Their full-fed heroes, their pacific mayors,
Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars:
Though long my party built on me their hopes,
For writing pamphlets, and for roasting popes!

VARIATION.

Ver. 268. —Cibber mounts the wind.

After ver. 274. in the former edit. followed.

For works like these let deathless journals tell,
"None but thyself can be thy parallel."

Var. None but thyself can be thy parallel.] A marvellous line of Theobald; unless the play called the Double Falsehood be (as he would have it believed) Shakespeare's: but whether this line be his or not, he proves Shakespeare to have written as bad (which methinks in an author, for whom he has a veneration almost rising to idolatry, might have been concealed); as for example:

Try what repentance can: what can it not?
But what can it, when one cannot repent?
—For cogitation
Resides not in the man who does not think, &c.
Mist's Journ.

It is granted they are all of a piece, and no man doubts but herein he is able to imitate Shakespeare.

After ver. 284. in the former edit. followed,

Different our parties, but with equal grace
The goddess smiles on Whig and Tory race.
'Tis the same rope of several ends they twist;
To Dulness, Ridpath is as dear as Mist.

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them when they could not support me. But let the question go which way it will, Harry IVth has always been allowed a great man." This must be confessed a full answer; only the question still seems to be, 1. How the doing a thing against one's conscience is an excuse for it? and, 2dly, It will be hard to prove how he got the leave of truth and sense to quit their service, unless he can produce a certificate that he ever was in it.

Ver. 266, 267. Booth and Cibber were joint managers of the theatre in Drury-lane.

Ver. 268. On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind.] In his letter to Mr. P. Mr. C. solemnly declares this not to be literally true. We hope therefore the reader will understand it allegorically only.

Ver. 282. Annual trophies on the lord-mayor's day; and monthly wars in the artillery ground.

Ver. 283. Though long my party] Settle, like most party-writers, was very uncertain in his

Yet lo! in me what authors have to brag on!
Reduc'd at last to hiss in my own dragon.
Avert it, Heaven! that thou my Cibber, e'er
Shouldst wag a serpent-tail in Smithfield fair!
Like the vile straw that's blown about the streets,
The needy poet sticks to all he meets,
Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast,
And carried off in some dog's tail at last.
Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling stone,
Thy giddy dulness still shall lumber on,
Safe in its heaviness, shall never stray,
But lick up every blockhead in the way.
Thee shall the patriot, thee the courtier taste,
And every year be duller than the last,
Till rais'd from booths, to theatre, to court,
Her seat imperial Dulness shall transport.
Already Opera prepares the way,
The sure fore-runner of her gentle sway;
Let her thy heart, next drabs and dice, engage,
The third mad passion of thy doting age.
Teach thou the warbling Polypheme to roar,
And scream thyself as none e'er scream'd before!

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 290. In former edit.

In the dog's tail his progress ends at last.

Ver. 295. Safe in its heaviness, &c.] In the former edit.

Too safe in inborn heaviness to stray;
And lick up every blockhead in the way.
Thy dragons, magistrates and peers shall taste,
And from each shew rise duller than the last,
Till rais'd from booths, &c.

Ver. 303—306. Added with the new Hero.

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political principles. He was employed to hold the pen in the character of a popish successor, but afterwards printed his narrative on the other side. He had managed the ceremony of a famous pope-burning on Nov. 17, 1610; then became a trooper in king James's army, at Hounslow-heath. After the Revolution he kept a booth at Bartholomew-fair, where, in the droll called St. George for England, he acted in his old age in a dragon of green leather of his own invention; he was at last taken into the Charter-house, and there died, aged sixty years.

Ver. 297. Thee shall the patriot, thee the courtier taste,] It stood in the first edition with blanks, * * and * *. Concanen was sure "they must needs mean no body but king George and queen Caroline; and said he would insist it was so, till the poet cleared himself by filling up the blanks otherwise, agreeably to the context, and consistent with his allegiance." Pref. to a collection of verses, essays, letters, &c. against Mr. P. printed for A. Moor, p. 6.

Ver. 305. Polypheme] He translated the Italian opera of Polifemo; but unfortunately lost the whole jest of the story. The Cyclops asks Ulysses his name, who tells him his name is Noman: After his eye is put out, he roars and calls the brother Cyclops to his aid: they inquire who has hurt him? he answers Noman: whereupon they all go away again. Our ingenious translator made Ulysses answer, I take no name; whereby all that followed became unintelligible. Hence it appears that Mr. Cibber (who values himself on

To aid our cause, if Heaven thou canst not bend,
Hell thou shalt move; for Faustus is our friend:
Pluto with Cato thou for this shalt join,
And link the Mourning Bride to Proserpine.
Grubstreet! thy fall should men and gods conspire,
Thy stage shall stand, ensure it but from fire.
Another Æschylus appears! prepare
For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair!
In flames, like Semele's, be brought to bed,
While opening Hell spouts wild-fire at your head.
Now, Bavius, take the poppy from thy brow,
And place it here! here, all ye heroes, bow!
This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes:
Th' Augustus born to bring Saturnian times.
Signs following signs lead on the mighty year,
See! the dull stars roll round and re-appear.
See, see, our own true Phœbus wears thy bays!
Our Midas sits lord chancellor of plays!
On Poets' tombs see Benson's titles writ!
Lo! Ambrose Phillips is preferr'd for wit!

VARIATION.

Ver. 323. See, see, our own, &c.] In the former Ed.

Beneath his reign, shall Eusden wear the bays,
Cibber preside lord chancellor of plays,
Benson sole judge of architecture sit,
And Namby Pamby be preferr'd for wit!
I see th' unfinish'd dormitory wall,
I see the Savoy totter to her fall;
Hibernian politics, O Swift! thy doom,
And Pope's translating three whole years with
Proceed, great days! &c. [Broome.

REMARKS.

subscribing to the English translation of Homer's Iliad) had not that merit with respect to the Odyssey, or he might have been better instructed in the Greek Punnology.

Ver. 308, 309. Faustus, Pluto, &c.] Names of miserable farces, which it was the custom to act at the end of the best tragedies, to spoil the digestion of the audience.

Ver. 312. ensure it but from fire.] In Tibbald's farce of Proserpine, a corn-field was set on fire: whereupon the other playhouse had a barn burnt down for the recreation of the spectators. They also rivalled each other in showing the burnings of hell-fire, in Dr. Faustus.

Ver. 313. Another Æschylus appears!] It is reported of Æschylus, that when his tragedy of the Furies was acted, the audience were so terrified that the children fell into fits, and the big-bellied women miscarried.

Ver. 325. On poets tombs see Benson's titles writ!] W—m Benson (surveyor of the buildings to his majesty K. George I.) gave in a report to the lords, that their house and the Painted-chamber adjoining were in immediate danger of falling. Whereupon the lords met in a committee to appoint some other place to sit in, while the house should be taken down. But it being proposed to cause some other builders first to inspect it, they found it in very good condition. The lords, upon this, were going upon an address to the king against Benson, for such a misrepresentation; but the earl of Sunderland, then secretary, gave them an assurance that his majesty would remove him, which was done accordingly. In favour of this man, the famous sir Christopher Wren, who had

See under Ripley rise a new White-hall,
While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall:
While Wren with sorrow to the grave descends,
Gay dies unpension'd with a hundred friends; 330

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been architect to the crown for above fifty years, who built most of the churches in London, laid the first stone of St. Paul's, and lived to finish it, had been displaced from his employment at the age of near ninety years.

Ver. 326. Ambrose Philips] "He was" (saith Mr. Jacob) "one of the wits at Button's, and a justice of the peace:" but he hath since met with higher preferment in Ireland: and a much greater character we have of him in Mr. Gildon's Complete Art of Poetry, vol. i. p. 157. "Indeed he confesses, he dares not set him quite on the same foot with Virgil, lest it should seem flattery, but he is much mistaken if posterity does not afford him a greater esteem than he at present enjoys." He endeavoured to create some misunderstanding between our author and Mr. Addison, whom also soon after he abused as much. His constant cry was, that Mr. P. was an enemy to the government; and in particular he was the avowed author of a report very industriously spread, that he had a hand in a party paper called the Examiner: a falsehood well known to those yet living, who had the direction and publication of it.

Ver. 328. While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall:] At the time when this poem was written, the banquetting-house of Whitehall, the church and piazza of Covent-garden, and the palace, and chapel of Somerset-house, the works of the famous Inigo Jones, had been for many years so neglected, as to be in danger of ruin. The portico of Covent-garden church had been just then restored and beautified at the expense of the earl of Burlington; who, at the same time, by his publication of the designs of that great master and Palladio, as well as by many noble buildings of his own, revived the true taste of architecture in this kingdom.

Ver. 330. Gay dies unpension'd, &c.] See Mr. Gay's fable of the Hare and many Friends. This gentleman was early in the friendship of our author, which continued to his death. He wrote several works of humour with great success, the Shepherd's Week, Trivia, the What d'ye call it, Fables; and lastly, the celebrated Beggar's Opera; a piece of satire which hit all tastes and degrees of men, from those of the highest quality to the very rabble: that verse of Horace:

Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim,

could never be so justly applied as to this. The vast success of it was unprecedented, and almost incredible: what is related of the wonder-effects of the ancient music or tragedy hardily came up to it: Sophocles and Euripides were less followed and famous. It was acted in London sixty-three days, uninterrupted; and renewed the next season with equal applauses. It spread into all the great towns of England, was played in many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time, and at Bath and Bristol fifty, &c. It made its progress into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where it was performed twenty-four days together: it was last acted in Minorca. The fame of it was not confined to the author only; the ladies carried about with them the favourite songs of it in fans; and houses were furnished with it in screens. The person who acted Polly, till then obscure, became all at once the favourite of the town; her pictures were engraved, and sold in great numbers, her life written, books of letters and verses to her, published; and pamphlets made even of her sayings and jests.

Hibernian politics, O Swift! thy fate;
And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate.
Proceed, great days! till learning fly the shores,
Till birch shall blush with noble blood no more,
Till Thames see Eton's sons for ever play,
Till Westminster's whole year be holiday,
Till Isis' elders reel, their pupils sport,
And Alma Mater lie dissolv'd in port!

VARIATION.

Ver. 331. in the former edition thus:

—O Swift! thy doom, [Broom
And Pope's translating ten whole years with

On which was the following Note: "He concludes his irony with a stroke upon himself: for whoever imagines this a sarcasm on the other ingenious person, is surely mistaken. The opinion our author had of him was sufficiently shown by his joining him in the undertaking of the Odyssey; in which Mr. Broome, having engaged without any previous agreement, discharged his part so much to Mr. Pope's satisfaction, that he gratified him with the full sum of five hundred pounds, and a present of all those books for which his own interest could procure him subscribers, to the value of one hundred more. The author only seems to lament, that he was employed in translation at all."

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Furthermore, it drove out of England, for that season, the Italian opera, which had carried all before it for ten years. That idol of the nobility and people, which the great critic Mr. Dennis by the labours and outcries of a whole life could not overthrow, was demolished by a single stroke of this gentleman's pen. This happened in the year 1728. Yet so great was his modesty, that he constantly prefixed to all the editions of it this motto, Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.

Ver. 332. And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate.] The author here plainly laments that he was so long employed in translating and commenting. He began the Iliad in 1713, and finished it in 1719. The edition of Shakespeare (which he undertook merely because nobody else would) took up near two years more in the drudgery of comparing impressions, rectifying the scenery, &c. and the translation of half the Odyssey employed him from that time to 1725.

Ver. 333. Proceed, great days! &c.] It may perhaps seem incredible, that so great a revolution in learning as is here prophesied, should be brought about by such weak instruments as have been [hitherto] described in our poem: but do not thou, gentle reader, rest too secure in thy contempt of these instruments. Remember what the Dutch stories somewhere relate, that a great part of their provinces was once overflowed, by a small opening made in one of their dykes by a single water-rat.

Enough! enough! the raptur'd monarch cries!
And thro' the ivory gate the vision flies.

REMARKS.

However, that such is not seriously the judgment of our Poet, but that he conceiveth better hopes from the diligence of our schools, from the regularity of our universities, the discernment of our great men, the accomplishments of our nobility, the encouragement of our patrons, and the genius of our writers of all kinds (notwithstanding some few exceptions in each), may plainly be seen from his conclusion; where, causing all this vision to pass through the ivory gate, he expressly, in the language of poesy, declares all such imaginations to be wild, ungrounded, and fictitious.—Scribl.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 338. in a former edit. were the following lines:

Signs following signs lead on the mighty year;
See, the dull stars roll round and re-appear.
She comes! the cloud-compelling power, behold!
With Night primeval, and with Chaos old.
Lo! the great Anarch's ancient reign restored,
Light dies before her uncreating word.
As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
The sickening stars fade off th' etherial plain:
As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand oppress,
Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest;
Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after art goes out, and all is night.
See skulking Truth in her old cavern lie,
Secur'd by mountains of heap'd casuistry:
Philosophy, that touch'd the heavens before,
Shrinks to her hidden cause, and is no more:
See Physic beg the Stagyrite's defence!
See Metaphysic call for aid on Sense!
See Mystery to Mathematics fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Thy hand, great Dulness! lets the curtain fall,
And universal darkness buries all.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

The poet being, in this book, to declare the completion of the prophecies mentioned at the end of the former, makes a new invocation; as the greater poets are wont, when some high and worthy matter is to be sung. He shows the goddess coming in her majesty, to destroy order and science, and to substitute the kingdom of the dull upon Earth. How she leads captive the Sciences, and silences the Muses; and what they be who succeed in their stead. All her children, by a wonderful attraction, are drawn about her; and bear along with them divers others, who promote her empire by connivance, weak resistance, or discouragement of arts; such as half wits, tasteless admirers, vain pretenders, the flatterers of dunces, or the patrons of them. All these crowd round her; one of them, offering to approach her, is driven back by a rival, but she commends and encourages both. The first who speak in form are the geniuses of the schools, who assure her of their care to advance her cause by confining youth to words, and keeping them out of the way of real knowledge. Their address, and her gracious answer; with her charge to them and the universities. The universities appear by their proper deputies, and assure her that the same method is observed in the progress of education. The speech of Aristarchus on this subject. They are driven off by a band of young gentlemen returned from travel with their tutors; one of whom delivers to the goddess, in a polite oration, an account of the whole conduct and fruits of their travels: presenting to her at the same time a young nobleman perfectly accomplished. She receives him graciously, and endues him with the happy quality of want of shame. She sees loitering about her a number of indolent persons abandoning all business and duty, and dying with laziness: to these approaches the antiquary Annius, entreating her to make them virtuosos, and assign them over to him: but Mummius, another antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent proceeding, she finds a method to reconcile their difference. Then enter a troop of people fantastically adorned, offering her strange and exotic presents: amongst them, one stands forth and demands justice on another, who had deprived him of one of the greatest curiosities in nature: but he justifies himself so well, that the goddess gives them both her approbation. She recommends to them to find proper employment for the indolents before mentioned, in the study of butterflies, shells, birds-nests, moss, &c. but with particular caution, not to proceed beyond trifles, to any useful or extensive views of Nature, or of the Author of Nature. Against the last of these apprehensions, she is secured by a hearty address from the minute philosophers and free-thinkers, one of whom speaks in the name of the rest. The youth, thus instructed and principled, are delivered to her in a body, by the hands of Silenus; and then admitted to taste the cup of the Magus her high priest, which causes a total oblivion of all obligations, divine, civil, moral, or rational. To these her adepts she sends priests, attendants, and comforters, of various kinds; confers on them orders and degrees; and then dismissing them with a speech, confirming to each his privileges, and telling what she expects from each, concludes with a yawn of extraordinary virtue: the progress and effects whereof on all orders of men, and the consummation of all, in the restoration of Night and Chaos, conclude the poem.

BOOK IV.

Yet, yet a moment, one dim ray of light
Indulge, dread Chaos, and eternal Night!

REMARKS.

The Dunciad, Book IV.] This book may properly be distinguished from the former, by the name of the Greater Dunciad, not so indeed in size, but in subject; and so far contrary to the distinction anciently made of the Greater and Lesser Iliad. But much are they mistaken who imagine this work in any wise inferior to the former, or of any other hand than of our poet; of

Of darkness visible so much be lent,
As half to show, half veil the deep intent.
Ye powers! whose mysteries restor'd I sing,
To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,
Suspend a while your force inertly strong,
Then take at once the poet and the song.
Now flam'd the dog-star's unpropitious ray,
Smote every brain, and wither'd every bay;
Sick was the Sun, the owl forsook his bower,
The moon-struck prophet felt the madding hour:
Then rose the seed of Chaos and of Night,
To blot out order, and extinguish light,
Of dull and venal a new world to mold,
And bring Saturnian days of lead and gold.
She mounts the throne: her head a cloud con-
In broad effulgence all below reveal'd, [ceal'd,
('Tis thus aspiring Dulness ever shines)
Soft on her lap her laureate son reclines.

REMARKS.

which I am much more certain than that the Iliad itself was the work of Solomon, or the Batrachomuomachia of Homer, as Barnes hath affirmed.—Bentl.

Ver. 1, &c.] This is an invocation of much piety. The poet, willing to approve himself a genuine son, beginneth by showing (what is ever agreeable to Dulness) his high respect for antiquity and a great family, how dead or dark soever: next declareth his passion for explaining mysteries; and lastly his impatience to be reunited to her.—Scribl.

Ver. 2. dread Chaos, and eternal Night!] Invoked, as the restoration of their empire is the action of the poem.

Ver. 14. To blot out order, and extinguish light,] The two great ends of her mission; the one in quality of daughter of Chaos, the other as daughter of Night. Order here is to be understood extensively, both as civil and moral; the distinction between high and low in society, and true and false in individuals: light as intellectual only, wit, science, arts.

Ver. 15. Of dull and venal] The allegory continued; dull referring to the extinction of light or science; venal to the destruction of order, and the truth of things.

Ibid. A new world] In allusion to the Epicurean opinion, that from the dissolution of the natural world into Night and Chaos, a new one should arise; this the poet alluding to, in the production of a new moral world, makes it partake of its original principles.

Ver. 16. Lead and gold.] i. e. dull and venal.

Ver. 20. her laureate son reclines.] With great judgment it is imagined by the poet, that such a colleague as Dulness had elected, should sleep on the throne, and have very little share in the action of the poem. Accordingly he hath done little or nothing from the day of his anointing; having past through the second book without taking part in any thing that was transacted about him; and through the third in profound sleep. Nor ought this, well considered, to seem strange in our days, when so many king-consorts have done the like.—Scribl.

This verse our excellent laureate took so to heart, that he appealed to all mankind, "if he was not as seldom asleep as any fool!" But it is hoped the poet hath not injured him, but rather

Beneath her foot-stool, Science groans in chains,
And wit dreads exile, penalties, and pains.
There foam'd rebellious Logic, gagg'd and bound;
There, stript, fair Rhetoric languish'd on the ground;
His blunted arms by Sophistry are borne,
And shameless Billingsgate her robes adorn.
Morality, by her false guardians drawn,
Chicane in furs, and Casuistry in lawn,
Gasps, as they straiten at each end the cord,
And dies, when Dulness gives her Page the word.
Mad Mathesis alone was unconfin'd,
Too mad for mere material chains to bind,
Now to pure space lifts her extatic stare,
Now running round the circle, finds it square.

REMARKS.

verified his prophecy (p. 243. of his own Life, 8vo. ch. ix.) where he says, "the reader will be as much pleased to find me a dunce in my old age, as he was to prove me a brisk blockhead in my youth." Wherever there was any room for briskness, or alacrity of any sort, even in sinking, he hath had it allowed; but here, where there is nothing for him to do but to take his natural rest, he must permit his historian to be silent. It is from their actions only that princes have their character, and poets from their works: and if in those he be as much asleep as any fool, the poet must leave him and them to sleep to all eternity.—Bentl.

Ibid. her laureate] "When I find my name in the satirical works of this poet, I never look upon it as any malice meant to me, but profit to himself. For he considers that my face is more known than most in the nation; and therefore a lick at the laureate will be a sure bait ad captandum vulgus, to catch little readers."—Life of Colley Cibber, ch. ii.

Now if it be certain, that the works of our poet have owed their success to this ingenious expedient, we hence derive an unanswerable argument, that this fourth Dunciad, as well as the former three, hath had the author's last hand, and was by him intended for the press: or else to what purpose hath he crowned it, as we see, by this finishing stroke, the profitable lick at the laureate?—Bentl.

Ver. 21, 22. Beneath her foot-stool, &c.] We are next presented with the pictures of those whom the goddess leads in captivity. Science is only depressed and confined so as to be rendered useless; but wit or genius, as a more dangerous and active enemy, punished, or driven away: Dulness being often reconciled in some degree with learning, but never upon any terms with wit. And accordingly it will be seen that she admits something like each science, as casuistry, sophistry, &c. but nothing like wit, opera alone supplying its place.

Ver. 30. gives her Page the word.] There was a judge of this name, always ready to hang any man that came before him, of which he was suffered to give a hundred miserable examples, during a long life, even to his dotage.—Though the candid Scriblerus imagined page here to mean no more than a page or mute, and to allude to the custom of strangling state criminals in Turkey by mutes or pages. A practice more decent than that of our Page, who, before he hanged any one, loaded him with reproachful language.—Scribl.

But held in tenfold bonds the Muses lie,
Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flattery's eye;
There to her heart sad Tragedy addrest
The dagger wont to pierce the tyrant's breast;
But sober History restrain'd her rage,
And promis'd vengeance on a barbarous age.
There sunk Thalia, nerveless, cold, and dead,
Had not her sister Satire held her head:
Nor could'st thou, Chesterfield! a tear refuse,
Thou wep'st, and with thee wept each gentle Muse.
When lo! a harlot form soft sliding by,
With mincing step, small voice, and languid eye:

REMARKS.

Ver. 39. But sober History] History attends on tragedy, satire on comedy, as their substitutes in the discharge of their distinct functions; the one in high life, recording the crimes and punishments of the great; the other in low, exposing the vices or follies of the common people. But it may be asked, How came history and satire to be admitted with impunity to minister comfort to the Muses, even in the presence of the goddess, and in the midst of all her triumphs? "A question," says Scriblerus, "which we thus resolve: History was brought up in her infancy by Dulness herself; but being afterwards espoused into a noble house, she forgot (as is usual) the humility of her birth, and the cares of her early friends. This occasioned a long estrangement between her and Dulness. At length, in process of time, they met together in a monk's cell, were reconciled, and became better friends than ever. After this they had a second quarrel, but it held not long, and are now again on reasonable terms, and so are likely to continue." This accounts for the connivance shown to history on this occasion. But *the boldness of satire springs from a very different cause; for the reader ought to know, that she alone of all the sisters is unconquerable, never to be silenced, when truly inspired and animated (as should seem) from above, for this very purpose, to oppose the kingdom of Dulness to her last breath.*

Ver. 43. Nor could'st thou, &c.] This noble person in the year 1737, when the act aforesaid was brought into the house of lords, opposed it in an excellent speech (says Mr. Cibber) "with a lively spirit, and uncommon eloquence." This speech had the honour to be answered by the said Mr. Cibber, with a lively spirit also, and in a manner very uncommon, in the eighth chapter of of his Life and Manners. And here, gentle reader, would I gladly insert the other speech, whereby thou mightest judge between them; but I must defer it on account of some differences not yet adjusted between the noble author, and myself, concerning the true reading of certain passages.—Bentl.

Ver. 45. When lo! a harlot form] The attitude given to this phantom represents the nature and genius of the Italian opera; its affected airs, its effeminate sounds, and the practice of patching up these operas with favourite songs, incoherently put together. These things were supported by the subscriptions of the nobility. This circumstance, that opera should prepare for the opening of the grand sessions, was prophesied of in Book iii. ver. 304.

Already Opera prepares the way,
The sure forerunner of her gentle sway.

Foreign her air, her robe's discordant pride
In patch-work fluttering, and her head aside;
By singing peers upheld on either hand,
She trip'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to stand:
Cast on the prostrate Nine a scornful look,
Then thus in quaint recitativo spoke.
O Cara! Cara! silence all that train:
Joy to great Chaos! let division reign:
Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them hence,
Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense;
One trill shall harmonize joy, grief, and rage,
Wake the dull Church, and lull the ranting Stage;
To the same notes thy sons shall hum, or snore,
And all thy yawning daughters cry, encore.
Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns,
Joys in my jiggs, and dances in my chains.
But soon, ah soon, rebellion will commence,
If Music meanly borrows aid from Sense:
Strong in new arms, lo! Giant Handel stands,
Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands;
To stir, to rouze, to shake the soul he comes,
And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums.
Arrest him, empress, or you sleep no more—
She heard, and drove him to th' Hibernian shore.
And now had Fame's posterior trumpet blown,
And all the nations summon'd to the throne.
The young, the old, who feel her inward sway,
One instinct seizes, and transports away.
None need a guide, by sure attraction led,
And strong impulsive gravity of head:
None want a place, for all their centre found,
Hung to the goddess, and coher'd around.
Not closer orb, in orb, conglob'd are seen
The buzzing bees about their dusky queen.
The gathering number, as it moves along,
Involves a vast involuntary throng,
Who, gently drawn, and struggling less and less,
Roll in her vortex, and her power confess.
Not those alone who passive own her laws,
But who, weak rebels, more advance her cause.
Whate'er of dunce in college or in town
Sneers at another, in toupee or gown;

REMARKS.

Ver. 54. Let division reign:] Alluding to the false taste of playing tricks in music with numberless divisions, to the neglect of that harmony which conforms to the sense, and applies to the passions. Mr. Handel had introduced a great number of hands, and more variety of instruments into the orchestra, and employed even drums and cannon to make a fuller chorus: which proved so much too manly for the fine gentlemen of his age, that he was obliged to remove his music into Ireland. After which they were reduced, for want of composers, to practise the patch-work above-mentioned.

Ver. 76. to 101. It ought to be observed that here are three classes in this assembly. The first, of men absolutely and avowedly dull, who naturally adhere to the goddess, and are imaged in the simile of the bees about their queen. The second involuntarily drawn to her, though not caring to own her influence; from ver. 81. to 90. The third of such as, though not members of her state, yet advance her service by flattering Dulness, cultivating mistaken talents, patronizing vile scribblers, discouraging living merit, or setting up for wits, and men of taste in arts they understand not; from ver. 91. to 101.

Whate'er of mungril no one class admits,
A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.
Nor absent they, no members of her state,
Who pay her homage in her sons, the great;
Who, false to Phœbus, bow the knee to Baal;
Or impious, preach his word without a call,
Patrons, who sneak from living worth to dead,
With-hold the pension, and set up the head;
Or vest dull Flattery in the sacred gown;
Or give from fool to fool the laurel crown.
And (last and worse) with all the cant of wit,
Without the soul, the Muses' hypocrite.
There march'd the bard and blockhead side by side,
Who rhym'd for hire, and patroniz'd for pride.
Narcissus, prais'd with all a parson's power,
Look'd a white lily sunk beneath a shower.
There mov'd Montalto with superior air;
His stretch'd-out arm display'd a volume fair;
Courtiers and patriots in two ranks divide,
Through both he pass'd, and bow'd from side to side;
But as in graceful act, with awful eye,
Compos'd he stood, bold Benson thrust him by:
On two unequal crutches propt he came,
Milton's on this, on that one Johnston's name.
The decent knight retir'd with sober rage,
Withdrew his hand, and clos'd the pompous page.
But (happy for him as the times went then)
Appear'd Apollo's mayor and aldermen,
On whom three hundred gold-capt youths await,
To lug the ponderous volume off in state.
When Dulness smiling:—"Thus revive the wits!
But murder first, and mince them all to bits;
As erst Medea (cruel, so to save!)
A new edition of old Æson gave;

VARIATION.

Ver. 114.

What! no respect, he cried, for Shakespeare's page?

REMARKS.

Ver. 108—bow'd from side to side:] As being of no one party.

Ver. 110. bold Benson] This man endeavoured to raise himself to fame by erecting monuments, striking coins, setting up heads, and procuring translations, of Milton; and afterwards by as great a passion for Arthur Johnston, a Scotch physician's Version of the Psalms, of which he printed many fine editions. See more of him, Book iii. ver. 325.

Ver. 113. The decent knight] An eminent person who was about to publish a very pompous edition of a great author at his own expense.

Ver. 115, &c.] These four lines were printed in a separate leaf by Mr. Pope in the last edition, which he himself gave, of the Dunciad, with directions to the printer, to put this leaf into its place as soon as sir T. H.'s Shakespeare should be published.

Ver. 119. Thus revive, &c.] The goddess applauds the practice of tacking the obscure names of persons not eminent in any branch of learning, to those of the most distinguished writers; either by printing editions of their works with impertinent alterations of their text, as in the former instances; or by setting up monuments disgraced with their own vile names and inscriptions, as in the latter.

Let standard-authors, thus, like trophies borne,
Appear more glorious, as more hack'd and torn.
And you, my critics! in the chequer'd shade,
Admire new light through holes yourselves have made.
"Leave not a foot of verse, a foot of stone,
A page, a grave, that they can call their own;
But spread, my sons, your glory thin or thick,
On passive paper, or on solid brick.
So by each bard, an alderman shall sit,
A heavy lord shall hang at every wit,
And while on Fame's triumphal car they ride,
Some slave of mine be pinion'd to their side."
Now crowds on crowds around the goddess press,
Each eager to present the first address.
Dunce scorning dunce beholds the next advance,
But fop shows fop superior complaisance.

REMARKS.

Ver. 128. A page, a grave,] For what less than a grave can be granted to a dead author? or what less than a page can be allowed a living one!

Ver. 128. A page,] Pagina, not pedissequus. A page of a book, not a servant, follower, or attendant: no poet having had a page since the death of Mr. Thomas Durfey.—Scribl.

Ver. 131. So by each bard an alderman, &c.] Vide the Tombs of the Poets, editio Westmonasteriensis.

Ibid.—an alderman shall sit,] Alluding to the monument erected for Butler by alderman Barber.

Ver. 132. A heavy lord shall hang at every wit,] How unnatural an image, and how ill-supported! saith Aristarchus. Had it been,

A heavy wit shall hang at every lord,

something might have been said, in an age so distinguished for well-judging patrons. For lord, then, read load; that is, of debts here, and of commentaries hereafter. To this purpose, conspicuous is the case of the poor author of Hudibras, whose body, long since weighed down to the grave, by a load of debts, has lately had a more unmerciful load of commentaries laid upon his spirit; wherein the editor has achieved more than Virgil himself, when he turned critic, could boast of, which was only, that he had picked gold out of another man's dung; whereas the editor has pick'd it out of his own.—Scribl.

Aristarchus thinks the common reading right: and that the author himself had been struggling, and but just shaken off his load when he wrote the following epigram:

My lord complains, that Pope, stark mad with gardens,
Has lopt three trees the value of three farthings:
But he's my neighbour, cries the peer polite,
And if he'll visit me, I'll wave my right.
What? on compulsion? and against my will,
A lord's acquaintance? Let him file his bill.

Ver. 137, 138.

Dunce scorning dunce beholds the next advance,
But fop shows fop superior complaisance.]

This is not to be ascribed so much to the different manners of a court and college, as to the different effects which a pretence to learning, and a pretence to wit, have on blockheads. For as judgment consists in finding out the differences in things, and wit in finding out their likenesses, so the dunce

When lo! a spectre rose, whose index-hand
Held forth by virtue of the dreadful wand;
His beaver'd brow a birchen garland wears,
Dropping with infant's blood, and mother's tears.
O'er every vein a shuddering horrour runs;
Eaton and Winton shake through all their sons.
All flesh is humbled, Westminster's bold race
Shrink, and confess the Genius of the place:
The pale boy-senator yet tingling stands,
And holds his breeches close with both his hands.
Then thus, since man from beast by words is known,
Words are man's province, words we teach alone.
When Reason doubtful, like the Samian letter,
Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.
Plac'd at the door of Learning, youth to guide,
We never suffer it to stand too wide.
To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence,
As fancy opens the quick springs of sense,
We ply the memory, we load the brain,
Bind rebel Wit, and double chain on chain,
Confine the thought, to exercise the breath;
And keep them in the pale of words till death.
Whate'er the talents, or howe'er design'd,
We hang one jingling padlock on the mind:
A poet the first day, he dips his quill;
And what the last? a very poet still.
Pity! the charm works only in our wall,
Lost, lost too soon in yonder house or hall.
There truant Windham every Muse gave o'er,
There Talbot sunk, and was a wit no more!
How sweet an Ovid, Murray was our boast!
How many Martials were in Pulteney lost!
Else sure some bard, to our eternal praise,
In twice ten thousand rhyming nights and days,
Had reach'd the work, the all that mortal can;
And South beheld that master-piece of man.
"Oh" (cry'd the goddess) "for some pedant reign!
Some gentle James, to bless the land again;
To stick the doctor's chair into the throne,
Give law to words, or war with words alone,
Senates and courts with Greek and Latin rule,
And turn the council to a grammar school!
For sure, if Dulness sees a grateful day,
'Tis in the shade of arbitrary sway.
O! if my sons may learn one earthly thing,
Teach but that one, sufficient for a king;
That which my priests, and mine alone, maintain,
Which, as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign:
May you, my Cam, and Isis, preach it long,
"The right divine of kings to govern wrong."
Prompt at the call, around the goddess roll
Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a sable shoal: [thick
Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
A hundred head of Aristotle's friends.
Nor wert thou, Isis! wanting to the day,
[Though Christ-church long kept prudishly away.]
Each staunch polemic, stubborn as a rock,
Each fierce logician, still expelling Locke,
Came whip and spur, and dash'd through thin and
On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgersdyck.

REMARKS.

is all discord and dissension, and constantly busied in reproving, examining, confuting, &c. while the fop flourishes in peace, with songs and hymns of praise, addresses, characters, epithalamiums, &c.

Ver. 140. the dreadful wand;] A cane usually borne by schoolmasters, which drives the poor souls about like the wand of Mercury.—Scribl.

Ver. 151. like the Samian letter,] The letter Y used by Pythagoras as an emblem of the different roads of virtue and vice.

Et tibi quæ Samios diduxit litera ramos.—Pers.

Ver. 174. that master-piece of man.] Viz. an epigram. The famous Dr. South declared a perfect epigram to be as difficult a performance as an epic poem. And the critics say, "An epic poem is the greatest work human nature is capable of."

Ver. 176. Some gentle James, &c.] Wilson tells us that this king, James the First, took upon himself to teach the Latin tongue to Car, earl of Somerset; and that Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador would speak false Latin to him, on purpose to give him the pleasure of correcting it, whereby he wrought himself into his good graces.

REMARKS.

This great prince was the first who assumed the title of Sacred Majesty, which his loyal clergy transferred from God to him. "The principles of passive obedience and non-resistance (says the author of the Dissertation on Parties, Letter 8), which before his time had skulked perhaps in some old homily, were talked, written, and preached into vogue in that inglorious reign."

Ver. 194. Though Christ-church, &c.] This line is doubtless spurious, and foisted in by the impertinence of the editor; and accordingly we have put it in between hooks. For I affirm this college came as early as any other, by its proper deputies; nor did any college pay homage to Dulness in its whole body.—Bentl.

Ver. 196. still expelling Locke,] In the year 1703 there was a meeting of the heads of the University of Oxford to censure Mr. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding, and to forbid the reading of it. See his Letters in the last Edit.

Ver. 198. On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgersdyck.] There seems to be an improbability that the doctors and heads of houses should ride on horseback, who of late days, being gouty or unwieldy, have kept their coaches. But these are horses of great strength, and fit to carry any weight, as their German and Dutch extraction may manifest; and very famous we may conclude, being honour'd with names, as were the horses Pegasus and Bucephalus.—Scribl.

Though I have the greatest deference to the penetration of this eminent scholiast, and must own that nothing can be more natural than his interpretation, or juster than that rule of criticism, which directs us to keep to the literal sense, when no apparent absurdity accompanies it (and sure there is no absurdity in supposing a logician on horseback), yet still I must needs think the hackneys here celebrated were not real horses, nor even Centaurs, which, for the sake of the learned Chiron, I should rather be inclined to think, if I were forced to find them four legs, but downright plain men, though logicians: and only thus metamorphosed by a rule of rhetoric, of which cardinal Perron gives us an example, where he calls Clavius, "Un esprit pesant, lourd, sans subtilité, ni gentillesse, un gros cheval d'Allemagne."

As many quit the streams that murmuring fall
To lull the sons of Margaret and Clare-hall,
Where Bentley late tempestuous wont to sport
In troubled waters, but now sleeps in port.
Before them march'd that awful Aristarch;
Plow'd was his front with many a deep remark:
His hat, which never vail'd to human pride,
Walker with reverence took, and laid aside.
Low bow'd the rest: he, kingly, did but nod:
So upright quakers please both man and God.
"Mistress! dismiss that rabble from your throne:
Avaunt——is Aristarchus yet unknown!
The mighty scholiast, whose unweary'd pains
Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains.
Turn what they will to verse, their toil is vain,
Critics like me shall make it prose again.
Roman and Greek grammarians! know your better:
Author of something yet more great than letter;

REMARKS.

Here I profess to go opposite to the whole stream of commentators. I think the poet only aimed, though awkwardly, at an elegant Græcism in this representation; for in that language the word ἵππος [horse] was often prefixed to others, to denote greatness of strength; as ἱππολάπαθον, ἱππόγλωσσον, ἱππομάραθρον, and particularly ΙΠΠΟΓΝΩΜΩΝ, a great connoisseur, which comes nearest to the case in hand.—Scip. Maff.

Ver. 199. the streams] The river Cam, running by the walls of these colleges, which are particularly famous for their skill in disputation.

Ver. 202. sleeps in port.] viz. "Now retired into harbour, after the tempests that had long agitated his society." So Scriblerus. But the learned Scipio Maffei understands it of a certain wine called port, from Oporto, a city of Portugal, of which this professor invited him to drink abundantly. Scip. Maff. De Compotation. Academicis. [And to the opinion of Maffei inclineth the sagacious annotator on Dr. King's Advice to Horace.]

Ver. 210. Aristarchus.] A famous commentator and corrector of Homer, whose name has been frequently used to signify a complete critic. The compliment paid by our author to this eminent professor, in applying to him so great a name, was the reason that he hath omitted to comment on this part which contains his own praises. We shall therefore supply that loss to our best ability.—Scribl.

Ver. 214. Critics like me—] Alluding to two famous editions of Horace and Milton; whose richest veins of poetry he had prodigally reduced to the poorest and most beggarly prose.—Verily the learned scholiast is grievously mistaken. Aristarchus is not boasting here of the wonders of his art in annihilating the sublime; but of the usefulness of it, in reducing the turgid to its proper class; the words "make it prose again," plainly showing that prose it was, though ashamed of its original, and therefore to prose it should return. Indeed, much it is to be lamented that Dulness doth not confine her critics to this useful task; and commission them to dismount what Aristophanes calls Ρημαθ' ἱπποβάμονα, all prose on horse-back.—Scribl.

Ver. 216. Author of something yet more great than letter;] Alluding to those grammarians, such as Palamedes and Simonides, who invented

While tow'ring o'er your alphabet like Saul,
Stands our digamma, and o'ertops them all.
'Tis true, on words is still our whole debate,
Disputes of Me or Te, or Aut or At,
To sound or sink in cano O or A,
Or give up Cicero to C or K.
Let Freind affect to speak as Terence spoke,
And Alsop never but like Horace joke:
For me, what Virgil, Pliny may deny,
Manilius or Solinus shall supply:
For Attic phrase in Plato let them seek,
I poach in Suidas for unlicens'd Greek.
In ancient sense if any needs will deal,
Be sure I give them fragments, not a meal;
What Gellius or Stobæus hash'd before,
Or chew'd by blind old scholiasts o'er and o'er,

REMARKS.

single letters. But Aristarchus, who had found out a double one, was therefore worthy of double honour.—Scribl.

Ver. 217, 218. While towering o'er your alphabet, like Saul,—Stands our digamma,] Alludes to the boasted restoration of the Æolic digamma, in his long projected edition of Homer. He calls it something more than letter, from the enormous figure it would make among the other letters, being one gamma set upon the shoulders of another.

Ver. 220. of Me or Te,] It was a serious dispute, about which the learned were much divided, and some treatises written: had it been about meum and tuum it could not be more contested, than whether at the end of the first Ode of Horace, to read, Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium, or, Te doctarum hederæ.—By this the learned scholiast would seem to insinuate that the dispute was not about meum and tuum, which is a mistake: for, as a venerable sage observeth, words are the counters of wisemen, but the money of fools; so that we see their property was indeed concerned.—Scribl.

Ver. 222. Or give up Cicero to C or K.] Grammatical disputes about the manner of pronouncing Cicero's name in Greek. It is a dispute whether in Latin the name of Hermagoras should end in as or a. Quintilian quotes Cicero as writing it Hermagora, which Bently rejects, and says Quintilian must be mistaken, Cicero could not write it so, and that in this case he would not believe Cicero himself. These are his very words: Ego vero Ciceronem ita scripsisse ne Ciceroni quidem affirmanti crediderim.—Epist. ad Mill. in fin. Frag. Menand. et Phil.

Ver. 223, 224. Freind—Alsop] Dr. Robert Freind, master of Westminster-school, and canon of Christ-church, Dr. Anthony Alsop, a happy imitator of the Horatian style.

Ver. 226. Manilius and Solinus] Some critics having had it in their choice to comment either on Virgil or Manilius, Pliny or Solinus, have chosen the worse author, the more freely to display their critical capacity.

Ver. 228, &c. Suidas, Gellius, Stobæus] The first a dictionary-writer, a collector of impertinent facts and barbarous words; the second a minute critic; the third an author, who gave his commonplace book to the public, where we happen to find much mince-meat of old books,

The critic eye, that microscope of wit,
Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit:
How parts relate to parts, or they to whole;
The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse shall see,
When man's whole frame is obvious to a flea.
"Ah, think not, mistress! more true Dulness lies
In Folly's cap, than Wisdom's grave disguise.
Like buoys, that never sink into the flood,
On Learning's surface we but lie and nod,
Thine is the genuine head of many a house,
And much divinity without a Nous.
Nor could a Barrow work on every block,
Nor has one Atterbury spoil'd the flock.
See! still thy own, the heavy canon roll,
And metaphysic smokes involve the pole.
For thee we dim the eyes, and stuff the head
With all such reading as was never read:
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, goddess, and about it:
So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,
And labours, till it clouds itself all o'er.
What though we let some better sort of fool
Thrid ev'ry science, run through every school?
Never by tumbler through the hoops was shown
Such skill in passing all, and touching none.
He may indeed (if sober all this time)
Plague with dispute, or persecute with rhyme.
We only furnish what he cannot use,
Or wed to what he must divorce, a Muse:
Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once,
And petrify a genius to a dunce:
Or set on metaphysic ground to prance,
Show all his paces, not a step advance.
With the same cement, ever sure to bind,
We bring to one dead level every mind.
Then take him to develop if you can,
And hew the block off, and get out the man.
But wherefore waste I words? I see advance
Whore, pupil, and lac'd governor, from France.

REMARKS.

Ver. 245, 246. Barrow, Atterbury] Isaac Barrow, master of Trinity, Francis Atterbury, dean of Christ-church, both great geniuses and eloquent preachers; one more conversant in the sublime geometry, the other in classical learning; but who equally made it their care to advance the polite arts in their several societies.

Ver. 272. lac'd governor] Why lac'd? Because gold and silver are necessary trimming to denote the dress of a person of rank, and the governor must be supposed so in foreign countries, to be admitted into courts and other places of fair reception. But how comes Aristarchus to know at sight that this governor came from France? Know? Why, by the laced coat.—Scribl.

Ibid. Whore, pupil, and lac'd governor] Some critics have objected to the order here, being of opinion that the governor should have the precedence before the whore, if not before the pupil. But were he so placed, it might be thought to insinuate that the governor led the pupil to the whore; and were the pupil placed first, he might be supposed to lead the governor to her. But our impartial poet, as he is drawing their picture, represents them in the order in which they are generally seen; namely, the pupil between the whore and the governor, but placeth the whore first, as she usually governs both the other.

Walker! our hat"—nor more he deign'd to say,
But, stern as Ajax' spectre, strode away.
In flow'd at once a gay embroider'd race,
And tittering push'd the pedants off the place:
Some would have spoken, but the voice was drown'd
By the French horn, or by the opening hound.
The first came forwards, with as easy mien,
As if he saw St. James's and the queen.
When thus th' attendant orator begun,
"Receive, great empress, thy accomplish'd son:
Thine from the birth, and sacred from the rod,
A dauntless infant! never scar'd with God.
The sire saw, one by one, his virtues wake:
The mother begg'd the blessing of a rake.
Thou gav'st that ripeness, which so soon began,
And ceas'd so soon, he ne'er was boy, nor man.
Through school and college, thy kind cloud o'er-cast,
Safe and unseen the young Æneas past:
Thence bursting glorious, all at once let down,
Stunn'd with his giddy larum half the town.

REMARKS.

Ver. 280. As if he saw St. James's] Reflecting on the disrespectful and indecent behaviour of several forward young persons in the presence, so offensive to all serious men, and to none more than the good Scriblerus.

Ver. 281. th' attendant orator] The governor above-said. The poet gives him no particular name; being unwilling, I presume, to offend or to do injustice, to any, by celebrating one only with whom this character agrees, in preference to so many who equally deserve it.—Scribl.

Ver. 284. A dauntless infant! never scar'd with God] i. e. Brought up in the enlarged principles of modern education; whose great point is, to keep the infant mind free from the prejudices of opinion, and the growing spirit unbroken by terrifying names. Amongst the happy consequences of this reformed discipline, it is not the least, that we have never afterwards any occasion for the priest, whose trade, as a modern wit informs us, is only to finish what the nurse began.—Scribl.

Ver. 286.—the blessing of a rake.] Scriblerus is here much at a loss to find out what this blessing should be. He is sometimes tempted to imagine it might be the marrying a great fortune: but this, again, for the vulgarity of it, he rejects, as something uncommon seemed to be prayed for. And after many strange conceits, not at all to the honour of the fair sex, he at length rests in this, that it was, that her son might pass for a wit; in which opinion he fortifies himself by ver. 316. where the orator, speaking of his pupil, says, that he

Intrigued with glory, and with spirit whor'd,

which seems to insinuate that her prayer was heard. Here the good scholiast, as, indeed, every where else, lays open the very soul of modern criticism, while he makes his own ignorance of a poetical expression hold open the door to much erudition and learned conjecture: the blessing of a rake signifying no more than that he might be a rake; the effects of a thing for the thing itself, a common figure. The careful mother only wished her son might be a rake, as well knowing that its attendant blessings would follow of course.

Intrepid then, o'er seas and lands he flew:
Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too.
There all thy gifts and graces we display,
Thou, only thou, directing all our way:
To where the Seine, obsequious as she runs,
Pours at great Bourbon's feet her silken sons;
Or Tyber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
Vain of Italian arts, Italian souls;
To happy convents, bosom'd deep in vines,
Where slumber abbots, purple as their wines:
To isles of fragrance, lily-silver'd vales,
Diffusing languor in the panting gales:
To lands of singing, or of dancing slaves,
Love-whispering woods, and lute-resounding waves,
But chief her shrine where naked Venus keeps,
And Cupids ride the lion of the deeps,
Where, cas'd of fleets, the Adriatic main
Wafts the smooth eunuch and enamour'd swain.
Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round,
And gather'd every vice on christian ground;
Saw every court, heard every king declare
His royal sense, of operas or the fair;
The stews and palace equally explor'd,
Intrigued with glory, and with spirit whor'd;
Try'd all hors d'œuvres, all liqueurs defin'd,
Judicious drank, and greatly-daring din'd;
Dropt the dull lumber of the Latin store,
Spoil'd his own language, and acquir'd no more;
All classic learning lost on classic ground;
And last turn'd air, the echo of a sound;
See now, half cur'd, and perfectly well-bred,
With nothing but a solo in his head;
As much estate, and principle, and wit,
As Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber shall think fit;
Stol'n from a duel, follow'd by a nun,
And if a borough chuse him, not undone;
See, to my country happy I restore
This glorious youth, and add one Venus more.

REMARKS.

Ver. 307. But chief, &c.] These two lines, in their force of imagery and colouring, emulate and equal the pencil of Rubens.

Ver. 308. And Cupids ride the lion of the deeps;] The winged lion, the arms of Venice. This republic heretofore the most considerable in Europe, for her naval force and the extent of her commerce; now illustrious for her carnivals.

Ver. 318. greatly-daring din'd;] It being indeed no small risque to eat through those extraordinary compositions, whose disguised ingredients are generally unknown to the guests, and highly inflammatory and unwholesome.

Ver. 324. With nothing but a solo in his head;] With nothing but a solo? Why, if it be a solo, how should there be any thing else? Palpable tautology! Read boldly an opera, which is enough of conscience for such a head as has lost all its Latin.—Bentl.

Ver. 326. Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber] Three very eminent persons, all managers of plays: who, though not governors by profession, had, each in his way, concerned themselves in the education of youth; and regulated their wits, their morals, or their finances, at that period of their age which is the most important, their entrance into the polite world. Of the last of these, and his talents for this end, see Book i. ver. 199, &c.

Her too receive (for her my soul adores),
So may the sons of sons of sons of whores
Prop thine, O empress! like each neighbour throne,
And make a long posterity thy own."
Pleas'd, she accepts the hero and the dame,
Wraps in her veil, and frees from sense or shame.
Then look'd, and saw a lazy, lolling sort,
Unseen at church, at senate, or at court,
Of ever-listless loiterers, that attend
No cause, no trust, no duty, and no friend,
Thee too, my Paridel; she mark'd thee there,
Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair,
And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
The pains and penalties of idleness.
She pity'd! but her pity only shed
Benigner influence on thy nodding head.
But Annius, crafty seer, with ebon wand,
And well-dissembled emerald on his hand,
False as his gems, and canker'd as his coins,
Came, cramm'd with capon, from where Pollio dines,
Soft, as the wily fox is seen to creep,
Where bask on sunny banks the simple sheep,
Walk round and round, now prying here, now there,
So he; but pious, whisper'd first his prayer.
"Grant, gracious goddess! grant me still to cheat,
O may thy cloud still cover the deceit!
Thy choicer mists on this assembly shed,
But pour them thickest on the noble head.
So shall each youth, assisted by our eyes,
See other Cæsars, other Homers rise;
Through twilight ages hunt th' Athenian fowl,
Which Chalcis gods, and mortals call an owl,
Now see an Attys, now a Cecrops clear,
Nay, Mahomet! the pigeon at thine ear:
Be rich in ancient brass, though not in gold,
And keep his Lares, though his house be sold;
To headless Phœbe his fair bride postpone,
Honour a Syrian prince above his own;
Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true;
Blest in one Niger, till he knows of two."

REMARKS.

Ver. 331. Her too receive, &c.] This confirms what the learned Scriblerus advanced in his note on ver. 272, that the governor, as well as the pupil, had a particular interest in this lady.

Ver. 341. Thee too, my Paridel!] The poet seems to speak of this young gentleman with great affection. The name is taken from Spenser, who gives it to a wandering courtly squire, that travelled about for the same reason for which many young squires are now fond of travelling, and especially to Paris.

Ver. 347. Annius,] The name taken from Annius the monk of Viterbo, famous for many impositions and forgeries of ancient manuscripts and inscriptions, which he was prompted to by mere vanity, but our Annius had a more substantial motive.

Ver. 363. Attys and Cecrops] The first king of Athens, of whom it is hard to suppose any coins are extant; but not so improbable as what follows, that there should be any of Mahomet, who forbad all images; and the story of whose pigeon was a monkish fable. Nevertheless one of these Anniuses made a counterfeit medal of that impostor, now in the collection of a learned nobleman.

Mummius o'erheard him; Mummius, fool-renown'd,
Who like his Cheops stinks above the ground,
Fierce as a startled adder, swell'd, and said,
Rattling an ancient sistrum at his head;
"Speak'st thou of Syrian princes? Traitor base!
Mine, goddess! mine is all the horned race.
True, he had wit, to make their value rise;
From foolish Greeks to steal them, was as wise:
More glorious yet, from barbarous hands to keep,
When Sallee rovers chas'd him on the deep.
Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,
Down his own throat he risqu'd the Grecian gold.
Receiv'd each demi-god, with pious care,
Deep in his entrails—I rever'd them there,

REMARKS.

Ver. 371. Mummius] This name is not merely an allusion to the Mummius he was so fond of, but probably referred to the Roman general of that name, who burned Corinth, and commited the curious statues to the captain of a ship, assuring him, "that if any were lost or broken, he should procure others to be made in their stead;" by which it should seem (whatever may be pretended) that Mummius was no virtuoso.

Ibid.—Fool-renown'd] A compound epithet in the Greek manner, renown'd by fools, or renowned for making fools.

Ver. 372. Cheops] A king of Egypt whose body was certainly to be known, as being buried alone in his pyramid, and is therefore more genuine than any of the Cleopatras. This royal mummy, being stolen by a wild Arab, was purchased by the consul of Alexandria, and transmitted to the museum of Mummius; for proof of which he brings a passage in Sandys's Travels, where that accurate and learned voyager assures us that he saw the sepulchre empty, which agrees exactly (saith he) with the time of the theft above mentioned. But he omits to observe that Herodotus tells the same thing of it in his time.

Ver. 375. Speak'st thou of Syrian princes? &c.] The strange story following, which may be taken for a fiction of the poet, is justified by a true relation in Spon's Voyages. Vaillant (who wrote the history of the Syrian kings as it is to be found on medals) coming from the Levant, where he had been collecting various coins, and being pursued by a corsair of Sallee, swallowed down twenty gold medals. A sudden bourasque freed him from the rover, and he got to land with them in his belly. On his road to Avignon he met two physicians, of whom he demanded assistance. One advised purgations, the other vomits. In this uncertainty he took neither, but pursued his way to Lyons, where he found his ancient friend the famous physician and antiquary Dufour, to whom he related his adventure. Dufour, without staying to inquire about the uneasy symptoms of the burthen he carried, first asked him, Whether the medals were of the higher empire? He assured him they were. Dufour was ravished with the hope of possessing so rare a treasure; he bargained with him on the spot for the most curious of them, and was to recover them at his own expense.

I bought them, shrouded in that living shrine,
And, at their second birth, they issue mine."
"Witness great Ammon! by whose horns I swore,"
(Reply'd soft Annius) "this our paunch before
Still bears them, faithful; and that thus I eat,
Is to refund the medals with the meat.
To prove me, goddess! clear of all design,
Bid me with *Pollio* sup, as well as dine:
There all the learn'd shall at the labour stand,
And Douglas lend his soft, obstetric hand."
The goddess smiling seem'd to give consent;
So back to Pollio, hand in hand, they went.
Then thick as locusts blackening all the ground,
A tribe, with weeds and shells fantastic crown'd,
Each with some wondrous gift approach'd the power,
A nest, a toad, a fungus, or a flower.
But far the foremost, two, with earnest zeal,
And aspect ardent, to the throne appeal.
The first thus open'd; "Hear thy suppliant's call,
Great queen, and common mother of us all!
Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this flower,
Suckled, and cheer'd, with air, and sun, and shower:
Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I spread,
Bright with the gilded button tipt its head.
Then thron'd in glass and nam'd it Caroline:
Each maid cried, charming! and each youth, divine!
Did Nature's pencil ever blend such rays,
Such varied light in one promiscuous blaze!
Now prostrate! dead! behold that Caroline:
No maid cries, charming! and no youth, divine!
And lo the wretch! whose vile, whose insect lust
Lay'd this gay daughter of the Spring in dust.
Oh punish him, or to th' Elysian shades
Dismiss my soul, where no carnation fades."
He ceas'd, and wept. With innocence of mien,
Th' accus'd stood forth, and thus address'd the queen:
"Of all th' enamel'd race, whose silvery wing
Waves to the tepid zephyrs of the spring,
Or swims along the fluid atmosphere,
Once brightest shin'd this child of heat and air.
I saw, and started from its vernal bower
The rising game, and chas'd from flower to flower.
It fled, I follow'd; now in hope, now pain;
It stopt, I stopt; it mov'd, I mov'd again.

REMARKS.

Ver. 387. Witness great Ammon!] Jupiter Ammon is called to witness, as the father of Alexander, to whom those kings succeeded in the division of the Macedonian empire, and whose horns they wore on their medals.

Ver. 394. Douglas] A physician of great learning and no less taste; above all, curious in what related to Horace, of whom he collected every edition, translation, and comment, to the number of several hundred volumes.

Ver. 409. and nam'd it Caroline:] It is a compliment which the florists usually pay to princes and great persons, to give their names to the most curious flowers of their raising: some have been very jealous of vindicating this honour, but none more than that ambitious gardener, at Hammersmith, who caused his favourite to be painted on his sign, with this inscription, This is my Queen Caroline.

At last it fixt, 'twas on what plant it pleas'd,
And where it fix'd, the beauteous bird I seiz'd:
Rose or carnation was below my care;
I meddle, goddess! only in my sphere.
I tell the naked fact without disguise,
And, to excuse it, need but show the prize;
Whose spoils this paper offers to your eye,
Fair ev'n in death! this peerless butterfly."
"My sons!" (she answer'd), "both have done your parts:
Live happy both, and long promote our arts.
But hear a mother, when she recommends
To your fraternal care our sleeping friends.
The common soul, of Heaven's more frugal make,
Serves but to keep fools pert and knaves awake;
A drowsy watchman, that just gives a knock,
And breaks our rest, to tell us what's a clock.
Yet by some object every brain is stirr'd;
The dull may waken to a humming-bird;
The most recluse, discreetly open'd, find
Congenial matter in the cockle kind;
The mind in metaphysics at a loss,
May wander in a wilderness of moss;
The head that turns at superlunar things,
Pois'd with a tail, may steer on Wilkins' wings.
"O! would the sons of men once think their eyes
And reason giv'n them but to study flies!
See nature in some partial narrow shape,
And let the author of the whole escape;
Learn but to trifle; or, who most observe,
To wonder at their Maker, not to serve."
"Be that my task" (replies a gloomy clerk,
Sworn foe to mystery, yet divinely dark;
Whose pious hope aspires to see the day
When moral evidence shall quite decay,
And damns implicit faith, and holy lies,
Prompt to impose, and fond to dogmatize:)

VARIATION.

Ver, 441. The common soul, &c.] in the first edit. thus:

Of souls the greater part, Heaven's common make,
Serve but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake;
And most but find that centinel of God,
A drowsy watchman in the land of Nod.

REMARKS.

Ver 452. Wilkins' wings] One of the first projectors of the Royal Society, who, among many enlarged and useful notions, entertained the extravagant hope of a possibility to fly to the Moon; which has put some volatile geniuses upon making wings for that purpose.

Ver. 462. When moral evidence shall quite decay,] Alluding to a ridiculous and absurd way of some mathematicians, in calculating the gradual decay of moral evidence by mathematical proportions: according to which calculation, in about fifty years it will be no longer probable that Julius Cæsar was in Gaul, or died in the senate house. See Craig's Theologiæ Christianæ Principia Mathematica. But as it seems evident, that facts of a thousand years old, for instance, are now as probable as they were five hundred years ago; it is plain, that if in fifty more they quite disappear, it must be owing, not to their arguments, but to the extraordinary power of our goddess; for whose help therefore they have reason to pray.

"Let others creep by timid steps and slow,
On plain experience lay foundations low,
By common sense to common knowledge bred,
And last, to Nature's Cause through Nature led.
All-seeing in thy mists, we want no guide,
Mother of arrogance, and source of pride!
We nobly take the high priori road,
And reason downward, till we doubt of God:
Make Nature still encroach upon his plan,
And shove him off as far as e'er we can:
Thrust some mechanic cause into his place;
Or bind in matter, or diffuse in space.
Or, at one bound o'erleaping all his laws,
Make God man's image, man the final cause,
Find virtue local, all relation scorn,
See all in self, and but for self be born:
Of nought so certain as our reason still,
Of nought so doubtful as of soul and will.
Oh hide the God still more! and make us see
Such as Lucretius drew, a god like thee:
Wrapt up in self, a God without a thought,
Regardless of our merit or default.
Or that bright image to our fancy draw,
Which Theocles in raptur'd vision saw,
Wild through poetic scenes the genius roves,
Or wanders wild in Academic groves;
That Nature our society adores,
Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus snores."
Rous'd at his name, up rose the bowzy sire,
And shook from out his pipe the seeds of fire;
Then snap'd his box, and strok'd his belly down,
Rosy and reverend, though without a gown.
Bland and familiar to the throne he came,
Led up the youth, and call'd the goddess dame.
Then thus. "From priestcraft happily set free,
Lo! every finish'd son returns to thee:

REMARKS.

Ver. 492. Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus snores.] It cannot be denied but that this fine stroke of satire against atheism was well intended. But how must the reader smile at our author's officious zeal, when he is told, that at the time this was written, you might as soon have found a wolf in England as an atheist? The truth is, the whole species was exterminated. There is a trifling difference indeed concerning the author of the achievement. Some as Dr. Ashenhurst, gave it to Bentley's Boylean Lectures. And he so well convinced that great man of the truth, that wherever afterwards he found atheist, he always read it A Theist. But, in spite of a claim so well made out, others gave the honour of this exploit to a latter Boylean lecturer. A judicious apologist for Dr. Clarke, against Mr. Whiston, says, with no less elegance than positiveness of expression, "It is a most certain truth, that the demonstration of the being and attributes of God, has extirpated and banished atheism out of the Christian world," p. 18. It is much to be lamented, that the clearest truths have still their dark side. Here we see it becomes a doubt which of the two Herculeses was the monsterqueller. But what of that? Since the thing is done, and the proof of it so certain, there is no occasion for so nice a canvassing of circumstances.—Scribl

Ibid. Silenus] Silenus was an Epicurean philosopher, as appears from Virgil, Eclog. vi. where he sings the principles of that philosophy in his drink.

First slave to words, then vassal to a name,
Then dupe to party; child and man the same;
Bounded by Nature, narrow'd still by Art,
A trifling head, and a contracted heart.
Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I seen,
Smiling on all, and smil'd on by a queen!
Mark'd out for honours, honour'd for their birth,
To thee the most rebellious things on Earth:
Now to thy gentle shadow all are shrunk,
All melted down in pension, or in punk!
So K*, so B**, sneak'd into the grave,
A monarch's half, and half a harlot's slave.
Poor W**, nipt in Folly's broadest bloom,
Who praises now? his chaplain on his tomb.
Then take them all, oh take them to thy breast!
Thy Magus, goddess! shall perform the rest."
With that, a wizard old his cup extends;
Which whoso tastes, forgets his former friends,
Sire, ancestors, himself. One casts his eyes
Up to a star, and like Endymion dies:
A feather, shooting from another's head,
Extracts his brain; and principle is fled;
Lost is his God, his country, every thing;
And nothing left but homage to a king!
The vulgar herd turn off to roll with hogs,
To run with horses, or to hunt with dogs;

REMARKS.

Ver. 501. First slave to words, &c.] A recapitulation of the whole course of modern education described in this book, which confines youth to the study of words only in schools; subjects them to the authority of systems in the universities; and deludes them with the names of party distinctions in the world. All equally concurring to narrow the understanding, and establish slavery and errour in literature, philosophy, and politics. The whole finished in modern free-thinking: the completion of whatever is vain, wrong, and destructive to the happiness of mankind; as it establishes self-love for the sole principle of action.

Ver. 506. Smil'd on by a queen!] i. e. This queen or goddess of Dulness

Ver. 517. With that a wizard old, &c.] Here beginneth the celebration of the greater mysteries of the goddess, which the poet, in his invocation, ver. 5. promised to sing.

Ver. 518. —forgets his former friends,] Surely there little needed the force of charms or magic to set aside an useless friendship. For of all the accommodations of fashionable life, as there are none more reputable, so there are none of so little charge as friendship. It fills up the void of life with a name of dignity and respect; and at the same time is ready to give place to every passion that offers to dispute possession with it.—Scribl.

Ver. 523, 524. Lost is his God, his country—And nothing left but homage to a king!] So strange as this must seem to a mere English reader, the famous Mons. de la Bruyere declares it to be the character of every good subject in a monarchy: "Where," says he, "there is no such thing as love of our country, the interest, the glory, and service of the prince, supply its place."—De la Republique, chap. x.

Of this duty another celebrated French author speaks indeed a little more disrespectfully; which for that reason, we shall not translate, but give in his own words, "L'Amour de la Patrie, le grand motif des premiers heros, n'est plus regardé que comme une chimére; l'idée du service du roi, etendüe jusqu'a l'oubli de tout autre principe, tient lieu de ce qu'on appelloit autrefois grandeur d'ame et fidelité."—Boulainvilliers Hist. des Anciens Parlements de France, &c.

But, sad example! never to escape
Their infamy, still keep the human shape.
But she, good goddess, sent to every child
Firm Impudence, or Stupefaction mild;
And straight succeeded, leaving shame no room,
Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.
Kind Self-conceit to some her glass applies,
Which no one looks in with another's eyes;
But, as the flatterer or dependant paint,
Beholds himself a patriot, chief, or saint.
On others Interest her gay livery flings,
Interest, that waves on party-colour'd wings:
Turn'd to the Sun, she casts a thousand dyes,
And, as she turns, the colours fall or rise.
Others the syren sisters warble round,
And empty heads console with empty sound.
No more, alas! the voice of Fame they hear,
The balm of Dulness trickling in their ear.
Great C**, H**, P**, R**, K*,
Why all your toils? your sons have learn'd to sing.
How quick Ambition hastes to ridicule!
The sire is made a peer, the son a fool.
On some, a priest succinct in amice white
Attends; all flesh is nothing in his sight!
Beeves, at his touch, at once to jelly turn,
And the huge boar is shrunk into an urn:
The board with specious miracles he loads,
Turns hares to larks, and pigeons into toads.

REMARKS.

Ver. 528. still keep the human shape.] The effects of the Magus's cup, by which is allegorized a total corruption of heart, are just contrary to that of Circe, which only represents the sudden plunging into pleasures. Her's, therefore, took away the shape, and left the human mind; his takes away the mind, and leaves the human shape.

Ver. 529. But she, good goddess, &c.] The only comfort people can receive, must be owing in some shape or other to Dulness; which makes some stupid, others impudent, gives self-conceit to some, upon the flatteries of their dependants, presents the false colours of interest to others, and busies or amuses the rest with idle pleasures or sensuality, till they become easy under any infamy. Each of which species is here shadowed under allegorical persons.

Ver. 532. Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.] i. e. She communicates to them of her own virtue, or of her royal colleagues. The Cibberian forehead being to fit them for self-conceit, self-interest, &c. and the Cimmerian gloom, for the pleasures of opera, and the table.—Scribl.

Ver. 553. The board with specious miracles he loads, &c.] Scribleras seems at a loss in this place. Speciosa miracula (says he) according to Horace, were the monstrous fables of the Cyclops, Læstrygons, Scylla, &c. What relation have these to the transformation of hares into larks, or of pigeons into toads? I shall tell thee. The Læstrygons spitted men upon spears, as we do larks upon skewers; and the fair pigeon turned to a toad, is similar to the fair virgin Scylla

Another (for in all what one can shine?)
Explains the seve and verdeur of the vine.
What cannot copious sacrifice atone?
Thy treufles, Perigord! thy hams, Bayonne?
With French libation, and Italian strain,
Wash Bladen white, and expiate Hays's stain.
Knight lifts the head: for what are crowds undone,
To three essential partridges in one?
Gone every blush, and silent all reproach,
Contending princes mount them in their coach.
Next, bidding all draw near on bended knees,
The queen confers her titles and degrees.
Her children first of more distinguish'd sort,
Who study Shakespeare at the inns of court,

REMARKS.

ending in a filthy beast. But here is the difficulty, why pigeons in so shocking a shape should be brought to a table. Hares indeed might be cut into larks at a second dressing, out of frugality: yet that seems no probable motive, when we consider the extravagance before-mentioned, of dissolving whole oxen and boars into a small vial of jelly; nay it is expressly said, that all flesh is nothing in his sight. I have searched in Apicius, Pliny, and the feast of Trimalchio, in vain; I can only resolve it into some mysterious superstitious rite, as it is said so be done by a priest, and soon after called a sacrifice, attended (as all ancient sacrifices were) with libation and song.—Scribl.

This good scholiast, not being acquainted with modern luxury, was ignorant that these were only the miracles of French cookery, and that particularly Pigeons en crapeau were a common dish.

Ver. 556. Seve and verdeur] French terms relating to wines, which signify their flavour and poignancy.

Et je gagerois que chez le commandeur,
Villandri priseroit sa seve et sa verdeur.
Despreaux.

St. Evremont has a very pathetic letter to a nobleman in disgrace, advising him to seek comfort in a good table, and particularly to be attentive to these qualities in his champaigne.

Ver. 560. Bladen—Hays] Names of gamesters. Bladen is a black man. Robert Knight, cashier of the South-Sea company, who fled from England in 1720 (afterwards pardoned in 1742).—These lived with the utmost magnificence at Paris, and kept open tables frequented by persons of the first quality in England, and even by princes of the blood of France.

Ibid. Bladen, &c.] The former note of "Bladen is a black man," is very absurd. The manuscript here is partly obliterated, and doubtless could only have been, wash blackmoors white, alluding to a known proverb.—Scribl.

Ver. 567.

Her children first of more distinguish'd sort,
Who study Shakespare at the inns of court.]

Ill would that scholiast discharge his duty, who should neglect to honour those whom Dulness has distinguished: or suffer them to lie forgotten, when their rare modesty would have left them nameless. Let us not, therefore, overlook the services which have been done her cause, by one Mr. Thomas Edwards, a gentleman, as he is pleased to call himself, of Lincoln's-inn; but, in

Impale a glow-worm, or vertù profess,
Shine in the dignity of F. R. S.
Some, deep free-masons, join the silent race
Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place:
Some botanists, or florists at the least,
Or issue members of an annual feast.
Nor past the meanest unregarded, one
Rose a Gregorian, one a Gormogon,
The last, not least in honour or applause,
Isis and Cam made doctors of her laws.
Then blessing all, "Go, children of my care!
To practice now from theory repair.

REMARKS.

reality, a gentleman only of the Dunciad; or, to speak him better, in the plain language of our honest ancestors to such mushrooms, a gentleman of the last edition: who, nobly eluding the solicitude of his careful father, very early retained himself in the cause of Dulness against Shakespeare, and with the wit and learning of his ancestor Tom Thimble in the Rehearsal, and with the air of good nature and politeness of Caliban in the Tempest, hath now happily finished the Dunce's progress, in personal abuse. For a libeller is nothing but a Grub-street critic run to seed.

Lamentable is the dulness of these gentlemen of the Dunciad. This Fungoso and his friends, who are all gentlemen, have exclaimed much against us for reflecting his birth, in the words, "a gentleman of the last edition," which we hereby declare concern not his birth, but his adoption only: and mean no more than that he is become a gentleman of the last edition of the the Dunciad. Since gentlemen, then, are so captious, we think it proper to declare that Mr. Thomas Thimble, who is here said to be Mr. Thomas Edwards's ancestor, is only related to him by the Muse's side.—Scribl.

This tribe of men, which Scriblerus has here so well exemplified, our poet hath elsewhere admirably characterized in that happy line,

A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead.

For the satire extends much farther than to the person who occasioned it, and takes in the whole species of those on whom a good education (to fit them for some useful and learned profession) has been bestowed in vain. That worthless band

Of ever-listless loiterers, that attend
No cause, no trust, no duty, and no friend;

Who, with an understanding too dissipated and futile for the offices of civil life; and a heart too lumpish, narrow, and contracted for those of social, become fit for nothing: and so turn wits and critics, where sense and civility are neither required nor expected.

Ver. 571. Some, deep free-masons, join the silent race] The poet all along expresses a very particular concern for this silent race. He has here provided, that in case they will not waken or open (as was before proposed) to a humming-bird or a cockle, yet at worst they may be made free-masons; where taciturnity is the only essential qualification, as it was the chief of the disciples of Pythagoras.

Ver. 576. A Gregorian, one a Gormogon,] A sort of lay-brothers, slips from the root of the free-masons.

All my commands are easy, short, and full:
My sons! be proud, be selfish, and be dull.
Guard my prerogative, assert my throne:
This nod confirms each privilege your own.
The cap and switch be sacred to his grace:
With staff and pumps the marquis leads the race;
From stage to stage the licens'd earl may run,
Pair'd with his fellow charioteer the Sun;
The learned baron butterflies design,
Or draw to silk Arachne's subtile line;
The judge to dance his brother sergeant call;
The senator at cricket urge the ball;
The bishop stow (pontific luxury!)
An hundred souls of turkeys in a pye;
The sturdy squire to Gallic masters stoop,
And drown his lands and manours in a soupe.
Others import yet nobler arts from France,
Teach kings to fiddle, and make senates dance.
Perhaps more high some daring son may soar,
Proud to my list to add one monarch more;
And, nobly conscious, princes are but things
Born for first ministers, as slaves for kings,

REMARKS.

Ver. 584. each privilege your own, &c.] This speech of Dulness to her sons at parting may possibly fall short of the reader's expectation; who may imagine the goddess might give them a charge of more consequence, and, from such a theory as is before delivered, incite them to the practice of something more extraordinary, than to personate running footmen, jockeys, stage-coachmen, &c.

But if it be well considered, that whatever inclination they might have to do mischief, her sons are generally rendered harmless by their inability; and that it is the common effect of Dulness (even in her greatest efforts) to defeat her own design; the poet, I am persuaded, will be justified, and it will be allowed that these worthy persons, in their several ranks, do as much as can be expected from them.

Ver. 585. The cap and switch, &c.] The goddess's political balance of favour, in the distribution of her rewards, deserves our notice. It consists of joining with those honours claimed by birth and high place, others more adapted to the genius and talents of the candidates. And thus her great forerunner, John of Leyden, king of Munster, entered on his government, by making his ancient friend and companion, Knipperdolling, general of his horse and hangman. And had but fortune seconded his great schemes of Reformation, it is said, he would have established his whole household on the same reasonable footing. —Scribl.

Ver. 590. Arachne's subtile line;] This is one of the most ingenious employments assigned, and therefore recommended only to peers of learning. Of weaving stockings of the webs of spiders, see the Phil. Trans.

Ver. 591. The judge to dance his brother sergeant call;] Alluding perhaps to that ancient and solemn dance, entitled, A call of sergeants.

Ver. 598. Teach kings to fiddle,] An ancient amusement of sovereign princes, (viz.) Achilles, Alexander, Nero; though despised by Themistocles, who was a republican.—Make senates dance, either after their prince, or to Pontoise, or Siberia.

Tyrant supreme! shall three estates command,
And make one mighty Dunciad of the land!"
More she had spoke, but yawn'd—All nature nods:
What mortal can resist the yawn of gods?
Churches and chapels instantly it reach'd:
(St. James's first, for leaden G— preach'd)
Then catch'd the schools; the hall scarce kept awake;
The convocation gap'd, but could not speak:
Lost was the nation's sense, nor could be found,
While the long solemn unison went round:
Wide, and more wide, it spread o'er all the realm;
Ev'n Palinurus nodded at the helm:
The vapour mild o'er each committee crept;
Unfinish'd treaties in each office slept;

REMARKS.

Ver. 606. What mortal can resist the yawn of gods?] This verse is truly Homerical; as is the conclusion of the action, where the great mother composes all, in the same manner as Minerva at the period of the Odyssey.—It may indeed seem a very singular epitasis of a poem, to end as this does, with a great yawn; but we must consider it as the yawn of a god, and of powerful effects. It is not out of nature, most long and grave counsels concluding in this very manner: nor without authority, the incomparable Spenser having ended one of the most considerable of his works with a roar; but then it is the roar of a lion, the effects whereof are described as the catastrophe of the poem.

Ver. 607. Churches and chapels, &c.] The progress of this yawn is judicious, natural, and worthy to be noted. First it seizeth the churches and chapels; then catcheth the schools, where, though the boys be unwilling to sleep, the masters are not: Next Westminster-hall, much more hard indeed to subdue, and not totally put to silence even by the goddess: Then the convocation, which though extremely desirous to speak, yet cannot: Even the house of commons, justly called the sense of the nation, is lost (that is to say suspended) during the yawn; (far be it from our author to suggest it could be lost any longer!) but it spreadeth at large over all the rest of the kingdom, to such a degree, that Palinurus himself (though as incapable of sleeping as Jupiter) yet noddeth for a moment; the effect of which, though ever so momentary, could not but cause some relaxation for the time, in all public affairs.—Scribl.

Ver. 610. The convocation gap'd, but could not speak;] Implying a great desire so to do, as the learned scholiast on the place rightly observes. Therefore beware, reader, lest thou take this gape for a yawn, which is attended with no desire but to go to rest, by no means the disposition of the convocation; whose melancholy case in short is this: she was, as is reported, infected with the general influence of the goddess; and while she was yawning carelessly at her ease, a wanton courtier took her at advantage, and in the very nick clap'd a gag into her chops. Well therefore may we know her meaning by her gaping; and this distressful posture our poet here describes, just as she stands at this day, a sad example of the effects of Dulness and Malice unchecked, and despised.—Bentl.

And chiefless armies doz'd out the campaign!
And navies yawn'd for orders on the main.
O Muse! relate (for you can tell alone,
Wits have short memories, and Dunces none)
Relate, who first, who last resign'd to rest;
Whose heads she partly, whose completely blest;
What charms could faction, what ambition lull,
The venal quiet, and entrance the dull;
Till drown'd was sense, and shame, and right, and wrong—
O sing, and hush the nations with thy song!
* * * * * * * * * *
In vain, in vain, the all-composing hour
Resistless falls: the Muse obeys the power.
She comes! she comes! the sable throne behold
Of Night primeval, and of Chaos old!
Before her, Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying rain-bows die away.
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
As one by one at dread Medea's strain,
The sickening stars fade off th' ethereal plain;
As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand oppress,
Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest;
Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after art goes out, and all is night:
See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of casuistry heap'd o'er her head!
Philosophy, that lean'd on Heaven before,
Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.
Physic of Metaphysic begs defence,
And Metaphysic calls for aid on Sense!
See Mystery to Mathematics fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die,
Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,
And unawares Morality expires.
Nor public flame, nor private dares to shine:
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine!
Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos! is restor'd
Light dies before thy uncreating word:
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall;
And universal darkness buries all.

REMARKS.

Ver. 615—618. These verses were written many years ago, and may be found in the state poems of that time. So that Scriblerus is mistaken, or whoever else have imagined this poem of a fresher date.

Ver. 620. Wits have short memories,] This seems to be the reason why the poets, where they give us a catalogue, constantly call for help on the Muses, who, as the daughters of memory, are obliged not to forget any thing. So Homer, Iliad ii.

Πληθὺν δ' οὐκ ἂν ἐγὼ μυθήσομαι οὐδ' ὀνομήνω,
Εἰ μὴ Ὀλυμπιάδες Μοῦσαι, Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο
Θυγατέρες, μνησαίαθ'——

And Virgil, Æn. vii.

Et meminisstis enim, divæ, et memorare potestis:
Ad nos vix tenuis famæ perlabitur aura.

But our poet had yet another reason for putting this task upon the muse, that, all besides being asleep, she only could relate what passed.—Scribl.

Ver. 624. The venal quiet, and, &c.] It were a problem worthy the solution of Mr. Ralph and his patron, who had lights that we know nothing of.——which required the greatest effort of our goddess's power, to intrance the dull, or to quiet the venal. For though the venal may be more unruly than the dull, yet, on the other hand, it demands a much greater expense of her virtue to intrance than barely to quiet.—Scribl.

Ver. 629. She comes! she comes! &c.] Here the Muse, like Jove's eagle, after a sudden stoop at ignoble game, soareth again to the skies. As prophecy hath ever been one of the chief provinces of poesy, our poet here foretells from what we feel, what we are to fear; and in the style of other prophets, hath used the future tense for the preterit: since what he says shall be, is already to be seen, in the writings of some even of our most adored authors, in divinity, philosophy, physics, metaphysics, &c. who are too good indeed to be named in such company.

Ibid. The sable throne behold] The sable thrones of Night and Chaos, here represented as advancing to extinguish the light of the sciences, in the first place, blot out the colours of fancy, and damp the fire of wit, before they proceed to their work.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 643. in the former edit. it stood thus:

Philosophy, that reach'd the Heavens before,
Shrinks to her hidden cause, and is no more.

And this was intended as a censure of the Newtonian philosophy. For the poet had been misled by the prejudices of foreigners, as if that philosophy had recurred to the occult qualities of Aristotle. This was the idea he received of it from a man educated much abroad, who had read every thing, but every thing superficially. Had his excellent friend Dr. A. been consulted in this matter, it is certain that so unjust a reflection had never discredited so noble a satire. When I hinted to him how he had been imposed upon, he changed the lines with great pleasure into a compliment (as they now stand) on that divine genius, and a satire on the folly by which he the poet himself had been misled.

REMARKS.

Ver. 641. Truth to her old cavern fled.] Alluding to the saying of Democritus, that "Truth lay at the bottom of a deep well, from whence he had drawn her:" though Butler says, "He first put her in, before he drew her out."

Ver. 649. Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,] Blushing as well at the memory of the past overflow of Dulness, when the barbarous learning of so many ages was wholly employed in corrupting the simplicity, and defiling the purity of religion, as at the view of these her false supports in the present; of which it would be endless to recount the particulars. However, amidst the extinction of all other lights, she is said only to withdraw hers! as hers alone in its own nature is unextinguishable and eternal.

Ver. 650, And unawares morality expires.] It appears from hence that our poet was of very different sentiments from the author of the Characteristics, who has written a formal treatise on virtue, to prove it not only real but durable, without the support of religion. The word unawares alludes to the confidence of those men, who suppose that morality would flourish best without it, and consequently to the surprise such would be in (if any such there are) who indeed love virtue, and yet do all they can to root out the religion of their country.

BY THE AUTHOR.

A DECLARATION.

WHEREAS certain haberdashers of points and particles, being instigated by the spirit of pride, and assuming to themselves the name of critics and restorers, have taken upon them to adulterate the common and current sense of our glorious ancestors, poets of this realm, by clipping, coining, defacing the images, mixing their own base alloy, or otherwise falsifying the same; which they publish, utter, and vend as genuine: The said haberdashers having no right thereto, as neither heirs, executors, administrators, assigns, or in any sort related to such poets, to all or any of them: Now, we having carefully revised this our Dunciad[1], beginning with the words "The mighty Mother," and ending with the words "buries all," containing the entire sum of one thousand seven hundred and fifty-four verses, declare every word, figure, point, and comma of this impression to be authentic: And do therefore strictly enjoin and forbid any person or persons whatsoever, to erase, reverse, put between hooks, or by any other means, directly or indirectly, change or mangle any of them. And we do hereby earnestly exhort all our brethren to follow this our example, which we heartily wish our great predecessors had heretofore set, as a remedy and prevention of all such abuses. Provided always, that nothing in this declaration shall be construed to limit the lawful and undoubted right of every subject of this realm, to judge, censure, or condemn, in the whole or in part, any poem or poet whatsoever.

Given under our hands at London, this third day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred thirty and two.

Declarat' cor' me,
John Barber, mayor.

[1] Read thus confidently, instead of "beginning with the word books, and ending with the word flies," as formerly it stood: Read also, "containing the entire sum of one thousand seven hundred and fifty-four verses," instead of "one thousand and twelve lines;" such being the initial and final words, and such the true and entire contents of this poem.

Thou art to know, reader! that the first edition thereof, like that of Milton, was never seen by the author (though living and not blind). The editor himself confessed as much in his preface: and no two poems were ever published in so arbitrary a manner. The editor of this had as boldly suppressed whole passages, yea the entire last book, as the editor of Paradise Lost added and augmented. Milton himself gave but ten books, his editor twelve; this author gave four books, his editor only three. But we have happily done justice to both; and presume we shall live, in this our last labour, as long as in any of our others.—Bentl.

APPENDIX.

PREFACE

PREFIXED TO THE FIVE FIRST IMPERFECT EDITIONS OF THE DUNCIAD, IN THREE BOOKS, PRINTED AT DUBLIN AND LONDON, IN OCTAVO AND DUODECIMO, 1727.

THE PUBLISHER[1] TO THE READER.

IT will be found a true observation, though somewhat surprising, that when any scandal is vented against a man of the highest distinction and character, either in the state or literature, the public in general afford it a most quiet reception: and the larger part accept it as favourably as if it were some kindness done to themselves: whereas if a known scoundrel or blockhead but chanced to be touched upon, a whole legion is up in arms, and it becomes the common cause of all scribblers, booksellers, and printers whatsoever.

[1] The publisher] Who he was is uncertain; but Edward Ward tells us, in his preface to Durgen, "that most judges are of opinion this preface is not of English extraction, but Hibernian," &c. He means it was written by Dr. Swift, who, whether publisher or not, may be said in a sort to be author of the poem. For when he, together with Mr. Pope (for reasons specified in the preface to their Miscellanies) determined to own the most trifling pieces in which they had any hand, and to destroy all that remained in their power; the first sketch of this poem was snatched from the fire by Dr. Swift, who persuaded his friend to proceed in it, and to him it was therefore inscribed. But the occasion of printing it was as follows:

There was published in those Miscellanies, a Treatise of the Bathos, or Art of Sinking in Poetry, in which was a chapter, where the species of bad writers were ranged in classes, and initial letters of names prefixed, for the most part at random. But such was the number of poets eminent in that art, that some one or other took every letter to himself. All fell into so violent a fury, that for half a year, or more, the common news-papers (in most of which they had some property, as being hired writers) were filled with the most abusive falsehoods and scurrilities they could possibly devise; a liberty no ways to be wondered at in those people, and in those papers, that, for many years, during the uncontrolled license of the press, had aspersed almost all the great characters of the age; and this with impunity, their own persons and names being utterly secret and obscure. This gave Mr. Pope the thought, that he had now some opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light these common enemies of mankind; since to invalidate this universal slander, it sufficed to show what contemptible men were the authors of it. He was not without hopes, that by manifesting the dulness of those who had only malice to recommend them; either the booksellers would not find their account in employing them, or the men themselves, when discovered, want courage to proceed in so unlawful an occupation. This it was that gave birth to the Dunciad; and he

Not to search too deeply into the reason hereof, I will only observe as a fact, that every week for these two months past, the town has been persecuted with pamphlets [1], advertisements, letters, and weekly essays, not only against the wit and writings, but against the character and person of Mr. Pope. And that of all those men who have received pleasure from his works, which by modest computation may be about a hundred thousand [2] in these kingdoms of England and Ireland (not to mention Jersey, Guernsey, the Orcades, those in the new world, and foreigners who have translated him into their languages); of all this number not a man hath stood up to say one word in his defence.

The only exception is the author [3] of the following poem, who doubtless had either a better insight into the grounds of this clamour, or a better opinion of Mr. Pope's integrity, joined with a greater personal love for him, than any other of his numerous friends and admirers.

Farther, that he was in his peculiar intimacy, appears from the knowledge he manifests of the most private authors of all the anonymous pieces against him, and from his having in this poem attacked no man living [4], who had not before printed, or published some scandal against this gentleman.

How I came possest of it, is no concern to the reader: but it would have been a wrong to him had I detained the publication; since those names which are its chief ornaments die off daily so fast, as must render it too soon unintelligible. If it provoke the author to give us a more perfect edition, I have my end.

Who he is I cannot say, and (which is a great pity) there is certainly nothing in his style and manner of writing [1], which can distinguish or discover him: For if it bears any resemblance to that of Mr. Pope, it is not improbable but it might be done on purpose, with a view to have it pass for his. But by the frequency of his allusions to Virgil, and a laboured (not to say affected) shortness in imitation of him, I should think him more an admirer of the Roman poet than of the Grecian, and in that not of the same taste with his friend.

I have been well informed, that this work was the labour of full six years of his life [2], and that he wholly retired himself from all the avocations and pleasures of the world, to attend diligently to its correction and perfection; and six years more he intended to bestow upon it, as would seem by this verse of Statius, which was cited at the head of his manuscript:

O mihi bissenos multum vigilata per annos,
Duncia [3]!

Hence also we learn the true title of the poem: which with the same certainty as we call that of Homer the Iliad, of Virgil the Æneid, of Camoens the Lusiad, we may pronounce, could have been, and can be, no other than

THE DUNCIAD.

It is styled heroic, as being doubly so; not only with respect to its nature, which according to the best rules of the ancients, and strictest ideas of the moderns, is critically such; but also with regard to the heroical disposition and high courage of the writer, who dared to stir up such a formidable, irritable, and implacable race of mortals.

There may arise some obscurity in chronology from the names in the poem, by the inevitable removal of some authors, and insertion of others in their niches. For whoever will consider the unity of the whole design, will be sensible, that the poem was not made for these authors, but these

thought it an happiness, that by the late flood of slander on himself, he had acquired such a peculiar right over their names as was necessary to his design.

[1] Pamphlets, advertisements, &c.] See the List of those anonymous papers, with their dates and authors annexed, inserted before the poem.

[2] About a hundred thousand] It is surprizing with what stupidity this preface, which is almost a continued irony, was taken by those authors. All such passages as these were understood by Curll, Cook, Cibber, and others, to be serious. Hear the laureate (Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9.) "Though I grant the Dunciad a better poem of its kind than ever was writ; yet, when I read it with those vain-glorious encumbrances of Notes and Remarks upon it, &c.—it is amazing, that you, who have writ with such masterly spirit upon the ruling passion, should be so blind a slave to your own, as not to see how far a low avarice of praise," &c. (taking it for granted that the notes of Scriblerus and others, were the author's own.)

[3] The author of the following poem, &c.] A very plain irony, speaking of Mr. Pope himself.

[4] The publisher in these words went a little too far; but it is certain, whatever names the reader finds that are unknown to him, are of such; and the exception is only of two or three, whose dulness, impudent scurrility, or self-conceit, all mankind agreed to have justly entitled them to a place in the Dunciad.

[1] There is certainly nothing in his style, &c.] This irony had small effect in concealing the author. The Dunciad, imperfect as it was, had not been published two days, but the whole town gave it to Mr. Pope.

[2] The labour of full six years, &c.] This also was honestly and seriously believed by divers gentlemen of the Dunciad. J. Ralph, pref. to Sawney. "We are told it was the labour of six years, with the utmost assiduity and application: It is no great compliment to the author's sense, to have employed so large a part of his life, &c." So also Ward, pref. to Durgen, "The Dunciad, as the publisher very [illegible] confesses, cost the author six years retirement from all the pleasures of life; though it is somewhat difficult to conceive, from either its bulk or beauty, that it could be so long in hatching, &c. [illegible] but the length of time and closeness of application were mentioned, to prepossess the reader with a good opinion of it."

They just as well understood what Scriblerus said of the poem.

[3] The prefacer to Curll's Key, p. 3, took this word to be really in S[illegible] "[illegible] on the word Duncia, the Du[illegible]." Mr. Ward also follows him in the same opinion.

uthors for the poem. I should judge that they were clapped in as they rose, fresh, and fresh, and changed from day to day; in like manner as when the old boughs wither, we thrust new ones into a chimney.

I would not have the reader too much troubled, or anxious, if he cannot decypher them: since when he shall have found them out, he will probably know no more of the persons than before.

Yet we judged it better to preserve them as they are, than to change them for fictitious names; by which the satire would only be multiplied, and applied to many instead of one. Had the hero, for instance, been called Codrus, how many would have affirmed him to have been Mr. T. Mr. E. Sir R. B. &c. But now all that unjust scandal is saved by calling him by a name, which by good luck happens to be that of a real person.

II.

A LIST OF BOOKS, PAPERS, AND VERSES,

IN WHICH OUR AUTHOR WAS ABUSED, BEFORE THE PUBLICATION OF THE DUNCIAD; WITH THE TRUE NAMES OF THE AUTHORS.

Reflections critical and satirical on a late Rhapsody, called, An Essay on Criticism. By Mr. Dennis, printed by B. Lintot, price 6d.

A new Rehearsal, or Bays the younger: containing an Examen of Mr. Rowe's plays, and a word or two on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock, Anon. [by Charles Gildon] printed for J. Roberts, 1714. price 1s.

Homerides, or a Letter to Mr. Pope, occasioned by his intended translation of Homer. By Sir Iliad Doggrel. [Tho. Burnet and G. Ducket esquires] printed for W. Wilkins, 1715, price 9d.

Æsop at the Bear-garden; a Vision, in imitation of the Temple of Fame, by Mr. Preston. Sold by John Morphew, 1715, price 6d.

The Catholic Poet, or Protestant Barnaby's Sorrowful Lamentation; a Ballad about Homer's Iliad. By Mrs. Centlivre and others, 1715, price 1d.

An Epilogue to a Puppet-show at Bath, concerning the said Iliad. By George Ducket, esq., printed by E. Curll.

A complete Key to the What-d'ye-call it. Anon. [by Griffin a player, supervised by Mr. Th—] printed by J. Roberts, 1715.

A true character of Mr. P. and his writings, in a letter to a friend. Anon. [Dennis] printed for S. Popping, 1716, price 3d.

The Confederates, a Farce. By Joseph Gay, [J. D. Breval] printed for R. Burleigh, 1717, price 1s.

Remarks upon Mr. Pope's translation of Homer; with two letters concerning the Windsor Forest, and the Temple of Fame. By Mr. Dennis, printed for E. Curll, 1717, price 1s. 6d.

Satires on the Translators of Homer, Mr. P. and Mr. T. Anon. [Bez. Morris] 1717, price 6d.

The Triumvirate: or a Letter from Palæmon to Celia at Bath. Anon. [Leonard Welsted] 1711, folio, price 1s.

The Battle of Poets, an heroic poem. By Tho. Cooke, printed for J. Roberts. Folio, 1725.

Memoirs of Lilliput. Anon. [Eliz. Haywood] octavo, printed in 1727.

An Essay on Criticism, in prose. By the author of the Critical History of England [J. Oldmixon] octavo, printed 1728.

Gulliveriana and Alexandriana; with an ample preface and critique on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. By Jonathan Smedley, printed by J. Roberts, octavo, 1728.

Characters of the Times; or an account of the writings, characters, &c. of several gentlemen libelled, by S— and P—, in a late Miscellany, octavo, 1728.

Remarks on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock, in letters to a friend. By Mr. Dennis; written in 1724, though not printed till 1728, octavo.

VERSES, LETTERS, ESSAYS, OR ADVERTISEMENTS, IN THE PUBLIC PRINTS.

British Journal, Nov. 25, 1727. A letter on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. [Writ by M. Concanen.]

Daily Journal, March 18, 1728. A letter by Philomauri. James-Moore Smith.

Daily Journal, March 29. A letter about Thersites, accusing the author of disaffection to the government. By James-Moore Smith.

Mist's Weekly Journal, March 30. An Essay on the Arts of a Poet's sinking in reputation; or, a Supplement to the Art of sinking in Poetry. [Supposed by Mr. Theobald.]

Daily Journal, April 3. A Letter under the name of Philo-ditto. By James-Moore Smith.

Flying Post, April 4. A letter against Gulliver and Mr. P. [By Mr. Oldmixon.]

Daily Journal, April 5. An Auction of Goods at Twickenham. By James-Moore Smith.

The Flying Post, April 6. A Fragment of a Treatise upon Swift and Pope. By Mr. Oldmixon.

The Senator, April 9. On the same. By Edward Roome.

Daily Journal, April 8. Advertisement. By James-Moore Smith.

Flying Post, April 13. Verses against Dr. Swift, and against Mr. P—'s Homer. By J. Oldmixon.

Daily Journal, April 23. Letter about the translation of the character of Thersites in Homer. By Thomas Cooke, &c.

Mist's Weekly Journal, April 27. A Letter of Lewis Theobald.

Daily Journal, May 11. A Letter against Mr. P. at large. Anon. [John Dennis.]

All these were afterwards reprinted in a pamphlet, entitled, A Collection of all the Verses, Essays, Letters, and Advertisements occasioned by Mr. Pope and Swift's Miscellanies, prefaced by Concanen, Anonymous, octavo, and printed for A. Moore, 1728, price 1s. Others of an elder date, having lain as waste paper many years, were, upon the publication of the Dunciad, brought out, and their authors betrayed by the mercenary booksellers (in hopes of some possibility of vending a few) by advertising them in this manner.—"The Confederates, a Farce. By Capt. Breval (for which he was put into the Dunciad). An Epilogue to Powell's Puppet-show. By Col. Ducket (for which he was put into the Dunciad).

Essays, &c. By Sir Richard Blackmore. (N. B. It was for a passage of this Book that sir Richard was put into the Dunciad.") And so of others.

AFTER THE DUNCIAD, 1728.

An Essay on the Dunciad. Octavo, printed for J. Roberts. [In this book, p. 9. it was formally declared, "That the complaint of the aforesaid libels and advertisements was forged and untrue: that all mouths had been silent, except in Mr. Pope's praise; and nothing against him published, but by Mr. Theobald."]

Sawney, in blank verse, occasioned by the Dunciad; with a Critique on that poem. By J. Ralph [a person never mentioned in it at first, but inserted after], printed for J. Roberts, octavo.

A complete Key to the Dunciad. By E. Curll. 12mo, price 6d.

A second and third edition of the same, with additions, 12mo.

The Popiad. By E. Curll, extracted from J. Dennis, sir Richard Blackmore, &c. 12mo. price 6d.

The Curliad. By the same E. Curll.

The Female Dunciad. Collected by the same Mr. Curll, 12mo. price 6d. With the Metamorphosis of P. into a stinging Nettle. By Mr. Foxton, 12mo.

The Metamorphosis of Scriblerus into Snarlerus. By J. Smedley, printed for A. Moore, folio, price 6d.

The Dunciad dissected. By Curll and Mrs. Thomas, 12mo.

An Essay on the Taste and Writings of the present Times. Said to be writ by a Gentleman of C. C. C. Oxon, printed for J. Roberts, octavo.

The Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, partly taken from Bouhours, with new Reflections, &c. By John Oldmixon, octavo.

Remarks on the Dunciad. By Mr. Dennis, dedicated to Theobald, octavo.

A Supplement to the Profund. Anon. by Matthew Concanen, octavo.

Mist's Weekly Journal, June 8. A long letter, signed W. A. Writ by some or other of the club of Theobald, Dennis, Moore, Concanen, Cooke, who for some time held constant weekly meetings for those kind of performances.

Daily Journal, June 11. A Letter signed Philoscribleras, on the name of Pope.—Letter to Mr. Theobald in verse, signed B. M. [Bezaleel Morris] against Mr. P—. Many other little epigrams about this time in the same papers, by James Moore, and others.

Mist's Journal, June 22. A Letter by Lewis Theobald.

Flying Post, August 8. Letter on Pope and Swift.

Daily Journal, August 8. Letter charging the author of the Dunciad with treason.

Durgen: A plain satire on a pompous satirist, by Edward Ward, with a little of James Moore.

Apollo's Maggot in his cups. By E. Ward.

Gulliveriana secunda. Being a Collection of many of the Libels in the news-papers, like the former volume, under the same title, by Smedley. Advertised in the Craftsman, Nov. 9, 1728, with this remarkable promise, that "any thing which any body should send as Mr. Pope's or Dr. Swift's should be inserted and published as theirs."

Pope Alexander's supremacy and infallibility examined, &c. By George Ducket, and John Dennis, quarto.

Dean Jonathan's Paraphrase on the fourth chapter of Genesis. Writ by E. Roome, folio, 1729.

Labeo. A paper of verses by Leonard Welsted, which after came into one Epistle, and was published by James Moore, quarto, 1730. Another part of it came out in Welsted's own name, under the just title of Dulness and Scandal, folio, 1731.

THERE HAVE BEEN SINCE PUBLISHED,

Verses on the Imitator of Horace. By a Lady [or between a Lady, a Lord, and a Court-Squire] Printed for J. Roberts, folio.

An Epistle from a Nobleman to a Doctor of Divinity, from Hampton-court [Lord H—y]. Printed for J. Roberts also, folio.

A Letter from Mr. Cibber to Mr. Pope. Printed for W. Lewis, in Covent-garden, octavo.

III.

ADVERTISEMENT.

TO THE FIRST EDITION WITH NOTES, IN QUARTO, 1729.

It will be sufficient to say of this edition, that the reader has here a much more correct and complete copy of the Dunciad, than has hitherto appeared. I cannot answer but some mistakes may have slipt into it, but a vast number of others will be prevented by the names being now not only set at length, but justified by the authorities and reasons given. I make no doubt, the author's own motive to use real rather than feigned names, was his care to preserve the innocent from any false application; whereas in the former editions, which had no more than the initial letters, he was made, by keys printed here, to hurt the inoffensive, and (what was worse) to abuse his friends, by an impression at Dublin.

The commentary which attends this poem was sent me from several hands, and consequently must be unequally written; yet will have one advantage over most commentaries, that it is not made upon conjectures, or at a remote distance of time: and the reader cannot but derive one pleasure from the very obscurity of the person it treats of, that it partakes of the nature of a secret, which most people love to be let into, though the men or the things be ever so inconsiderable or trivial.

Of the persons it was judged proper to give some account: for since it is only in this monument that they must expect to survive (and here survive they will, as long as the English tongue shall remain such as it was in the reigns of queen Anne and king George) it seemed but humanity to bestow a word or two upon each, just to tell what he was, what he was when he lived, and when he died.

If a word or two more are [illegible] upon the chief offenders, it is only as a paper [illegible] on the breast, to mark the enormities for which they suffered; lest the correction only should be remembered, and the crime forgotten.

In some articles it was thought sufficient, barely to transcribe from Jacob, Curll, and other writers of their own rank, who were much better acquainted with them than any of the authors of this comment can pretend to be. Some of these

had drawn each other's characters on certain occasions; but the few here inserted are all that could be saved from the general destruction of such works.

Of the part of Scriblerus I need say nothing; his manner is well enough known, and approved by all but those who are too much concerned to be judges.

IV.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE FIRST EDITION OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF THE DUNCIAD, WHEN PRINTED SEPARATELY IN THE YEAR 1742.

We apprehend it can be deemed no injury to the author of the three first books of the Dunciad, that we publish this fourth. It was found merely by accident, in taking a survey of the library of a late eminent nobleman; but in so blotted a condition, and in so many detached pieces, as plainly showed it to be not only incorrect, but unfinished. That the author of the three first books had a design to extend and complete his poem in this manner, appears from the dissertation prefixed to it, where it is said, that the design is more extensive, and that we may expect other episodes to complete it: And from the declaration in the argument to the third book, that the accomplishment of the prophecies therein would be the theme hereafter of a greater Dunciad. But whether or not he be the author of this, we declare ourselves ignorant. If he be, we are no more to be blamed for the publication of it, than Tucca and Varius for that of the last six books of the Æneid, though perhaps inferior to the former.

If any person be possessed of a more perfect copy of this work, or of any other fragments of it, and will communicate them to the publisher, we shall make the next edition more complete: in which we also promise to insert any criticisms that shall be published (if at all to the purpose) with the names of the authors; or any letters sent us (though not to the purpose) shall yet be printed under the title of Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum; which, together with some others of the same kind formerly laid by for that end, may make no unpleasant addition to the future impressions of this poem.

V.

ADVERTISEMENT.

TO THE COMPLETE EDITION OF 1743.

I have long had a design of giving some sort of notes on the works of this poet. Before I had the happiness of his acquaintance, I had written a commentary on his Essay on Man, and have since finished another on the Essay of Criticism. There was one already on the Dunciad, which had met with general approbation: but I still thought some additions were wanting (of a more serious kind) to the humorous notes of Scriblerus, and even to those written by Mr. Cleland, Dr. Arbuthnot, and others. I had lately the pleasure to pass some months with the author in the country, where I prevailed upon him to do what I had long desired, and favour me with his explanation of several passages in his works. It happened, that just at that juncture was published a ridiculous book against him, full of personal reflections, which furnished him with a lucky opportunity of improving this poem, by giving it the only thing it wanted, a more considerable hero. He was always sensible of its defect in that particular, and owned he had let it pass with the hero it had, purely for want of a better, not entertaining the least expectation that such an one was reserved for this post, as has since obtained the laurel: but since that had happened, he could no longer deny this justice either to him or the Dunciad.

And yet I will venture to say, there was another motive which had still more weight with our author: This person was one, who from every folly [not to say vice) of which another would be ashamed, has constantly derived a vanity! and therefore was the man in the world who would least be hurt by it. W. W.

VI.

ADVERTISEMENT.

PRINTED IN THE JOURNALS, 1730.

Whereas, upon occasion of certain pieces relating to the gentlemen of the Dunciad, some have been willing to suggest, as if they looked upon them as an abuse: we can do no less than own, it is our opinion, that to call these gentlemen bad authors is no sort of abuse, but a great truth. We cannot alter this opinion without some reason; but we promise to do it in respect to every person who thinks it an injury to be represented as no wit, or poet, provided he procures a certificate of his being really such, from any three of his companions, in the Dunciad, or from Mr. Dennis singly, who is esteemed equal to any three of the number.

VII.

A PARALLEL OF THE CHARACTERS OF

MR. DRYDEN AND MR. POPE,

AS DRAWN BY CERTAIN OF THEIR CONTEMPORARIES.

MR. DRYDEN,

HIS POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

Mr. Dryden [illegible] mere renegado from monarchy, poetry, and good sense[1]. A true republican son of monarchical church[2]. A republican atheist[3]. Dryden was from the beginning an ἀλλοτριεπίαλλος, and I doubt not will continue so to the last[4].

[1] Milbourn on Dryden's Virgil, 8vo, 1698, p. 6.
[2] Pag. 38. [3] Pag. [illegible] [4] Pag. 8.

VII.

A PARALLEL OF THE CHARACTERS OF

MR. POPE AND MR. DRYDEN,

AS DRAWN BY CERTAIN OF THEIR CONTEMPORARIES,

MR. POPE,

HIS POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

Mr. Pope is an open and mortal enemy to his country and the commonwealth of learning[1]. Some call him a popish whig, which is directly inconsistent[2]. Pope, as a papist, must be a tory and high flyer[3]. He is both whig and tory[4].

[1] Dennis, Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, Pref. p. xii.
[2] Dunciad dissected. [3] Pref. to Gulliveriana.
[4] Dennis, Character of Mr. P.

In the poem called Absalom and Achitophel are notoriously traduced, the king, the queen, the lords and gentlemen, not only their honourable persons exposed, but the whole nation and its representatives notoriously libelled. It is scandalum magnatum yea of majesty itself[1].

He looks upon God's gospel as a foolish fable, like the Pope, to whom he is a pitiful purveyor[2]. His very christianity may be questioned[3]. He ought to expect more severity than other men, as he is most unmerciful in his own reflections on others[4]: With as good a right as his holiness, he sets up for poetical infallibility[5].

MR. DRYDEN ONLY A VERSIFIER.

His whole libel is all bad matter, beautified (which is all that can be said of it) with good metre[6]. Mr. Dryden's genius did not appear in any thing more than his versification, and whether he is to be ennobled for that only is a question[7].

MR. DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

Tonson calls it Dryden's Virgil, to show that this is not that Virgil so admired in the Augustan age; but a Virgil of another stamp, a silly, impertinent, nonsensical writer. None but a Bavius, a Mævius, or a Bathyllus, carped at Virgil[8]; and none but such unthinking vermin admire his translator[9]. It is true, soft and easy lines might become Ovid's Epistles or Art of Love—But Virgil, who is all great and majestic, &c. requires strength of lines, weight of words, and closeness of expression; not an ambling Muse running on carpet ground, and shod as lightly as a Newmarket racer.—He has numberless faults in his author's meaning, and in propriety of expression[10].

MR. DRYDEN UNDERSTOOD NO GREEK NOR LATIN.

Mr. Dryden was once, I have heard, at Westminster school: Dr. Busby would have whipt him for so childish a paraphrase[11]. The meanest pedant in England would whip a lubber of twelve for construing so absurdly[12]. The translator is mad: every line betrays his stupidity[13]. The faults are innumerable, and convince me that Mr. Dryden did not, or would not understand his author[14]. This shows how fit Mr. D. may be to translate Homer! A mistake in a single letter might fall on the printer well enough, but εἶχως for ἴκτως must be the errour of the author: Nor had he art enough to correct it at the press[15]. Mr. Dryden writes for the court ladies—He writes for the ladies, and not for use[16].

MR. DRYDEN TRICKED HIS SUBSCRIBERS.

I wonder that any man, who could not but be conscious of his own unfitness for it, should go to amuse the learned world with such an undertaking! A man ought to value his reputation more than money; and not to hope that those who can read for themselves, will be imposed upon, merely by

The translator puts in a little burlesque now and

[1] Whip and Key, 4to, printed for R. Janeway, 1682. Pref. [2] Ibid. [3] Milbourne, p. 9. [4] Ibid. p. 175. [5] Pag. 39. [6] Whip and Key, Pref. [7] Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism, p. 84. [8] Milbourne p. 2. [9] Pag. 35. [10] Milb. p. 22, and 192. [11] Page 72. [12] Pag. 203. [13] Pag. 78. [14] Pag. 206. [15] Pag. 19. [16] Pag. 144. 190.

He hath made it his custom to cackle to more than one party in their own sentiments[1].

In his Miscellanies, the persons abused are, the king, the queen, his late majesty, both houses of parliament, the privy-council, the bench of bishops, the established church, the present ministry, &c. To make sense of some passages, they must be construed into royal scandal[2].

He is a popish rhymester, bred up with a contempt of the sacred writings[3]. His religion allows him to destroy heretics, not only with his pen, but with fire and sword; and such were all those unhappy wits whom he sacrificed to his accursed popish principles[4]. It deserved vengeance to suggest, that Mr. Pope had less infallibility, than his namesake at Rome[5].

MR. POPE ONLY A VERSIFIER.

The smooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit[6]. It must be owned that he hath got a notable nack of rhyming and writing smooth verse[7].

MR. POPE'S HOMER.

The Homer which Lintot prints, does not talk like Homer, but like Pope; and he who translated him, one would swear, had a hill in Tipperary for his Parnassus, and a puddle in some bog for his Hippocrene[8]. He has no admirers, among those that can distinguish, discern, and judge[9].

He hath a knack at smooth verse, but without either genius or good sense, or any tolerable knowledge of English. The qualities which distinguish Homer are the beauties of his diction, and the harmony of his versification—but this little author, who is so much in vogue, has neither sense in his thoughts, nor English in his expressions[10].

MR. POPE UNDERSTOOD NO GREEK.

He hath undertaken to translate Homer from the Greek, of which he knows not one word, into English, of which he understands as little[11]: I wonder how this gentleman would look, should it be discovered, that he has not translated ten verses together in any book of Homer with justice to the poet, and yet he dares reproach his fellow-writers with not understanding Greek[12]. He has stuck so little to his original as to have his knowledge in Greek called in question[13]. I should be glad to know which it is of all Homer's excellencies which has so delighted the ladies, and the gentlemen who judge like ladies[14].

But he has a notable talent at burlesque; his genius slides so naturally into it, that he hath burlesqued Homer without designing it[15].

[1] Theobald, Letter in Mist's Journal, June 22, 1728.

[2] List, at the end of [illegible] Verses, Letters, Advertisements, 8vo. Printed for A. Moore, 1728, and the Preface to it, p. [illegible] [3] Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 27. [4] Preface to Gulliveriana, p. 11. [5] Dedication to the Collection of Verses, Letter, &c. p. 9.

[6] Mist's Journal of June 8, 1728. [7] Character of Mr. P. and Dennis on Hom. [8] Dennis's Remarks on Pope's Homer, p. 12. [9] Ib. p. 14. [10] Character of Mr. P. p. 17. and Remarks on Hom. p. 91. [11] Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 12. [12] Daily Journal, April 25, 1728. [13] Suppl. to the Profound, Pref. [illegible] Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism, p. 66. [15] Dennis's Remarks, p. 26.

then into Virgil, for a ragout to his cheated subscribers[1].
a partiality and unseasonably celebrated name[2]. Poetis quidlibet audendi shall be Mr. Dryden's motto, though it should extend to picking of pockets[3].

NAMES BESTOWED ON MR. DRYDEN.

An Ape.] A crafty ape drest up in a gawdy gown —Whips put into an ape's paw, to play pranks with —None but apish and papish brats will heed him[4].

An Ass] A camel will take upon him no more burden than is sufficient for his strength, but there is another beast that crouches under all[5].

A Frog.] Poet Squab endued with Poet Maro's spirit! an ugly, croaking king of vermin, which would swell to the bulk of an ox[6].

A Coward.] A Clinias or a Damætas, or a man of Mr. Dryden's own courage[7].

A Knave.] Mr. Dryden has heard of Paul the knave of Jesus Christ: and if I mistake not, I've read somewhere of John Dryden, servant to his majesty[8].

A Fool.] Had he not been such a self-conceited fool[9].—Some great poets are positive blockheads[10].

A thing.] So little a thing as Mr. Dryden[11].

[1] Page 67. [2] Milb. p. 192. [3] Pag. 125. [4] Whip and Key, Pref. [5] Milb. p. 105. [6] Pag. 11. [7] Pag. 176. [8] Pag. 57. [9] Whip and Key, Pr. [10] Milb. p. 34. [11] Ibid. p. 35.

MR. POPE TRICKED HIS SUBSCRIBERS.

It is indeed somewhat bold, and almost prodigious, for a single man to undertake such a work: but it is too late to dissuade by demonstrating the madness of the project. The subscribers expectations have been raised in proportion to what their pockets have been drained of[1]. Pope has been concerned in jobs, and hired out his name to booksellers[2].

NAMES BESTOWED ON MR. POPE.

An Ape.] Let us take the initial letter of his christian name, and initial and final letters of his surname, viz. A P E, and they give you the same idea of an ape as his face[3], &c.

An Ass.] It is my duty to pull off the lion's skin from this little ass[4].

A Frog.] A squab short gentleman—a little creature that, like the frog in the fable, swells, and is angry that it is not allowed to be as big as an ox[5].

A Coward.] A lurking, way-laying coward[6].

A Knave.] He is one whom God and Nature have marked for want of common honesty[7].

A Fool.] Great fools will be christened by the names of great poets, and Pope will be called Homer[8].

A Thing.] A little abject thing[9].

[1] Homerides, p. 1, &c. [2] British Journal, Nov. 25, 1727. [3] Dennis, Daily Journal, May 11, 1728. [4] Dennis's Rem. on Hom. Pref. [5] Dennis's Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, Pref. p. 9. [6] Char. of Mr. P. p. 3. [7] Ibid. [8] Dennis's Rem. on Homer, p. 37. [9] Ibid. p. 8.

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THE

POEMS

OF

CHRISTOPHER PITT.

CITY OF ATLANTIC

THE

LIFE OF PITT,

BY DR. JOHNSON.

CHRISTOPHER PITT, of whom whatever I shall relate, more than has been already published, I owe to the kind communication of Dr. Wharton, was born in 1699, at Blandford, the son of a physician much esteemed.

He was, in 1714, received as a scholar into Winchester College, where he was distinguished by exercises of uncommon elegance, and, at his removal to New College in 1719, presented to the electors, as the product of his private and voluntary studies, a complete version of Lucan's poem, which he did not then know to have been translated by Rowe.

This is an instance of early diligence which well deserves to be recorded. The suppression of such a work, recommended by such uncommon circumstances, is to be regretted. It is indeed culpable to load libraries with superfluous books; but incitements to early excellence are never superfluous, and from this example the danger is not great of many imitations.

When he had resided at his college three years, he was presented to the rectory of Pimpern in Dorsetshire (1722), by his relation, Mr. Pitt, of Stratfield Say in Hampshire; and, resigning his fellowship, continued at Oxford two years longer, till he became master of arts (1724).

He probably about this time translated Vida's Art of Poetry, which Tristram's splendid edition had then made popular. In this translation he distinguished himself, both by its general elegance, and by the skilful adaptation of his numbers to the images expressed; a beauty which Vida has with great ardour enforced and exemplified.

He then retired to his living, a place very pleasing by its situation, and therefore likely to excite the imagination of a poet; where he passed the rest of his life, reverenced for his virtue, and beloved for the softness of his temper and the easiness of his manners. Before strangers he had something of the scholar's timidity or distrust; but when he became familiar he was in a very high degree cheerful and entertaining. His general benevolence procured general respect; and he passed a life placid and honourable, neither too great for the kindness of the low, nor too low for the notice of the great.

AT what time he composed his Miscellany, published in 1727, it is not easy or necessary to know: those which have dates appear to have been very early productions, and I have not observed that any rise above mediocrity.

The success of his Vida animated him to a higher undertaking: and in his thirtieth year he published a version of the first book of the Eneid. This being, I suppose, commended by his friends, he some time afterwards added three or four more; with an advertisement, in which he represents himself as translating with great indifference, and with a progress of which himself was hardly conscious. This can hardly be true, and, if true, is nothing to the reader.

At last, without any farther contention with his modesty, or any awe of the name of Dryden, he gave us a complete English Eneid, which I am sorry not to see joined in this publication with his other poems[1]. It would have been pleasing to have an opportunity of comparing the two best translations that perhaps were ever produced by one nation of the same author.

Pitt, engaging as a rival with Dryden, naturally observed his failures, and avoided them; and, as he wrote after Pope's Iliad, he had an example of an exact, equable, and splendid versification. With these advantages, seconded by great diligence, he might successfully labour particular passages, and escape many errours. If the two versions are compared, perhaps the result would be, that Dryden leads the reader forward by his general vigour and sprightliness, and Pitt often stops him to contemplate the excellence of a single couplet; that Dryden's faults are forgotten in the hurry of delight, and that Pitt's beauties are neglected in the languor of a cold and listless perusal; that Pitt pleases the critics, and Dryden the people; that Pitt is quoted, and Dryden read.

He did not long enjoy the reputation which this great work deservedly conferred; for he left the world in 1748, and lies buried under a stone at Blandford, on which is this inscription.

In Memory of
CHR. PITT, Clerk, M. A.
Very eminent
for his talents in poetry;
and yet more
for the universal candour of
his mind, and the primitive
simplicity of his manners.
He lived innocent;
and died beloved,
Apr. 13, 1748,
aged 48.

[1] It has since been added to the collection.

TO GEORGE PITT, ESQ.

OF STRATFIELD SEA, IN HAMPSHIRE.

SIR,

SINCE you vouchsafe to be a patron to these sheets, as well as to their author, I will not make an ill use of the liberty you give me, to address you in this public manner, by running into the common topics of dedications. Should I venture to engage in such an extensive theme as your character, the world would judge the attempt to be altogether unnecessary, because it had long before been thoroughly acquainted with your virtues; besides, I am sensible, that you as earnestly decline all praise and panegyric, as you eminently deserve them.

I hope, sir, on another occasion, to present you with the product of my severer studies; in the mean time be pleased to accept of this trifle, as one small acknowledgment of the many great favours you have bestowed on,

honoured sir,

your obliged humble servant,

CHRISTOPHER PITT.

PREFACE.

My translation of Vida's Art of Poetry having been more favourably received than I had reason to expect, has encouraged me to publish this little miscellany of poems and select translations. I shall neither embarrass myself nor my reader with apologies concerning this collection; for whether it is a good one or a bad one, all excuses are unnecessary in one case, and offered in vain in the other.

An author of a miscellany has a better chance of pleasing the world, than he who writes on a single subject; and I have sometimes known a bad, or (which is still worse) an indifferent poet, meet with tolerable success; which has been owing more to the variety of subjects, than his happiness in treating them.

I am sensible the men of wit and pleasure will be disgusted to find so great a part of this collection consist of sacred poetry; but I assure these gentlemen, whatever they shall be pleased to object, that I shall never be ashamed of employing my talents (such as they are) in the service of my Maker; that it would look indecent in one of my profession, not to spend as much time on the psalms of David, as the hymns of Callimachus; and farther, that if those beautiful pieces of divine poetry had been written by Callimachus, or any heathen author, they might have possibly vouchsafed them a reading even in my translation.

But I will not trespass further on my reader's patience in prose, since I shall have occasion enough for it, as well as for his good-nature, in the following verses; concerning which I must acquaint him, that some of them were written several years since, and that I have precisely observed the rule of our great master Horace—Nonumque prematur in annum. But I may say more justly than Mr. Prior said of himself in the like case, that I have observed the letter, more than the spirit of the precept.

1727.

TO MR. CHRISTOPHER PITT.

ON HIS POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS.

FORGIVE th' ambitious fondness of a friend,
For such thy worth, 'tis glory to commend;
To thee, from judgment, such applause is due,
I praise myself while I am praising you;
As he who bears the lighted torch, receives
Himself assistance from the light he gives.
So much you please, so vast is my delight,
Thy, ev'n thy fancy cannot reach its height.
In vain I strive to make the transport known,
No language can describe it but thy own.
Could'st thou thy genius pour into my heart,
Thy copious fancy, thy engaging heart,
Thy vigorous thoughts, thy manly flow of sense,
Thy strong and glowing paint of eloquence;
Then should'st thou well conceive that happiness,
Which I alone can feel, and you express.
In scenes which thy invention sets to view,
Forgive me, friend, if I lose sight of you;
I see with how much spirit Homer thought,
With how much judgment cooler Virgil wrote;
In every line, in every word you speak,
I read the Roman and confess the Greek;
Forgetting thee, my soul with rapture swell'd,
Cries out, "How much the ancient bards excell'd!"
But when thy just translations introduce
To nearer converse any Latian Muse,
The several beauties you so well express,
I lose the Roman in the British dress!
Sweetly deceiv'd, the ancients I contemn,
And with mistaken zeal to thee exclaim,
(By so much nature, so much art betray'd)
"What vast improvements have our moderns made!"
How vain and unsuccessful seems the toil,
To raise such precious fruits in foreign soil:
They mourn, transplanted to another coast,
Their beauties languid, and their flavour lost!
But such thy art, the ripening colours glow
As pure as those their native suns bestow;
Not an insipid beauty only yield,
But breathe the odours of Ausonia's field.
Such is the genuine flavour, it belies
Their stranger soil, and unacquainted skies.
Vida no more the long oblivion fears,
Which hid his virtues through a length of years;
Ally'd to thee, he lives again; thy rhymes
Shall friendly hand him down to latest times;
Shall do his injur'd reputation right,
While in thy work with such success unite
His strength of judgment, and his charms of speech,
That precepts please, and music seems to teach.
Lest unimprov'd I seem to read thee o'er,
Th' unhallow'd rapture I indulge no more;
By thee instructed, I the task forsake,
Nor for chaste love, the lust of verse mistake;
Thy works that rais'd this frenzy in my soul,
Shall teach the giddy tumult to control:
Warm'd as I am with every Muse's charms,
Since the coy virgins fly my eager arms,
I'll quit the work [1], throw by my strong desire,
And from thy praise reluctantly retire.

G. Ridley.

DR. COBDEN TO MR. PITT.

ON HIS HAVING A BAY LEAF SENT HIM FROM VIRGIL'S TOMB.

FORGIVE me, sir, if I approve
The judgment of your friend,
Who chose this token of his love
From Virgil's tomb to send.

You, who the Mantuan poet dress
In purest English lays,
Who all his soul and flame express,
May justly claim his bays.

Those bays, which, water'd by your hand,
From Vida's spring shall rise,
And, with fresh verdure crown'd, withstand
The lightning of the skies.

Let hence your emulation fir'd
His matchless strains pursue,
As, from Achilles' tomb inspir'd,
The youth a rival grew.

[1] See Mr. Pitts translation of Vida.

THE

POEMS

OF

CHRISTOPHER PITT.

AN EPISTLE TO

DR. EDWARD YOUNG,

AT EASTBURY, IN DORSETSHIRE,

ON THE REVIEW AT SARUM,

1722.

While with your Dodington retir'd you sit,
Charm'd with his flowing Burgundy and wit;
By turns relieving with the circling draught,
Each pause of chat, and interval of thought:
Or through the well-glaz'd tube, from business freed,
Draw the rich spirit of the Indian weed;
Or bid your eyes o'er Vanbrugh's models roam,
And trace in miniature the future dome
(While busy fancy with imagin'd power
Builds up the work of ages in an hour);
Or, lost in thought, contemplative you rove,
Through opening vistas, and the shady grove;
Where a new Eden in the wilds is found,
And all the seasons in a spot of ground:
There, if you exercise your tragic rage,
To bring some hero on the British stage;
Whose cause the audience with applause will crown,
And make his triumphs or his tears their own:
Throw by the bold design; and paint no more
Imagin'd chiefs, and monarchs of an hour;
From fabled worthies, call thy Muse to sing
Of real wonders, and Britannia's king.

Oh! had'st thou seen him, when the gathering train
Fill'd up proud Sarum's wide-extended plain!
Then, when he stoop'd from awful majesty,
Put on the man, and laid the sovereign by;
When the glad nations saw their king appear,
Begirt with armies, and the pride of war;
More pleas'd his people's longing eyes to bless,
He look'd, and breath'd benevolence and peace:
When in his hand Britannia's awful lord,
Held forth the olive, while he grasp'd the sword.
So Jove, though arm'd to blast the Titan's pride,
With all his burning thunders at his side,
Fram'd, while he terrify'd the distant foe,
His scheme of blessings for the world below.
This hadst thou seen, thy willing Muse would raise
Her strongest wing, to reach her sovereign's praise.
To what bold heights our daring hopes may climb?
The theme so great! the poet so sublime!
I saw him, Young, and to these ravish'd eyes,
Ev'n now his godlike figure seems to rise:
Mild, yet majestic, was the monarch's mien,
Lovely though great, and awful though serene,
(More than a coin or picture can unfold;
Too faint the colours, and too base the gold!)
At the blest sight, transported and amaz'd,
One universal shout the thousands rais'd,
And crowds on crowds grew loyal as they gaz'd.
His foes (if any) own'd the monarch's cause,
And chang'd their groundless clamours to applause;
Ev'n giddy Faction hail'd the glorious day,
And wondering Envy look'd her rage away.
As Ceres o'er the globe her chariot drew,
And harvests ripen'd where the goddess flew;
So, where his gracious footsteps he inclin'd,
Peace flew before, and Plenty march'd behind.
Where wild affliction rages, he appears
To wipe the widow's and the orphan's tears:
The sons of misery before him bow,
And for their merit only plead their woe.
So well he loves the public liberty,
His mercy sets the private captive free.
Soon as our royal angel came in view,
The prisons burst, the starting hinges flew;
The dungeons open'd, and resign'd their prey,
To joy, to life, to freedom, and the day:
The chains drop off; the grateful captives rear
Their hands unmanacled in praise and prayer.
Had thus victorious Cæsar sought to please,
And rul'd the vanquish'd world with arts like these;
The generous Brutus had not scorn'd to bend,
But sunk the rigid patriot in the friend;
Nor to that bold excess of virtue ran,
To stab the monarch, where he lov'd the man.
And Cato, reconcil'd, had ne'er disdain'd
To live a subject, where a Brunswick reign'd.
But I detain your nobler Muse too long,
From the great theme, that mocks my humble song,
A theme that asks a Virgil, or a Young.

ON THE APPROACHING

DELIVERY OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS,

IN THE YEAR 1721.

AN ODE.

Ye angels, come without delay;
Britannia's genius, come away.

Descend, ye spirits of the sky;
Stand, all ye winged guardians, by;
Your golden pinions kindly spread,
And watch round Carolina's bed:
Here fix your residence on Earth,
To hasten on the glorious birth;
Her fainting spirits to supply,
Catch all the zephyrs as they fly.
Oh! succour nature in the strife,
And gently hold her up in life;
Nor let her hence too soon remove,
To join your sacred choirs above:
But live, Britannia to adorn
With kings and princes yet unborn.

Ye angels, come without delay;
Britannia's genius, come away.

Assuage her pains, and Albion's fears,
For Albion's life depends on her's.
Oh then! to save her from despair,
Lean down, and listen to her prayer.
Crown all her tortures with delight,
And call th' auspicious babe to light.
We hope from your propitious care,
All that is brave, or all that's fair.
A youth, to match his sire in arms;
Or nymph, to match her mother's charms;
A youth, who over kings shall reign,
Or nymph, whom kings shall court in vain.
From far the royal slaves shall come,
And wait from him or her their doom;
To each their different suits shall move,
And pay their homage, or their love.

Ye angels, come without delay;
Britannia's genius, come away.

When the soft powers of sleep subdue
Those eyes, that shine as bright as you;
With scenes of bliss, transporting themes!
Prompt and inspire her golden dreams:
Let visionary blessings rise,
And swim before her closing eyes.
The sense of torture to subdue,
Set Britain's happiness to view;
That sight her spirits will sustain,
And give her pleasure from her pain.

Ye angels, come without delay;
Britannia's genius, come away.

Come, and rejoice; th' important hour
Is past, and all our fears are o'er;
See! every trace of anguish flies,
While in her lap the infant lies,
Her pain by sudden joy beguil'd,
She hangs in rapture o'er the child,
Her eyes o'er every feature run,
The father's beauties and her own.
There, pleas'd her image to survey,
She melts in tenderness away;
Smiles o'er the babe, nor smiles in vain,
The babe returns th' auspicious smile again.

Ye angels, come without delay;
Britannia's genius, come away.

Turn Heaven's eternal volume o'er,
And look for this distinguish'd hour;
Consult the page of Britain's state,
Before you close the books of Fate:
Then tell us what you there have seen,
What eras from this birth begin,
What years from this blest hour must run,
As bright and lasting as the Sun.
Far from the ken of mortal sight,
These secrets are involv'd in night:
The blessings which this birth pursue,
Are only known to Heaven and you.

ON THE

MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE,

AND THE PRINCESS ROYAL OF ENGLAND[1].

When Nassau ey'd his native coasts no more,
And first discern'd fair Albion's whitening shore;
In that blest moment, while the friendly gales
Wait on his course, and stretch the swelling sails,
The deeps divide; and, as the waves unclose,
The genius of the British ocean rose.
Loose to the wind his sea-green mantle flow'd,
And in his eyes unusual pleasure glow'd.
Awile he paus'd, to mark on Nassau's face
The well-known features of the godlike race;
Whose swords were sacred to the generous cause
Of truth, religion, liberty, and laws:
Then spoke; the winds a still attention keep,
And awful silence hush'd the murmuring deep:
"Proceed, great prince, to our lov'd coast repair,
Where Anna shines the fairest of the fair:
For thy distinguish'd bed the Fates ordain
The royal maid, whom kings might court in vain;
The royal maid, in whom the Graces join'd [mind.
Her mother's awful charms, and more than female
The merits of thy race, the vast arrear
That Britain owes, shall all be paid in her;
In her be paid the debt for laws restor'd,
For England sav'd by William's righteous sword.
Immortal William!—At thy sacred name
My hearts beats quick, and owns its ancient flame.
Still must I call to mind the glorious day,
When through these floods the hero plough'd his [way,
To free Britannia from the tyrant's chain,
And bid the prostrate nations rise again.
Well-pleas'd I saw his fluttering streamers fly,
And the full sails that hid the distant sky.
High on the gilded stern, majestic rode
The world's great patriot, like a guardian god.
This trident aw'd the tumults of the sea,
And bade the winds the hero's nod obey:
Fond of the task, with this officious hand
I push'd the sacred vessel to the land;
The land of Liberty, by Rome enslav'd;
He came, he saw, he vanquish'd, and he sav'd.
"O may that hero, and thy Anna's sire
To noblest deeds thy generous bosom fire,
And with their bright transmissive virtues grace
The great descendants of thy princely race!

[1] Originally printed in the Epithalamia Oxoniensia, Oxonii, 1734, in the name of Mr. Spence; but now reclaimed as Mr. Pitt's on the authority of Bishop Lowth. *N.*

Still may they all their great example draw
From her Augustus, and thy own Nassau!
May the fair line each happy realm adorn,
Bless future states, and nations yet unborn!"

ON THE

MARRIAGE OF FREDERIC PRINCE OF WALES,

AND PRINCESS AUGUSTA OF SAXE-GOTHA[1].

When pious frauds and holy pride no more
Could hold that empire which so long they bore;
From fair Germania's states the truth began
To gleam, and shed her heavenly light on man;
To Frederic[2] first, the Saxon prince, 'twas given,
To nurse and cherish this blest gift of Heaven.
Its growth, whilst young and tender, was his care,
To guard its blossoms from th' inclement air,
And dying, "May'st thou flourish!" was his prayer.

Again, when fair Religion now had spread
Her influence round, and rais'd her captiv'd head;
When Charles and Rome their impious forces join'd
To quench its light, and re-enslave mankind;
Another Frederic[3] first appear'd in arms,
To guard th' endanger'd blessing from alarms.
Ye Heavens! what virtues with what courage join'd!
But join'd in vain!—See, vanquish'd, and confin'd
In the deep gloom, the pious hero lies,
And lifts to heaven his ever-streaming eyes.
There, spent with sorrows, as he sunk to rest
(The public cause still labouring in his breast),
Behold, in slumber, to his view display'd,
Rose the first Frederic's venerable shade!
His temples circled with a heavenly flame;
The same his flowing robe, his look the same.

"And art thou come?" (the captive warriour cries)
"What realms so long detained thee from our eyes?
After such wars, such deaths and honours past,
Is our great guardian chief return'd at last?
Say, from your Heaven, so long desir'd in vain,
Descends our hero to our aid again?
Now when proud Rome, her standard wide unfurl'd,
Pours like a deluge o'er the trembling world;
Fierce, her disputed empire to restore,
And scourge mankind for ten dark ages more?
Like me, Religion wears the Tyrant's chain;
Prostrate like me, she bleeds at every vein:
Oh! must we never, never rise again?"

"Dismiss thy fears," (the reverend shade replies)
"Be firm, be constant, and absolve the skies.
Dark are the ways of Heaven: let man attend:
Soon will the regular confusion end.
Soon shall thy eyes a brighter scene survey
(Lo, the fleet hours already wing their way!)
When, to thy native soil in peace restor'd,
Once more shall Gotha see her lawful lord.
True to religion, each successive son
Shall aid the cause their generous sires begun.
Even now I look through fate. O glorious sight!
I see thy offspring as they rise to light.
What benefits to man! what lights divine!
What heroes, and what saints adorn the line!
And oh! to crown the scene, my joyful eyes
Behold from far a princely virgin rise!
This, this is she, the smiling Fates ordain
To bring the bright primeval times again!
The fair Augusta!—grac'd with blooming charms;
Reserv'd to bless a British prince's arms.
Behold, behold the long-expected day!
Fly swift, ye hours, ye minutes, haste away;
To wed the fair, O favour'd of the skies,
Rise in thy time, thou destin'd hero, rise!
For through this scene of opening fate, I see
A greater Frederic shall arise in thee!
Then let thy fears from this blest moment cease,
Henceforth shall pure religion reign in peace.
Thy royal race shall Albion's sceptre sway,
And son to son th' imperial power convey:
All shall support, like thee, the noble cause
Of truth, religion, liberty, and laws."

This said, the venerable shade retir'd:
The wondering hero, at the vision fir'd,
With generous rapture glows; forgets his pains,
Smiles at his woes, and triumphs in his chains.

THE FIRST HYMN OF CALLIMACHUS TO JUPITER.

While trembling we approach Jove's awful shrine
With pure libations, and with rites divine;
What theme more proper can we chuse to sing,
Than Jove himself, the great, eternal king!
Whose word gives law to those of heavenly birth;
Whose hand subdues the rebel sons of Earth.
Since doubts and dark disputes thy titles move,
Hear'st thou, Dictæan or Lycæan Jove?
For here thy birth the tops of Ida claim,
And there Arcadia triumphs in thy name.
But Crete in vain would boast a grace so high,
Whose faithless sons through meer complexion lie:
Immortal as thou art in endless bloom,
To prove their claim, they build the thunderer's tomb.
Be then Arcadian, for the towering height
Of steep Parrhasia welcom'd thee to light;
When pregnant Rhæa, wandering through the wood
Sought out her darkest shades, and bore the god;
The place thus hallow'd by the birth of Jove,
More than religious horrour guards the grove:
The gloom all teeming females still decline,
From the vile worm, to woman, form divine.
Soon as the mother had discharg'd her lord,
She sought a spring to bathe the recent god;
But sought in vain: no living stream she found,
Though since, the waters drench the realms around.
Clear Erymanthus had not learn'd to glide,
Nor mightier Ladon drove his swelling tide,
At thy great birth, where now Iaon flows,
Tall towering oaks, and pathless forests rose.
The thirsty savages were heard to roar,
Where Cario softly murmurs to the shore;

[1] Originally printed in the Gratulatio Academiæ Oxoniensis in Nuptias auspicatissimas illustrissimorum Principum Frederici Principis Walliæ et Augustæ Principissæ de Saxo-Gotha. Oxonii, 1736; and now restored to Mr. Pitt, on the same unquestionable authority as the preceding poem. *N.*

[2] Frederic, elector of Saxony, the chief protector of Luther and the protestant religion, died in the year 1520.

[3] John Frederic, nephew to the former, taken prisoner by Charles V. and despoiled of his electorate by him in 1547.

Where spreading Melas widely floats the coast,
The flying chariot rais'd a cloud of dust.
With drowth o'er Cratis and Menope curst,
The fainting swain, to aggravate his thirst,
Heard from within the bubbling waters flow,
In close restraint, and murmur from below.
"Thou too, O Earth," (enjoin'd the power divine)
"Bring forth; thy pangs are less severe than mine,
And sooner past;" she spoke, and as she spoke
Rear'd high her sceptre'd arm and pierc'd the rock.
Wide to the blow the parting mountain rent,
The waters gush'd tumultuous at the vent,
Impatient to be freed; amid the flood
She plung'd the recent babe; and bath'd the god.
She wrapp'd thee, mighty king, in purple bands,
Then gave the sacred charge to Neda's hands,
The babe to nourish in the close retreat,
And in the safe recess, of distant Crete.
In years and wisdom, of the nymphs who nurst
The infant thunderer, Neda was the first;
Next Styx and Phyliré; the virgin shar'd
For her great trust discharg'd a great reward:
For by her honour'd name the flood she calls,
Which rolls into the sea by Leprion's walls;
To drink her streams the sons of Arcas crowd,
And draw for ever from the ancient flood.
Thee, Jove, the careful nymph to Cnossus bore,
(To Cnossus seated on the Cretan shore)
With joyful arms the Corybantes heav'd,
And the proud nymphs the glorious charge receiv'd.
Above the rest in grace Adraste stood,
She rock'd the golden cradle of the god;
On his ambrosial lips the goat distill'd
Her milky store, and fed th' immortal child:
With her the duteous bee presents her spoils,
And for the god repeats her flowery toils.
The fierce Curetes too in arms advance,
And tread tumultuously their mystic dance:
And, lest thy cries should reach old Saturn's ear,
Beat on their brazen shields the din of war.
Full soon, almighty king, thy early prime
Advanc'd beyond the bounds of vulgar time.
Ere the soft down had cloth'd thy youthful face,
Swift was thy growth in wit and every grace.
Fraught was thy mind in life's beginning stage,
With all the wisdom of experienc'd age:
Thy elder brothers hence their claims resign,
And leave the unbounded Heavens by merit thine;
For sure those poets fable, who advance
The bold assertion, that capricious chance
By equal lots to Saturns sons had given
The triple reign of Ocean, Hell, and Heaven.
Above blind chance the vast division lies,
And Hell holds no proportion to the skies.
Things of a less, and equal value, turn
On the blind lot of an inverted urn.
Not chance, O Jove, attain'd Heaven's high abodes,
But thy own power advanc'd thee o'er the gods,
Thy power, that whirls thy rapid chariot on,
Thy power, the great assessor of thy throne.
Dismist by thee, th' imperial eagle flies
Charg'd with thy signs and thunders through the skies:
To me and mine glad omens may she bring,
And to the left extend her golden wing.
Thou to inferior gods hast well assign'd
The various ranks and orders of mankind:
Of these the wandering merchants claim the care;
Of those the poets, and the sons of war:
Kings claim from thee their titles and their reign
O'er all degrees, the soldier and the swain.
Vulcan presides o'er all who bear the mass,
Bend the tough steel, and shape the tortur'd brass.
Diana those adore who spread the toils;
To Mars the warrior dedicates his spoils.
The bard to Phœbus strikes the living strings,
Jove's royal province is the care of kings;
For kings submissive hear thy high decree,
And hold their delegated powers from thee.
Thy name the judge and legislator awes,
When this enacts, and that directs the laws:
Cities and realms thy great protection prove;
These bend to monarchs, as they bend to Jove.
Though to thy sceptre'd sons thy will extends,
The proper means proportion'd to their ends;
All are not favour'd in the same degree,
For power supreme belongs to Ptolemy;
What no inferior limitary king,
Could in a length of years to ripeness bring,
Sudden his word performs: his boundless power
Compleats the work of ages in an hour:
While others labour through a wretched reign,
Their schemes are blasted, and their counsels vain.
Hail Saturn's mighty son, to whom we owe
Life, health, and every blessing here below!
Who shall in worthy strains thy name adorn?
What living bard? what poet yet unborn?
Hail and all hail again; in equal shares
Give wealth and virtue, and indulge our prayers.
Hear us, great king, unless they meet combin'd,
Each is but half a blessing to mankind.
Then grant us both, that blended they may prove
A doubled happiness, and worthy Jove.

THE

SECOND HYMN OF CALLIMACHUS TO APOLLO.

HA! how Apollo's hallow'd laurel's wave?
How shakes the temple from its inmost cave?
Fly, ye profane; for lo; in heavenly state
The power descends, and thunders at the gate.
See, how the Delian palms with reverence nod!
Hark! how the tuneful swans confess the god!
Leap from your hinges, burst your brazen bars,
Ye sacred doors; the god, the god appears.
Ye youth, begin the song; in choirs advance;
Wake all your lyres, and form the measur'd dance.
No impious wretch his holy eyes have view'd,
None but the just, the innocent, and good.
To see the power confest your minds prepare,
Refin'd from guilt, and purify'd by prayer.
So may you mount in youth the nuptial bed,
So grace with silver hairs your aged head;
So the proud walls with lofty turrets crown,
And lay foundations for the rising town.
Apollo's song with awful silence hear;
Ev'n the wild seas the sacred song revere:
Nor wretched Thetis dares to make her moan,
For great Apollo slew her darling son.
When the loud Iö Pæans ring around,
She checks her sighs, and trembles at the sound.
Fixt in her grief must Niobe appear,
Nor through the Prygian marble drop a tear;
Still, though a rock, she dreads Apollo's bow,
And stands her own sad monument of woe.
Sound the loud Iös, and the temple rend,
With the blest gods 'tis impious to contend.

In his audacious rage would brave the skies
He, who the power of Ptolemy defies,
(From whence the mighty blessing was bestow'd)
Or challenge Phœbus, and resist the god.
Beyond the night your hallow'd strains prolong,
Till the day rises on th' unfinish'd song.
Nor less his various attributes require,
So shall he honour, and reward the choir;
For honour is his gift, and high above
He shines, and graces the right-hand of Jove:
With beamy gold his robes divinely glow,
His harp, his quiver, and his Lictian bow;
His feet how fair and glorious to behold!
Shod in rich sandals of refulgent gold!
Wealth still attends him, and vast gifts bestow'd,
Adorn the Delphic temple of the god.
Eternal charms his youthful cheeks diffuse;
His tresses dropping with ambrosial dews,
Pale Death before him flies, with dire Disease,
And Health and Life are wafted in the breeze.
To thee, great Phœbus, various arts belong,
To wing the dart, and guide the poet's song:
Th' enlighten'd prophet feels thy flames divine,
And all the dark events of lots are thine.
By Phœbus taught the sage prolongs our breath,
And in its flight suspends the dart of Death.
To thy great name, O Nomian power, we cry,
Ere since the time when, stooping from the sky,
To tend Admetus' herds thy godhead chose,
On the fair banks where clear Amphrysus flows:
Blest are the herds, and blest the flocks, that lie
Beneath the influence of Apollo's eye.
The meads re-echo'd to the bleating lambs,
And the kids leap'd, and frisk'd around their dams;
Her weight of milk each ewe dragg'd on with pain,
And dropp'd a double offspring on the plain.
On great Apollo for his aid we call,
To build th' town and raise th' embattled wall:
He, while an infant, fram'd the wondrous plan,
In fair Ortygia, for the use of man.
When young Diana urg'd her sylvan toils,
From Cynthus' tops she brought her savage spoils;
The heads of mountain-goats, and antlers lay
Spread wide around, the trophies of the day:
Of these a structure he compos'd with art,
In order rang'd and just in every part;
And by that model taught us to dispose
The rising city, and with walls enclose;
Where the foundations of the pile should lie,
Or towers and battlements should reach the sky.
Apollo sent th' auspicious crow before,
When our great founder touch'd the Libyan shore:
Full on the right he flew to call him on,
And guide the people to their destin'd town;
Which to a race of kings Apollo vow'd,
And fix'd for ever stands the promise of the god.
Or hear'st thou, while thy honours we proclaim,
Thy Boëdromian, or thy Clarian name?
(For to the power are various names assign'd
From cities raised, and blessings to mankind.)
In thy Carnean title I rejoice,
And join my grateful country's public voice.
Ere to Cyrene's realms our course we bore,
Thrice were we led by thee from shore to shore;
Till our progenitor the region gain'd,
And annual rites and annual feasts ordain'd:
When at thy prophet Carnus' will, we rais'd
A glorious temple; and the altars blaz'd
With hecatombs of bulls, whose reeking blood,
Great king, they shed to thee their guardian god.
Iō! Carnean Phœbus! awful power!
Whom fair Cyrene's suppliant sons adore!
To deck thy hallow'd temple, see! we bring
The choicest flowers, and rifle all the Spring:
The most distinguish'd odours Nature yields,
When balmy Zephyr breathes along the fields;
Soon as the sad inverted year retreats,
To thee the crocus dedicates his sweets.
From thy bright altars hallow'd flames aspire;
They shine incessant from the sacred fire.
What joy, what transport, swells Apollo's breast,
When at his great Carnean annual feast,
Clad in their arms our Lybian tribes advance,
Mixt with our swarthy dames, and lead the dance
Nor yet the Greeks had reach'd Cyrene's floods;
But rov'd through wild Azilis' gloomy woods;
Whom to his nymph Apollo deign'd to show,
High as he stood on tall Myrtusa's brow;
Where the fierce lion by her hands was slain,
Who in his fatal rage laid waste the plain.
Still to Cyrene are his gifts convey'd,
In dear remembrance of the ravish'd maid;
Nor were her sons ungrateful, who bestow'd
Their choicest honours on their guardian god.
Iō! with holy raptures sing around;
We owe to Delphos the triumphant sound.
When they victorious hands vouchsaf'd to show
The wonders of thy shafts and golden bow;
When Python from his den was seen to rise,
Dire, fierce, tremendous, of enormous size;
By thee with many a fatal arrow slain,
The monster sunk extended on the plain!
Shaft after shaft in swift succession flew;
As swift the people's shouts and prayers pursue.
Iō, Apollo, launch thy flying dart;
Send it, oh! send it to the monster's heart.
When thy fair mother bore thee, she design'd
Her mighty son, a blessing to mankind.
Envy, that other plague and fiend, drew near;
And gently whisper'd in Apollo's ear:
"No poet I regard but him whose lays
Are swelling, loud, and boundless as the seas;"
Apollo spurn'd the fury, and reply'd,
"The vast Euphrates rolls a mighty tide;
With rumbling torrents the rough river roars;
But black with mud, discolour'd from his shores,
Prone down Assyria's lands his course he keeps,
And with polluted waters stains the deeps.
But the Melissan nymphs to Ceres bring
The purest product of the limpid spring;
Small is the sacred stream, but never stain'd
With mud, or foul ablutions from the land."
Hail, glorious king! beneath thy matchless power
May malice sink, and envy be no more!

TO SIR JAMES THORNHILL,

ON HIS EXCELLENT PAINTING, THE RAPE OF HELEN, AT THE SEAT OF GENERAL ERLE IN DORSETSHIRE.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1718.

COULD I with thee, O Thornhill, bear a part,
And join the poet's with the painter's art,
(Though both share mutually each common name,
Their thoughts, their genius and design the same!)
The Muse, with features neither weak nor faint,
Should draw her sister art in speaking paint.

But while admiring thine and Nature's strife,
I see each touch just starting into life,
From side to side with various raptures tost,
Amid the visionary scenes I'm lost.
Methinks, as thrown upon some fairy land,
Amaz'd we know not how, nor where we stand;
While tripping phantoms to the sight advance,
And gay ideas lead the mazy dance:
While wondering we behold in every part
The beauteous scenes of thy creating art.
By such degrees thy colours rise and fall,
And breathing flush the animated wall;
That the bright objects which our eyes survey,
Ravish the mind, and steal the soul away;
Our footsteps by some secret power are crost,
And in the painter all the bard is lost.
Thus in a magic ring we stand confin'd
While subtle spells the fatal circle bind;
In vain we strive and labour to depart,
Fix'd by the charms of that mysterious art;
In vain the paths and avenues we trace,
While spirits guard and fortify the place.
How could my stretch'd imagination swell,
And on each regular proportion dwell!
While thy swift art unravels Nature's maze,
And imitates her works, and treads her ways,
Nature with wonder sees herself out-done,
And claims thy fair creation for her own;
Thy figures in such lively strokes excel,
They give those passions which they seem to feel.
Each various feature some strong impulse bears,
Wraps us in joy, or melts us all to tears.
Each piece with such transcendent art is wrought,
That we could almost say thy pictures thought;
When we behold thee conquer in the strife,
And strike the kindling figures into life,
Which does from thy creating pencil pass,
Warm the dull matter, and inspire the mass;
As fam'd Prometheus' wand convey'd the ray
Of heavenly fire to animate his clay.
How the just strokes in harmony unite!
How shades and darkness recommend the light!
No lineaments unequally surprise;
The beauties regularly fall and rise.
Lost in each other we in vain pursue
The fleeting lines that cheat our wearied view.
Nor know we how their subtle courses run,
Nor where this ended, nor where that begun.
Nor where the shades their utmost bounds display,
Or the light fades insensibly away;
But all harmoniously confus'd we see,
While all the sweet varieties agree.
Thus when the organ's solemn airs aspire,
The blended music wings our thoughts with fire;
Here warbling notes in whispering breezes sigh,
But in their birth the tender accents die;
While thence the bolder notes exulting come,
Swell as they fly, and bound along the dome.
With transport fir'd, each lost in each we hear,
And all the soul is center'd in the ear.
See first the senate of the gods above,
Frequent and full amid the courts of Jove:
Behold the radiant consistory shine,
With features, airs, and lineaments divine.
Hermes dispatch'd from the bright council flies,
And cleaves with all his wings the liquid skies.
In many a whirl and rapid circle driven
So swift, he seems at once in Earth and Heaven.
Oh! with what energy! what noble force
Of strongest colours you describe his course?
Till the swift god the Phrygian shepherd found
Compos'd for sleep, and stretch'd along the ground.
He brings the blooming gold, the fatal prize,
The bright reward of Cytherea's eyes.
The conscious Earth the awful signal takes,
Without a wind the quivering forest shakes;
Tall Ida bows; the unwieldy mountains nod;
And all confess the presence of the god.
Like shooting meteors, gliding from above,
See the proud consort of the thundering Jove,
War's glorious goddess, and the queen of love;
Arm'd in their naked charms, the Phrygian boy
Regards those charms with mingled fear and joy.
Here Juno stands with an imperial mein,
At once confest a goddess and a queen.
Her cheeks a scornful indignation warms,
Blots out her smiles, as conscious of her charms.
But Venus shines in milder beauties there,
And every grace adorns the blooming fair.
While, conscious of her charms, she seems to rise
Claims, and already grasps in hope the prize;
Beauteous, as when immortal Phidias strove
From Parian rocks to carve the queen of love;
Each grace obey'd the summons of his art,
And a new beauty sprung from every part.
In all the terrours of her beauty bright,
Fair Pallas awes and charms the Trojan's sight,
And gives successive reverence and delight.
Nor thrones, nor victories, his soul can move;
Crowns, arms, and triumphs, what are you to love?
Too soon resign'd to Venus, they behold
The glittering ball of vegetable gold.
While Jove's proud consort thrown from her desires,
Inflam'd with rage maliciously retires;
Already kindles her immortal hate,
Already labours with the Trojan fate.
While a new transport flush'd the blooming boy,
Helen he seems already to enjoy,
And feeds the flame that must consume his Troy.
Another scene our wondering sight recalls;
The fair adultress leaves her native walls:
Her cheeks are stain'd with mingled shame and joy;
Lull'd on the bosom of the Phrygian boy.
To the loud deeps he bears his charming spouse,
Freed from her lord, and from her former vows.
On their soft wings the whispering zephyrs play.
The breezes skim along the dimpled sea:
The wanton Loves direct the gentle gales,
Sport in the shrouds, and flutter in the sails.
While her twin-brothers[1] with a gracious ray
Point out her course along the watery way.
Th' exalted strokes so delicately shine,
All so conspire to push the bold design;
That in each sprightly feature we may find
The great ideas of the master's mind,
As the strong colours faithfully unite,
Mellow to shade, and ripen into light.
Let others form with care the ruddy mass,
And torture into life the running brass,
With potent art the breathing statue mould,
Shape and inspire the animated gold;
Let others sense to Parian marbles give,
Bid the rocks leap to form and learn to live;
Still be it thine, O Thornhill, to unite
The pleasing discord of the shade and light;
To vanquish Nature in the generous strife,
And touch the glowing features into life.

[1] Castor and Pollux.

But Thornhill, would thy noble soul impart
One lasting instance of thy godlike art
To future times; and in thy fame engage
The praise of this and every distant age;
To stretch that art as far as it can go,
Draw the triumphant chief, and vanquish'd foe:
In his own dome, amid the spacious walls,
Draw the deep squadrons of the routed Gauls;
Their ravish'd banners, and their arms resign'd,
While the brave hero thunders from behind;
Pours on their front, or hangs upon their rear;
Fights, leads, commands, and animates the war.
Let his strong courser champ his golden chain,
And proudly paw th' imaginary plain.
To Aghrim's bloody wreaths let Cressi yield,
With the fair laurels of Ramillia's field.
Next, on the sea the daring hero show,
To cheer his friends, and terrify the foe.
Lo! the great chief to famish'd thousands bears,
The food of armies, and support of wars.
The Britons rush'd, with native virtue fir'd,
And quell'd the foe, or gloriously expir'd;
Plunging through flames and floods, their valour
O'er the rang'd cannon, and a night of smoke, [broke
Through the wedg'd legions urg'd their noble toil,
To spend their thunder on the towers of Lisle;
While by his deeds their courage he inspires,
And wakes in every breast the sleeping fires.
Thus the whole series of his labours join,
Stretch'd from the Belgic ocean to the Boyne.
Then glorious in retreat the chief may read
Th' immortal actions of the noble dead;
And in recording colours, with delight,
Review his conquests and enjoy the fight;
See his own deeds on each ennobled plain;
While fancy acts his triumphs o'er again.
Thus on the Tyrian walls Æneas read,
How stern Achilles rag'd and Hector bled;
But half unsheath'd his sword, and grip'd his shield,
When he amidst the scene himself beheld,
Thundering on Simois' banks or battling in the field.

PART OF

THE SECOND BOOK OF STATIUS.

Now Jove's command fulfill'd, the son of May
Quits the black shade, and slowly mounts to day,
For lazy clouds in gloomy barriers rise,
Obstruct the god, and intercept the skies;
No Zephyrs here their airy pinions move,
To speed his progress to the realms above.
Scarce can he steer his dark laborious flight,
Lost and encumber'd in the damps of night:
There roaring tides of fire his course withstood,
Here Styx in nine wide circles roll'd his flood.
Behind old Laius trod th' infernal ground,
Trembling with age, and tardy from his wound:
(For all his force his furious son apply'd,
And plung'd the guilty falchion in his side.)
Propt and supported by the healing rod,
The shade pursued the footsteps of the god.
The groves that never bloom, the Stygian coasts,
The house of woe, the mansions of the ghosts;
Earth too admires to see the ground give way,
And gild Hell's horrors with the gleams of day.
But not with life repining Envy fled,
She still reigns there, and lives among the dead.
One from this crowd exclaim'd (whose lawless will
Inur'd to crimes, and exercis'd in ill,
Taught his preposterous joys from pains to flow,
And never triumph'd, but in scenes of woe)
"Go to thy province in the realms above,
Call'd by the Furies or the will of Jove:
Or drawn by magic force or mystic spell,
Rise, and purge off the sooty gloom of Hell.
Go, see the Sun, and whiten in his beams,
Or haunt the flowery fields and limpid streams,
With woes redoubled to return again,
When thy past pleasures shall enhance thy pain."
Now by the Stygian dog they bent their way;
Stretch'd in his den the dreadful monster lay;
But lay not long, for, startling at the sound,
Head above head he rises from the ground.
From their close folds his starting serpents break,
And curl in horrid circles round his neck.
This saw the god, and, stretching forth his hand,
Lull'd the grim monster with his potent wand;
Through his vast bulk the gliding slumbers creep,
And seal down all his glaring eyes in sleep.
There lies a place in Greece well known to Fame,
Through all her realms, and Tænarus the name,
Where from the sea the tops of Malea rise,
Beyond the ken of mortals, to the skies:
Proud in his height he calmly hears below
The distant winds in hollow murmurs blow.
Here sleep the storms when weary'd and opprest,
And on his head the drowsy planets rest:
There in blue mists his rocky sides he shrouds,
And here the towering mountain props the clouds;
Above his awful brow no bird can fly,
And far beneath the muttering thunders die.
When down the steep of Heaven the day descends,
The Sun so wide his floating bound extends,
That o'er the deeps the mountain hangs display'd,
And covers half the ocean with his shade:
Where the Tænarian shores oppose the sea,
The land retreats, and winds into a bay.
Here for repose imperial Neptune leads,
Tir'd from th' Ægean floods, his smoaking steeds;
With their broad hoofs they scoop the beach away,
Their finny train rolls back, and floats along the sea,
Here Fame reports th' unbody'd shades to go
Through this wide passage to the realms below,
From hence the peasants (as th' Arcadians tell)
Hear all the cries, and groans, and din of Hell.
Oft, as her scourge of snakes the fury plies,
The piercing echoes mount the distant skies;
Scar'd at the porter's triple roar, the swains
Have fled astonish'd, and forsook the plains.
From hence emergent in a mantling cloud
Sprung to his native skies the winged god.
Swift from his face before th' ethereal ray,
Flew all the black Tartarean stains away,
And the dark Stygian gloom refin'd to day.
O'er towns and realms he held his progress on,
Now wing'd the skies where bright Arcturus shone
And now the silent empire of the Moon.
The Power of Sleep, who met his radiant flight,
And drove the solemn chariot of the night,
Rose with respect, and from th' empyreal road
Turn'd his pale steeds, in reverence to the god.
The shade beneath pursues his course, and spies
The well-known planets and congenial skies.
His eyes from far, tall Cyrrha's heights explore,
And Phocian fields polluted with his gore.
At length to Thebes he came, and with a groan
Survey'd the guilty palace once his own;

With awful silence stalk'd before the gate,
But when he saw the trophies of his fate,
High on a column rais'd against the door,
And his rich chariot still deform'd with gore,
He starts with horrour back; ev'n Jove's command
Could scarce control him, nor the vital wand.
'Twas now the solemn day, when Jove, array'd
In all his thunders, grasp'd the Theban maid:
Then took from blasted Semele her load,
And in himself conceiv'd the future god.
For this the Thebans revel'd in delight,
And gave to play and luxury the night;
A national debauch! confus'd they lie
Stretch'd o'er the fields, their canopy the sky.
The sprightly trumpets sound, the timbrels play,
And wake with sacred harmony the day.
The matron's breast the gracious power inspires
With milder raptures, and with softer fires.
So the Bistonian race, a madding train,
Exult and revel on the Thracian plain;
With milk their bloody banquets they allay,
Or from the lion rend his panting prey:
On some abandon'd savage fiercely fly,
Seize, tear, devour, and think it luxury.
But if the rising fumes of wine conspire
To warm their rage, and fan the brutal fire,
Then scenes of horrour are their dear delight,
They whirl the goblets, and provoke the fight:
Then on the slain the revel is renew'd
And all the horrid banquet floats in blood.
And now the winged Hermes from on high
Shot in deep silence from the dusky sky;
Then hover'd o'er the Theban tyrant's head,
As stretch'd at ease he prest his gorgeous bed:
Where labour'd tapestry from side to side,
Glow'd with rich figures, and Assyrian pride.
Oh! the precarious terms of human state!
How blind is man! how thoughtless of his fate;
See! through his limbs the dews of slumber creep,
Sunk as he lies, in luxury and sleep.
The reverend shade commission'd from above,
Hastes to fulfil the high behests of Jove:
Like blind Tiresias to the bed he came,
In form, in habit, and in voice the same.
Pale, as before, the phantom still appear'd,
Down his wan bosom flow'd a length of beard;
His head an imitated fillet wore,
His hand a wreath of peaceful olive bore:
With this he touch'd the sleeping monarch's breast,
And in his own, the voice of Fate, exprest.
"Then canst thou sleep, to thoughtless rest resign'd?
And drive thy brother's image from thy mind?
Yon gathering storm demands thy timely care,
See! how it rolls this way the tide of war.
When o'er the seas the sweeping whirlwinds fly,
And roar from every quarter of the sky;
The pilot, in despair the ship to save,
Gives up the helm, a sport to every wave:
Such is thy errour, and thy fate the same
(For know, I speak the common voice of Fame.)
Proud in his new alliances, from far
Against thy realm he meditates the war;
Big with ambitious hopes to reign alone,
And swell unrival'd on the Theban throne.
New signs and fatal prodigies inspire
His mad ambition, with his boasted sire;
And Argos' ample realms in dower bestow'd,
And Tydeus reeking from his brother's blood,
League and conspire to raise him to the throne,
And make his tedious banishment thy own.
For this, with pity touch'd, almighty Jove,
The sire of gods, dispatch'd me from above.
Be still a monarch; let him swell in vain
With a gay prospect of a fancy'd reign:
Still let him hope by fraud, or by the sword,
To humble Thebes beneath a foreign lord."
Thus the majestic ghost; but ere he fled,
He pluck'd the wreaths and fillets from his head.
For now the sickening stars were chas'd away,
And Heaven's immortal coursers breath'd the day.
Awful to sight confest the grandsire stood,
Bared his wide wound, and all his bosom show'd,
Then dash'd the sleeping monarch with his blood.
With a distracted air, and sudden spring,
Starts from his broken sleep the trembling king.
Shakes off amaz'd th' imaginary gore,
While fancy paints the scene he saw before:
Deep in his soul his grandsire's image wrought,
And all his brother rose in every thought
So while the toils are spread, and from behind
The hunter's shouts come thickening in the wind;
The tiger starts from sleep the war to wage,
Collects his powers, and rouses all his rage:
Sternly he grinds his fangs, he weighs his might,
And whets his dreadful talons for the fight;
Then to his young he bears his foe away,
His foe at once the chaser and the prey,
Thus on his brother he in every thought,
Waged future wars, and battles yet unfought.

ON

THE DEATH OF A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

With joy, blest youth, we saw thee reach thy goal;
Fair was thy frame, and beautiful thy soul;
The Graces and the Muses came combin'd,
These to adorn the body, those the mind;
'Twas there we saw the softest manners meet,
Truth, sweetness, judgment, innocence, and wit.
So form'd, he flew his race; 'twas quickly won;
'Twas but a step, and finish'd when begun.
Nature herself surpris'd would add no more,
His life complete in all its parts before;
But his few years with pleasing wonder told,
By virtues, not by days; and thought him old.
So far beyond his age those virtues ran,
That in a boy she found him more than man.
For years let wretches importune the skies,
Till, at the long expense of anguish wise,
They live, to count their days by miseries.
Those win the prize, who soonest run the race,
And life burns brightest in the shortest space.
So to the convex-glass embody'd run,
Drawn to a point, the glories of the Sun;
At once the gathering beams intensely glow,
And through the streighten'd circle fiercely flow:
In one strong flame conspire the blended rays,
Run to a fire, and crowd into a blaze.

CHRIST's PASSION,

FROM A GREEK ODE OF MR. MASTER'S, FORMERLY OF NEW COLLEGE.

AN ODE.

No more of earthly subjects sing,
To Heaven, my Muse aspire;
To raise the song, charge every string,
And strike the living lyre.

Begin; in lofty numbers show
Th' Eternal King's unfathom'd love,
Who reigns the sovereign God above,
And suffers on the cross below.
Prodigious pile of wonders! rais'd too high
For the dim ken of frail mortality.
What numbers shall I bring along!
From whence shall I begin the song?
The mighty mystery I'll sing inspir'd
Beyond the reach of human wisdom wrought,
Beyond the compass of an angel's thought,
How by the rage of man his God expir'd.
I'll make the trackless depths of mercy known,
How to redeem his foe God rendered up his Son;
I'll raise my voice to tell mankind
The victor's conquest o'er his doom,
How in the grave he lay confin'd,
To seal more sure the ravenous tomb.
Three days th' infernal empire to subdue,
He pass'd triumphant through the coasts of woe;
With his own dart the tyrant Death he slew,
And led Hell captive through her realms below.

A mingled sound from Calvary I hear,
And the loud tumult thickens on my ear,
The shouts of murderers that insult the slain,
The voice of torment and the shrieks of pain.
I cast my eyes with horrour up
To the curst mountain's guilty top;
See there! whom hanging in the midst I view!
Ah! how unlike the other two!
I see him high above his foes,
And gently bending from the wood
His head in pity down to those
Whose guilt conspires to shed his blood.
His wide-extended arms I see,
Transfix'd with nails, and fasten'd to the tree.
Man! senseless man! canst thou look on?
Nor make thy Saviour's pains thy own.
The rage of all thy grief exert,
Rend thy garments and thy heart:
Beat thy breast, and grovel low,
Beneath the burden of thy woe;
Bleed through thy bowels, tear thy hairs,
Breathe gales of sighs, and weep a flood of tears.
Behold thy king with purple cover'd round,
Not in the Tyrian tinctures dy'd,
Nor dipt in poison of Sidonian pride, [wound.
But in his own rich blood that streams from every
Dost thou not see the thorny circle red?
The guilty wreath that blushes round his head?
And with what rage the bloody scourge apply'd,
Curls round his limbs, and ploughs into his side?

At such a sight let all thy anguish rise,
Break up, break up the fountains of thy eyes.
Here bid thy tears in gushing torrents flow,
Indulge thy grief, and give a loose to woe.
Weep from thy soul, till Earth be drown'd,
Weep, till thy sorrows drench the ground.
Canst thou, ungrateful man! his torments see,
Nor drop a tear for him, who pours his blood for thee?

ON THE KING'S RETURN,

IN THE YEAR 1720.

RETURN, auspicious prince, again,
Nor let Britannia mourn in vain;
Too long, too long, has she deplor'd
Her absent father and her lord.

To bend her gracious monarch's mind,
She sends her sighs in every wind:
Can Britain's prayer be thrown aside?
And that the first he e'er deny'd!

Yet, mighty prince, vouchsafe to smile,
Return and bless our longing isle;
Though fond Germania begs thy stay,
And courts thee from our eyes away.

Though Belgia would our king detain,
We know she begs and pleads in vain;
We know our gracious king prefers
Britannia's happiness to hers.

And lo! to save us from despair,
At length he listens to our prayer.
Dejected Albion's vows he hears,
And hastes to dry her falling tears.

He hears his anxious people pray,
And loudly call their king away,
Once more their longing eyes to bless,
And guard their freedom and their peace.

They know, while Brunswick fills the throne,
The seasons glide with pleasure on;
The British suns improve their rays,
Adorn, and beautify the days.

But see the royal vessel flies,
Lessening to Belgia's weeping eyes:
She proudly sails for Albion's shores,
Guard her, ye gods, with all your powers.

O sea, bid every wave subside,
And teach allegiance to thy tide;
Thy billows in subjection keep,
And own the monarch of the deep.

Old Thames can scarce his joys sustain,
But runs down headlong to the main,
His mighty master to descry,
And leaves his spacious channel dry.

Augusta's sons from either hand
Pour forth, and darken all the strand;
Their eyes pursue the royal barge,
Which now resigns her sacred charge.

Th' unruly transport shakes the shore,
And drowns the feeble cannon's roar;
The nations in the sight rejoice,
And send their souls in every voice.

But now amidst the loud applause,
With shame the conscious Muse withdraws;
Nor can her voice be heard amidst the throng,
The theme so lofty, and so low the song.

ON THE MASQUERADES.

Si Natura negat, facit indignatio versum.

WELL—we have reach'd the precipice at last;
The present age of vice obscures the past.
Our dull forefathers were content to stay,
Nor sinn'd till Nature pointed out the way:
No arts they practis'd to forestall delight,
But stopp'd, to wait the calls of appetite.

Their top-debauches were at best precise,
An unimprov'd simplicity of vice.
But this blest age has found a fairer road,
And left the paths their ancestors have trod.
Nay, we could wear (our taste so very nice is)
Their old cast-fashions sooner than their vices.
Whoring till now a common trade has been,
But masquerades refine upon the sin:
An higher Taste to wickedness impart,
And second Nature with the helps of art.
New ways and means to pleasure we devise,
Since pleasure looks the lovelier in disguise.
The stealth and frolic give a smarter gust,
Add wit to vice, and eloquence to lust.
In vain the modish evil to redress,
At once conspire the pulpit and the press:
Our priests and poets preach and write in vain;
All satire's lost both sacred and profane.
So many various changes to impart,
Would tire an Ovid's or a Proteus' art;
Where lost in one promiscuous whim we see,
Sex, age, condition, quality, degree.
Where the facetious crowd themselves lay down,
And take up every person but their own.
Fools, dukes, rakes, cardinals, fops, Indian queens,
Belles in tye-wigs, and lords in harlequins;
Troops of right-honourable porters come, [room:
And garter'd small-coal-merchants crowd the
Valets adorn'd with coronets appear,
Lacqueys of state, and footmen with a star:
Sailors of quality with judges mix,
And chimney-sweepers drive their coach and six.
Statesmen so us'd at court the mask to wear,
With less, disguise assume the vizor here.
Officious Heydegger deceives our eyes,
For his own person is his best disguise:
And half the reigning toasts of equal grace,
Trust to the natural vizor of the face.
Idiots turn conjurers, and courtiers clowns;
And sultans drop their handkerchiefs to nuns.
Starch'd quakers glare in furbelows and silk;
Beaux deal in sprats, and dutchesses cry milk.
But guard thy fancy, Muse, nor stain thy pen
With the lewd joys of this fantastic scene;
Where sexes blend in one confus'd intrigue,
Where the girls ravish, and the men grow big:
Nor credit what the idle world has said,
Of lawyers forc'd, and judges brought to bed:
Or that to belles their brothers breathe their vows,
Or husbands through mistake gallant a spouse.
Such dire disasters, and a numerous throng
Of like enormities, require the song:
But the chaste Muse, with blushes cover'd o'er,
Retires confus'd, and will reveal no more.

ON A SHADOW.

AN ODE.

How are deluded human kind
By empty shows betray'd?
In all their hopes and schemes they find
A nothing or a shade.

The prospects of a truncheon cast
The soldier on the wars;
Dismist with shatter'd limbs at last,
Brats, poverty, and scars.

The fond philosophers for gain
Will leave unturn'd no stone;
But though they toil with endless pain,
They never find their own.

By the same rock the chymists drown,
And find no friendly hold,
But melt their ready specie down,
In hopes of fancy'd gold.

What is the mad projector's care?
In hopes elate and swelling,
He builds his castles in the air,
Yet wants an house to dwell in.

At court the poor dependants fail,
And damn their fruitless toil,
When complimented thence to jail,
And ruin'd with a smile.

How to philosophers will sound
So strange a truth display'd?
"There's not a substance to be found,
But every where a shade."

TO CÆLIA PLAYING ON A LUTE.

AN ODE.

While Cælia's hands fly swiftly o'er,
And strike this soft machine,
Her touch awakes the springs, and life
Of harmony within.

Sweetly they sink into the strings,
The quivering strings rebound,
Each stroke obsequiously obey,
And tremble into sound.

Oh! had you blest the years of old;
His lute had Ovid strung,
And dwelt on yours, the charming theme
Of his immortal song,

Your's, with Arion's wondrous harp,
The bard had hung on high;
And on the new-born star bestow'd
The honours of the sky.

The radiant spheres had ceas'd their tunes,
And danc'd in silence on,
Pleas'd the new harmony to hear,
More heavenly than their own.

Of old to raise one shade from Hell,
To Orpheus was it given:
But every tune of yours calls down
An angel from his Heaven.

TO THE UNKNOWN

AUTHOR OF THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES.

The theme in other works, for every part,
Supplies materials to the builder's art:
To build from matter, is sublimely great,
But gods and poets only can create;
And such are you; their privilege you claim,
To show your wonders, but conceal your name.
Like some establish'd king, without control,
You take a general progress through the soul;

Survey each part, examine every side,
Where she's secure, and where unfortify'd.
In faithful lines her history declare,
And trace the causes of her civil war;
Your pen no partial prejudices sway,
But truth decides, and virtue wins the day.
Through what gay fields and flowery scenes we pass,
Where fancy sports, and fiction leads the chase?
Where life, as through her various acts she tends,
Like other comedies, in marriage ends.
What Muse but yours so justly could display
Th' embattled passions marshal'd in array?
Bid the rang'd appetites in order move,
Give lust a figure, and a shape to love?
To airy notions solid forms dispense,
And make our thoughts the images of sense?
Discover all the rational machine, [within?
And show the movements, springs, and wheels
But Hymen waves his torch, all discords cease;
All parley, drop their arms, and sue for peace.
Soon as the signal flames, they quit the fight,
For all at first but differ'd to unite.
From every part the lines in order move,
And sweetly centre in the point of love.
Let blockheads to the musty schools repair,
And poach for morals and the passions there,
Where Virtue, like a dwarf in giant's arms,
Cumber'd with words, and manacled in terms,
Serves to amuse the philosophic fool,
By method dry, and regularly dull.
Who sees thy lines so visibly express
The soul herself in such a pleasing dress,
May from thy labours be convinc'd and taught,
How Spencer would have sung, and Plato thought.

THE TWELFTH ODE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE,

TRANSLATED.

What man, what hero will you raise,
By the shrill pipe, or deeper lyre?
What god, O Clio, will you praise,
And teach the echoes to admire?

Amidst the shades of Helicon,
Cold Hæmus' tops, or Pindus' head,
Whence the glad forests hasten'd down,
And danc'd as tuneful Orpheus play'd.

Taught by the Muse, he stopp'd the fall
Of rapid floods, and charm'd the wind;
The listening oaks obey'd the call,
And left their wondering hills behind.

Whom should I first record, but Jove,
Whose sway extends o'er sea and land,
The king of men and gods above,
Who holds the seasons in command?

To rival Jove, shall none aspire,
None shall to equal glory rise;
But Pallas claims beneath her sire,
The second honours of the skies.

To thee, O Bacchus, great in war,
To Dian will I strike the string,
Of Phœbus wounding from afar,
In numbers like his own I'll sing.

The Muse Alcides shall resound;
The twins of Leda shall succeed;
This for the standing fight renown'd,
And that for managing the steed,

Whose star shines innocently still;
The clouds disperse, the tempests cease,
The waves obedient to their will,
Sink down, and hush their rage to peace.

Next shall I Numa's pious reign,
Or thine, O Romulus, relate:
Or Rome by Brutus freed again,
Or haughty Cato's glorious fate?

Or dwell on noble Paulus' fame?
Too lavish of the patriot's blood?
Or Regulus' immortal name,
Too obstinately just and good?

These with Camillus brave and bold,
And other chiefs of matchless might,
Rome's virtuous poverty of old,
Severely season'd to the fight.

Like trees, Marcellus' glory grows,
With an insensible advance;
The Julian star, like Cynthia, glows,
Who leads the planetary dance.

The Fates, O sire of human race,
Entrust great Cæsar to thy care,
Give him to hold thy second place,
And reign thy sole vicegerent here.

And whether India he shall tame,
Or to his chains the Seres doom;
Or mighty Parthia dreads his name,
And bows her haughty neck to Rome.

While on our groves thy bolts are hurl'd,
And thy loud car shakes Heaven above,
He shall with justice awe the world,
To none inferior but to Jove.

THE TWENTY-SECOND ODE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

The man unsully'd with a crime,
Disdains the pangs of fear,
He scorns to dip the poison'd shaft,
Or poise the glittering spear.

Nor with the loaded quiver goes
To take the dreadful field:
His solid virtue is his helm,
And innocence his shield.

In vain the fam'd Hydaspes' tides
Obstruct and bar the road,
He smiles on danger, and enjoys
The roarings of the flood.

All climes are native, and forgets
Th' extremes of heats and frosts,
The Scythian Caucasus grows warm,
And cool the Libyan coasts.

For while I wander'd through the woods,
And rang'd the lonely grove,
Lost and bewilder'd in the songs
And pleasing cares of love;

A wolf beheld me from afar,
Of monstrous bulk and might;
But, naked as I was, he fled
And trembled at the sight.

A beast so huge, nor Daunia's grove,
Nor Afric ever view'd,
Though nurst by her, the lion reigns
The monarch of the wood.

Expose me in those horrid climes,
Where not a gentle breeze
Revives the vegetable race,
Or cheers the drooping trees:

Where on the world's remotest verge
Th' unactive seasons lie,
And not one genial ray unbinds
The rigour of the sky:

On that unhabitable shore,
Expose me all alone,
Where I may view without a shade,
The culminating Sun.

Beneath th' equator, or the pole,
In safety could I rove,
And in a thousand different climes
Could live for her I love.

A PROLOGUE FOR THE STROLLERS.

Genteels, of old pert prologues led the way,
To guide, defend, and usher in the play,
As powder'd footmen run before the coach,
And thunder at the door my lord's approach.
But though they speak your entertainment near,
Most prologues speed like other bills of fare;
Seldom the languid stomach they excite,
And oftner pall, than raise the appetite.
As for the play—'tis hardly worth our care,
The prologue craves your mercy for the player;
That is, your money—for by Jove I swear,
White gloves and lodging are confounded dear.
Since here are none but friends, the truth to own,
Hasp'd in a coach our company came down,
But I most shrewdly fear we shall depart,
Ev'n in our old original, a cart.
With pride inverted, and fantastic power,
We strut the fancy'd monarchs of an hour;
While duns our emperors and heroes fear,
And Cleomenes[1] starves in earnest here:
The mightiest kings and queens we keep in pay,
Support their pomp on eighteen-pence a day.
Great Cyrus for a dram has pawn'd his coat,
And all our Cæsars can't command a groat;
Our Scipios, Hannibals, and Pompeys break,
And Cleopatra shifts but once a week.
To aggravate the case we have not one,
Of all the new refinements of the town:
No moving statues, no lewd harlequins,
No pasteboard-players, no heroes in machines;
No rosin to flash lightning—'twould exhaust us,
To buy a devil and a Doctor Faustus.
No windmills, dragons, millers, conjurers,
To exercise your eyes, and spare your ears;
No paper-seas, no thunder from the skies,
No witches to descend, no stage to rise;
Scarce one for us the actors—we can set
Nothing before you but mere sense and wit.
A bare downright old-fashion'd English feast,
Such as true Britons only can digest;
Such as your homely fathers us'd to love,
Who only came to hear and to improve:
Humbly content and pleas'd with what was drest,
When Otway, Lee, and Shakespeare rang'd the feast.

[1] The Spartan Hero, a tragedy, by Mr. Dryden.

PSALM VIII.

TRANSLATED.

O king eternal and divine!
The world is thine alone:
Above the stars thy glories shine,
Above the heavens thy throne.

How far extends thy mighty name!
Where'er the Sun can roll,
That Sun thy wonders shall proclaim,
Thy deeds from pole to pole.

The infant's tongue shall speak thy power,
And vindicate thy laws;
The tongue that never spoke before,
Shall labour in thy cause.

For when I lift my thoughts and eyes,
And view the heavens around,
Yon stretching waste of azure skies,
With stars and planets crown'd;

Who in their dance attend the Moon,
The empress of the night,
And pour around her silver throne,
Their tributary light:

Lord! what is mortal man? that he
Thy kind regard should share?
What is his son, who claims from thee
And challenges thy care?

Next to the blest angelic kind,
Thy hands created man,
And this inferior world assign'd,
To dignify his span.

Him all revere, and all obey
His delegated reign,
The flocks that through the valley stray,
The herds that graze the plain.

The furious tiger speeds his flight,
And trembles at his power;
In fear of his superior might,
The lions cease to roar.

Whatever horrid monsters tread
The paths beneath the sea,
Their king at awful distance dread,
And sullenly obey.

O Lord, how far extends thy name!
Where-e'er the Sun can roll,
That Sun thy wonders shall proclaim,
Thy deeds from pole to pole.

PSALM XXIV.

PARAPHRASED.

Far as the world can stretch its bounds,
The Lord is king of all;

His wondrous power extends around
The circuit of the ball.

For he within the gloomy deeps
Its dark foundations cast,
And rear'd the pillars of the Earth
Amid the watery waste.

Who shall ascend his Sion's hill,
And see Jehovah there?
Who from his sacred shrine shall breathe
The sacrifice of prayer?

He only whose unsully'd soul
Fair virtue's paths has trod,
Who with clean hands and heart regards
His neighbour and his God.

On him shall his indulgent Lord
Diffusive bounties shed,
From God his Saviour shall descend
All blessings on his head.

Of those who seek his righteous ways,
Is this the chosen race,
Who bask in all his bounteous smiles,
And flourish in his grace.

Lift up your stately heads, ye doors,
With hasty reverence rise;
Ye everlasting doors, who guard
The passes of the skies.

Swift from your golden hinges leap,
Your barriers roll away,
Now throw your blazing portals wide,
And burst the gates of day.

For see! the King of Glory comes
Along th' ethereal road:
The cherubs through your folds shall bear
The triumph of your God.

Who is this great and glorious King?
Oh! 'tis the Lord, whose might
Decides the conquest, and suspends
The balance of the fight.

Lift up your stately heads, ye doors,
With hasty reverence rise;
Ye everlasting doors, who guard
The passes of the skies.

Swift from your golden hinges leap,
Your barriers roll away;
Now throw your blazing portals wide,
And burst the gates of day.

For see; the King of glory comes
Along th' ethereal road;
The cherubs through your folds shall bear
The triumphs of their God.

Who is this great and glorious King?
Oh! 'tis the God, whose care
Leads on his Israel to the field,
Whose power controls the war.

PSALM XXIX.

Ye mighty princes, your oblations bring,
And pay due honours to your awful King;
His boundless power to all the world proclaim,
Bend at his shrine, and tremble at his name.
For hark! his voice with unresisted sway
Rules and controls the raging of the sea;
Within due bounds the mighty ocean keeps,
And in their watery cavern awes the deeps:
Shook by that voice, the nodding groves around
Start from their roots, and fly the dreadful sound.
The blasted cedars low in dust are laid,
And Lebanon is left without a shade.
See! when he speaks, the lofty mountains crowd,
And fly for shelter from the thundering God:
Sirion and Lebanon like hinds advance,
And in wild measures lead th' unwieldy dance.
His voice, his mighty voice, divides the fire.
Back from the blast the shrinking flames retire.
Ev'n Cades trembles when Jehovah speaks,
With all his savages the desert shakes,
At the dread sound the hinds with fear are stung,
And in the lonely forest drop their young.
While in his hallow'd temple all proclaim
His glorious honours, and adore his name,
High o'er the foaming surges of the sea
He sits, and bids the listening deeps obey:
He reigns o'er all; for ever lasts his power
Till Nature sinks, and time shall be no more.
With strength the sons of Israel shall he bless,
And crown our tribes, with happiness and peace.

PSALM XLVI.

PARAPHRASED.

On God we build our sure defence,
In God our hope repose:
His hand protects us in the fight,
And guards us from our woes.

Then, be the Earth's unwieldy frame
From its foundations hurl'd,
We may, unmov'd with fear, enjoy
The ruins of the world.

What though the solid rocks be rent,
In tempests whirl'd away?
What though the hills should burst their roots,
And roll into the sea?—

Thou sea, with dreadful tumults swell,
And bid thy waters rise
In furious surges, till they dash
The flood-gates of the skies.

Our minds shall be serene and calm,
Like Siloah's peaceful flood;
Whose soft and silver streams refresh
The city of our God.

Within the proud delighted waves,
The wanton turrets play;
The streams lead down their humid train,
Reluctant to the sea.

Amid the scene the temple floats,
With its reflected towers,
Gilds all the surface of the flood,
And dances to the shores.

With wonder see what mighty power
Our sacred Sion cheers,
Lo! there amidst her stately walls,
Her God, her God appears.

Fixt on her basis she shall stand,
And, innocently proud,
Smile on the tumults of the world,
Beneath the wings of God.

See! how, their weakness to proclaim,
The heathen tribes engage!
See! how with fruitless wrath they burn,
And impotence of rage!

But God has spoke; and lo! the world,
His terrours to display,
With all the melting globe of Earth,
Drops silently away.

Still to the mighty Lord of hosts
Securely we resort;
For refuge fly to Jacob's God,
Our succour and support.

Hither, ye numerous nations, crowd,
In silent rapture stand,
And see o'er all the Earth display'd
The wonders of his hand.

He bids the din of war be still,
And all its tumults cease;
He bids the guiltless trumpet sound
The harmony of peace.

He breaks the tough reluctant bow,
He bursts the brazen spear,
And in the crackling fire his hand
Consumes the blazing car.

Hear then his formidable voice,
"Be still, and know the Lord;
By all the heathen I'll be fear'd;
By all the Earth ador'd."

Still to the mighty Lord of hosts,
Securely we resort;
For refuge fly to Jacob's God;
Our succour and support.

PSALM XC.

PARAPHRASED.

Thy hand, O Lord, through rolling years
Has sav'd us from despair,
From period down to period stretch'd
The prospects of thy care.

Before the world was first conceiv'd,
Before the pregnant Earth,
Call'd forth the mountains from her womb,
Who struggled to their birth;

Eternal God! thy early days
Beyond duration run,
Ere the first race of starting time
Was measur'd by the Sun.

We die; but future nations hear
Thy potent voice again,
Rise at the summons, and restore
The perish'd race of man;

Before thy comprehensive sight,
Duration fleets away;
And rapid ages on the wing,
Fly swifter than a day.

As great Jehovah's piercing eyes
Eternity explore,
The longest era is a night,
A period is an hour.

We at thy mighty call, O Lord,
Our fancy'd beings leave,
Rouz'd from the flattering dream of life,
To sleep within the grave.

Swift from their barrier to their goal
The rapid moments pass,
And leave poor man, for whom they run,
The emblem of the grass.

In the first morn of life it grows,
And lifts its verdant head,
At noon decays, at evening dies,
And withers in the mead.

We in the glories of thy face
Our secret sins survey,
And see how gloomy those appear,
How pure and radiant they.

To death, as our appointed goal,
Thy anger drives us on,
To that full period fix'd at length
This tale of life is done.

With winged speed, to stated bounds
And limits we must fly,
While seventy rolling suns compleat
Their circles in the sky.

Or if ten more around us roll,
'Tis labour, woe, and strife,
Till we at length are quite drawn down
To the last dregs of life.

But who, O Lord, regards thy wrath,
Though dreadful and severe?
That wrath, whatever fear he feels,
Is equal to his fear.

So teach us, Lord, to count our days,
And eye their constant race,
To measure what we want in time,
By wisdom, and by grace.

With us repent, and on our hearts
Thy choicest graces shed,
And shower from thy celestial throne
Thy blessings on our head.

Oh! may thy mercy crown us here,
And come without delay;
Then our whole course of life will seem
One glad triumphant day.

Now the blest years of joy restore,
For those of grief and strife,
And with one pleasant drop allay
This bitter draught of life.

Thy wonders to the world display,
Thy servants to adorn,
That may delight their future sons,
And children yet unborn;

Thy beams of majesty diffuse,
With them thy great commands,
And bid prosperity attend
The labours of our hands.

PSALM CXXXIX.

PARAPHRASED, IN MILTONIC VERSE.

O dread Jehovah! thy all-piercing eyes
Explore the motions of this mortal frame,

This tenement of dust: thy stretching sight
Surveys th' harmonious principles, that move
In beauteous rank and order, to inform
This cask, and animated mass of clay.
Nor are the prospects of thy wondrous sight
To this terrestrial part of man confin'd;
But shoot into his soul, and there discern
The first materials of unfashion'd thought,
Yet dim and undigested, till the mind,
Big with the tender images, expands,
And, swelling, labours with th' ideal birth.
Where-e'er I move, thy cares pursue my feet
Attendant. When I drink the dews of sleep,
Stretch'd on my downy bed, and there enjoy
A sweet forgetfulness of all my toils,
Unseen, thy sovereign presence guards my sleep,
Wafts all the terrours of my dreams away,
Sooths all my soul, and softens my repose.
Before conception can employ the tongue,
And mould the ductile images to sound;
Before imagination stands display'd,
Thine eye the future eloquence can read,
Yet unarray'd with speech. Thou, mighty Lord!
Hast moulded man from his congenial dust,
And spoke him into being; while the clay,
Beneath thy forming hand, leap'd forth, inspir'd,
And started into life: through every part,
At thy command, the wheels of motion play'd.
But such exalted knowledge leaves below
And drops poor man from its superior sphere.
In vain, with reason's ballast, would he try
To stem th' unfathomable depth; his bark
O'er-sets, and founders in the vast abyss.
Then whither shall the rapid fancy run,
Though in its full career, to speed my flight
From thy unbounded presence? which, alone,
Fills all the regions and extended space
Beyond the bounds of nature! Whither, Lord!
Shall my unrein'd imagination rove,
To leave behind thy spirit, and out-fly
Its influence, which, with brooding wings, out-spread
Hatch'd unfledg'd Nature from the dark profound.
If mounted on my towering thoughts I climb
Into the Heaven of Heavens; I there behold
The blaze of thy unclouded majesty!
In the pure empyrean thee I view,
High thron'd above all height, thy radiant shrine,
Throng'd with the prostrate seraphs, who receive
Beatitude past utterance! If I plunge
Down to the gloom of Tartarus profound,
There too I find thee, in the lowest bounds
Of Erebus, and read thee, in the scenes
Of complicated wrath: I see thee clad
In all the majesty of darkness there.
If, on the ruddy morning's purple wings
Up-born, with indefatigable course,
I seek the glowing borders of the East,
Where the bright Sun, emergent from the deeps,
With his first glories gilds the sparkling seas,
And trembles o'er the waves; ev'n there, thy hand
Shall through the watery desert guide my course,
And o'er the broken surges pave my way,
While on the dreadful whirles I hang secure,
And mock the warring Ocean. If, with hopes,
As fond as false, the darkness I expect
To hide, and wrap me in its mantling shade,
Vain were the thought: for thy unbounded ken
Darts through the thickening gloom, and pries through all
The palpable obscure. Before thy eyes,
The vanquish'd night throws off her dusky shrowd,
And kindles into day: the shade, and light,
To man still various, but the same to thee.
On thee, is all the structure of my frame
Dependant. Lock'd within the silent womb,
Sleeping I lay, and ripening to my birth;
Yet, Lord, thy out-stretch'd arm preserv'd me
Before I mov'd to entity, and trod [there;
The verge of being. To thy hallow'd name
I'll pay due honours; for thy mighty hand
Built this corporeal fabric, when it laid
The ground-work of existence. Hence, I read
The wonders of thy art This frame I view
With terrour and delight; and wrapt in both,
I startle at myself. My bones, unform'd
As yet, nor hardening from the viscous parts,
But blended with th' unanimated mass,
Thy eye distinctly view'd; and while I lay
Within the earth, imperfect, nor perceiv'd
The first faint dawn of life, with ease survey'd
The vital glimmerings of the active seeds,
Just kindling to existence; and beheld
My substance scarce material. In thy book,
Was the fair model of this structure drawn,
Where every part, in just connection join'd,
Compos'd and perfected th' harmonious piece,
Ere the dim speck of being learn'd to stretch
Its ductile form, or entity had known
To range and wanton in an ampler space.
How dear, how rooted in my inmost soul,
Are all thy counsels, and the various ways
Of thy eternal providence! The sum
So boundless and immense, it leaves behind
The low account of numbers! and out-flies
All that imagination e're conceiv'd,
Less numerous are the sands that crowd the shores,
The barriers of the Ocean. When I rise
From my soft bed, and softer joys of sleep,
I rise to thee. Yet lo! the impious slight
Thy mighty wonders. Shall the sons of vice
Elude the vengeance of thy wrathful hand
And mock thy lingering thunder, which with-holds
Its forky terrours from their guilty heads?
Thou great tremendous God!—Avaunt, and fly,
All ye who thirst for blood.—For, swoln with pride,
Each haughty wretch blasphemes thy sacred name,
And bellows his reproaches to affront
Thy glorious Majesty. Thy foes I hate
Worse than my own, O Lord! Explore my soul,
See if a flaw or stain of sin infects
My guilty thoughts. Then, lead me in the way
That guides my feet to thy own Heaven and thee.

PSALM CXLIV.

PARAPHRASED.

My soul, in raptures rise to bless the Lord,
Who taught my hands to draw the fatal sword;
Led by his arm, undaunted I appear
In the first ranks of death, and front of war.
He taught me first the pointed spear to wield,
And mow the glorious harvest of the field.
By him inspir'd, from strength to strength I past,
Plung'd through the troops, and laid the battle waste.
In him my hopes I centre and repose,
He guards my life, and shields me from my foes.

He held his ample buckler o'er my head,
And screen'd me trembling in the mighty shade:
Against all hostile violence and power,
He was my sword, my bulwark, and my tower.
He o'er my people will maintain my sway,
And teach my willing subjects to obey.
Lord! what is man, of vile and humble birth,
Sprung with this kindred reptiles from the earth,
That he should thus thy secret counsels share?
Or what his son, who challenges thy care?
Why does thine eye regard this nothing, man?
His life a point, his measure but a span?
The fancy'd pageant of a moment made,
Swift as a dream, and fleeting as a shade.
Come in thy power, and leave th' ethereal plain,
And to thy harness'd tempest give the rein;
Yon starry arch shall bend beneath the load,
So loud the chariot, and so great the God!
Soon as his rapid wheels Jehovah rolls,
The folding skies shall tremble to the poles:
Heaven's gaudy axle with the world shall fall,
Leap from the centre, and unhinge the ball.
Touch'd by thy hands, the labouring hills expire
Thick clouds of smoke, and deluges of fire;
On the tall groves the red destroyer preys,
And wraps th' eternal mountains in the blaze:
Full on my foes may all thy lightnings fly,
On purple pinions through the gloomy sky.
Extend thy hand, thou kind all-gracious God,
Down from the Heaven of Heavens thy bright abode,
And shield me from my foes, whose towering pride
Lowers like a storm, and gathers like a tide:
Against strange children vindicate my cause,
Who curse thy name, and trample on thy laws;
Who fear not vengeance which they never felt,
Train'd to blaspheme, and eloquent in guilt:
Their hands are impious, and their deeds profane,
They plead their boasted innocence in vain.
Thy name shall dwell for ever on my tongue,
And guide the sacred numbers of my song;
To thee my Muse shall consecrate her lays,
And every note shall labour in thy praise;
The hallow'd theme shall teach me how to sing,
Swell on the lyre, and tremble on the string.
Oft has thy hand from fight the monarch led,
When death flew raging, and the battle bled;
And snatch'd thy servant in the last despair
From all the rising tumult of the war.
Against strange children vindicate my cause,
Who curse thy name, and trample on thy laws;
That our fair sons may smile in early bloom,
Our sons, the hopes of all our years to come:
Like plants that nurs'd by fostering showers arise,
And lift their spreading honours to the skies.
That our chaste daughters may their charms display,
Like the bright pillars of our temple, gay,
Polish'd, and tall, and smooth, and fair as they.
Piled up with plenty let our barns appear,
And burst with all the seasons of the year;
Let pregnant flocks in every quarter bleat,
And drop their tender young in every street.
Safe from their labours may our oxen come,
Safe may they bring the gather'd summer home.
Oh! may no sighs, no streams of sorrow flow,
To stain our triumphs with the tears of woe,
Bless'd is the nation, how sincerely bless'd!
Of such unbounded happiness possess'd,
To whom Jehovah's sacred name is known,
Who claim the God of Israel for their own.

JOB, CHAP. III.

Job curs'd his birth, and bade his curses flow
In words of grief, and eloquence of woe:
Lost be that day which dragg'd me to my doom,
Recent to life, and struggling from the womb;
Whose beams with such malignant lustre shone,
Whence all my years in anxious circles run.
Lost be that night in undetermin'd space,
And veil with deeper shades her gloomy face,
Which crowded up with woes this slender span,
While the dull mass rose quickening into man.
O'er that curs'd day let sable darkness rise,
Shrowd the blue vault, and blacken all the skies;
May God o'er-look it from his heavenly throne,
Nor rouse from sleep the sedentary Sun,
O'er its dark face to shed his genial ray,
And warm to joy the melancholy day.
May the clouds frown, and livid poisons breathe,
And stain heaven's azure with the shade of death.
May tenfold darkness from that dreadful night
Seize and arrest the straggling gleams of light;
To pay due vengeance for its fatal crime,
Still be it banish'd from the train of Time;
Nor in the radiant list of months appear,
To stain the shining circle of the year:
There through her dusky range may silence roam,
There may no ray, no glimpse of gladness come,
No voice to cheer the solitary gloom.
May every star his gaudy light with-hold,
Nor through the vapour shoot his beamy gold:
Nor let the dawn with radiant skirts come on,
Tipp'd with the glories of the rising Sun;
Because that dreadful period fix'd my doom,
Nor seal'd the dark recesses of the womb.
To that original my ills I owe,
Heir of affliction, and the son of woe.
Oh! had I dy'd unexercis'd in pain,
And wak'd to life, to sleep in death again!
Why did not Fate attend me at my birth,
And give me back to my congenial earth?
Why was I, when an infant, sooth'd to rest,
Lull'd on the knee, or hung upon the breast?
For now the grave would all my cares compose,
Conceal my sorrows, and inter my woes:
There wrapp'd and lock'd within his cold embrace,
Safe had I slumber'd in the arms of peace;
There with the mighty kings, who lie enroll'd
In clouds of incense, and in beds of gold:
There with the princes, who in grandeur shone,
And aw'd the trembling nations from the throne;
Afflicted Job an equal rest might have,
And share the dark retirement of the grave;
Or as a shapeless embryo seek the tomb,
Rude and imperfect from the abortive womb:
Ere motion's early principle began,
Or the dim substance kindled into man.
There from their monstrous crimes the wicked cease,
Their labouring guilt is weary'd into peace;
There blended sleep the coward and the brave,
Stretch'd, with his lord, the undistinguish'd slave
Enjoys the common refuge of the grave.
An equal lot the mighty victor shares,
And lies amidst the captives of his wars;
With his, those captives mingle their remains,
The same in death, nor lessen'd by their chains.
Why are we doom'd to view the genial ray?
Why curst to bear the painful light of day?

Oh! with what joy the wretches yield their breath,
And pant in bitterness of soul for death?
As a rich prize, the distant bliss they crave,
And find the glorious treasure in the grave.
Why is the wretch condemn'd without relief,
To combat woe, and tread the round of grief,
Whom in the toils of fate his God has bound,
And drawn the line of miseries around?
When nature calls for aid, my sighs intrude,
My tears prevent my necessary food;
Like a full stream o'ercharg'd, my sorrows flow,
In bursts of anguish, and a tide of woe;
For now the dire affliction which I fled,
Pours like a roaring torrent on my head.
My terrours still the phantom view'd, and wrought
The dreadful image into every thought:
At length pluck'd down, the fatal stroke I feel,
And lose the fancy'd in the real ill.

JOB, CHAP. XXV.

PARAPHRASED.

Then will vain man complain and murmur still,
And stand on terms with his Creator's will?
Shall this high privilege to clay be given?
Shall dust arraign the providence of Heaven?
With reason's line the boundless distance scan;
Oppose Heaven's awful Majesty to man.
To what a length his vast dominions run?
How far beyond the journeys of the Sun?
He hung yon' golden balls of light on high,
And lanch'd the planets through the liquid sky:
To rolling worlds he mark'd the certain space,
Fixt and sustain'd the elemental peace.
Unnumber'd as those worlds his armies move,
And the gay legions guard his realms above;
High o'er th' ethereal plains, the myriads rise,
And pour their flaming ranks along the skies:
From their bright arms incessant splendours stream,
And the wide azure kindles with the gleam.
To this low world he bids the light repair,
Down through the gulfs of undulating air:
For man he taught the glorious Sun to roll,
From his bright barrier to his western goal.
How then shall man, thus insolently proud,
Plead with his Judge, and combat with his God?
How from his mortal mother can he come,
Unstain'd from sin, untinctur'd from the womb?
The Lord from his sublime empyreal throne,
As a dark globe, regards the silver Moon.
Those stars, that grace the wide celestial plain,
Are but the humblest sweepings of his train;
Dim are the brightest splendours of the sky;
And the Sun darkens in Jehovah's eye.
But does not sin diffuse a fouler stain,
And thicker darkness cloud the soul of man?
Shall he the depths of endless wisdom know?
The short-liv'd sovereign of the world below?
His frail original confounds his boast, [dust.
Sprung from the ground, and quicken'd from the

THE SONG OF MOSES,

IN THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER OF EXODUS, PARAPHRASED.

Then to the Lord, the vast triumphant throng
Of Israel's sons, with Moses, rais'd the song.
To God our grateful accents will we raise,
And every tongue shall celebrate his praise:
Behold display'd the wonders of his might;
Behold the Lord triumphant in the fight!
With what immortal fame and glory grac'd!
What trophies rais'd amid the watery waste!
How did his power the steeds and riders sweep
Ingulf'd in heaps, and whelm'd beneath the deep?
Whom shall we fear, while he, Heaven's awful Lord,
Unsheaths for Israel his avenging sword? [Lord,
His outstretch'd arm, and tutelary care,
Guarded and sav'd us in the last despair:
His mercy eas'd us from our circling pains,
Unbound our shackles, and unlock'd our chains.
To him our God, our fathers' God, I'll rear
A sacred temple, and adore him there,
With vows and incense, sacrifice and prayer.
The Lord commands in war; his matchless might
Hangs out and guides the balance of the fight:
By him the war the mighty leaders form,
And teach the hovering tumult where to storm.
His name, O Israel, Heaven's Eternal Lord,
For ever honour'd, reverenc'd, and ador'd.
When to the fight, from Ægypt's fruitful soil,
Pour'd forth in myriads all the sons of Nile;
The Lord o'erthrew the courser and the car,
Sunk Pharaoh's pride, and overwhelm'd his war.
Beneath th' encumber'd deeps his legions lay,
For many a league impurpling all the sea:
The chiefs, and steeds, and warriours whirl'd around,
Lay midst the roarings of the surges drown'd.
Who shall thy power, thou mighty God, withstand,
And check the force of thy victorious hand?
Thy hand, which red with wrath in terrour rose,
To crush that day thy proud Ægyptian foes.
Struck by that hand, their drooping squadrons fall,
Crowding in death; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
Soon as thy anger, charg'd with vengeance, came,
They sunk like stubble crackling in the flame.
At thy dread voice the summon'd billows crowd,
And a still silence lulls the wondering flood:
Roll'd up, the crystal ridges strike the skies,
Waves peep o'er waves, and seas o'er seas arise.
Around in heaps the listening surges stand,
Mute and observant of the high command.
Congeal'd with fear attends the watery train,
Rous'd from the secret chambers of the main.
With savage joy the sons of Ægypt cry'd,
(Vast were their hopes, and boundless was their [pride)
"Let us pursue those fugitives of Nile,
This servile nation, and divide the spoil:
And spread so wide the slaughter, till their blood
Dyes with a stronger red the blushing flood.
Oh! what a copious prey their hosts afford,
To glut and fatten the devouring sword!"
As thus the yawning gulph the boasters pass'd,
At thy command rush'd forth the rapid blast.
Then, at the signal given, with dreadful sway,
In one huge heap roll'd down the roaring sea;
And now the disintangled waves divide,
Unlock their folds, and thaw the frozen tide.
The deeps alarm'd call terribly from far
The loud, embattled surges to the war;
Till her proud sons astonish'd Ægypt found,
Cover'd with billows, and in tempests drown'd.
What god can emulate thy power divine,
Or who oppose his miracles to thine?
When joyful we adore thy glorious name,
Thy trembling foes confess their fear and shame.

The world attends thy absolute command,
And Nature waits the wonders of thine hand.
That hand, extended o'er the swelling sea,
The conscious billows reverence and obey.
O'er the devoted race the surges sweep,
And whelm the guilty nation in the deep.
That hand redeem'd us from o'r servile toil,
And each insulting tyrant of the Nile:
Our nation came beneath that mighty hand,
From Ægypt's realms, to Canaan's sacred land.
Thou wert their Guide, their Saviour, and their God,
To smooth the way, and clear the dreadful road.
The distant kingdoms shall thy wonders hear,
The fierce Philistines shall confess their fear;
Thy fame shall over Edom's princes spread,
And Moab's kings, the universal dread,
While the vast scenes of miracles impart
A thrilling horrour to the bravest heart.
As through the world the gathering terrour runs,
Canaan shall shrink, and tremble for his sons.
Till thou hast Jacob from his bondage brought,
At such a vast expense of wonders bought,
To Canaan's promis'd realms and blest abodes,
Led through the dark recesses of the floods.
Crown'd with their tribes shall proud Moriah rise,
And rear his summit nearer to the skies. [power,
Through ages, Lord, shall stretch thy boundless
Thy throne shall stand when time shall be no more:
For Pharaoh's steeds, and cars, and warlike train,
Leap'd in, and boldly rang'd the sandy plain.
While in the dreadful road, and desert way,
The shining crowds of gasping fishes lay:
Till, all around with liquid toils beset,
The Lord swept o'er their heads the watery net.
He freed the ocean from his secret chain,
And on each hand discharg'd the thundering main.
The loosen'd billows burst from every side,
And whelm the war and warriours in the tide;
But on each hand the solid billows stood,
Like lofty mounds to check the raging flood;
Till the blest race to promis'd Canaan past
O'er the dry path, and trod the watery waste.

THE THIRD ODE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE,

PARAPHRASED.

Let the brave youth be train'd, the stings
Of poverty to bear,
And in the school of want be taught
The exercise of war.

Let him be practis'd in his bloom,
To listen to alarms,
And learn proud Parthia to subdue
With unresisted arms.

The hostile tyrant's beauteous bride,
Distracted with despair,
Beholds him pouring to the fight,
And thundering through the war.

As from the battlements she views
The slaughter of his sword,
Thus shall the fair express her grief,
And terrours for her Lord:

"Look down, ye gracious powers, from Heaven,
Nor let my consort go,
Rude in the arts of war, to fight
This formidable foe."

Oh! not with half that dreadful rage
The royal savage flies,
When, at the slightest touch, he springs,
And darts upon his prize.

How fair, how comely are our wounds,
In our dear country's cause!
What fame attends the glorious fate,
That props our dying laws!

For Death's cold hand arrests the fears
That haunt the coward's mind;
Swift she pursues the flying wretch,
And wounds him from behind.

Bravely regardless of disgrace,
Bold Virtue stands alone,
With pure unsully'd glory shines,
And honours still her own.

From the dark grave, and silent dust,
She bids her sons arise,
And to the radiant train unfolds
The portals of the skies.

Now, with triumphant wings, she soars,
Above the realms of day,
Spurns the dull earth, and groveling crowd,
And towers th' ethereal way,

With her has silence a reward,
Within the bless'd abodes,
That holy silence which conceals
The secrets of the gods.

But with a wretch I would not live,
By sacrilege prophan'd,
Nor lodge beneath one roof, nor lanch
One vessel from the land:

For, blended with the bad, the good
The common stroke have felt,
And Heaven's dire vengeance struck alike
At innocence and guilt.

The wrath divine pursues the wretch,
At present lame, and slow,
But yet, though tardy to advance,
She gives the surer blow.

THE THIRD ODE OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF HORACE,

PARAPHRASED.

Whom first, Melpomene, thy eye
With friendly aspect views,
Shall from his cradle rise renown'd,
And sacred to the Muse.

Nor to the Isthmian games his fame
And deathless triumphs owe;
Nor shall he wear the verdant wreath,
That shades the champion's brow.

Nor in the wide Elæan plains
Fatigue the courser's speed;
Nor through the glorious cloud of dust,
Provoke the bounding steed.

Nor, as an haughty victor, mount
The Capitolian heights,
And proudly dedicate to Jove
The trophies of his fights.

Because his thundering hand in war
Has check'd the swelling tide
Of the stern tyrant's power, and broke
The measures of his pride.

But by sweet Tybur's groves and streams
His glorious theme pursues,
And scorns the laurels of the war,
For those that crown the Muse.

There in the most retir'd retreats,
He sets his charming song,
To the sweet harp which Sappho touch'd,
Or bold Alcæus strung.

Rank'd by thy sons, Imperial Rome,
Among the poet's quire,
Above the reach of Envy's hand
I safely may aspire.

Thou sacred Muse, whose artful hand
Can teach the bard to sing;
Can animate the golden lyre,
And wake the living string:

Thou, by whose mighty power, may sing,
In unaccustom'd strains,
The silent fishes in the floods,
As on their banks the swans:

To thee I owe my spreading fame,
That thousands, as they gaze,
Make me their wonder's common theme,
And object of their praise.

If first I struck the Lesbian lyre,
No fame belongs to me;
I owe my honours, when I please,
(If e'er I please) to thee.

ON THE APPROACHING CONGRESS OF CAMBRAY.

WRITTEN IN 1721.

Ye patriots of the world, whose cares combin'd
Consult the public welfare of mankind,
One moment let the crowding kingdoms wait,
And Europe in suspense attend her fate,
Which turns on your great councils; nor refuse
To hear the strains of the prophetic Muse;
Who sees those councils with a generous care
Heal the wide wounds, and calm the rage of war;
She sees new verdure all the plain o'erspread,
Where the fight burn'd, and where the battle bled.
The fields of death a softer scene disclose,
And Ceres smiles where iron harvests rose.
The bleating flocks along the bastion pass,
And from the awful ruins crop the grass.
Freed from his fears, each unmolested swain,
In peaceful furrows cuts the fatal plain;
Turns the high bulwark and aspiring mound,
And sees the camp with all the seasons crown'd.
Beneath each clod, bright burnish'd arms appear;
Each furrow glitters with the pride of war;
The fields resound and tinkle as they break,
And the keen falchion rings against the rake;
At rest beneath the hanging ramparts laid,
He sings securely in the dreadful shade.
Hark!——o'er the seas, the British lions roar
Their monarch's fame to every distant shore:
Swift on their canvass wings his navies go,
Where-ever tides can roll, or winds can blow;
Their sails within the arctic circle rise,
Led by the stars that gild the northern skies;
Tempt frozen seas, nor fear the driving blast,
But swell exulting o'er the hoary waste;
O'er the wide ocean hold supreme command,
And active commerce spread through every land;
Or with full pride to southern regions run,
To distant worlds, on t'other side the Sun;
And plow the tides, where odoriferous gales [sails.
Perfume the smiling waves, and stretch the bellying
See! the proud merchant seek the precious shore.
And trace the winding veins of glittering ore;
Low in the earth his wondering eyes behold
Th' imperfect metal ripening into gold.
The mountains tremble with alternate rays,
And cast at once a shadow and a blaze:
Streak'd o'er with gold, the pebbles flame around,
Gleam o'er the soil, and gild the tinkling ground;
Charg'd with the glorious prize, his vessels come,
And in proud triumph bring an India home.
Fair Concord, hail; thy wings o'er Brunswick spread,
And with thy olives crown his laurel'd head.
Come; in thy most distinguish'd charms appear;
Oh! come, and bolt the iron-gates of war.
The fight stands still when Brunswick bids it cease,
The monarch speaks, and gives the world a peace;
Like awful justice, sits superior lord,
To poise the balance, or to draw the sword;
In due suspense the jarring realms to keep,
And hush the tumults of the world to sleep.
Now with a brighter face, and nobler ray,
Shine forth, thou source of light, and god of day;
Say, didst thou ever in thy bright career
Light up before a more distinguish'd year?
Through all thy journeys past thou canst not see
A perfect image of what this shall be:
Scarce the Platonic year shall this renew,
Or keep the bright original in view.

THE FABLE OF THE

YOUNG MAN AND HIS CAT.

A hapless youth, whom fates averse had drove
To a strange passion, and preposterous love,
Long'd to possess his puss's spotted charms,
And hug the tabby beauty in his arms.
To what odd whimsies love inveigles men?
Sure if the boy was ever blind, 'twas then.
Rack'd with his passion, and in deep despair,
The youth to Venus thus addrest his prayer.
O queen of beauty, since thy Cupid's dart
Has fir'd my soul, and rankles in my heart;
Since doom'd to burn in this unhappy flame,
From thee at least a remedy I claim;
If once, to bless Pigmalion's longing arms,
The marble soften'd into living charms;
And warm with life the purple current ran
In circling streams through every flinty vein;
If, with his own creating hands display'd,
He hugg'd the statue, and embrac'd a maid;
And with the breathing image fir'd his heart,
The pride of Nature, and the boast of Art:
Hear my request, and crown my wondrous flame,
The same its nature, be thy gift the same;

Give me the like unusual joys to prove,
And though irregular, indulge my love.
Delighted Venus heard the moving prayer,
And soon resolv'd to ease the lover's care,
To set Miss Tabby off with every grace,
To dress, and fit her for the youth's embrace.
Now she by gradual change her form forsook,
First her round face an oval figure took;
The roguish dimples next his heart beguile,
And each grave whisker soften'd to a smile;
Unusual ogles wanton'd in her eye,
Her solemn purring dwindled to a sigh:
Sudden, a huge hoop-petticoat display'd,
A wide circumference! intrench'd the maid,
And for the tail in waving circles play'd.
Her fur, as destin'd still her charms to deck,
Made for her hands a muff, a tippet for her neck.
In the fine lady now her shape was lost,
And by such strange degrees she grew a toast;
Was all for ombre now; and who but she,
To talk of modes and scandal o'er her tea;
To settle every fashion of the sex,
And run through all the female politics;
To spend her time at toilet and basset,
To play, to flaunt, to flutter, and coquet:
From a grave thinking mouser, she was grown
The gayest flirt that coach'd it round the town.
But see how often some intruding woe,
Nips all our blooming prospects at a blow!
For as the youth his lovely consort led
To the dear pleasures of the nuptial bed,
Just on that instant from an inner house,
Into the chamber popt a heedless mouse.
Miss Tabby saw, and brooking no delay,
Sprung from the sheets, and seiz'd the trembling prey,
Nor did the bride, in that ill fated hour,
Reflect that all her mousing-days were o'er.
The youth, astonish'd, felt a new despair,
Ixion-like he grasp'd, and grasp'd but air;
He saw his vows and prayers in vain bestow'd,
And lost the jilting goddess in a cloud.

TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF HOMER'S ILIAD.

'Tis true, what fam'd Pythagoras maintain'd,
That souls departed in new bodies reign'd:
We most approve the doctrine since we see
The soul of god-like Homer breathe in thee.
Old Ennius first, then Virgil felt her fires;
But now a British poet she inspires.
To you, O Pope, the lineal right extends,
To you th' hereditary Muse descends.
At a vast distance we of Homer heard,
Till you brought in, and naturaliz'd the bard;
Bade him our English rights and freedom claim,
His voice, his habit, and his air the same.
Now in the mighty stranger we rejoice,
And Britain thanks thee with a public voice.
See! too the poet, a majestic shade,
Lifts up in awful pomp his laurel'd head,
To thank his successor, who sets him free
From the vile hands of Hobbes and Ogilby;
Who vext his venerable ashes more,
Than his ungrateful Greece, the living bard before.
While Homer's thoughts in thy bold lines are shown,
Though worlds contend, we claim him for our own;
Our blooming boys proud Ilion's fate bewail;
Our lisping babes repeat the dreadful tale,
Ev'n in their slumbers they pursue the theme,
Start, and enjoy a sight in every dream.
By turns the chief and bard their souls inflame,
And every little bosom beats for fame.
Thus shall they learn (as future times will see)
From him to conquer, or to write from thee.
In every hand we see the glorious song,
And Homer is the theme of every tongue.
Parties in state poetic schemes employ,
And Whig and Tory side with Greece and Troy;
Neglect their feuds; and seem more zealous grown
To push those countries' interests than their own.
Our busiest politicians have forgot [fought;
How Somers counsel'd, and how Marlborough
But o'er their settling coffee gravely tell,
What Nestor spoke, and how brave Hector fell.
Our softest beaux and coxcombs you inspire,
With Glaucus' courage, and Achilles' fire.
Now they resent affronts which once they bore,
And draw those swords that ne'er were drawn before:
Nay, ev'n our belles, inform'd how Homer writ,
Learn thence to criticise on modern wit.
Let the mad critics to their side engage
The envy, pride, and dulness of the age:
In vain they curse, in vain they pine and mourn,
Back on themselves their arrows will return;
Whoe'er would thy establish'd fame deface,
Are but immortaliz'd to their disgrace.
Live, and enjoy their spite, and share that fate,
Which would, if Homer liv'd, on Homer wait.
And lo! his second labour claims thy care,
Ulysses' toils succeed Achilles' war.
Haste to the work; the ladies long to see
The pious frauds of chaste Penelope.
Helen they long have seen, whose guilty charms
For ten whole years engag'd the world in arms.
Then, as thy fame shall see a length of days,
Some future bard shall thus record thy praise:
"In those blest times when smiling Heaven and Fate
Had rais'd Britannia to her happiest state,
When wide around, she saw the world submit,
And own her sons supreme in arts and wit;
Then Pope and Dryden brought in triumph home
The pride of Greece, and ornament of Rome;
To the great task each bold translator came,
With Virgil's judgment, and with Homer's flame;
Here the pleas'd Mantuan swan was taught to soar,
Where scarce the Roman eagles tower'd before;
And Greece no more was Homer's native earth,
Though her seven rival cities claim'd his birth;
On her seven cities he look'd down with scorn,
And own'd with pride he was in Britain born."

SPECIMEN OF A TRANSLATION OF THE ODYSSEY[1].

The nurse all wild with transport seem'd to swim;
Joy wing'd her feet, and lighten'd ev'ry limb;
Then, to the room with speed impatient borne,
Flew with glad tidings of her lord's return.

[1] Dr. Ridley was one of Mr. Spence's executors. Mr. Steevens assisted him in looking over the papers of the deceased; and transcribed this letter, &c. from the original. *N.*

There bending o'er the sleeping queen, she cries,
" Rise my Penelope, my daughter, rise
To see Ulysses thy long absent spouse,
Thy soul's desire and lord of all thy vows:
Though late, he comes, and in his rage has slain,
For all their wrongs, the haughty suitor train."
" Ah! Eurycles," she replies, " you rave;
The gods resume that reason which they gave;
For Heaven deep wisdom to the fool supplies,
But oft infatuates and confounds the wise.
And wisdom once was thine! but now I find
The gods have ruin'd thy distemper'd mind.
How could you hope your fiction to impose?
Was it to flatter or deride my woes?
How could you break a sleep with talk so vain,
That held my sorrows in so soft a chain?
A sleep so sweet I never could enjoy
Since my dear lord left Ithaca for Troy:
Curst Troy—oh! why did I thy name disclose?
Thy fatal name awakens all my woes:
But fly—some other had provok'd my *rage*[2],
And you but owe your pardon to your *age*."
" No artful tales, no studied lies, I frame,
Ulysses lives" (rejoins the reverend dame)
" In that dishonour'd stranger's close disguise,
Long has he pass'd all unsuspecting eyes,
All but thy son's—and long has he suppress
The well-concerted secret *in his breast*;
Till his brave father should his foes defeat,
And the close scheme of his revenge compleat."
Swift as the word *the queen transported sprung*,
And *round the* dame in strict embraces *hung*;
Then, as the big round *tears* began to *roll*,
Spoke the quick doubts and hurry of her soul.
" If my victorious hero safe arrives,
If my dear lord, Ulysses, still survives,
Tell me, oh tell me, how he fought alone?
How were such multitudes destroy'd by one?"
" Nought I beheld, but heard their cries," she said,
" When Death flew raging, and the suitors bled:
Immur'd we listen'd, as we sat around,
To each deep groan and agonizing sound.
Call'd by thy son to view the scene I fled,
And saw Ulysses striding o'er the dead!
Amidst the rising heaps the hero stood
All grim, and terribly adorn'd with blood.
" This is enough in conscience for this time: besides, I am desired, by Mr. Pope or Mr. Lintot, I don't know which, to write to Mr. Pope on a certain affair."

ON

HIS MAJESTY'S PLAYING WITH A TYGER

IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

Prima dicte mihi, summa dicende Camœna. Hor.

Amidst the den, the lions' prey,
Seal'd up for death the prophet lay;
But couch'd the hungry monsters sit,
And fawning lick his sacred feet;
Swift shot an angel from above,
And chang'd their fury into love.
As swift did Britain's genius fly,
And for her charge stand trembling by;
When Brunswick, pious, brave, and wise,
Like him the favourite of the skies,
Play'd with the monster's dreadful teeth,
And sported with the fangs of Death.
Genius of Britain, spare thy fears,
For know, within, our sovereign wears
The surest guard; the best defence;
A firm untainted innocence.
So sweet an innocence disarms
The fiercest rage with powerful charms,
So far rebellion it beguiles,
That Faction bends; that Envy smiles;
That furious savages submit,
And pay due homage at his feet.
Britain! by this example prove
Thy duty, loyalty, and love.
See! the fierce brutes thy king caress,
And court him with a mute address;
Well mayst thou own his gentle sway,
If tigers bend, and savages obey.

[2] The words in Italic are copied by Mr. Pope. *N.*

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A POET AND HIS SERVANT.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, BOOK II. SAT. VII.

To enter into the beauties of this satire, it must be remembered, that slaves, among the Romans, during the feasts of Saturn, wore their master's habits, and were allowed to say what they pleased.

SERVANT.

Sir,—I've long waited in my turn to have
A word with you—but I'm your humble slave.
P. What knave is that? my rascal!
S. Sir, 'tis I,
No knave nor rascal, but your trusty Guy.
P. Well, as your wages still are due, I'll bear
Your rude impertinence this time of year.
S. Some folks are drunk one day, and some for ever,
And some, like Wharton, but twelve years together.
Old Evremond, renown'd for wit and dirt,
Would change his living oftener than his shirt;
Roar with the rakes of state a month; and come
To starve another in his hole at home.
So rov'd wild Buckingham the public jest,
Now some innholder's, now a monarch's guest;
His life and politics of every shape,
This hour a Roman, and the next an ape.
The gout in every limb from every vice,
Poor Clodio hir'd a boy to throw the dice.
Some wench for ever; and their sins on those,
By custom, sit as easy as their clothes.
Some fly, like pendulums, from good to evil,
And in that point are madder than the Devil:
For they——
P. To what will these wild maxims tend?
And where, sweet sir, will your reflections end?
S. In you.
P. In me, you knave? make out your charge.
S. You praise low living, but you live at large.
Perhaps you scarce believe the rules you teach,
Or find it hard to practice what you preach.
Scarce have you paid one idle journey down,
But, without business, you're again in town.
If none invite you, sir, abroad to roam,
Then—Lord, what pleasure 'tis to read at home:
And sip your two half-pints, with great delight,
Of beer at noon, and muddled port at night.

From Encome[1], John comes thundering at the door,
With "Sir, my master begs you to come o'er,
To pass these tedious hours, these winter nights,
Not that he dreads invasions, rogues, or sprites."
Straight for your two best wigs aloud you call,
This stiff in buckle, that not curl'd at all,
"And where, you rascal, are the spurs," you cry;
"And O! what blockhead laid the buskins by?"
On your old batter'd mare you'll needs be gone,
(No matter whether on four legs or none) [heath;
Splash, plunge, and stumble, as you scour the
All swear at Morden 'tis on life or death;
Wildly through Wareham streets you scamper on,
Raise all the dogs and voters in the town;
Then fly for six long dirty miles as bad,
That Corfe and Kingston gentry think you mad.
And all this furious riding is to prove
Your high respect, it seems, and eager love:
And yet, that mighty honour to obtain,
Banks, Shaftesbury, Doddington, may send in vain.
Before you go, we curse the noise you make,
And bless the moment that you turn your back:
As for myself, I own it to your face,
I love good eating, and I take my glass:
But sure 'tis strange, dear sir, that this should be
In you amusement, but a fault in me.
All this is bare refining on a name,
To make a difference where the fault's the same.
My father sold me to your service here,
For this fine livery, and four pounds a year.
A livery you should wear as well as I,
And this I'll prove—but lay your cudgel by.
You serve your passions—Thus, without a jest,
Both are but fellow-servants at the best.
Yourself, good sir, are play'd by your desires,
A mere tall puppet dancing on the wires.
P. Who, at this rate of talking, can be free?
S. The brave, wise, honest man, and only he:
All else are slaves alike, the world around,
Kings on the throne, and beggars on the ground:
He, sir, is proof to grandeur, pride, or pelf,
And (greater still) is master of himself:
Not to-and-fro by fears and factions hurl'd,
But loose to all the interests of the world:
And while that world turns round, entire and whole,
He keeps the sacred tenour of his soul;
In every turn of fortune still the same,
As gold unchang'd, or brighter from the flame:
Collected in himself, with godlike pride,
He sees the darts of Envy glance aside;
And, fix'd like Atlas, while the tempest blow,
Smiles at the idle storms that roar below.
One such you know, a laytman, to your shame,
And yet the honour of your blood and name,
If you can such a character maintain,
You too are free, and I'm your slave again.
But when in Hemskirk's pictures you delight,
More than yourself, to see two drunkards fight;
"Fool, rogue, sot, blockhead," or such names are
mine:
Your's are, "a Connoiseur," or "Deep Divine."
I'm chid for loving a luxurious bit,
The sacred prize of learning, worth, and wit:
And yet some sell their lands these bits to buy;
Then, pray, who suffers most from luxury?
I'm chid, 'tis true; but then I pawn no plate,
I seal no bonds, I mortgage no estate.

Besides, high living, sir, must wear you out
With surfeits, qualms, a fever, or the gout.
By some new pleasures are you still engross'd,
And when you save an hour, you think it lost.
To sports, plays, races, from your books you run,
And like all company, except your own.
You hunt, drink, sleep, or (idler still) you rhyme;
Why?—but to banish thought, and murder time:
And yet that thought, which you discharge in
vain,
Like a foul-loaded piece, recoils again.
P. Tom, fetch a cane, a whip, a club, a stone—
S. For what?
P. A sword, a pistol, or a gun:
I'll shoot the dog.
S. Lord! who would be a wit?
He's in a mad, or in a rhyming fit.
P. Fly, fly, you rascal, for your spade and fork;
For once I'll set your lazy bones to work:
Fly, or I'll send you back, without a groat,
To the bleak mountains where you first were caught.

[1] The seat of John Pitt, esq. in Dorsetshire.

ODE TO JOHN PITT, ESQ.

ADVISING HIM TO BUILD A BANQUETTING-HOUSE ON A HILL THAT OVERLOOKS THE SEA.

From this tall promontory's brow
You look majestic down,
And see extended wide below
Th' horizon all your own.

With growing piles the vales are crown'd,
Here hills peep over hills;
There the vast sky and sea profound
Th' increasing prospect fills;

O bid, my friend, a structure rise,
And this huge round command;
Then shall this little point comprise
The ocean and the land.

Then you, like Æolus, on high,
From your aerial tower,
Shall see secure the billows fly,
And hear the whirlwinds roar.

You, with a smile, their rage despise,
Till some sad wreck appears,
And calls, from your relenting eyes,
The sympathising tears.

Thus may you view, with proud delight,
While winds the deep deform,
(Till human woes your grief excite)
All nature in a storm.

Majestic, awful scene! when, hurl'd
On surges, surges rise,
And all the heaving watery world
Tumultuous mounts the skies.

The seas and thunder roar by turns,
By turns the peals expire:
The billows flash, and ether burns
With momentary fire.

But lo! the furious tempests cease,
The mighty rage subsides;
Old Ocean hush'd, in solemn peace,
Has still'd the murmuring tides.

Spread wide abroad, the glassy plain,
In various colours gay,
Reflects the glorious Sun again,
And doubly gilds the day.

Th' horizon glows from side to side,
And flames with glancing rays;
The floating, trembling, silver tide,
Is one continual blaze.

Your eyes the prospect now command,
All uncontrol'd and free,
Fly like a thought from land to land,
And dart from sea to sea.

Thus, while above the clouds we sit,
And innocently gay,
Pass in amusements, wine, or wit,
The sultry hours away;

Sometimes, with pity, or disdain,
In thought a glance we throw
Down on the poor, the proud, the vain,
In yonder world below.

We see, from this exalted seat,
(How shrunk, reduc'd, confin'd!)
The little person of the great,
As little as his mind.

See there—amidst the crowds our view
Some scatter'd virtues strike;
But those so throng'd, and these so few,
The world looks all alike.

Yet, through this cloud of human-kind,
The Talbots we survey,
The Pitts, the Yorkes, the Seckers find,
Who shine in open day.

ODE TO JOHN PITT ESQ.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

O'er curious models as you rove
The vales with piles to crown,
And great Palladio's plans improve
With nobler of your own;

O bid a structure o'er the floods
From this high mountain rise,
Where we may sit enthron'd like gods,
And revel in the skies.

Th' ascending breeze, at each repast,
Shall breathe an air divine,
Give a new brightness to the taste,
New spirit to the wine.

Or these low pleasures we may quit
For banquets more refin'd,
The works of each immortal wit,
The luxury of the mind.

Plato, or Boyle's, or Newton's page,
Our towering thoughts shall raise,
Or Homer's fire, or Pindar's rage,
Or Virgil's lofty lays.

Or with amusive thoughts the sea
Shall entertain the mind,
While we the rolling scene survey,
An emblem of mankind.

Where, like sworn foes, successive all,
The furious surges run,
To urge their predecessor's fall,
Though follow'd by their own.

Where, like our moderns so profound,
Engag'd in dark dispute,
The scuttles cast their ink around
To puzzle the dispute.

Where sharks, like shrewd directors, thrive,
Like lawyers, rob at will;
Where flying-fish, like trimmers live;
Like soldiers, sword-fish kill.

Where on the less the greater feed,
The tyrants of an hour,
Till the huge royal whale succeed,
And all at once devour.

Thus in the mortal world we now
Too truly understand,
Each monster of the sea below
Is match'd by one at land.

ON MRS. WALKER'S POEMS.

PARTICULARLY THAT ON THE AUTHOR.

Blush, Wilmot, blush; a female Muse,
Without one guilty line,
The tender theme of love pursues
In softer strains than thine.

'Tis thine the passion to blaspheme,
'Tis hers with wit and ease
(When a mere nothing is the theme)
Beyond thyself to please.

Then be to her the prize decreed,
Whose merit has prevail'd;
For what male poet can succeed,
If Rochester has fail'd?

Since Phœbus quite forgetful grows,
And has not yet thought fit,
In his high wisdom, to impose
A salique law on wit;

Since of your rights he takes no care,
Ye Priors, Popes, and Gays;
'Tis hard!——but let the women wear
The breeches and the bays.

VERSES ON A FLOWERED CARPET.

WORKED BY THE YOUNG LADIES AT KINGSTON.

When Pallas saw the piece her pupils wrought,
She stood long wondering at the lovely draught:
"And, Flora, now" (she cried) "no more display
Thy flowers, the trifling beauties of a day:
For see! how these with life immortal bloom,
And spread and flourish for an age to come!
In what unguarded hour did I impart
To these fair virgins all my darling art?
In all my wit I saw these rivals shine,
But this one art I thought was always mine:
Yet lo! I yield; their mistress now no more,
But proud to learn from these I taught before.

For look, what vegetable sense is here!
How warm with life these blushing leaves appear!
What temper'd splendours o'er the piece are laid!
Shade steals on light, and light dies into shade.
Through heaven's gay bow less various beauties run,
And far less bright, though painted by the Sun.
See in each blooming flower what spirit glows!
What vivid colours flush the opening rose:
In some few hours thy lily disappears;
But this shall flourish through a length of years,
See unfelt winters pass successive by,
And scorn a mean dependence on the sky.
And oh! may Britain, by my counsels sway'd,
But live and flourish, till these flowers shall fade!
Then go, fond Flora, go, the palm resign
To works more fair and durable than thine;
For I, even I, in justice yield the crown
To works so far superior to my own."

VERSES ON A FLOWERED CARPET.

On this fair ground, with ravish'd eyes,
We see a second Eden rise,
As gay and glorious as the first,
Before th' offending world was curst.
While these bright nymphs the needle guide,
To paint the rose in all her pride,
Nature, like her, may blush to own
Herself so far by Art out-done.
These flowers she rais'd with all her care,
So blooming, so divinely fair!
The glorious children of the Sun,
That David's regal heir out-shone,
Were scarce like one of these array'd;
They died, but these shall never fade.

ON THE ART OF PREACHING.

A FRAGMENT.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE'S ART OF POETRY.

——Pendent opera interrupta.——

Should some fam'd hand, in this fantastic age,
Draw Rich, as Rich appears upon the stage,
With all his postures in one motley plan,
The god, the hound, the monkey, and the man,
Here o'er his head high brandishing a leg,
And there just hatch'd, and breaking from his egg;
While monster crowds on monster through the piece,
Who could help laughing at a sight like this?
Or, as a drunkard's dream together brings
"A court of coblers, or a mob of kings[1];"
Such is a sermon, where, confus'dly dark,
Join[2] Sharp, South, Sherlock, Barrow, Wake, and [Clarke;
So eggs of different parishes will run
To batter, when you beat six y'ks to one;
So six bright chymic liquors when you mix,
In one dark shadow vanish all the six.

Full licence priests and painters ever had
To run bold lengths, but never to run mad;
For these can't reconcile God's grace to sin,
Nor those paint tigers in an ass's skin.
No common dauber in one piece would join
The fox and goose—unless upon a sign.
Some steal a page of sense from Tillotson,
And then conclude divinely with their own.
Like oil on water, mounts the prelate up;
His grace is always sure to be at top:
That vein of mercury its beams will spread,
And shine more strongly through a mine of lead.
With such low arts your audience never bilk;
For who can bear a fustian lin'd with silk?
Sooner than preach such stuff, I'd walk the town,
Without my scarf, in Whiston's draggled gown;
Ply at the Chapter, and at Child's to read
For pence, and bury for a groat a head.
Some easy subject chuse, within your power,
Or you can never hold out half an hour.
One rule observe: this Sunday split your text;
Preach one part now, and t'other half the next.
Speak, look, and move, with dignity and ease,
Like mitred Secker, you'll be sure to please.
But if you whine like boys at country schools,
Can you be said to study Cambray's rules?
Begin with care, nor, like that curate vile,
Set out in this high prancing stumbling style,
"Whoever with a piercing eye can see
"Through the past records of futurity—"
All gape—no meaning—the puff'd orator
Talks much, and says just nothing for an hour.
Truth and the text he labours to display,
Till both are quite interpreted away:
So frugal dames insipid water pour,
Till green, bohea, and coffee, are no more.
His arguments in silly circles run
Still round and round, and end where they begun:
So the poor turn-spit, as the wheel runs round,
The more he gains, the more he loses ground.
Surpris'd with solitary self-applause,
He sees the motley mingled scene he draws:
Dutch painters thus at their own figures start,
Drawn with their utmost uncreating art.
Thus when old Bruin teems, her children fail
Of limbs, form, figure, features, head, or tail;
Nay, though she licks her cubs, her tender cares
At best can bring the Bruins but to bears.
Still to your hearers all your sermons sort;
Who'd preach against corruption at the court?
Against church-power at Visitations bawl,
Or talk about damnation at Whitehall?
Harangue the Horse-guards on a Cure of souls,
Condemn the quirks of Chancery at the Rolls,
Or rail at hoods and organs at St. Paul's!
Or be, like David Jones, so indiscreet,
To rave at usurers in Lombard-street.
Ye country-vicars, when you preach, in town,
A turn at Paul's to pay your journey down,
If you would shun the sneer of every prig,
Lay-by the little band and rusty wig;
But yet be sure your proper language know,
Nor talk as born within the sound of Bow;
Speak not the phrase that Drury-lane affords,
Nor from 'Change-alley steal a cant of words:
Coachmen will criticise your style; nay, further,
Porters will bring it in for wilful murther:
The dregs of the canaille will look askew,
To hear the language of the town from you:

[1] Dryden.

[2] Another copy reads,
"Join Hoadly, Sharp, South, Sherlock, Wake, and Clarke."

Nay, my lord-mayor, with merriment possest,
Will break his nap, and laugh among the rest,
And jog the aldermen to hear the jest.
* * * * * *

INVITATION TO MR. DODINGTON[1].

IN ALLUSION TO HORACE, BOOK I. EP. V.

If Dodington will condescend
To visit a poetic friend,
And leave a numerous bill of fare,
For four or five plain dishes here;
No costly welcome, but a kind
He and his friends will always find;
A plain, but clean and spacious room,
The master and his heart at home,
A cellar open as his face,
A dinner shorter than his grace;
Your mutton comes from Pimpern-down,
Your fish (if any) from the town;
Our rogues, indeed, of late, o'eraw'd,
By human laws, not those of God,
No venison steal, or none they bring.
Or send it all to master King[2];
And yet, perhaps, some venturous spark
May bring it, now the nights are dark.
Punch I have store, and beer beside,
And port that's good, though frenchified.
Then, if you come, I'm sure to get
From Eastbery [3]—a desert—of wit.
One line, good sir, to name the day,
And your petitioner will pray, &c.

MR. R. PITT, TO HIS BROTHER C. PITT.

ON HIS HAVING A FIT OF THE GOUT.

Among the well-bred natives of our isle,
"I kiss your hand, sir," is the modish style;
In humbler manner, as my fate is low,
I beg to kiss your venerable toe,
Not old Infallibility can have
Profounder reverence from its meanest slave.
What dignity attends the solemn gout!
What conscious greatness if the heart be stout!
Methinks I see you o'er the house preside,
In painful majesty and decent pride,
With leg tost high, on stately sofa sit,
More like a sultan than a modern wit;
Quick at your call the trembling slaves appear,
Advance with caution, and retire with fear;
Ev'n Peggy trembles, though (or authors fail)
At times the anti-salic laws prevail.
Now, "Lord have mercy on poor Dick!" say I;
"Where's the lac'd shoe—who laid the flannel by?"
Within 'tis hurry, the house seems possest;
Without, the horses wonder at their rest.
What terrible dismay, what scenes of care!
Why is the sooty Mintrem's hopeful heir[4]
Before the morning-dawn compell'd to rise,
And give attendance with his half-shut eyes!
What makes that girl with hideous visage stare?
What fiends prevent Ead's[1] journey to the fair[2]?
Why all this noise, this bustle and this rout?
"Oh, nothing—but poor master has the gout."
Meantime, superior to the pains below,
Your thoughts in soaring meditations flow,
In rapturous trance on Virgil's genius dwell,
To us, poor mortals, his strong beauties tell,
And, like Æneas, from your couch of state,
In all the pomp of words display the Trojan fate.
Can nothing your aspiring thoughts restrain?
Or does the Muse suspend the rage of pain?
Awhile give o'er your rage; in sickness prove
Like other mortals, if you'd pity move:
Think not your friends compassionate can be,
When such the product of disease they see;
Your sharpest pangs but add to our delight,
We'll wish you still the Gout, if still you write.

[1] Created Lord Melcombe in 1761.
[2] The Blandford carrier.
[3] Mr. Dodington's seat at that time.
[4] Mr. Pitt's servant, the son of a blacksmith.

WRITTEN IN THE FOLDS OF A PIN-PAPER.

Of old, a hundred Cyclops strove
To forge the thunderbolt for Jove;
I too employ a hundred hands,
And travel through as many lands.
A head I have, though very small,
But then I have no brains at all.
The miser locks me up with care,
Close as his money, all the year.
When John and Joan are both at strife,
'Tis I find money for the wife.
At court I make the ladies shine,
I grace ev'n gracious Caroline:
And, though I often take my way
Through town and country, land and sea,
I'm neither fish, nor flesh, nor herring,
And now I live with goody Verring[1].

DE MINIMIS MAXIMA.

AUTORE LUDOVICO DUNCOMBE[4].

Exigua crescit de glande altissima quercus,
Et tandem patulis surgit in astra comis:
Dumque anni pergunt, crescit latissima moles;
Mox secat æquoreas bellica navis æquas.
Angliacis hinc fama, salus hinc nascitur oris,
Et glans est nostri præsidium imperii.

TRANSLATION OF THE FOREGOING, BY MR. PITT.

From a small acorn, see! the oak arise,
Supremely tall, and towering in the skies!

[1] Another servant of Mr. Pitt.
[2] Blandford fair; two miles from Pimpern, Mr. Pitt's rectory, where he was born, and where he died, April 13, 1748, aged 48. See his epitaph in Hutchins's Dorset, I. 82. *N.*
[3] A seller of pins at Blandford. Pitt.
[4] See this ingenious young gentleman's verses to the memory of Mr. Hughes, in vol. X. He was second son of John Duncombe, Esq. of Stocks; and died at Merton College, Oxford, where he was a gentleman commoner, Dec. 26, 1730, in the twentieth year of his age. *N.*

Queen of the groves! her stately head she rears,
Her bulk increasing with increasing years:
Now moves in pomp, majestic, o'er the deep,
While in her womb ten thousand thunders sleep.
Hence Britain boasts her far-extended reign,
And by the expanded acorn rules the main.

AN EPITAPH.

INSCRIBED ON A STONE THAT COVERS HIS FATHER, MOTHER, AND BROTHER[1].

Ye sacred Spirits! while your friends distress'd
Weep o'er your ashes, and lament the bless'd;
O let the pensive Muse inscribe that stone,
And with the general sorrows mix her own:
The pensive Muse!—who, from this mournful hour,
Shall raise her voice, and wake the string no more!
Of love, of duty, this last pledge receive;
'Tis all a brother, all a son can give.

A POEM ON THE

DEATH OF THE LATE EARL STANHOPE.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE COUNTESS OF STANHOPE.

"At length, grim Fate, thy dreadful triumphs cease:
Lock up the tomb, and seal the grave in peace."

Now, from thy riot of destruction breathe,
Call in thy raging plagues, thou tyrant Death:
Too mean's the conquest which thy arms bestow,
Too mean to sweep a nation at a blow.
No, thy unbounded triumphs higher run,
And seem to strike at all mankind in one;
Since Stanhope is thy prey, the great, the brave,
A nobler prey was never paid the grave.
We seem to feel from this thy daring crime,
A blank in nature, and a pause in time.
He stood so high in reason's towering sphere,
As high as man unglorify'd could bear.
In arms, and eloquence, like Cæsar, shone
So bright, that each Minerva was his own.
How could so vast a fund of learning lie
Shut up in such a short mortality?
One world of science nobly travell'd o'er,
Like Philip's glorious son, he wept for more.
And now, resign'd to tears, th' angelic choirs,
With drooping heads, unstring their golden lyres,
Wrapt in a cloud of grief, they sigh to view
Their sacred image laid by Death so low:
And deep in anguish sunk, on Stanhope's fate,
Begin to doubt their own immortal state.
But hold, my Muse, thy mournful transport errs,
Hold here, and listen to Lucinda's tears,
While thy vain sorrows echo to his tomb,
Behold a sight that strikes all sorrow dumb:
Behold the partner of his cares and life,
Bright in her tears, and beautiful in grief.
Shall then in vain those streams of sorrow flow,
Drest up in all the elegance of woe?
And shall the kind officious Muse forbear
To answer sigh for sigh, and tell out tear for tear?
Oh! no; at such a melancholy scene,
The poet echoes back her woes again.
Each weeping Muse should minister relief,
From all the moving eloquence of grief.
Each, like a Niobe, his fate bemoan,
Melt into tears, or harden into stone.
From dark obscurity his virtues save,
And, like pale specters, hover round his grave.
With them the marble should due measures keep,
Relent at every sigh, at every accent weep.
Britannia mourn thy hero, nor refuse
To vent the sighs and sorrows with the Muse:
Oh! let thy rising groans load every wind,
Nor let one sluggish accent lag behind.
Thy heavy fate with justice to deplore,
Convey a gale of sighs from shore to shore.
And thou, her guardian angel, widely spread
Thy golden wings, and shield the mighty dead.
Brood o'er his ashes, and illustrious dust,
And sooth with care the venerable ghost.
To guard the nobler relics, leave a while
The kind protection of thy favourite isle:
Around his silent tomb, thy station keep,
And, with thy sister-angel, learn to weep.
Ye sons of Albion, o'er your patriot mourn,
And cool with streams of tears his sacred urn.
His wondrous virtues, stretch'd to distant shores,
Demand all Europe's tears, as well as yours.
Nature can't bring in every period forth,
A finish'd hero of exalted worth,
Whose godlike genius, towering and sublime,
Must long lie ripening in the womb of time:
Before a Stanhope enters on the stage,
The birth of years, and labour of an age.
In field, and council, born the palm to share,
His voice a senate, as his sword a war:
And each illustrious action of his life,
Conspire to form the patriot, and the chief:
On either side, unite their blended rays,
And kindly mingle in a friendly blaze.
Stand out, and witness this, unhappy Spain,
Lift up to view the mountains of thy slain:
Tell how thy heroes yielded to their fear,
When Stanhope rouz'd the thunder of the war:
With what fierce tumults of severe delight
Th' impetuous hero plung'd into the fight.
How he the dreadful front of Death defac'd,
Pour'd on the foe, and laid the battle waste.
Did not his arm the ranks of war deform,
And point the hovering tumult where to storm?
Did not his sword through legions cleave his way,
Break their dark squadrons, and let in the day?
Did not he lead the terrible attack,
Push Conquest on, and bring her bleeding back?
Throw wide the scenes of horrour and despair,
The tide of conflict, and the stream of war?
Bid yellow Tagus, who in triumph roll'd
Till then his turbid tides of foaming gold,
Boast his rich channels to the world no more,
Since all his glittering streams, and liquid ore,
Lie undistinguish'd in a flood of gore.
Bid his charg'd waves, and loaded billows sweep,
Thy slaughter'd thousands to the frighted deep.
Confess, fair Albion, how the listening throng
Dwelt on the moving accents of his tongue.
In the sage council seat him, and confess
Thy arm in war, thy oracle in peace:
How here triumphant too, his nervous sense
Bore off the palm of manly eloquence:

[1] Robert Pitt, A. M. his eldest brother. See the Latin inscription, in Hutchins's Dorset, vol. I. p. 83.

The healing balm to Albion's wounds apply'd,
And charm'd united factions to his side:
Fix'd on his sovereign's head the nodding crown,
And propp'd the tottering basis of the throne,
Supported bravely all the nation's weight,
And stood the public Atlas of the state.
Sound the loud trumpet, let the solemn knell
Bid with due horrour his great soul farewel.
Tune every martial instrument with care,
At once wake all the harmony of war.
Let each sad hero in procession go,
And swell the vast solemnity of woe.
Neglect the yew, the mournful cypress leave,
And with fresh laurels strew the warrior's grave.
There they shall rise, in honour of his name,
Grow green with victory, and bloom with fame.
Lo! from his azure throne, old father Thames
Signs through his floods, and groans from all his streams:
O'er his full urn he droops his reverend head,
And sinks down deeper in his oozy bed,
As the sad pomp proceeds along his sides,
O'ercharg'd with sorrow, pant his heaving tides.
Low in his humid palace laid to mourn,
With streams of tears, the god supplies his urn.
Within his channels he forgets to flow,
And pours o'er all his bounds the deluge of his woe.
But see, my Muse, if yet thy ravish'd sight
Can bear that blaze, that rushing stream of light;
Where the great hero's disencumber'd soul,
Springs from the Earth to reach her native pole.
Boldly she quits th' abandon'd cask of clay,
Freed from her chains, and towers th' ethereal way:
Soars o'er th' eternal funds of hail and snow,
And leaves heaven's stormy magazines below.
Thence through the vast profound of heaven she flies,
And measures all the concave of the skies:
Sees where the planetary worlds advance,
Orb above orb, and lead the starry dance.
Nor rests she there, but, with a bolder flight,
Explores the undiscover'd realms of light.
Where the fix'd orbs, to deck the spangled pole,
In state around their gaudy axles roll.
Thence his aspiring course in triumph steers,
Beyond the golden circles of the spheres;
Into the Heaven of Heavens, the seat divine,
Where Nature never drew her mighty line.
A region that excludes all time and place,
And shuts creation from th' unbounded space:
Where the full tides of light in oceans flow,
And see the Sun ten thousand worlds below.
So far from our inferior orbs disjoin'd,
The tir'd imagination pants behind.
Then cease thy painful flight, nor venture more,
Where never Muse his stretch'd her wing before.
Thy pinions tempt immortal heights in vain,
That throw thee fluttering back to Earth again.
On Earth a while, blest shade, thy thoughts employ,
And steal one moment from eternal joy.
While there, in Heaven, immortal songs inspire
Thy golden strings, and tremble on the lyre,
Which raise to nobler strains, th' angelic choir.
Look down with pity on a mortal's lays,
Who strives, in vain, to reach thy boundless praise:
Who with low verse profanes thy sacred name,
Lost in the spreading circle of thy fame.
Thy fame, which, like thyself, is mounted high,
Wide as thy Heaven, and lofty as thy sky.
And thou, his pious consort, here below,
Lavish of grief, and prodigal of woe:
Oh! choak thy griefs, thy rising sighs suppress,
Nor let thy sorrows violate his peace.
This rage of anguish, that disdains relief,
Dims his bright joys, with some allay of grief.
Look on his dearest pledge he left behind,
And see how Nature, bountiful and kind,
Stamps the paternal image on his mind.
Oh! may th' hereditary virtues run
In fair succession, to adorn the son;
The last best hopes of Albion's realms to grace,
And form the hero worthy of his race:
Some means at last by Britain may be found,
To dry her tears, and close her bleeding wound.
And if the Muse through future times can see,
Fair youth, thy father shall revive in thee:
Thou shalt the wondering nation's hopes engage,
To rise the Stanhope of the future age.

EPITAPH ON DR. KEIL.

THE LATE FAMOUS ASTRONOMER.

Beneath this stone the world's just wonder lies,
Who, while on Earth, had rang'd the spacious skies;
Around the stars his active soul had flown,
And seen their courses finish'd ere his own:
Now he enjoys those realms he could explore,
And finds that Heaven he knew so well before.
He through more worlds his victory pursued
Than the brave Greek could wish to have subdued;
In triumph ran one vast creation o'er,
Then stodp'd,—for Nature could afford no more.
With Cæsar's speed, young Ammon's noble pride,
He came, saw, vanquish'd, wept, return'd, and died.

HORACE, BOOK II. EP. XIX.

IMITATED.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. ROBERT LOWTH[1].

'Tis said, dear sir, no poets please the town,
Who drink mere water, though from Helicon:
For in cold blood they seldom boldly think;
Their rhymes are more insipid than their drink.
Not great Apollo could the train inspire,
Till generous Bacchus help'd to fan the fire.
Warm'd by two gods at once they drink and write,
Rhyme all the day, and fuddle all the night.
Homer, says Horace, nods in many a place,
But hints, he nodded oftner o'er the glass.
Inspir'd with wine old Ennius sung and thought
With the same spirit, that his heroes fought:
And we from Jonson's tavern-laws divine,
That bard was no great enemy to wine.
'Twas from the bottle King derived his wit,
Drank till he could not talk, and then he writ.
Let no coif'd serjeant touch the sacred juice,
But leave it to the bards for better use:
Let the grave judges too the glass forbear,
Who never sing and dance but once a year.
This truth once known, our poets take the hint,
Get drunk or mad, and then get into print:
To raise their flames indulge the mellow fit,
And lose their senses in the seach of wit:
And when with claret fir'd they take the pen,
Swear thy can write, because they drink, like Ben.

[1] Late Bishop of London.

Such mimic Swift or Prior to their cost,
For in the rash attempt the fools are lost.
When once a genius breaks through common rules,
He leads an herd of imitating fools.
If Pope, the prince of ports, sick a-bed,
O'er steaming coffee bends his aching head,
The fools in public o'er the fragrant draught
Incline those heads, that never ach'd or thought.
This must provoke his mirth or his disdain,
Cure his complaint,—or make him sick again.
I too, like them, the poet's path pursue,
And keep great Flaccus ever in my view;
But in a distant view—yet what I write,
In these loose sheets, must never see the light;
Epistles, odes, and twenty trifles more,
Things that are born and die in half an hour.
"What! you must dedicate," says sneering Spence,
"This year some new performance to the prince:
Though money is your scorn, no doubt in time,
You hope to gain some vacant stall by rhyme;
Like other poets, were the truth but known,
You too admire whatever is your own."
These wise remarks my modesty confound,
While the laugh rises, and the mirth goes round;
Vext at the jest, yet glad to shun a fray,
I whisk into my coach, and drive away.

TO MR. SPENCE.

PREFIXED TO THE ESSAY ON POPE'S ODYSSEY.

'Tis done—restor'd by thy immortal pen,
The critic's noble name revives again;
Once more that great, that injur'd name we see
Shine forth alike in Addison and thee.
Like curs, our critics haunt the poet's feast,
And feed on scraps refus'd by every guest;
From the old Thracian dog[1] they learn'd the way
To snarl in want, and grumble o'er their prey.
As though they grudg'd themselves the joys they feel,
Vex'd to be charm'd, and pleas'd against their will.
Such their inverted taste, that we expect
For faults their thanks, for beauties their neglect;
So the fell snake rejects the fragrant flowers,
But every poison of the field devours.
Like bold Longinus of immortal fame,
You read your poet with a poet's flame;
With his, your generous raptures still aspire;
The critic kindles when the bard's on fire.
But when some lame, some limping line demands
The friendly succour of your healing hands;
The feather of your pen drops balm around,
And plays, and tickles, while it cures the wound.
While Pope's immortal labour we survey,
We stand all dazzled with excess of day,
Blind with the glorious blaze;—to vulgar sight
'Twas one bright mass of undistinguish'd light;
But like the towering eagle, you alone
Discern'd the spots and splendours of the Sun.
To point out faults, yet never to offend:
To play the critic, yet preserve the friend;
A life well spent, that never lost a day;
An easy spirit, innocently gay;
A strict integrity, devoid of art;
The sweetest manners, and sincerest heart;
A soul, where depth of sense and fancy meet;
A judgment brighten'd by the beams of wit,
Were ever yours,—be what you were before,
Be still yourself; the world can ask no more.

[1] *Zoilus, so called by the ancients.*

IMITATION OF SPENSER.

A well-known vase of sovereign use I sing,
Pleasing to young and old, and Jordan hight,
The lovely queen, and eke the haughty king
Snatch up this vessel in the murky night:
Ne lives there poor, ne lives there wealthy wight,
But uses it in mantle brown or green;
Sometimes it stands array'd in glossy white;
And eft in mighty dortours may be seen
Of China's fragile earth, with azure flowrets sheen.

The virgin, comely as the dewy rose,
Here gently sheds the softly-whispering rill;
The frannion, who ne shame ne blushing knows,
At once the potter's glossy vase does fill;
It whizzes like the waters from a mill.
Here frouzy housewives clear their loaded reins;
The beef-fed justice, who fat ale doth swill,
Grasps the round-handled jar, and tries, and strains,
While slowly dribbling down the scanty water drains.

The dame of Fraunce shall without shame convey
This ready needment to its proper place;
Yet shall the daughters of the lond of Fay
Learn better amenaunce and decent grace;
Warm blushes lend a beauty to their face,
For virtue's comely tints their cheeks adorn;
Thus o'er the distant hillocks you may trace
The purple beamings of the infant morn:
Sweet are our blooming maids—the sweetest creatures born.

None but their husbands or their lovers true
They trust with management of their affairs;
Nor even these their privacy may view,
When the soft beavys seek the bower by pairs:
Then from the sight accoy'd, like timorous hares,
From mate or bellamour alike they fly; [airs,
Think not, good swain, that these are scornful
Think not for hate they shun thine amorous eye,
Soon shall the fair return, nor done thee youth, to dye.

While Belgic frows across a charcoal stove
(Replenish'd like the Vestal's lasting fire) [love,
Bren for whole years, and scorch'd the parts of
No longer parts that can delight inspire,
Erst cave of bliss, now monumental pyre;
O British maid, for ever clean and neat,
From whom I aye will wake my simple lyre,
With double care preserve that dun retreat,
Fair Venus' mystic bower, Dan Cupid's feather'd seat.

So may your hours soft-sliding steal away,
Unknown to gnarring slander and to bale,
O'er seas of bliss peace guide her gondelay,
Ne bitter dole impest the passing gale.
O! sweeter than the lilies of the dale,
In your soft breasts the fruits of joyance grow.
Ne fell despair be here with visage pale,
Brave be the youth from whom your bosoms glow,
Ne other joy but you the faithful striplings know.

EPISTLE TO J. PITT, ESQ.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, EPIST. IV. BOOK I.

DEAR SIR,

To all my trifles you attend,
But drop the critic to indulge the friend,
And with most Christian patience lose your time,
To hear me preach, or pester you with rhyme.
Here with my books or friend I spend the day,
But how at Kingston pass your hours away?
Say, shall we see some plan with ravish'd eyes,
Some future pile in miniature arise?
(A model to excel in every part
Judicious Jones, or great Palladio's art)
Or some new bill, that, when the house is met,
Shall claim their thanks, and pay the nation's debt?
Or have you studied in the silent wood
The sacred duties of the wise and good?
Nature, who form'd you, nobly crown'd the whole
With a strong body, and as firm a soul:
The praise is yours to finish every part
With all th' embellishments of taste and art.
Some see in canker'd heaps their riches roll'd,
Your bounty gives new lustre to your gold.
Could your dead father hope a greater bliss,
Or your surviving parent more than this?
Than such a son—a lover of the laws,
And ever true to honour's glorious cause:
Who scorns all parties, though by parties sought:
Who greatly thinks, and truly speaks his thought:
With all the chaste severity of sense,
Truth, judgment, wit, and manly eloquence.
So in his youth great Cato was rever'd,
By Pompey courted, and by Cæsar fear'd:
Both he disdain'd alike with godlike pride,
For Rome and Liberty he liv'd—and dy'd.
In each perfection as you rise so fast,
Well may you think each day may be your last.
Uncommon worth is still with fate at strife,
Still inconsistent with a length of life.
The future time is ever in your power,
Then 'tis clear gain to seize the present hour;
Break from the serious thought, and laugh away
In Pimpern walls one idle easy day.
You'll find your rhyming kinsman well in case,
For ever fix'd to the delicious place.
Tho' not like L—— with corpulence o'ergrown,
For he has twenty cures, and I but one.

EPISTLE TO MR. SPENCE.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, EPIST. X. BOOK I.

Health from the bard who loves the rural sport,
To the more noble bard that haunts the court:
In every other point of life we chime,
Like too soft lines when coupled into rhyme.
I praise a spacious villa to the sky,
You a close garret full five stories high;
I revel here in Nature's varied sweets,
You in the nobler scents of London streets.
I left the court, and here at ease reclin'd,
Am happier than the king who staid behind:
Twelve stifling dishes I could scarce live o'er,
At home I dine with luxury on four.
Where would a man of judgement chuse a seat,
But in a wholesome, rural, soft retreat,
Where hills adorn the mansion they defend?
Where could he better answer Nature's end?
Here from the sea the melting breezes rise,
Unbind the snow, and warm the wintry skies:
Here gentle gales the dog-star's heat allay,
And softly breathing cool the sultry day.
How free from cares, from dangers and affright,
In pleasing dreams I pass the silent night!
Does not the variegated marble yield
To the gay colours of the flowery field?
Can the New-river's artificial streams,
Or the thick waters of the troubled Thames,
In many a winding rusty pipe convey'd,
Or dash'd and broken down a deep cascade,
With our clear silver streams in sweetness vie,
That in eternal rills run bubbling by;
In dimples o'er the polish'd pebbles pass,
Glide o'er the sands, or glitter through the grass?
And yet in town the country prospects please,
Where stately colonades are flank'd with trees:
On a whole country looks the master down
With pride, where scarce five acres are his own.
Yet Nature, though repell'd, maintains her part,
And in her turn she triumphs over art;
The hand-maid now may prejudice our taste,
But the fair mistress will prevail at last.
That man must smart at last whose puzzled sight
Mistakes in life false colours for the right;
As the poor dupe is sure his loss to rue,
Who takes a Pinchbeck guinea for a true.
The wretch, whose frantic pride kind Fortune crowns,
Grows twice as abject when the goddess frowns;
As he, who rises when his head turns round,
Must tumble twice as heavy to the ground.
Then love not grandeur, 'tis a splendid curse;
The more the love, the harder the divorce.
We live far happier by these gurgling springs,
Than statesmen, courtiers, counsellors, or kings.
The stag expell'd the courser from the plain;
What can he do?—he begs the aid of man;
He takes the bit and proudly bears away
His new ally; he fights and wins the day:
But, ruin'd by success, he strives in vain
To quit his master and the curb again.
So from the fear of want most wretches fly,
But lose their noblest wealth, their liberty;
To their imperious passions they submit,
Who mount, ride, spur, but never draw the bit.
'Tis with your fortune, Spence, as with your shoe,
A large may wrench, a small one wring your toe.
Then bear your fortune in the golden mean,
Not every man is born to be a dean.
I'll bear your jeers, if ever I am known
To seek two cures, when scarce I merit one.
Riches, 'tis true, some service may afford,
But oftner play the tyrant o'er their lord.
Money I scorn, but keep a little still,
To pay my doctor's, or my lawyer's bill.
From Encombe's soft romantic scenes I write,
Deep sunk in ease, in pleasure and delight;
Yet, though her gen'rous lord himself is here,
'Twould be one pleasure more, could you appear.

INVITATION TO A FRIEND AT COURT.

If you can leave for books the crowded court,
And generous Bourdeaux for a glass of port,
To these sweet solitudes without delay
Break from the world's impertinence away.

Soon as the Sun the face of Nature gilds,
For health and pleasure will we range the fields;
O'er her gay scenes and opening beauties run,
While all the vast creation is our own.
But when his golden globe with faded light
Yields to the solemn empire of the night;
And in her sober majesty the Moon
With milder glories mounts her silver throne;
Amidst ten thousand orbs with splendour crown'd,
That pour their tributary beams around;
Through the long level'l'd tube our strengthen'd sight
Shall mark distinct the spangles of the night;
From world to world shall dart the boundless eye,
And stretch from star to star, from sky to sky.
The buzzing insect families appear,
When suns unbind the rigour of the year;
Quick glance the myriads round the evening bower,
Hosts of a day, or nations of an hour.
Astonish'd we shall see th' unfolding race,
Stretch'd out in bulk, within the polish'd glass;
Through whose small convex a new world we spy,
Ne'er seen before, but by a seraph's eye!
So long in darkness shut from human kind
Lay half God's wonders to a point confin'd!
But in one peopled drop we now survey
In pride of power some little monster play;
O'er tribes invisible he reigns alone,
And struts a tyrant of a world his own.
Now will we study Homer's awful page,
Now warm our souls with Pindar's noble rage:
To English lays shall Flaccus' lyre be strung,
And lofty Virgil speak the British tongue.
Immortal Virgil! at thy sacred name
I tremble now, and now I pant for fame;
With eager hopes this moment I aspire
To catch or emulate thy glorious fire;
The next pursue the rash attempt no more,
But drop the quill, bow, wonder, and adore;
By thy strong genius overcome and aw'd!
That fire from Heaven! that spirit of a god!
Pleas'd and transported with thy name I tend
Beyond my theme, forgetful of my friend;
And from my first design by rapture led,
Neglect the living poet for the dead.

EPISTLE TO MR. SPENCE.

WHEN TUTOR TO LORD MIDDLESEX.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, BOOK I. EPIST. XVIII.

SPENCE, with a friend you pass the hours away
In pointed jokes, yet innocently gay:
You ever differ'd from a flatterer more,
Than a chaste lady from a flaunting whore.
'Tis true you rallied every fault you found,
But gently tickled, while you cur'd the wound:
Unlike the paultry poets of the town,
Rogues who expose themselves for half a crown:
And still impose on every soul they meet
Rudeness for sense, and ribaldry for wit:
Who, though half-starv'd, in spite of time and place,
Repeat their rhymes, though dinner stays for grace:
And as their poverty their dresses fit,
They think of course a sloven is a wit;
But sense (a truth these coxcombs ne'er suspect)
Lies just 'twixt affectation and neglect.
One step still lower, if you can, descend,
To the mean wretch, the great man's humble friend;
That mo[illegible] shade, that pendant at his ear,
That two-legg'd dog, still pawing on the peer.
Studying his looks, and watching at the board,
He gapes to catch the droppings of my lord;
And, tickled to the soul at every joke,
Like a press'd watch, repeats what t'other spoke:
Echo to mimic! such a scene to hear!
'Tis just like Punch and his interpreter.
On trifles some are earnestly absurd,
You'll think the world depends on ev'ry word.
"What, is not every mortal free to speak?
I'll give my reasons, tho' I break my neck."
And what's the question?—if it shine or rain,
Whether it is twelve or fifteen miles to Staines.
The wretch reduc'd to rags by every vice,
Pride, projects, races, mistresses, and dice,
The rich rogue shuns, though full as bad as he,
And knows a quarrel is good husbandry. [pelf,
"'Tis strange," cries Peter, "you are out of
I'm sure I thought you wiser than myself;"
Yet gives him nothing—but advice too late,
Retrench, or rather mortgage your estate,
I can advance the sum,—'tis best for both;
But henceforth cut your coat to match your cloth.
A minister, in mere revenge and sport,
Shall give his foe a paltry place at court.
The dupe for every royal birth-day buys
New horses, coaches, clothes, and liveries;
Plies at the levee, and distinguish'd there
Lives on the royal whisper for a year;
His wenches shine in Brussels and brocade!
And now the wretch, ridiculously mad,
Draws on his banker, mortgages and fails,
Then to the country runs away from jails:
There, ruin'd by the court, he sells a vote
To the next burgess, as of old he bought;
Rubs down the steeds which once his chariot bore,
Or sweeps the town, which once he serv'd before.
But, by this roving meteor led, I tend
Beyond my theme, forgetful of my friend.
Then take advice; I preach not out of time,
When good lord Middlesex is bent on rhyme.
Their humour check'd, or inclination cross'd,
Sometimes the friendship of the great is lost.
Unless call'd out to wench, be sure comply,
Hunt when he hunts, and lay the Fathers by:
For your reward you gain his love, and dine
On the best venison and the best French wine:
Nor to lord ****** make the observation,
How the twelve peers have answer'd their creation,
Nor in your wine or wrath betray your trust,
Be silent still, and obstinately just:
Explore no secrets, draw no characters,
For Echo will repeat, and walls have ears:
Nor let a busy fool a secret know,
A secret gripes him till he lets it go:
Words are like bullets, and we wish in vain,
When once discharg'd, to call them back again.
* * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * *
Defend, dear Spence, the honest and the civil,
But to cry up a rascal——that's the devil.
Who guards a good man's character, 'tis known,
At the same time protects and guards his own.
For as with houses 'tis with people's names,
A shed may set a palace all on flames;
The fire neglected on the cottage preys,
But mounts at last into a general blaze.
'Tis a fine thing, some think, a lord to know;
I wish his tradesmen could but think so too.

He gives his word—then all your hopes are gone:
He gives his honour—then you're quite undone.
His and some women's love the same are found;
You rashly board a fireship, and are drown'd.
Most folks so partial to themselves are grown,
They hate a temper differing from their own.
The grave abhor the gay, the gay the sad,
And formalists pronounce the witty mad:
The sot, who drinks six bottles in a place,
Swears at the flinchers who refuse their glass.
Would you not pass for an ill-natured man,
Comply with every humour that you can.
Pope will instruct you how to pass away
Your time like him, and never lose a day;
From hopes or fears your quiet to defend,
To all mankind as to yourself a friend,
And, sacred from the world, retir'd, unknown,
To lead a life with mortals like his own.
When to delicious Pimperne I retire,
What greater bliss, my Spence, can I desire?
Contented there my easy hours I spend
With maps, globes, books, my bottle, and a friend.
There can I live upon my income still,
E'en though the house should pass the Quakers' bill:
Yet to my share should some good prebend fall,
I think myself of size to fill a stall.
For life or wealth let Heaven my lot assign,
A firm and even soul shall still be mine.

THE

POEMS

OF

JAMES THOMSON.

THE

LIFE OF THOMSON,

BY DR. JOHNSON.

JAMES THOMSON, the son of a minister well esteemed for his piety and diligence, was born September 7, 1700, at Ednam, in the shire of Roxburgh, of which his father was pastor. His mother, whose name was Hume[1], inherited as co-heiress a portion of a small estate. The revenue of a parish in Scotland is seldom large; and it was probably in commiseration of the difficulty with which Mr. Thomson supported his family, having nine children, that Mr. Riccarton, a neighbouring minister, discovering in James uncommon promises of future excellence, undertook to superintend his education, and provide him books.

He was taught the common rudiments of learning at the school of Jedburgh, a place which he delights to recollect in his poem of Autumn; but was not considered by his master as superior to common boys, though in those early days he amused his patron and his friends with poetical compositions; with which, however, he so little pleased himself, that on every new-year's day he threw into the fire all the productions of the foregoing year.

From the school he was removed to Edinburgh, where he had not resided two years when his father died, and left all his children to the care of their mother, who raised upon her little estate what money a mortgage could afford, and, removing with her family to Edinburgh, lived to see her son rising into eminence.

The design of Thomson's friends was to breed him a minister. He lived at Edinburgh, as at school, without distinction or expectation, till, at the usual time, he performed a probationary exercise by explaining a psalm. His diction was so poetically splendid, that Mr. Hamilton, the professor of Divinity, reproved him for speaking language unintelligible to a popular audience; and he censured one of his expressions as indecent, if not profane.

This rebuke is reported to have repressed his thoughts of an ecclesiastical character, and he probably cultivated with new diligence his blossoms of poetry, which, however, were in some danger of a blast; for, submitting his productions to some who thought themselves qualified to criticise, he heard of nothing but faults; but, finding

[1] His mother's name was Beatrix Trotter. His grandmother's name was Hume. *C.*

other judges more favourable, he did not suffer himself to sink into despondence.

He easily discovered that the only stage on which a poet could appear, with any hope of advantage, was London; a place too wide for the operation of petty competition and private malignity, where merit might soon become conspicuous, and would find friends as soon as it became reputable to befriend it. A lady who was acquainted with his mother, advised him to the journey, and promised some countenance or assistance, which at last he never received; however, he justified his adventure by her encouragement, and came to seek in London patronage and fame.

At his arrival he found his way to Mr. Mallet, then tutor to the sons of the duke of Montrose. He had recommendations to several persons of consequence, which he had tied up carefully in his handkerchief; but as he passed along the street, with the gaping curiosity of a new-comer, his attention was upon every thing rather than his pocket, and his magazine of credentials was stolen from him.

His first want was a pair of shoes. For the supply of all his necessities, his whole fund was his Winter, which for a time could find no purchaser; till, at last, Mr. Millan was persuaded to buy it at a low price; and this low price he had for some time reason to regret; but, by accident, Mr. Whatley, a man not wholly unknown among authors, happening to turn his eye upon it, was so delighted that he ran from place to place celebrating its excellence. Thomson obtained likewise the notice of Aaron Hill, whom, being friendless and indigent, and glad of kindness, he courted with every expression of servile adulation.

Winter was dedicated to sir Spencer Compton, but attracted no regard from him to the author; till Aaron Hill awakened his attention by some verses addressed to Thomson, and published in one of the newspapers, which censured the great for their neglect of ingenious men. Thomson then received a present of twenty guineas, of which he gives this account to Mr. Hill:

"I hinted to you in my last, that on Saturday morning I was with sir Spencer Compton. A certain gentleman, without my desire, spoke to him concerning me: his answer was, that I had never come near him. Then the gentleman put the question, If he desired that I should wait on him? He returned, he did. On this, the gentleman gave me an introductory letter to him. He received me in what they commonly call a civil manner; asked me some common-place questions; and made me a present of twenty guineas. I am very ready to own that the present was larger than my performance deserved; and shall ascribe it to his generosity, or any other cause, rather than the merit of the address."

The poem, which, being of a new kind, few would venture at first to like, by degrees gained upon the public; and one edition was very speedily succeeded by another.

Thomson's credit was now high, and every day brought him new friends; among others Dr. Rundle, a man afterwards unfortunately famous, sought his acquaintance, and found his qualities such, that he recommended him to the lord chancellor Talbot.

Winter was accompanied, in many editions, not only with a preface and dedication, but with poetical praises by Mr. Hill, Mr. Mallet (then Malloch), and Mira

the fictitious name of a lady once too well known. Why the dedications are, to Winter and the other Seasons, contrarily to custom, left out in the collected works, the reader may inquire.

The next year (1727) he distinguished himself by three publications; of Summer, in pursuance of his plan; of A Poem on the Death of Sir Isaac Newton, which he was enabled to perform as an exact philosopher by the instruction of Mr. Gray; and of Britannia, a kind of poetical invective against the ministry, whom the nation then thought not forward enough in resenting the depredations of the Spaniards. By this piece he declared himself an adherent to the opposition, and had therefore no favour to expect from the court.

Thomson, having been some time entertained in the family of the lord Binning, was desirous of testifying his gratitude by making him the patron of his Summer; but the same kindness which had first disposed lord Binning to encourage him, determined him to refuse the dedication, which was by his advice addressed to Mr. Doddington, a man who had more power to advance the reputation and fortune of a poet.

Spring was published next year, with a dedication to the countess of Hertford; whose practice it was to invite every summer some poet into the country, to hear her verses, and assist her studies. This honour was one summer conferred on Thomson, who took more delight in carousing with lord Hertford and his friends than assisting her ladyship's poetical operations, and therefore never received another summons.

Autumn, the season to which the Spring and Summer are preparatory, still remained unsung, and was delayed till he published (1730) his works collected.

He produced in 1727 the tragedy of Sophonisba, which raised such expectation, that every rehearsal was dignified with a splendid audience, collected to anticipate the delight that was preparing for the public. It was observed, however, that nobody was much affected, and that the company rose as from a moral lecture.

It had upon the stage no unusual degree of success. Slight accidents will operate upon the taste of pleasure. There is a feeble line in the play:

O Sophonisba, Sophonisba, O!

This gave occasion to a waggish parody:

O, Jemmy Thomson, Jemmy Thomson, O!

which for a while was echoed through the town.

I have been told by Savage, that of the Prologue to Sophonisba the first part was written by Pope, who could not be persuaded to finish it; and that the concluding lines were added by Mallet.

Thomson was not long afterwards, by the influence of Dr. Rundle, sent to travel with Mr. Charles Talbot, the eldest son of the chancellor. He was yet young enough to receive new impressions, to have his opinions rectified, and his views enlarged; nor can he be supposed to have wanted that curiosity which is inseparable from an active and comprehensive mind. He may therefore now be supposed to have revelled in all the joys of intellectual luxury; he was every day feasted with

instructive novelties: he lived splendidly without expense; and might expect when he returned home a certain establishment.

At this time a long course of opposition to sir Robert Walpole had filled the nation with clamours for liberty, of which no man felt the want, and with care for liberty, which was not in danger. Thomson, in his travels on the continent, found or fancied so many evils arising from the tyranny of other governments, that he resolved to write a very long poem, in five parts, upon Liberty.

While he was busy on the first book, Mr. Talbot died; and Thomson, who had been rewarded for his attendance by the place of secretary of the briefs, pays in the initial lines a decent tribute to his memory.

Upon this great poem two years were spent, and the author congratulated himself upon it, as his noblest work; but an author and his readers are not always of a mind. Liberty called in vain upon her votaries to read her praises, and reward her encomiast: her praises were condemned to harbour spiders, and to gather dust: none of Thomson's performances were so little regarded.

The judgement of the public was not erroneous; the recurrence of the same images must tire in time; an enumeration of examples to prove a position which nobody denied, as it was from the beginning superfluous, must quickly grow disgusting.

The poem of Liberty does not now appear in its original state; but, when the author's works were collected after his death, was shortened by sir George Lyttleton, with a liberty which, as it has a manifest tendency to lessen the confidence of society, and to confound the characters of authors, by making one man write by the judgement of another, cannot be justified by any supposed propriety of the alteration or kindness of the friend.—I wish to see it exhibited as its author left it.

Thomson now lived in ease and plenty, and seems for a while to have suspended his poetry; but he was soon called back to labour by the death of the chancellor, for his place then became vacant; and though the lord Hardwicke delayed for some time to give it away, Thomson's bashfulness or pride, or some other motive perhaps not more laudable, withheld him from soliciting; and the new chancellor would not give him what he would not ask.

He now relapsed to his former indigence; but the prince of Wales was at that time struggling for popularity, and by the influence of Mr. Lyttleton professed himself the patron of wit; to him Thomson was introduced and being gaily interrogated about the state of his affairs, said, "that they were in a more poetical posture than formerly;" and had a pension allowed him of one hundred pounds a year.

Being now obliged to write, he produced (1738) [2] the tragedy of Agamemnon, which was much shortened in the representation. It had the fate which most commonly attends mythological stories, and was only endured, but not favoured. It struggled with such difficulty through the first night, that Thomson, coming late to his friends with whom he was to sup, excused his delay by telling them how the sweat of his distress had so disordered his wig, that he could not come till he had been refitted by a barber.

He so interested himself in his own drama, that, if I remember right, as he sat

[2] It is not generally known, that in this year an edition of Milton's Areopagitica was published by Millar, to which Thomson wrote a Preface. *C.*

in the upper gallery, he accompanied the players by audible recitation, till a friendly hint frighted him to silence. Pope countenanced Agamemnon, by coming to it the first night, and was welcomed to the theatre by a general clap; he had much regard for Thomson, and once expressed it in a poetical epistle sent to Italy, of which however he abated the value, by translating some of the lines into his epistle to Arbuthnot.

About this time the act was passed for licensing plays, of which the first operation was the prohibition of Gustavus Vasa, a tragedy of Mr. Brooke, whom the public recompensed by a very liberal subscription; the next was the refusal of Edward and Eleonora, offered by Thomson. It is hard to discover why either play should have been obstructed. Thomson likewise endeavoured to repair his loss by a subscription, of which I cannot now tell the success.

When the public murmured at the unkind treatment of Thomson, one of the ministerial writers remarked, that "he had taken a *Liberty* which was not agreeable to *Britannia* in any *Season*."

He was soon after employed, in conjunction with Mr. Mallet, to write the mask of Alfred, which was acted before the prince at Cliefden-house.

His next work (1745) was Tancred and Sigismunda, the most successful of all his tragedies, for it still keeps its turn upon the stage. It may be doubted whether he was, either by the bent of nature or habits of study, much qualified for tragedy. It does not appear that he had much sense of the pathetic; and his diffusive and descriptive style produced declamation rather than dialogue.

His friend Mr. Lyttleton was now in power, and conferred upon him the office of surveyor-general of the Leeward Islands; from which, when his deputy was paid, he received about three hundred pounds a year.

The last piece that he lived to publish was the Castle of Indolence, which was many years under his hand, but was at last finished with great accuracy. The first canto opens a scene of lazy luxury that fills the imagination.

He was now at ease, but was not long to enjoy it; for by taking cold on the water between London and Kew, he caught a disorder, which, with some careless exasperation, ended in a fever that put an end to his life, August 27, 1748. He was buried in the church of Richmond, without an inscription; but a monument has been erected to his memory in Westminster-abbey.

Thomson was of a stature above the middle size, amd "more fat than bard beseems," of a dull countenance, and a gross, unanimated, uninviting appearance: silent in mingled company, but cheerful among select friends, and by his friends very tenderly and warmly beloved.

He left behind him the tragedy of Coriolanus, which was, by the zeal of his patron sir George Lyttleton, brought upon the stage for the benefit of his family, and recommended by a prologue, which Quin, who had long lived with Thomson in fond intimacy, spoke in such a manner as showed him "to be," on that occasion, "no actor." The commencement of this benevolence is very honourable to Quin; who is reported to have delivered Thomson, then known to him only for his genius, from an arrest by a very considerable present; and its continuance is honourable to both; for friendship is not always the sequel of obligation. By this tragedy a considerable sum was raised, of which part discharged his debts and the

rest was remitted to his sisters, whom, however removed from them by place or condition, he regarded with great tenderness, as will appear by the following letter, which I communicate with much pleasure, as it gives me at once an opportunity of recording the fraternal kindness of Thomson, and reflecting on the friendly assistance of Mr. Boswell, from whom I received it.

"Hagley in Worcestershire, October the 4th, 1747.

"MY DEAR SISTER,

"I thought you had known me better than to interpret my silence into a decay of affection, especially as your behaviour has always been such as rather to increase than diminish it. Don't imagine, because I am a bad correspondent, that I can ever prove an unkind friend and brother. I must do myself the justice to tell you, that my affections are naturally very fixed and constant; and if I had ever reason of complaint against you (of which by the by I have not the least shadow), I am conscious of so many defects in myself, as dispose me to be not a little charitable and forgiving.

"It gives me the truest heart-felt satisfaction to hear you have a good, kind husband, and are in easy, contented circumstances; but were they otherwise, that would only awaken and heighten my tenderness towards you. As our good and tender-hearted parents did not live to receive any material testimonies of that highest human gratitude I owed them (than which nothing could have given me equal pleasure), the only return I can make them now is by kindness to those they left behind them. Would to God poor Lizy had lived longer, to have been a farther witness of the truth of what I say, and that I might have had the pleasure of seeing once more a sister who so truly deserved my esteem and love! But she is happy, while we must toil a little longer here below: let us however do it cheerfully and gratefully, supported by the pleasing hope of meeting yet again on a safer shore where to recollect the storms and difficulties of life will not perhaps be inconsistent with that blissful state. You did right to call your daughter by her name: for you must needs have had a particular tender friendship for one another, endeared as you were by nature, by having passed the affectionate years of your youth together; and by that great softener and engager of hearts, mutual hardship. That it was in my power to ease it a little, I account one of the most exquisite pleasures of my life.—But enough of this melancholy, though not unpleasing strain.

"I esteem you for your sensible and disinterested advice to Mr. Bell, as you will see by my letter to him; as I approve entirely of his marrying again, you may readily ask me why I don't marry at all. My circumstances have hitherto been so variable and uncertain in this fluctuating world, as induce to keep me from engaging in such a state: and now, though they are more settled, and of late (which you will be glad to hear) considerably improved, I begin to think myself too far advanced in life for such youthful undertakings, not to mention some other petty reasons that are apt to startle the delicacy of difficult old bachelors. I am however not a little suspicious that, was I to pay a visit to Scotland (which I have some thoughts of doing soon), I might possibly be tempted to think of a thing not easily repaired if done amiss. I have always been of opinion, that none make better wives than the ladies of Scotland; and yet, who more forsaken than they, while the gentlemen are continually running abroad all the world over? Some of them, it is true, are wise enough to return for a wife. You see I am beginning to make interest already with the Scots ladies. But no more of this infectious subject.—Pray let me hear from you now and then; and though I am

not a regular correspondent, yet perhaps I may mend in that respect. Remember me kindly to your husband, and believe me to be

"your most affectionate brother,

"JAMES THOMSON."

(Addressed) "To Mrs. Thomson in Lanark."

The benevolence of Thomson was fervid, but not active; he would give on all occasions what assistance his purse would supply; but the offices of intervention or solicitation he could not conquer his sluggishness sufficiently to perform. The affairs of others, however, were not more neglected than his own. He had often felt the inconveniencies of idleness, but he never cured it; and was so conscious of his own character that he talked of writing an Eastern Tale of the Man who loved to be in Distress.

Among his peculiarities was a very unskilful and inarticulate manner of pronouncing any lofty or solemn composition. He was once reading to Dodington, who, being himself a reader eminently elegant, was so much provoked by his odd utterance, that he snatched the paper from his hands, and told him that he did not understand his own verses.

The biographer of Thomson has remarked, that an author's life is best read in his works: his observation was not well-timed. Savage, who lived much with Thomson, once told me, he heard a lady remarking that she could gather from his works three parts of his character, that he was a "great lover, a great swimmer, and rigourously abstinent;" but, said Savage, he knows not any love but that of the sex, he was perhaps never in cold water in his life; and he indulges himself in all the luxury that comes within his reach. Yet Savage always spoke with the most eager praise of his social qualities, his warmth and constancy of friendship, and his adherence to his first acquaintance when the advancement of his reputation had left them behind him.

As a writer, he is entitled to one praise of the highest kind: his mode of thinking, and of expressing his thoughts, is original. His blank verse is no more the blank verse of Milton, or of any other poet, than the rhymes of Prior are the rhymes of Cowley. His numbers, his pauses, his diction, are of his own growth, without transcription, without imitation. He thinks in a peculiar train, and he thinks always as a man of genius; he looks round on Nature and on Life with the eye which Nature bestows only on a poet; the eye that distinguishes, in every thing presented to its view, whatever there is on which imagination can delight to be detained, and with a mind that at once comprehends the vast and attends to the minute. The reader of the Seasons wonders that he never saw before what Thomson shows him, and that he never yet has felt what Thomson impresses.

His is one of the works in which blank verse seems properly used. Thomson's wide expansion of general views, and his enumeration of circumstantial varieties, would have been obstructed and embarrassed by the frequent intersection of the sense, which are the necessary effects of rhyme.

His descriptions of extended scenes and general effects bring before us the whole magnificence of Nature, whether pleasing or dreadful. The gaiety of Spring, the splendour of Summer, the tranquillity of Autumn, and the horrour of Winter, take in their turns possession of the mind. The poet leads us through the appearances of things as they are successively varied by the vicissitudes of the year, and imparts to us so much

of his own enthusiasm, that our thoughts expand with his imagery, and kindle with his sentiments. Nor is the naturalist without his part in the entertainment; for he is assisted to recollect and to combine, to range his discoveries, and to amplify the sphere of his contemplation.

The great defect of the Seasons is want of method; but for this I know not that there was any remedy. Of many appearances subsisting all at once, no rule can be given why one should be mentioned before another; yet the memory wants the help of order, and the curiosity is not excited by suspense or expectation.

His diction is in the highest degree florid and luxuriant, such as may be said to be to his images and thoughts "both their lustre and their shade;" such as invest them with splendour, through which perhaps they are not always easily discerned. It is too exuberant, and sometimes may be charged with filling the ear more than the mind.

These poems with which I was acquainted at their first appearance, I have since found altered and enlarged by subsequent revisals, as the author supposed his judgement to grow more exact, and as books or conversation extended his knowledge and opened his prospects. They are, I think, improved in general; yet I know not whether they have not lost part of what Temple calls their "race;" a word which, applied to wines in its primitive sense, means the flavour of the soil.

Liberty, when it first appeared, I tried to read, and soon desisted. I have never tried again, and therefore will not hazard either praise or censure.

The highest praise which he has received ought not to be suppressed; it is said by lord Lyttleton, in the prologue to his posthumous play, that his works contained

No line which, dying, he could wish to blot.

THE POEMS OF *JAMES THOMSON.*

THE SEASONS.

SPRING, 1728.

Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos,
Nunc frondent sylvæ, nunc formosissimus annus.
Virg.

ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Inscribed to the countess of Hertford. The season is described as it affects the various parts of Nature, ascending from the lower to the higher; with digressions arising from the subject. Its influence on inanimate matter, on vegetables, on brute animals, and, last, on man; concluding with a dissuasive from the wild and irregular passion of love, opposed to that of a pure and happy kind.

Come, gentle Spring, ethereal Mildness, come,
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.
O Hertford, fitted or to shine in courts
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation join'd
In soft assemblage, listen to my song,
Which thy own Season paints; when Nature all
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee.
And see where surly Winter passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts:
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shatter'd forest, and the ravag'd vale;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch,
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.
As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets
Deform the day delightless: so that scarce
The bittern knows his time, with bill inflated
To shake the sounding marsh; or from the shore
The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste.
At last from Aries rolls the bounteous Sun,
And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more
Th' expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold;
But, full of life and vivifying soul, [thin;
Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them
Fleecy and white, o'er all-surrounding heaven.
Forth fly the tepid airs; and unconfin'd,
Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
Joyous, th' impatient husbandman perceives
Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers [plough,
Drives from their stalls, to where the well-us'd
Lies in the furrow, loosen'd from the frost.
There, unrefusing, to the harness'd yoke
They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
Cheer'd by the simple song and soaring lark.
Meanwhile incumbent o'er the shining share
The master leans, removes th' obstructing clay,
Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.
White through the neighbouring field the sower stalks,
With measur'd step; and liberal throws the grain
Into the faithful bosom of the ground:
The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.
Be gracious, Heaven! for now laborious man
Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes, blow!
Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend!
And temper all, thou world-reviving Sun,
Into the perfect year! Nor ye who live
In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,
Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear:
Such themes as these the *rural* Maro sung
To wide-imperial Rome, in the full height
Of elegance and taste, by Greece refin'd.
In ancient times, the sacred plough employ'd
The kings, and aweful fathers of mankind:
And some, with whom compar'd your insect-tribes
Are but the beings of a summer's day,
Have held the scale of empire, rul'd the storm
Of mighty war; then, with unwearied hand,
Disdaining little delicacies, seiz'd
The plough, and greatly independent liv'd.
Ye generous Britons, venerate the plough;
And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales,
Let Autumn spread his treasures to the Sun,
Luxuriant and unbounded: as the Sea,

Far through his azure turbulent domain,
Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores
Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports;
So with superior boon may your rich soil,
Exuberant, Nature's better blessings pour
O'er every land, the naked nations clothe,
And be th' exhaustless granary of a world!
Nor only through the lenient air this change,
Delicious, breathes; the penetrative Sun
His force deep-darting to the dark retreat
Of vegetation, sets the steaming Power
At large, to wander o'er the vernant Earth,
In various hues; but chiefly thee, gay Green!
Thou smiling Nature's universal robe!
United light and shade! where the sight dwells
With growing strength, and ever-new delight.
From the moist meadow to the wither'd hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd eye.
The hawthorn whitens: and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd,
In full luxuriance to the sighing gales;
Where the deer rustle through the twining brake,
And the birds sing conceal'd. At once array'd
In all the colours of the flushing year,
By Nature's swift and secret-working hand,
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
With lavish fragrance; while the promis'd fruit
Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd
Within its crimson folds. Now from the town
Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields, [drops
Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling
From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze
Of sweet-briar hedges I pursue my walk;
Or taste the smell of dairy; or ascend
Some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains,
And see the country, far diffus'd around,
One boundless blush, one white-empurpled shower
Of mingled blossoms; where the raptur'd eye
Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies.
If, brush'd from Russian wilds, a cutting gale
Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings
The clammy mildew; or, dry-blowing, breathe
Untimely frost; before whose baleful blast
The full-blown Spring through all her foliage
Joyless and dead, a wide-dejected waste. [shrinks,
For oft, engender'd by the hazy north,
Myriads on myriads, insect armies waft
Keen in the poison'd breeze; and wasteful eat,
Through buds and bark, into the blacken'd core,
Their eager way. A feeble race! yet oft
The sacred sons of vengeance! on whose course
Corrosive famine waits, and kills the year.
To check this plague the skilful farmer chaff,
And blazing straw, before his orchard burns;
Till, all involv'd in smoke, the latent foe
From every cranny suffocated falls:
Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust
Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe:
Or, when th' envenom'd leaf begins to curl,
With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest;
Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill,
The little trooping birds unwisely scares.
Be patient, swains; these cruel-seeming winds
Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep repress'd
Those deepening clouds on clouds, surcharg'd with
That, o'er the vast Atlantic hither borne, [rain,
In endless train, would quench the summer-blaze,
And, cheerless, drown the crude unripened year.
The north-east spends his rage; he now shut up
Within his iron cave, th' effusive south
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.
At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining ether; but by swift degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails
Along the loaded sky, and mingled deep
Sits on th' horizon round a settled gloom:
Not such as wintery-storms on mortals shed,
Oppressive life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope and every joy,
The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm; that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many twinkling leaves
Of aspin tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd
In glassy breadth, seem through delusive lapse
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and, mute-imploring, eye
The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense,
The plumy people streak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off;
And wait th' approaching sign to strike, at once,
Into the general choir. Ev'n mountains, vales,
And forests seem, impatient, to demand
The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude. At last,
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,
In large effusion, o'er the freshen'd world.
The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard,
By such as wander through the forest walks,
Beneath th' unbrageous multitude of leaves.
But who can hold the shade, while Heaven descends
In universal bounty, shedding herbs,
And fruits and flowers, on Nature's ample lap?
Swift fancy fir'd anticipates their growth;
And, while the milky nutriment distils,
Beholds the kindling country colour round.
Thus all day long the full-distended clouds
Indulge their genial stores, and well-shower'd earth
Is deep-enrich'd with vegetable life;
Till, in the western sky, the downward Sun
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush
Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam.
The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
Th' illumin'd mountain, through the forest streams,
Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
Far smoking o'er th' interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs around.
Full swell the woods; their very music wakes,
Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks
Increas'd, the distant bleatings of the hills,
And hollow lows responsive from the vales,
Whence blending all the sweeten'd zephyr springs.
Meantime refracted from yon eastern cloud,
Bestriding Earth, the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immense; and every hue unfolds,
In fair proportion running from the red,
To where the violet fades into the sky.
Here, awful Newton, the dissolving clouds
Form, fronting on the Sun, thy showery prism,
And to the sage-instructed eye unfold

The various twine of light, by thee disclos'd
From the white mingling maze. Not so the boy;
He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,
Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
To catch the falling glory; but amaz'd
Beholds th' amusive arch before him fly,
Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,
A soften'd shade, and saturated earth
Awaits the morning-beam, to give to light,
Rais'd through ten thousand different plastic tubes,
The balmy treasures of the former day.
Then spring the living herbs, profusely wild,
O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power
Of botanists to number up their tribes:
Whether he steals along the lonely dale,
In silent search; or through the forest, rank
With what the dull incurious weeds account,
Bursts his blind way; or climbs the mountain rock,
Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow.
With such a liberal hand has Nature flung
Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
Innumerous mix'd them with the nursing mould,
The moistening current, and prolific rain.
But who their virtues can declare? who pierce,
With vision pure, into these secret stores,
Of health, and life, and joy? The food of man,
While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told
A length of golden years; unflesh'd in blood,
A stranger to the savage arts of life,
Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit, and disease;
The lord, and not the tyrant, of the world.
The first fresh dawn then wak'd the gladden'd race
Of uncorrupted man, nor blush'd to see
The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam:
For their light slumbers gently fum'd away;
And up they rose as vigorous as the Sun,
Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
Or to the cheerful tendance of the flock.
Meantime the song went round; and dance and sport,
Wisdom and friendly talk, successive, stole
Their hours away; while in the rosy vale
Love breath'd his infant sighs, from anguish free,
And full replete with bliss; save the sweet pain,
That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.
Nor yet injurious act, nor surly deed,
Was known among those happy sons of Heaven;
For reason and benevolence were law.
Harmonious Nature too look'd smiling on.
Clear shone the skies, cool'd with eternal gales,
And balmy spirit all. The youthful Sun
Shot his best rays, and still the gracious clouds
Drop'd fatness down; as o'er the swelling mead,
The herds and flocks, commixing, play'd secure.
This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,
The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart
Was meeken'd, and he join'd his sullen joy,
For music held the whole in perfect peace:
Soft sigh'd the flute; the tender voice was heard,
Warbling the varied heart; the woodlands round
Apply'd their quire; and winds and waters flow'd
In consonance. Such were those prime of days.
But now those white unblemish'd manners, whence
The fabling poets took their golden age,
Are found no more amid these iron times,
These dregs of life! Now the distemper'd mind
Has lost that concord of harmonious powers,
Which forms the soul of happiness; and all
Is off the poise within: the passions all
Have burst their bounds; and reason, half extinct,
Or impotent, or else approving, sees
The foul disorder. Senseless, and deform'd,
Convulsive anger storms at large; or pale,
And silent, settles into fell revenge.
Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full,
Weak and unmanly, loosens every power.
Ev'n love itself is bitterness of soul,
A pensive anguish pining at the heart;
Or, sunk to sordid interest, feels no more
That noble wish, that never-cloy'd desire,
Which, selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone
To bless the dearer object of its flame.
Hope sickens with extravagance; and grief,
Of life impatient, into madness swells;
Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours.
These, and a thousand mixt emotions more,
From ever-changing views of good and ill,
Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
With endless storm: whence, deeply rankling, grows
The partial thought, a listless unconcern,
Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good;
Then dark disgust, and hatred, winding wiles,
Coward deceit, and ruffian violence;
At last, extinct each social feeling, fell
And joyless inhumanity pervades
And petrifies the heart. Nature disturb'd
Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her course.
Hence, in old dusky time, a deluge came:
When the deep-cleft disparting orb, that arch'd
The central waters round, impetuous rush'd,
With universal burst, into the gulph,
And o'er the high pil'd hills of fractur'd earth
Wide dash'd the waves, in undulation vast;
Till, from the centre to the streaming clouds,
A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe.
The Seasons since have, with severer sway,
Oppress'd a broken world: the Winter keen
Shook forth his waste of snows; and Summer shot
His pestilential heats. Great Spring, before,
Green'd all the year; and fruits and blossoms blush'd,
In social sweetness, on the self-same bough.
Pure was the temperate air; and even calm
Perpetual reign'd, save what the zephyrs bland
Breath'd o'er the blue expanse: for then nor storms
Were taught to blow, nor hurricanes to rage;
Sound slept the waters; no sulphureous glooms
Swell'd in the sky, and sent the lightning forth;
While sickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,
Hung not, relaxing, on the springs of life.
But now, of turbid elements the sport,
From clear to cloudy tost, from hot to cold,
And dry to moist, with inward-eating change,
Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,
Their period finish'd ere 'tis well begun.
And yet the wholesome herb neglected dies;
Though with the pure exhilarating soul
Of nutriment and health, and vital powers,
Beyond the search of art, 'tis copious blest.
For, with hot ravine fir'd, ensanguin'd man
Is now become the lion of the plain,
And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly fold
Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk,
Nor wore her warming fleece: nor has the steer,
At whose strong chest the deadly tiger hangs,
E'er plough'd for him. They too are temper'd high,
With hunger stung and wild necessity,
Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breast.
But Man, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,

With every kind emotion in his heart,
And taught alone to weep; while from her lap
She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,
And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain
Or beams that gave them birth: shall he, fair form!
Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on Heaven,
E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd,
And dip his tongue in gore? The beast of prey,
Blood-stain'd, deserves to bleed: but you, ye flocks,
What have ye done; ye peaceful people, what,
To merit death? you, who have given us milk
In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat
Against the winter's cold? And the plain ox,
That harmless, honest, guileless animal,
In what has he offended? he, whose toil,
Patient and ever ready, clothes the land
With all the pomp of harvest: shall he bleed,
And struggling groan beneath the cruel hands
Ev'n of the clown he feeds? and that, perhaps,
To swell the riot of th' autumnal feast,
Won by his labour? Thus the feeling heart
Would tenderly suggest: but 'tis enough,
In this late age, adventurous, to have touch'd
Light on the numbers of the Samian sage.
High Heaven forbids the bold presumptuous strain,
Whose wisest will has fix'd us in a state
That must not yet to pure perfection rise.

Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away,
And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctur'd stream
Descends the billowy foam: now is the time,
While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile,
To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,
The rod fine-tapering with elastic spring,
Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,
And all thy slender wat'ry stores prepare.
But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm,
Convulsive, twist in agonizing folds;
Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep,
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
Of the weak helpless uncomplaining wretch,
Harsh pain, and horrour to the tender hand.

When with his lively ray the potent Sun
Has pierc'd the streams, and rous'd the finny race,
Then issuing cheerful, to thy sport repair;
Chief should the western breezes curling play,
And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds.
High to their fount, this day, amid the hills
And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks;
The next, pursue their rocky-channel'd maze,
Down to the river, in whose ample wave
Their little Naïads love to sport at large.
Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils
Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank
Reverted plays in undulating flow,
There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly;
And as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the springing game.
Straight as above the surface of the flood
They wanton rise, or urg'd by hunger leap,
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook:
Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
And to the shelving shore, slow-dragging some,
With various hand proportion'd to their force.
If yet too young, and easily deceiv'd,
A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,
Him, piteous of his youth and the short space
He has enjoy'd the vital light of Heaven,
Soft disengage, and back into the stream
The speckled captive throw. But should you lure
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your finest art.
Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly;
And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.
At last, while haply o'er the shaded Sun
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,
With sullen plunge. At once he darts along,
Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line:
Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,
The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode;
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
That feels him still, yet to his furious course
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now,
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage:
Till floating broad upon his breathless side,
And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore
You gaily drag your unresisting prize.

Thus pass the temperate hours: but when the Sun
Shakes from his noon-day throne the scattering clouds,
Ev'n shooting listless languor through the deeps;
Then seek the bank where flowering elders crowd,
Where scatter'd wild the lily of the vale
Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang
The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,
With all the lowly children of the shade:
Or lie reclin'd beneath yon spreading ash,
Hung o'er the steep; whence, borne on liquid wing,
The sounding culver shoots; or where the hawk,
High, in the beetling cliff, his aëry builds.
There let the classic page the fancy lead
Through rural scenes; such as the Mantuan swain
Paints in the matchless harmony of song.
Or catch thyself the landscape, gliding swift
Athwart imagination's vivid eye:
Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,
And lost in lonely musing, in the dream,
Confus'd, of careless solitude, where mix
Ten thousand wandering images of things,
Soothe every gust of passion into peace;
All but the swellings of the soften'd heart,
That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.

Behold yon breathing prospect bids the Muse
Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows? If fancy then
Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,
Ah, what shall language do? ah, where find words
Ting'd with so many colours; and whose power,
To life approaching, may perfume my lays
With that fine oil, those aromatic gales
That inexhaustive flow continual round?

Yet, though successless, will the toil delight.
Come then, ye virgins and ye youths, whose hearts
Have felt the raptures of refining love;
And thou, Amanda, come, pride of my song!
Form'd by the Graces, loveliness itself!
Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,
Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul,
Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd,
Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart:
O come! while the rosy-footed May
Steals blushing on, together let us tread

The morning dews, and gather in their prime
Fresh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,
And thy lov'd bosom that improves their sweets.
See where the winding vale its lavish stores,
Irriguous, spreads. See, how the lily drinks,
The latent rill, scarce oozing through the grass,
Of growth luxuriant; or the humid bank,
In fair profusion, decks. Long let us walk,
Where the breeze blows from yon extended field
Of blossom'd beans. Arabia cannot boast
A fuller gale of joy, than, liberal, thence
Breaths through the sense, and takes the ravish'd soul.
Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot,
Full of fresh verdure, and unnumber'd flowers,
The negligence of Nature, wide, and wild;
Where, undisguis'd by mimic Art, she spreads
Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.
Here their delicious task the fervent bees,
In swarming millions, tend: around, athwart,
Through the soft air, the busy nations fly,
Cling to the bud, and, with inserted tube,
Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul;
And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare
The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,
And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.
At length the finish'd garden to the view
Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.
Snatch'd through the verdant maze, the hurried eye
Distracted wanders; now the bowery walk
Of covert close, where scare a speck of day
Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted sweeps:
Now meets the bending sky; the river now
Dimpled along, the breezy ruffled lake,
The forest darkening round, the glittering spire,
Th' ethereal mountain, and the distant main.
But why so far excursive? when at hand,
Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,
And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,
Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace;
Throws out the snow-drop, and the crocus first;
The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes;
The yellow wall-flower, stain'd with iron-brown;
And lavish stock that scents the garden round:
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
Anemonies; auriculas, enrich'd
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;
And full ranunculas of glowing red.
Then comes the tulip-race, where beauty plays
Her idle freaks; from family diffus'd
To family, as flies the father dust,
The varied colours run: and while they *break*
On the charm'd eye, th' exulting florist marks,
With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.
No gradual bloom is wanting; from the bud,
First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes:
Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
Low-bent, and blushing inward; nor jonquils,
Of potent fragrance; nor Narcissus fair,
As o'er the fabled mountain hanging still;
Nor broad carnations, nor gay-spotted pinks;
Nor, shower'd from every bush, the damask-rose.
Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,
With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
The breath of Nature and her endless bloom.
Hail, source of Being! Universal soul
Of Heaven and Earth! essential Presence, hail!
To thee I bend the knee; to thee my thoughts,
Continual climb; who, with a master-hand,
Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd.
By thee the various vegetative tribes,
Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,
Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew;
By thee dispos'd into congenial soils,
Stands each attractive plant, and sucks, and swells
The juicy tide; a twining mass of tubes.
At thy command the vernal Sun awakes
The torpid sap, detruded to the root
By wintery winds; that now in fluent dance,
And lively fermentation, mounting, spreads
All this innumerous-colour'd scene of things.
As rising from the vegetable world
My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend,
My panting Muse; and hark how loud the woods
Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.
Lend me your song, ye nightingales! oh! pour
The mazy-running soul of melody
Into my varied verse! while I deduce,
From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,
The symphony of Spring, and touch a theme
Unknown to fame, *the passion of the groves.*
When first the soul of love is sent abroad,
Warm through the vital air, and on the heart
Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,
In gallant thought to plume the painted wing;
And try again the long-forgotten strain,
At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows
The soft infusion prevalent and wide,
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
In music unconfin'd. Up-springs the lark,
Shrill-voic'd, and loud, the messenger of morn;
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush
Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads
Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush
And wood-lark, o'er the kind-contending throng
Superior heard, run through the sweetest length
Of notes; when listening Philomela deigns
To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The black-bird whistles from the thorny brake;
The mellow bulfinch answers from the grove:
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these
Innumerous songsters, in the freshening shade
Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix
Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert: while the stock-dove breathes
A melancholy murmur through the whole.
'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love;
That ev'n to birds, and beasts, the tender arts
Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind
Try every winning way inventive love
Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates
Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around,
With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,
Endeavouring by a thousand tricks to catch
The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance
Of their regardless charmer. Should she seem
Softening the least approvance to bestow,
Their colours burnish, and, by hope inspir'd,
They brisk advance; then, on a sudden struck,
Retire disorder'd; then again approach;
In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
And shiver every feather with desire.

Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods
They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts;
That Nature's *great command* may be obey'd:
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly-hedge
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble offspring: the cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.
Others apart far in the grassy dale,
Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave.
But most in woodland solitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whose murmurs soothe them all the live-long day,
When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots
Of hazel, pendent o'er the plaintive stream,
They frame the first foundation of their domes;
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
But restless hurry through the busy air,
Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
Intent. And often, from the careless back
Of herds and flocks a thousand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobserv'd,
Steal from the barn a straw: till soft and warm,
Clean, and complete, their habitation grows.
As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
Not to be tempted from her tender task,
Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight,
Though the whole loosen'd Spring around her blows,
Her sympathizing lover takes his stand
High on th' opponent bank, and ceaseless sings
The tedious time away; or else supplies
Her place a moment, while she sudden flits
To pick the scanty meal. Th' appointed time
With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,
Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,
A helpless family, demanding food
With constant clamour: O what passions then,
What melting sentiments of kindly care,
On the new parents seize! Away they fly
Affectionate, and undesiring bear
The most delicious morsel to their young;
Which equally distributed, again
The search begins. Ev'n so a gentle pair,
By fortune sunk, but form'd of generous mould,
And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
In some lone cot amid the distant woods,
Sustain'd alone by providential Heaven,
Oft as they weeping eye their infant train,
Check their own appetites, and give them all.
Nor toil alone they scorn: exalting love,
By the great Father of the Spring inspir'd,
Gives instant courage to the *fearful* race,
And to the *simple*, art. With stealthy wing,
Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,
Amid a neighbouring bush they silent drop,
And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive
Th' unfeeling school-boy. Hence, around the head
Of wandering swain, the white-wing'd plover wheels
Her sounding flight, and then directly on
In long excursion skims the level lawn,
To tempt him from her nest. The wild-duck, hence,
O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste
The heath-hen flutters, pious fraud! to lead
The hot pursuing spaniel far astray.
Be not the Muse asham'd, here to bemoan
Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant man
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
From liberty confin'd, and boundless air.
Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,
Ragged, and all its brightening lustre lost;
Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes,
Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.
O then, ye friends of love and love-taught song,
Spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art forbear;
If on your bosom innocence can win,
Music engage, or piety persuade,
But let not chief the nightingale lament
Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd
To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.
Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,
Th' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest,
By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls;
Her pinions ruffle, and low dropping, scarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade;
Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings
Her sorrows through the night; and, on the bough,
Sole-sitting, still at every dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable strain
Of winding woe; till, wide around, the woods
Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound.
But now the feather'd youth their former bounds,
Ardent, disdain; and, weighing oft their wings,
Demand the free possession of the sky:
This one glad office more, and then dissolves
Parental love at once, now needless grown.
Unlavish'd Wisdom never works in vain.
'Tis on some evening, sunny, grateful, mild,
When nought but balm is breathing through the woods,
With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes
Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad
On Nature's common far as they can see,
Or wing, their range and pasture. O'er the boughs
Dancing about, still at the giddy verge
Their resolution fails; their pinions still,
In loose libration stretch'd, to trust the void
Trembling refuse: till down before them fly
The parent-guides, and chide, exhort, command,
Or push them off. The surging air receives
Its plumy burden; and their self-taught wings
Winnow the waving element. On ground
Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
Farther and farther on, the lengthening flight;
Till, vanish'd every fear, and every power
Rous'd into life and action, light in air
Th' acquitted parents see their soaring race,
And once rejoicing never know them more.
High from the summit of a craggy cliff,
Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns
On utmost Kilda's[1] shore, whose lonely race
Resign the setting Sun to Indian worlds,
The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,
Strong-pounc'd, and ardent with paternal fire.
Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,
He drives them from his fort, the towering seat,
For ages of his empire; which, in peace,
Unstain'd he holds, while many a league to sea
He wings his course, and preys in distant isles.

[1] The farthest of the western islands of Scotland.

Should I my steps turn to the rural seat,
Whose lofty elms, and venerable oaks,
Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs,
In early Spring, his airy city builds,
And ceaseless caws amusive; there, well pleas'd,
I might the various polity survey
Of the mixt houshold kind. The careful hen
Calls all her chirping family around,
Fed and defended by the fearless cock;
Whose breast with ardour flames, as on he walks,
Graceful and crows defiance. In the pond,
The finely-checker'd duck, before her train,
Rows garrulous. The stately-sailing swan
Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale;
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier-isle,
Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
Loud threatening reddens; while the peacock
His every colour'd glory to the Sun, [spreads
And swims in radiant majesty along.
O'er the whole homely scene, the cooing dove
Flies thick in amorous chace, and wanton rolls
The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck.
While thus the gentle tenants of the shade
Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world
Of brutes, below, rush furious into flame,
And fierce desire. Through all his lusty veins
The bull, deep-scorch'd, the raging passion feels.
Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,
Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow broom,
While o'er his ample side the rambling sprays
Luxuriant shoot; or through the mazy wood
Dejected wanders, nor th' inticing bud
Crops, though it presses on his careless sense.
And oft, in jealous maddening fancy wrapt,
He seeks the fight; and, idly butting, feigns
His rival gor'd in every knotty trunk.
Him should he meet, the bellowing war begins:
Their eyes flash fury; to the hollow'd earth,
Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,
And, groaning deep, th' impetuous battle mix:
While the fair heifer, balmy breathing, near,
Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling steed,
With this hot impulse seiz'd in every nerve,
Nor heeds the rein, nor hears the sounding thong;
Blows are not felt; but, tossing high his head,
And by the well-known joy to distant plains
Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away;
O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains flies:
And, neighing, on th' aërial summit takes
Th' exciting gale; then, steep-descending, cleaves
The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,
Ev'n where the madness of the straiten'd stream
Turns in black eddies round; such is the force
With which his frantic heart and sinews swell.
Nor undelighted by the boundless Spring
Are the broad monsters of the foaming deep:
From the deep ooze and gelid cavern rous'd,
They flounce and tumble in unwieldly joy.
Dire were the strain, and dissonant, to sing
The cruel raptures of the savage kind:
How by this flame their native wrath sublim'd,
They roam, amid the fury of their heart,
The far-resounding waste in fiercer bands,
And growl their horrid loves. But this the theme
I sing, enraptur'd, to the British Fair,
Forbids, and leads me to the mountain-brow,
Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf,
Inhaling, healthful, the descending Sun.
Around him feeds his many-bleating flock,
Of various cadence; and his sportive lambs,
This way and that convolv'd, in friskful glee,
Their frolics play. And now the sprightly race
Invites them forth; when swift, the signal given,
They start away, and sweep the massy mound
That runs around the hill; the rampart once
Of iron war, in ancient barbarous times,
When disunited Britain ever bled,
Lost in eternal broil: ere yet she grew
To this deep-laid indissoluble state, [heads;
Where Wealth and Commerce lift t' ir golden
And o'er our labours, Liberty and Law,
Impartial, watch; the wonder of a world!
What is this *mighty Breath*, ye sages, say
That, in a powerful language, felt, not heard,
Instructs the fowls of heaven; and through their breast
These arts of love diffuses? What, but God?
Inspiring God! who, boundless Spirit all,
And unremitting Energy, pervades,
Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.
He ceaseless works *alone*; and yet *alone*
Seems not to work: with such perfection fram'd
Is this complex stupendous scheme of things.
But, though conceal'd, to every purer eye
Th' informing Author in his works appears:
Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy soft scenes,
The smiling God is seen; while water, earth,
And air, attest his bounty; which exalts
The brute creation to this finer thought,
And annual melts their undesigning hearts
Profusely thus in tenderness and joy.
Still let my song a nobler note assume,
And sing th' infusive force of Spring on man;
When heaven and earth, as if contending, vie
To raise his being, and serene his soul.
Can he forbear to join the general smile
Of Nature? Can fierce passions vex his breast,
While every gale is peace, and every grove
Is melody? Hence! from the bounteous walks
Of flowing Spring, ye sordid sons of Earth,
Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe!
Or only lavish to yourselves; away!
But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide thought,
Of all his works, creative Bounty burns
With warmest beam; and on your open front
And liberal eye, sits, from his dark retreat
Inviting modest Want. Nor, till invok'd
Can restless goodness wait: your active search
Leaves no cold wintery corner unexplor'd;
Like silent-working Heaven, surprizing oft
The lonely heart with unexpected good.
For you the roving spirit of the wind
Blows Spring abroad; for you the teeming clouds
Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world;
And the Sun sheds his kindest rays for you,
Ye flower of human race! In these green days,
Reviving Sickness lifts her languid head:
Life flows afresh; and young-ey'd Health exalts
The whole creation round. Contentment walks
The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
To purchase. Pure serenity apace
Induces thought, and contemplation still.
By swift degrees the love of Nature works,
And warms the bosom; till at last sublim'd
To rapture, and enthusiastic heat,
We feel the present Deity, and taste
The joy of God to see a happy world!

These are the sacred feelings of thy heart,
Thy heart inform'd by reason's purer ray,
O Lyttleton, the friend! thy passions thus
And meditations vary, as at large,
Courting the Muse, through Hagley Park thou
Thy British Temple! There along the dale, [stray'st;
With woods o'er-hung and shagg'd with mossy rocks,
Whence on each hand the gushing waters play,
And down the rough cascade white-dashing fall,
Or gleam in lengthen'd vista through the trees,
You silent steal; or sit beneath the shade
Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts
Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless hand,
And pensive listen to the various voice
Of rural peace: the herds, the flocks, the birds,
The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills,
That, purling down amid the twisted roots
Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake
On the sooth'd ear. From these abstracted oft,
You wander through the philosophic world;
Where in bright train continual wonders rise,
Or to the curious or the pious eye.
And oft, conducted by historic truth,
You tread the long extent of backward time:
Planning, with warm benevolence of mind,
And honest zeal unwarp'd by party-rage,
Britannia's weal; how from the venal gulf
To raise her virtue, and her arts revive.
Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts
The Muses charm: while, with sure taste refin'd,
You draw th' inspiring breath of ancient song;
Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.
Perhaps thy lov'd Lucinda shares thy walk,
With soul to thine attun'd. Then Nature all
Wears to the lover's eye a look of love;
And all the tumult of a guilty world,
Tost by ungenerous passions, sinks away.
The tender heart is animated peace;
And as it pours its copious treasures forth,
In varied converse, softening every theme,
You, frequent pausing, turn, and from her eyes,
Where meeken'd sense, and amiable grace,
And lively sweetness dwell, enraptur'd, drink
That nameless spirit of ethereal joy,
Unutterable happiness! which love,
Alone, bestows, and on a *favour'd few*.
Meantime you gain the height, from whose fair brow
The bursting prospect spreads immense around:
And snatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,
And verdant field, and darkening heath between,
And villages embosom'd soft in trees,
And spiry towns by surging columns mark'd
Of household smoke, your eye excursive roams:
Wide-stretching from the hall, in whose kind haunt
The hospitable genius lingers still,
To where the broken landscape, by degrees,
Ascending, roughens into rigid hills;
O'er which the Cambrian mountains, like far clouds
That skirt the blue horizon, dusky rise.
Flush'd by the spirit of the genial year,
Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom
Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round;
Her lips blush deeper sweets; she breaths of youth;
The shining moisture swells into her eyes,
In brighter flow; her wishing bosom heaves
With palpitations wild; kind tumults seize
Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.
From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
Full of the dear ecstatic power, and sick
With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye fair!
Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts:
Dare not th' infectious sigh; the pleading look,
Downcast, and low, in meek submission drest,
But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,
Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth,
Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bower,
Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch,
While Evening draws her crimson curtains round,
Trust your soft minutes with betraying man.
And let th' aspiring youth beware of love,
Of the smooth glance beware; for 'tis too late,
When on his heart the torrent-softness pours.
Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame
Dissolves in air away: while the fond soul,
Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss,
Still paints th' illusive form; the kindling grace;
Th' inticing smile; the modest-seeming eye,
Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying heaven,
Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death:
And still false-warbling in his cheated ear,
Her syren voice, enchanting, draws him on
To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy.
Ev'n present, in the very lap of love
Inglorious laid; while music flows around,
Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours;
Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears
Her snaky crest: a quick returning pang [still,
Shoots through the conscious heart, where honour
And great design, against the oppressive load
Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave.
But absent, what fantastic woes, arous'd,
Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,
Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life?
Neglected fortune flies; and sliding swift,
Prone into ruin, fall his scorn'd affairs.
'Tis nought but gloom around: the darken'd Sun
Loses his light. The rosy-bosom'd Spring
To weeping fancy pines; and yon bright arch,
Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.
All Nature fades extinct; and she alone
Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,
Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.
Books are but formal dulness, tedious friends;
And sad amid the social band he sits,
Lonely, and unattentive. From his tongue
Th' unfinish'd period falls: while, borne away
On swelling thought, his wafted spirit flies
To the vain bosom of his distant fair;
And leaves the semblance of a lover fix'd
In melancholy site, with head declin'd,
And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,
Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs
To glimmering shades, and sympathetic glooms;
Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream,
Romantic, hangs; there through the pensive dusk
Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost,
Indulging all to love: or on the bank
Thrown, amid drooping lilies, swells the breeze
With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.
Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day,
Nor quits his deep retirement, till the Moon
Peeps through the chambers of the fleecy east,
Enlighten'd by degrees, and in her train
Leads on the gentle hours; then forth he walks
Beneath the trembling languish of her beam,
With soften'd soul, and wooes the bird of eve
To mingle woes with his: or while the world
And all the sons of care lie hush'd in sleep,
Associates with the midnight shadows drear;
And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours

His idly-tortur'd heart into the page,
Meant for the moving messenger of love;
Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
With rising frenzy fir'd. But if on bed
Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies,
All night he tosses, nor the balmy power
In any posture finds; till the grey morn
Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,
Exanimate by love: and then perhaps
Exhausted nature sinks a while to rest,
Still interrupted by distracted dreams,
That o'er the sick imagination rise,
And in black colours paint the mimic scene.
Oft with th' enchantress of his soul he talks;
Sometimes in crowds distress'd; or if retir'd
To secret winding flower-enwoven bowers,
Far from the dull impertinence of man,
Just as he, credulous, his endless cares
Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,
Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,
Through forests huge, and long untravel'd heaths
With desolation brown, he wanders waste,
In night and tempest wrapt; or shrinks aghast,
Back, from the bending precipice; or wades
The turbid stream below, and strives to reach
The farther shore; where succourless, and sad,
She with extended arms his aid implores;
But strives in vain: borne by th' outrageous flood
To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks.
These are the charming agonies of love,
Whose misery delights. But through the heart
Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
'Tis then delightful misery no more,
But agony unmix'd, incessant gall,
Corroding every thought, and blasting all
Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then,
Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,
Farewel! Ye gleamings of departed peace,
Shine out your last! The yellow-tinging plague
Internal vision taints, and in a night
Of livid gloom imagination wraps.
Ah, then! instead of love-enliven'd cheeks,
Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes
With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed,
Suffus'd and glaring with untender fire;
A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,
Where the whole poison'd soul, malignant, sits,
And frightens love away. Ten thousand fears
Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views
Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms
For which he melts in fondness, eat him up
With fervent anguish, and consuming rage.
In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
Deceitful pride, and resolution frail,
Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours,
Afresh, her beauties on his busy thought,
Her first endearments twining round the soul,
With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love.
Straight the fierce storm involves his mind anew,
Flames through the nerves, and boils along the veins;
While anxious doubt distracts the tortur'd heart:
Or ev'n the sad assurance of his fears
Were ease to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,
Whom love deludes into his thorny wilds,
Through flowery-tempting paths, or leads a life
Of fever'd rapture, or of cruel care;
His brightest flames extinguish'd all, and all
His lively moments running down to waste.
But happy they! the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into love;
Where friendship full exerts her softest power,
Perfect esteem enliven'd by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundless confidence: for nought but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.
Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
To bless himself, from sordid parents buys
The loathing virgin, in eternal care,
Well-merited, consume his nights and days:
Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love
Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel;
Let eastern tyrants, from the light of Heaven
Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd
Of a mere, lifeless, violated form:
While those whom love cements in holy faith,
And equal transport, free as Nature live,
Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all!
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish;
Something than beauty dearer, should they look
Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face;
Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,
The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven.
Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
The human blossom blows: and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm,
The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening spirit and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
Oh, speak the joy! ye whom the sudden tear
Surprises often, while you look around,
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
All various nature pressing on the heart:
An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven.
These are the matchless joys of virtuous love;
And thus their moments fly. The seasons thus,
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy; and consenting Spring
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads:
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild;
When, after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they sink in social sleep;
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

SUMMER. 1727.

ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Invocation. Address to Mr. Doddington. An introductory reflection on the motion of the heavenly bodies; whence the succession of the Seasons. As the face of Nature in this season is almost uniform, the progress of the poem is a description of a summer's day. The dawn. Sun-rising. Hymn to the Sun. Forenoon. Summer insects described. Hay-making. Sheep-shearing. Noon-day. A woodland retreat.—Groupe of herds and flocks. A solemn grove: how it affects a contemplative mind. A cataract, and rude scene. View of Summer in the torrid zone. Storm of thunder and lightning. A tale. The storm over, a serene afternoon. Bathing. Hour of walking. Transition to the prospect of a rich well-cultivated country; which introduces a panegyric on Great Britain. Sun-set. Evening. Night. Summer meteors. A comet. The whole concluding with the praise of philosophy.

From brightening fields of ether fair disclos'd,
Child of the Sun, refulgent Summer comes,
In pride of youth, and felt through Nature's depth:
He comes attended by the sultry *hours*,
And ever-fanning *breezes*, on his way;
While from his ardent look, the turning Spring
Averts her blushful face; and earth and skies,
All smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.
Hence, let me haste into the mid-wood shade,
Where scarce a sun-beam wanders through the gloom;
And on the dark green grass, beside the brink
Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak
Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
And sing the glories of the circling year.
Come, Inspiration! from thy hermit seat,
By mortal seldom found: may fancy dare,
From thy fix'd serious eye, and raptur'd glance
Shot on surrounding Heaven, to steal one look
Creative of the poet, every power
Exalting to an extasy of soul.
And thou, my youthful Muse's early friend,
In whom the human graces all unite:
Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart;
Genius, and wisdom; the gay social sense,
By decency chastis'd; goodness and wit,
In seldom-meeting harmony combin'd;
Unblemish'd honour, and an active zeal
For Britain's glory, liberty, and man:
O Doddington! attend my rural song,
Stoop to my theme, inspirit every line,
And teach me to deserve thy just applause.
With what an aweful world-revolving power
Were first th' unwieldy planets launch'd along
Th' illimitable void! Thus to remain,
Amid the flux of many thousand years,
That oft has swept the toiling race of men,
And all their labour'd monuments away.
Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their course;
To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,
And of the seasons ever stealing round,
Minutely faithful: such th' all-perfect Hand!
That pois'd, impels, and rules the steady whole.
When now no more th' alternate Twins are fir'd,
And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze,
Short is the doubtful empire of the night;
And soon, observant of approaching day,
The meek-ey'd morn appears, mother of dews,
At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east:
Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow;
And, from before the lustre of her face,
White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step,
Brown night retires: young day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue, through the dusk, the smoaking currents shine;
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps, awkward; while along the forest-glade
The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
At early passenger. Music awakes
The native voice of undissembled joy;
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with Peace he dwells;
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
His flock to taste the verdure of the morn.
Falsely luxurious, will not man awake;
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due and sacred song?
For is there ought in sleep can charm the wise?
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life;
Total extinction of the enlighten'd soul!
Or else to feverish vanity alive,
Wilder'd, and tossing through distemper'd dreams?
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than nature craves; when every Muse
And every blooming pleasure wait without,
To bless the wildly devious morning walk?
But yonder comes the powerful king of day,
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo! now, apparent all,
Aslant the dew-bright Earth, and colour'd air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad;
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,
High gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer Light!
Of all material beings first, and best!
Efflux divine; Nature's resplendent robe!
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
In unessential gloom; and thou, O Sun!
Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen
Shines out thy Maker! may I sing of thee?
'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
As with a chain indissoluble bound,
Thy system rolls entire; from the far bourne
Of utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his round
Of thirty years; to Mercury, whose disk
Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,
Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.
Informer of the planetary train!
Without whose quickening glance their cumbrous orbs
Were brute unlovely mass, inert and dead,
And not, as now, the green abodes of life!
How many forms of being wait on thee!
Inhaling spirit; from th' unfetter'd mind,

By thee sublim'd, down to the daily race,
The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.
The vegetable world is also thine,
Parent of Seasons! who the pomp precede
That waits thy throne, as through thy vast domain,
Annual, along the bright ecliptic road,
In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.
Mean-time th' expecting nations, circled gay
With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up
A common hymn: while, round thy beaming car,
High-seen, the Seasons lead, in sprightly dance
Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd Hours,
The Zephyrs floating loose, the timely Rains,
Of bloom ethereal the light-footed Dews,
And soften'd into joy the surly storms.
These, in successive turn, with lavish hand,
Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,
Herbs, flowers, and fruits; till kindling at thy touch,
From land to land is flush'd the vernal year.
Nor to the surface of enliven'd Earth,
Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,
Her liberal tresses, is thy force confin'd:
But to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,
The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power.
Effulgent, hence the veiny marble shines;
Hence labour draws his tools; hence burnish'd War
Gleams on the day; the nobler works of Peace
Hence bless mankind, and generous Commerce
The round of nations in a golden chain. [binds
Th' unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee,
In dark retirement forms the lucid stone.
The lively diamond drinks thy purest rays,
Collected light, compact; that, polish'd bright,
And all its native lustre let abroad,
Dares, as it sparkles on the fair-one's breast,
With vain ambition emulate her eyes.
At thee the ruby lights its deepening glow,
And with a waving radiance inward flames.
From thee the sapphire, solid ether, takes
Its hue cerulean; and, of evening tinct,
The purple-streaming amethyst is thine.
With thy own smile the yellow topaz burns,
Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,
When first she gives it to the southern gale,
Than the green emerald shows. But, all combin'd,
Thick through the whitening opal play thy beams;
Or, flying several from its surface, form
A trembling variance of revolving hues,
As the site varies in the gazer's hand.
The very dead creation, from thy touch,
Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,
In brighter mazes the relucent stream
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,
Projecting horrour on the blacken'd flood,
Softens at thy return. The desert joys
Wildly, through all his melancholy bounds,
Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,
Seen from some pointed promontory's top,
Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this,
And all the much-transported Muse can sing,
Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,
Unequal far; great delegated source
Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below!
How shall I then attempt to sing of Him!
Who, Light himself, in uncreated light
Invested deep, dwells awefully retir'd
From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken;
Whose single smile has, from the first of time,
Fill'd o'erflowing, all those lamps of Heaven,
That beam for ever through the boundless sky:
But, should he hide his face, th' astonish'd Sun,
And all the extinguish'd stars, would loosening reel
Wide from their spheres, and Chaos come again.
And yet was every faultering tongue of man,
Almighty Father! silent in thy praise,
Thy works themselves would raise a general voice,
Ev'n in the depth of solitary woods
By human foot untrod; proclaim thy power,
And to the quire celestial thee resound,
Th' eternal cause, support, and end of all!
To me be Nature's volume broad-display'd;
And to peruse its all-instructing page,
Or, haply catching inspiration thence,
Some easy passage, raptur'd to translate;
My sole delight, as through the falling glooms
Pensive I stray, or with the rising dawn
On fancy's eagle-wing excursive soar.
Now flaming up the Heavens, the potent Sun
Melts into limpid air the high-rais'd clouds,
And morning fogs that hover'd round the hills
In party-colour'd bands; till wide unveil'd
The face of Nature shines, from where Earth seems,
Far stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere.
Half in a blush of clustering roses lost,
Dew-dropping Coolness to the shade retires;
There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,
By gelid founts and careless rills to muse;
While tyrant Heat, dispreading through the sky,
With rapid sway, his burning influence darts
On man, and beast, and herb, and tepid stream.
Who can unpitying see the flowery race,
Shed by the morn, their new-flush'd bloom resign,
Before the parching beam? So fade the fair,
When fevers revel through their azure veins.
But one, the lofty follower of the Sun,
Sad when he sits, shuts up her yellow leaves,
Drooping all night; and, when he warm returns,
Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray. [retreats;
Home, from his morning task, the swain
His flock before him stepping to the fold:
While the full-udder'd mother lows around
The cheerful cottage, then expecting food,
The food of innocence and health! The daw,
The rook and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks
That the calm village in their verdant arms,
Sheltering, embrace, direct their lazy flight;
Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd,
All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.
Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene;
And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,
The house-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies,
Out-stretch'd, and sleepy. In his slumbers, one
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
O'er hill and dale; till, waken'd by the wasp,
They starting snap. Nor shall the Muse disdain
To let the little noisy summer-race
Live in her lay, and flutter through her song:
Not mean, though simple; to the Sun ally'd,
From him they draw their animating fire.
Wak'd by his warmer ray, the reptile young
Come wing'd abroad; by the light air upborn,
Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink,
And secret corner, where they slept away
The wintery storms; or rising from their tombs,
To higher life; by myriads, forth at once,
Swarming they pour; of all the vary'd hues

Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose.
Ten thousand forms! ten thousand different tribes!
People the blaze. To sunny waters some
By fatal instinct fly; where on the pool
They, sportive, wheel; or, sailing down the stream,
Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-ey'd trout,
Or darting salmon. Through the green-wood glade
Some love to stray; there lodg'd, amus'd and fed,
In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make
The meads their choice, and visit every flower,
And every latent herb: for the sweet task,
To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
In what soft beds, their young yet undisclos'd,
Employs their tender care. Some to the house,
The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight;
Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese:
Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream
They meet their fate; or, weltering in the bowl,
With powerless wings around them wrapt, expire.
But chief to heedless flies the window proves
A constant death; where, gloomily retir'd,
The villain spider lives, cunning, and fierce,
Mixture abhorr'd! Amid a mangled heap
Of carcases, in eager watch he sits,
O'erlooking all his waving snares around.
Near the dire cell the dreadless wanderer oft
Passes, as oft the ruffian shows his front;
The prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts,
With rapid glide, along the leaning line;
And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
Strikes backward grimly pleas'd: the fluttering wing
And shriller sound declare extreme distress,
And ask the helping hospitable hand.
Resounds the living surface of the ground:
Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,
To him who muses through the woods at noon:
Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclin'd,
With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade
Of willows grey, close-crowding o'er the brook.
Gradual, from these what numerous kinds
Evading ev'n the microscopic eye! [descend,
Full Nature swarms with life; one wondrous mass
Of animals, or atoms organiz'd,
Waiting the *vital Breath*, when Parent-Heaven
Shall bid his spirit blow. The hoary fen,
In putrid steams, emits the living cloud
Of pestilence. Through subterranean cells,
Where searching sun-beams scarce can find a way,
Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf
Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure,
Within its winding citadel, the stone
Holds multitudes. But chief the forest-boughs,
That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze,
The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed
Of evanescent insects. Where the pool
Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible,
Amid the floating verdure millions stray.
Each liquid too, whether it pierces, sooths,
Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,
With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream
Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,
Though one transparent vacancy it seems,
Void of their unseen people. These, conceal'd
By the kind art of forming Heaven, escape
The grosser eye of man: for, if the worlds
In worlds enclos'd should on his senses burst,
From cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd bowl,
He would abhorrent turn; and in dead night,
When silence sleeps o'er all, be stunn'd with noise.

Let no presuming impious railer tax
Creative Wisdom, as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends.
Shall little haughty Ignorance pronounce
His works unwise, of which the smallest part
Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?
As if upon a full-proportion'd dome,
On swelling columns heav'd, the pride of art!
A critic fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads
An inch around, with blind presumption bold,
Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.
And lives the man, whose universal eye
Has swept at once th' unbounded scheme of things;
Mark'd their dependence so, and firm accord,
As with unfaultering accent to conclude
That *this* availeth nought? Has any seen
The mighty chain of beings, lessening down
From Infinite Perfection to the brink
Of dreary *nothing*, desolate abyss!
From which astonish'd thought, recoiling, turns?
Till then alone let zealous praise ascend,
And hymns of holy wonder, to that Power
Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds,
As on our smiling eyes his servant Sun.
Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,
Upward, and downward, thwarting, and convolv'd,
The quivering nations sport; till, tempest-wing'd,
Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day.
Ev'n so luxurious men, unheeding, pass
An idle summer life in fortune's shine,
A season's glitter! Thus they flutter on
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;
Till, blown away by Death, Oblivion comes
Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.
Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead:
The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful and strong; full as the summer rose
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,
Half naked, swelling on the sight, and all
Her kindled graces, burning o'er her cheek.
Ev'n stooping age is here: and infant-hands
Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load
O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppression roll.
Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They spread their breathing harvest to the Sun,
That throws refreshful round a rural smell:
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,
And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
The russet hay-cock rises thick behind,
In order gay. While, heard from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
Of happy labour, love, and social glee.
Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,
And that fair spreading in a pebbled shore.
Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
The clamour much, of men, and boys, and dogs,
Ere the soft fearful people to the flood
Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain,
On some impatient seizing, hurls them in;
Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,
Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,
And panting labour to the farthest shore.
Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt
The trout is banish'd by the sordid stream;
Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow

Slow move the harmless race; where, as they spread
Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
The country fill; and, toss'd from rock to rock,
Incessant bleatings run around the hills.
At last, of snowy white, the gather'd flocks
Are in the wattled pen innumerous press'd,
Head above head: and, rang'd in lusty rows,
The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
With all her gay drest maids attending round.
One, chief in gracious dignity enthron'd,
Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd-king;
While the glad circle round them yield their souls
To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace:
Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some,
Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side,
To stamp his master's cypher ready stand;
Others th' unwilling wether drag along;
And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy
Holds by the twisted horns th' indignant ram.
Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft,
By needy man, that all-depending lord,
How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies!
What softness in its melancholy face,
What dumb complaining innocence appears!
Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife
Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd;
No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,
Who having now, to pay his annual care,
Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
Will send you bounding to your hills again.

A simple scene! yet hence Britannia sees
Her solid grandeur rise: hence she commands
Th' exalted stores of every brighter clime,
The treasures of the Sun without his rage:
Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,
Wide glows her land: her dreadful thunder hence
Rides o'er the waves sublime, and now, ev'n now,
Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled coast;
Hences rules the circling deep, and awes the world.

'Tis raging noon; and, vertical, the Sun
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
O'er Heaven and Earth, far as the ranging eye
Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all
From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze.
In vain the sight, dejected to the ground,
Stoops for relief; thence hot-ascending steams
And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root
Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields
And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,
Blast Fancy's bloom, and wither ev'n the soul.
Echo no more returns the cheerful sound
Of sharpening scythe: the mower sinking heaps
O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd;
And scarce a chirping grass-hopper is heard
Through the dumb mead. Distressful Nature pants.
The very streams look languid from afar;
Or, through th' unsheltered glade, impatient seem
To hurl into the covert of the grove.

All-conquering Heat, oh, intermit thy wrath!
And on my throbbing temples potent thus
Beam not so fierce! Incessant still you flow,
And still another fervent flood succeeds,
Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,
And restless turn, and look around for night;
Night is far off, and hotter hours approach.
Thrice happy he! who, on the sunless side
Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,
Beneath the whole collected shade reclines:
Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting streams,
Sits coolly calm; while all the world without,
Unsatisfied and sick, tosses in noon:
Emblem instructive of the virtuous man,
Who keeps his temper'd mind serene and pure,
And every passion aptly harmoniz'd,
Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd.

Welcome, ye shades! ye bowery thickets, hail!
Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks!
Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!
Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
As to the hunted hart the sallying spring,
Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides
Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink.
Cool, through the nerves, your pleasing comfort glides;
The heart beats glad; the fresh-expanded eye
And ear resume their watch; the sinews knit;
And life shoots swift through all the lighten'd limbs.

Around th' adjoining brook, that purls along
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,
Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain;
A various groupe the herds and flocks compose,
Rural confusion! on the grassy bank
Some ruminating lie; while others stand
Half in the flood, and, often bending, sip
The circling surface. In the middle droops
The strong laborious ox, of honest front,
Which incompos'd he shakes; and from his sides
The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,
Slumbers the monarch-swain; his careless arm
Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd;
Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd;
There, listening every noise, his watchful dog.

Light fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight
Of angry gad-flies, fasten on the herd;
That startling scatters from the shallow brook,
In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,
They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain,
Through all the bright severity of noon;
While, from their labouring breasts, a hollow moan
Proceeding runs low-bellowing round the hills.

Oft in this season too the horse, provok'd,
While his big sinews full of spirits swell,
Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,
Springs the high fence; and, o'er the field effus'd,
Darts on the gloomy flood, with stedfast eye,
And heart estrang'd to fear: his nervous chest,
Luxuriant, and erect! the seat of strength!
Bears down th' opposing stream: quenchless his thirst;
He takes the river at redoubled draughts,
And with wide nostrils, snorting, skims the wave.

Still let me pierce into the midnight depth
Of yonder grove, of wildest largest growth:
That, forming high in air a woodland quire,
Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,
Solemn, and slow, the shadows blacker fall,
And all is aweful listening gloom around.

These are the haunts of Meditation, these
The scenes where ancient bards th' inspiring breath,
Ecstatic, felt; and, from this world retir'd,

Convers'd with angels and immortal forms,
On gracious errands bent: to save the fall
Of Virtue struggling on the brink of Vice;
In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,
To hint pure thought, and warn the favour'd soul
For future trials fated to prepare;
To prompt the poet, who devoted gives
His Muse to better themes; to soothe the pangs
Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast
(Backward to mingle in detested war,
But foremost when engag'd) to turn the death;
And numberless such offices of love
Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.
Shook sudden from the bosom of the sky,
A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,
Or stalk majestic on. Deep-rous'd, I feel
A sacred terrour, a severe delight, [methinks,
Creep through my mortal frame; and thus,
A voice, than human more, th' abstracted ear
Of fancy strikes. "Be not of us afraid,
Poor kindred man! thy fellow-creatures, we
From the same Parent-Power our beings drew,
The same our Lord, and laws, and great pursuit.
Once some of us, like thee, through stormy life,
Toil'd, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain
This holy calm, this harmony of mind,
Where purity and peace immingle charms.
Then fear not us; but with responsive song,
Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd
By noisy folly and discordant vice,
Of Nature sing with us, and Nature's God.
Here frequent, at the visionary hour,
When musing midnight reigns or silent noon,
Angelic harps are in full concert heard;
And voices chanting from the wood-crown'd hill,
The deepening dale, or inmost sylvan glade:
A privilege bestow'd by us, alone,
On Contemplation, or the hallow'd ear
Of poet, swelling to seraphic strain."
And art thou, Stanley [1], of that sacred band?
Alas, for us too soon! Though rais'd above
The reach of human pain, above the flight
Of human joy; yet, with a mingled ray
Of sadly-pleas'd remembrance, must thou feel
A mother's love, a mother's tender woe:
Who seeks thee still, in many a former scene;
Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely beaming eyes,
Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense
Inspir'd: where moral wisdom mildly shone,
Without the toil of art; and virtue glow'd,
In all her smiles, without forbidding pride.
But, O thou best of parents! wipe thy tears;
Or rather to Parental Nature pay
The tears of grateful joy, who for a while
Lent thee this younger self, this opening bloom
Of thy enlighten'd mind and gentle worth.
Believe the Muse: the wintery blast of Death
Kills not the buds of virtue; no, they spread,
Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter suns,
Through endless ages, into higher powers.
Thus up the mount, in aëry vision rapt,
I stray, regardless whither; till the sound
Of a near fall of water every sense
Wakes from the charm of thought: swift-shrinking
I check my steps, and view the broken scene. [back,
Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood
Rolls fair, and placid; where collected all,
In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.
At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad;
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
And from the loud-resounding rocks below
Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose:
But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks,
Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now
Aslant the hollow channel rapid darts;
And, falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
With wild infracted course, and lessen'd roar,
It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last,
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.
Invited from the cliff, to whose dark brow
He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars,
With upward pinions through the flood of day;
And, giving full his bosom to the blaze,
Gains on the Sun; while all the tuneful race,
Smit by afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,
Deep in the thicket; or, from bower to bower
Responsive, force an interrupted strain.
The stock-dove only through the forest cooes,
Mournfully hoarse; oft ceasing from his plaint,
Short interval of weary woe! again
The sad idea of his murder'd mate,
Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile,
Across his fancy comes; and then resounds
A louder song of sorrow through the grove.
Beside the dewy border let me sit,
All in the freshness of the humid air;
There in that hollow'd rock, grotesque and wild,
An ample chair moss-lin'd, and over head
By flowering umbrage shaded: where the bee
Strays diligent, and with th' extracted balm
Of fragrant woodbine loads his little thigh.
Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade,
While Nature lies around deep-lull'd in Noon,
Now come bold Fancy, spread a daring flight,
And view the wonders of the *torrid zone:*
Climes unrelenting! with whose rage compar'd,
Yon blaze is feeble, and yon skies are cool.
See, how at once the bright effulgent Sun,
Rising direct, swift chaces from the sky
The short-liv'd twilight; and with ardent blaze
Looks gaily fierce through all the dazzling air:
He mounts his throne; but kind before him sends,
Issuing from out the portals of the morn,
The *general breeze* [1], to mitigate his fire,
And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.
Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd
And barbarous wealth, that see each circling year,
Returning suns and *double seasons* [2] pass:
Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
That on the high equator ridgy rise,
Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays:
Majestic woods, of every vigorous green,
Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills;
Or to the far horizon wide diffus'd,
A boundless deep immensity of shade.

[1] A young lady, who died at the age of eighteen, in the year 1738. See her epitaph in a subsequent page of this vol.

[1] Which blows constantly between the tropics from the east, or the collateral points, the north-east and south-east: caused by the pressure of the rarefied air on that before it, according to the diurnal motion of the Sun from east to west.

[2] In all climates between the tropics, the Sun, as he passes and repasses in his annual motion, is twice a year vertical, which produces this effect.

Here lofty trees, to ancient song unknown,
The noble sons of potent heat and floods
Prone rushing from the clouds, rear high to Heaven
Their thorny stems, and broad around them throw
Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,
Unnumber'd fruits of keen delicious taste
And vital spirit, drink amid the cliffs,
And burning sands that bank the shrubby vales,
Redoubled day, yet in their rugged coats
A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.
Bear me, Pomona! to thy citron groves;
To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
With the deep orange, glowing through the green,
Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclin'd
Beneath the spreading tamarind that shakes,
Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.
Deep in the night the massy locust sheds,
Quench my hot limbs: or lead me through the maze,
Embowering endless, of the Indian fig;
Or, thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow,
Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,
Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
And high palmetos lift their graceful shade.
Or, stretch'd amid these orchards of the Sun,
Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
And from the palm to draw its freshening wine!
More bounteous far than all the frantic juice
Which Bacchus pours. Nor, on its slender twigs
Low-bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd;
Nor, creeping through the woods, the gelid race
Of berries. Oft in humble station dwells
Unboastful worth, above fastidious pomp.
Witness, thou best Anâna, thou the pride
Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er
The poets imag'd in the golden age:
Quick let me strip thee of thy tufty coat,
Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with Jove!
From these the prospect varies. Plains immense
Lie stretch'd below, interminable meads
And vast savannahs, where the wandering eye,
Unfixt, is in a verdant ocean lost.
Another Flora there, of bolder hues,
And richer sweets, beyond our garden's pride,
Plays o'er the fields, and showers with sudden hand
Exuberant Spring; for oft these vallies shift
Their green-embroider'd robe to fiery brown,
And swift to green again, as scorching suns,
Or streaming dews and torrent rains, prevail.
Along these lonely regions, where retir'd,
From little scenes of art, great Nature dwells
In aweful solitude, and nought is seen
But the wild herds that own no master's stall,
Prodigious rivers roll their fattening seas;
On whose luxuriant herbage, half conceal'd,
Like a fall'n cedar, far diffus'd his train,
Cas'd in green scales, the crocodile extends.
The flood disparts: behold! in plaited mail,
Behemoth [1] rears his head. Glanc'd from his side,
The darted steel in idle shivers flies:
He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills;
Where, as he crops his varied fare, the herds,
In widening circle round, forget their food,
And at the harmless stranger wondering gaze.
Peaceful, beneath primeval trees, that cast
Their ample shade o'er Niger's yellow stream,
And where the Ganges rolls his sacred wave;
Or mid the central depth of blackening woods,
High-rais'd in solemn theatre around,
Leans the huge elephant: wisest of brutes!
O truly wise! with gentle might endow'd,
Though powerful, not destructive! Here he sees
Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,
And empires rise and fall; regardless he
Of what the never-resting race of men
Project: thrice happy! could he 'scape their guile,
Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps;
Or with his towery grandeur swell their state,
The pride of kings! or else his strength pervert,
And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,
Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.
Wide o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,
Like vivid blossoms glowing from afar,
Thick swarm the brighter birds. For Nature's hand,
That with a sportive vanity has deck'd
The plumy nations, there her gayest hues
Profusely pours. But, if she bids them shine,
Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,
Yet, frugal still, she humbles them in song [1].
Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent
Proud Montezuma's realm, whose legions cast
A boundless radiance waving on the Sun,
While Philomel is ours; while in our shades,
Through the soft silence of the listening night,
The sober-suited songstress trills her lay.
But come, my Muse, the desert-barrier burst,
A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky:
And, swifter than the toiling caravan,
Shoot o'er the vale of Sennar; ardent climb
The Nubian mountains, and the secret bounds
Of jealous Abyssinia boldly pierce.
Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the mask
Of social commerce com'st to rob their wealth;
No *holy Fury* thou, blaspheming Heaven,
With consecrated steel to stab their peace,
And through the land, yet red from civil wounds,
To spread the purple tyranny of Rome.
Thou, like the harmless bee, may'st freely range,
From mead to mead bright with exalted flowers,
From jasmine grove to grove, may'st wander gay,
Through palmy shades and aromatic woods,
That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills,
And up the more than Alpine mountains wave.
There on the breezy summit, spreading fair,
For many a league; or on stupendous rocks,
That from the sun-redoubling valley lift,
Cool to the middle air their lawny tops;
Where palaces, and fanes, and villas rise;
And gardens smile around, and cultur'd fields;
And fountains gush; and careless herds and flocks
Securely stray; a world within itself,
Disdaining all assault: there let me draw
Ethereal soul, there drink reviving gales,
Profusely breathing from the spicy groves,
And vales of fragrance; there at distance hear
The roaring floods, and cataracts, that sweep
From disembowel'd Earth the virgin gold;
And o'er the varied landscape, restless, rove,
Fervent with life of every fairer kind:
A land of wonders! which the Sun still eyes
With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
Enamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.
How chang'd the scene! In blazing height of noon,
The Sun, oppress'd, is plung'd in thickest gloom.

[1] The Hippopotamus, or river-horse.

[1] In all the regions of the torrid zone, the birds, though more beautiful in their plumage, are observed to be less melodious than ours.

Still Horrour reigns, a dreary twilight round,
Of struggling night and day malignant mix'd.
For to the hot equator crowding fast,
Where, highly rarefy'd, the yielding air
Admits their stream, incessant vapours roll,
Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd!
Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty wind,
Or silent borne along, heavy, and slow,
With the big stores of steaming oceans charg'd.
Meantime, amid these upper seas, condens'd
Around the cold aërial mountain's brow,
And by conflicting winds together dash'd,
The Thunder holds his black tremendous throne:
From cloud to cloud the rending Lightnings rage;
Till, in the furious elemental war
Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated mass,
Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.
The treasures these, hid from the bounded search
Of ancient knowledge; whence, with annual pomp,
Rich king of floods! o'erflows the swelling Nile.
From his two springs, in Gojam's sunny realm,
Pure welling out, he through the lucid lake
Of fair Dambea rolls his infant stream.
There, by the Naïads nurs'd, he sports away
His playful youth, amid the fragrant isles,
That with unfading verdure smile around.
Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks;
And, gathering many a flood, and copious fed
With all the mellow'd treasures of the sky,
Winds in progressive majesty along:
Through splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze,
Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts
Of life-deserted sand: till, glad to quit
The joyless desert, down the Nubian rocks
From thundering steep to steep, he pours his urn,
And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave.
His brother Niger, too, and all the floods
In which the full-form'd maids of Afric lave
Their jetty limbs; and all that form the tract
Of woody mountains stretch'd through gorgeous Ind
Fall on Cormandel's coast, or Malabar;
From Menam's orient stream[1], that nightly shines
With insect-lamps, to where Aurora sheds
On Indus' smiling banks the rosy shower:
All, at this bounteous season, ope their urns,
And pour untoiling harvest o'er the land.
Nor less thy world, Columbus, drinks, refresh'd,
The lavish'd moisture of the melting year.
Wide o'er his isles, the branching Oronoque
Rolls a brown deluge; and the native drives
To dwell aloft on life-sufficing trees,
At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.
Swell'd by a thousand streams, impetuous hurl'd
From all the roaring Andes, huge descends
The mighty Orellana[2]. Scarce the Muse
Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass
Of rushing water; scarce she dares attempt
The sealike Plata; to whose dread expanse,
Continuous depth, and wondrous length of course,
Our floods are rills. With unabated force,
In silent dignity they sweep along,
And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds,
And fruitful deserts, worlds of solitude,
Where the Sun smiles and Seasons teem in vain,
Unseen, and unenjoy'd. Forsaking these,
O'er peopled plains they fair-diffusive flow,
And many a nation feed, and circle safe,
In their soft bosom, many a happy isle;
The seat of blameless Pan, yet undisturb'd
By Christian crimes and Europe's cruel sons.
Thus pouring on they proudly seek the deep,
Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock,
Yields to the liquid weight of half the globe;
And Ocean trembles for his green domain.
But what avails this wondrous waste of wealth?
This gay profusion of luxurious bliss?
This pomp of Nature? what their balmy meads,
Their powerful herbs, and Ceres void of pain?
By vagrant birds dispers'd, and wafting winds,
What their unplanted fruits? what the cool draughts,
Th' ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health,
Their forests yield? their toiling insects what,
Their silky pride, and vegetable robes?
Ah! what avail their fatal treasures, hid
Deep in the bowels of the pitying Earth,
Golconda's gems, and sad Potosi's mines;
Where dwelt the gentlest children of the Sun?
What all that Afric's golden rivers roll,
Her odorous woods, and shining ivory stores?
Ill-fated race! the softening arts of peace,
Whate'er the humanizing Muses teach;
The godlike wisdom of the temper'd breast;
Progressive truth, the patient force of thought;
Investigation calm, whose silent powers
Command the world; the light that leads to Heaven;
Kind equal rule, the government of laws,
And all-protecting freedom, which alone
Sustains the name and dignity of man:
These are not theirs. The parent Sun himself
Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannize;
And, with oppressive ray, the roseat bloom
Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,
And feature gross: or worse, to ruthless deeds,
Mad jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,
Their fervid spirit fires. Love dwells not there,
The soft regards, the tenderness of life,
The heart-shed tear, th' ineffable delight
Of sweet humanity: these court the beam
Of milder climes; in selfish fierce desire,
And the wild fury of voluptuous sense,
There lost. The very brute creation there
This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.
Lo! the green serpent, from his dark abode,
Which ev'n imagination fears to tread,
At noon forth issuing, gathers up his train
In orbs immense, then, darting out anew,
Seeks the refreshing fount; by which diffus'd,
He throws his folds: and while, with threatening tongue,
And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls
His flaming crest, all other thirst appall'd,
Or shivering flies, or check'd at distance stands,
Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,
The small close-lurking minister of Fate,
Whose high-concocted venom through the veins
A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift
The vital current. Form'd to humble man,
This child of vengeful nature! There, sublim'd
To fearless lust of blood, the savage race
Roam, licens'd by the shading hour of guilt,
And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut
His sacred eye. The tiger darting fierce
Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd:

[1] The river that runs through Siam; on whose banks a vast number of those insects called fire-flies, make a beautiful appearance in the night.
[2] The river of the Amazons.

The lively-shining leopard, speckled o'er
With many a spot, the beauty of the waste:
And, scorning all the taming arts of man,
The keen hyena, fellest of the fell.
These, rushing from th' inhospitable woods
Of Mauritania, or the tufted isles,
That verdant rise amid the Libyan wild,
Innumerous glare around their shaggy king,
Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand;
And, with imperious and repeated roars,
Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
Crowd near the guardian swain; the nobler herds,
Where round their lordly bull, in rural ease,
They ruminating lie, with horrour hear
The coming rage. Th' awaken'd village starts;
And to her fluttering breast the mother strains
Her thoughtless infant. From the pirate's den,
Or stern Morocco's tyrant fang escap'd,
The wretch half-wishes for his bonds again:
While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds,
From Atlas eastward to the frighted Nile.
Unhappy he! who from the first of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone
Amid this world of death. Day after day,
Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
And views the main that ever toils below;
Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,
Where the round ether mixes with the wave,
Ships, dim discover'd, dropping from the clouds;
At evening, to the setting Sun he turns
A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
Sinks helpless; while the wonted roar is up,
And hiss continual through the tedious night.
Yet here, ev'n here, into these black abodes
Of monsters unappall'd, from stooping Rome,
And guilty Cæsar, Liberty retir'd,
Her Cato following through Numidian wilds:
Disdainful of Campania's gentle plains,
And all the green delights Ausonia pours;
When for them she must bend the servile knee,
And fawning take the splendid robber's boon.
Nor stop the terrours of these regions here.
Commission'd demons oft, angels of wrath,
Let loose the raging elements. Breath'd hot,
From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
And the wide glittering waste of burning sand,
A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil,
Son of the desert! ev'n the camel feels,
Shot through his wither'd heart, the fiery blast.
Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad,
Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Straight the sands,
Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play:
Nearer and nearer still they darkening come;
Till, with the general all-involving storm
Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise;
And by their noon-day fount dejected thrown,
Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep,
Beneath descending hills, the caravan
Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets
Th' impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
And Mecca saddens at the long delay.
But chief at sea, whose every flexile wave
Obeys th' blast, th' aërial tumult swells.
In the dread Ocean, undulating wide,
Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe,
The circling Typhon[1], whirl'd from point to point
Exhausting all the rage of all the sky,
And dire Ecnephia[1] reign. Amid the heavens,
Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy speck[2]
Compress'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells:
Of no regard, save to the skilful eye,
Fiery and foul, the small prognostic hangs
Aloft, or on the promontory's brow
Musters its force. A faint deceitful calm,
A fluttering gale the demon sends before,
To tempt the spreading sail. Then down at once,
Precipitant, descends a mingled mass
Of roaring winds, and flame, and rushing floods.
In wild amazement fix'd the sailor stands.
Art is too slow: by rapid Fate oppress'd,
His broad-wing'd vessel drinks the whelming tide,
Hid in the bosom of the black abyss.
With such mad seas the daring Gama[3] fought,
For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
Incessant, labouring round the *stormy Cape*;
By bold ambition led, and bolder thirst
Of gold. For then from ancient gloom emerg'd
The rising world of trade: the genius, then,
Of navigation, that, in hopeless sloth,
Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep,
For idle ages, starting, heard at last
The Lusitanian prince[4]; who Heaven-inspir'd,
To love of useful glory rous'd mankind,
And in unbounded commerce mix'd the world.
Increasing still the terrours of these storms,
His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,
Here dwells the direful shark. Lur'd by the scent
Of steaming crowds, of rank disease, and death,
Behold! he rushing cuts the briny flood,
Swift as the gale can bear the ship along;
And, from the partners of that cruel trade,
Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her sons,
Demands his share of prey; demands themselves.
The stormy Fates descend: one death involves
Tyrants and slaves; when straight, their mangled limbs
Crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas
With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal.
When o'er this world, by equinoctial rains
Flooded immense, looks out the joyless Sun,
And draws the copious steam: from swampy fens,
Where putrefaction into life ferments,
And breathes destructive myriads: or from woods,
Impenetrable shades, recesses foul,
In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapt,
Whose gloomy horrours yet no desperate foot
Has ever dar'd to pierce; then, wasteful, forth
Walks the dire power of pestilent Disease.
A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,
Sick Nature blasting, and to heartless woe,
And feeble desolation, casting down
The towering hopes and all the pride of man.
Such as, of late, at Carthagena quench'd

[1] Typhon and Ecnephia, names of particular storms or hurricanes, known only between the tropics.

[2] Called by sailors the ox-eye, being in appearance at first no bigger.

[3] Vasco de Gama, the first who sailed round Africa, by the Cape of Good Hope, to the East Indies.

[4] Don Henry, third son to John the First, king of Portugal. His strong genius to the discovery of new countries was the chief source of all the modern improvements in navigation.

The British fire. You, gallant Vernon, saw
The miserable scene; you, pitying, saw
To infant weakness sunk the warrior's arm;
Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,
The lip pale-quivering, and the beamless eye
No more with ardour bright: you heard the groans
Of agonizing ships from shore to shore;
Heard, nightly plung'd amid the sullen waves,
The frequent corse; while, on each other fix'd,
In sad presage, the blank assistants seem'd,
Silent, to ask, whom Fate would next demand.
What need I mention those inclement skies,
Where, frequent o'er the sickening city, Plague,
The fiercest child of Nemesis divine,
Descends[1]? From Ethiopia's poison'd woods,
From stifled Cairo's filth, and fetid fields
With locust-armies putrefying heap'd,
This great destroyer sprung. Her aweful rage
The brutes escape: man is her destin'd prey,
Intemperate man! and, o'er his guilty domes,
She draws a close incumbent cloud of death;
Uninterrupted by the living winds,
Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze; and stain'd
With many a mixture by the Sun, suffus'd,
Of angry aspect. Princely wisdom, then,
Dejects his watchful eye; and from the hand
Of feeble justice, ineffectual, drop
The sword and balance: mute the voice of joy,
And hush'd the clamour of the busy world.
Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad,
Into the worst of deserts sudden turn'd
The cheerful haunt of men, unless escap'd
From the doom'd house, where matchless horrour reigns,
Shut up by barbarous fear, the smitten wretch,
With frenzy wild, breaks loose: and, loud to Heaven
Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns,
Inhuman, and unwise. The sullen door,
Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
Fearing to turn, abhors society:
Dependants, friends, relations, Love himself,
Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie,
The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.
But vain their selfish care: the circling sky,
The wide enlivening air, is full of fate;
And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs
They fall, unblest, untended, and unmourn'd.
Thus o'er the prostrate city black Despair
Extends her raven wing; while, to complete
The scene of desolation, stretch'd around,
The grim guards stand, denying all retreat,
And give the flying wretch a better death.
Much yet remains unsung: the rage intense
Of brazen-vaulted skies, of iron fields,
Where drought and famine starve the blasted year:
Fir'd by the torch of noon to tenfold rage,
Th' infuriate hill that shoots the pillar'd flame;
And, rous'd within the subterranean world,
Th' expanding earthquake, that resistless shakes
Aspiring cities from their solid base,
And buries mountains in the flaming gulph.
But 'tis enough; return, my vagrant Muse:
A nearer scene of horrour calls thee home.
Behold, slow-settling o'er the lurid grove
Unusual darkness broods; and growing gains
The full possession of the sky, surcharg'd
With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds,
Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn
Thence nitre, sulphur, and the fiery spume
Of fat bitumen, steaming on the day,
With various-tinctur'd trains of latent flame,
Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud,
A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
Ferment; till by the touch ethereal rous'd,
The dash of clouds, or irritating war
Of fighting winds, while all is calm below,
They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,
Dread through the dun expanse; save the dull sound
That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath.
Prone, to the lowest vale, th' aërial tribes
Descend: the tempest-loving raven scarce
Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
The cattle stand, and on the scowling Heavens
Cast a deploring eye, by man forsook,
Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.
'Tis listening fear and dumb amazement all:
When to the startled eye the sudden glance
Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud;
And following slower, in explosion vast,
The thunder raises his tremendous voice.
At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of Heaven,
The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its aweful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise astounds: till over head a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts,
And opens wider; shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal
Crush'd horrible, convulsing Heaven and Earth.
Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
Or prone descending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds
Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
Th' unconquerable lightning struggles through,
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.
Black from the stroke, above, the smouldering pine
Stands a sad shatter'd trunk; and, stretch'd below,
A lifeless groupe the blasted cattle lie:
Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look
They wore alive, and ruminating still
In Fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull,
An ox half-rais'd. Struck on the castled cliff,
The venerable tower and spiry fane
Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
Start at the flash, and from their deep recess,
Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.
Amid Carnarvon's mountains rages loud
The repercussive roar: with mighty crush,
Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
Of Penmanmaur heap'd hideous to the sky,
Tumble the smitten cliffs; and Snowden's peak,
Dissolving, instant yields his wintery load.
Far-seen, the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,
And Thulé bellows through her utmost isles.
Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought.
And yet not always on the guilty head
Descends the fated flash. Young Celadon
And his Amelia were a matchless pair;
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone:

[1] These are the causes supposed to be the first origin of the plague, in Dr. Mead's elegant book on that subject.

Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn,
And his the radiance of the risen day.
They lov'd: but such their guileless passion was,
As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
Of innocence and undissembling truth.
'Twas friendship heighten'd by the mutual wish,
Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,
Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer self;
Supremely happy in th' awaken'd power
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shade,
Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd
The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
Or sigh'd and look'd unutterable things.
So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,
By care unruffled; till, in evil hour,
The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
Heedless how far, and where its mazes stray'd,
While, with each other blest, creative love
Still bade eternal Eden smile around.
Presaging instant fate, her bosom heav'd
Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look
Of the big gloom, on Celadon her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek.
In vain assuring love, and confidence
In Heaven, repress'd her fear; it grew, and shook
Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd
Th' unequal conflict; and as angels look
On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,
With love illumin'd high. "Fear not," he said,
"Sweet innocence! thou stranger to offence,
And inward storm! He, who yon skies involves
In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
Of noon, flies harmless: and that very voice
Which thunders terrour through the guilty heart,
With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus
To clasp perfection!" From his void embrace,
Mysterious Heaven! that moment, to the ground,
A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous maid.
But who can paint the lover, as he stood,
Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,
Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe!
So, faint resemblance! on the marble tomb,
The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,
For ever silent, and for ever sad.
As from the face of Heaven the shatter'd clouds
Tumultuous rove, th' interminable sky
Sublimer swells, and o'er the world expands
A purer azure. Through the lighten'd air
A higher lustre and a clearer calm,
Diffusive, tremble; while, as if in sign
Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,
Set off abundant by the yellow ray,
Invests the fields; and Nature smiles reviv'd.
'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around,
Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
Of flocks thick-nibbling through the clover'd vale.
And shall the hymn be marr'd by thankless man,
Most favour'd; who with voice articulate
Should lead the chorus of this lower world?
Shall he, so soon forgetful of the hand
That hush'd the thunder, and serenes the sky,
Extinguish'd feel that spark the tempest wak'd,
That sense of powers exceeding far his own,
Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears?
Cheer'd by the milder beam, the sprightly youth
Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth
A sandy bottom shows. A while he stands
Gazing th' inverted landscape, half afraid
To meditate the blue profound below;
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
His ebon tresses and his rosy cheek
Instant emerge; and through th' obedient wave,
At each short breathing by his lip repel'd,
With arms and legs according well, he makes,
As humour leads, an easy-winding path:
While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light
Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round.
This is the purest exercise of health,
The kind refresher of the summer heats; [flood,
Nor, when cold Winter keens the brightening
Would I weak-shivering linger on the brink.
Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd,
By the bold swimmer, in the swift illapse
Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs
Knit into force; and the same Roman arm,
That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd Earth,
First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the wave.
Ev'n from the body's purity, the mind
Receives a secret sympathetic aid.
Close in the covert of an hazel copse,
Where winded into pleasing solitudes
Runs out the rambling dale, young Damon sat
Pensive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs.
There to the stream that down the distant rocks
Hoarse-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that
Among the bending willows, falsely he [play'd
Of Musidora's cruelty complain'd.
She felt his flame; but deep within her breast,
In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride,
The soft return conceal'd; save when it stole
In side-long glances from her downcast eye,
Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs.
Touch'd by the scene, no stranger to his vows,
He fram'd a melting lay, to try her heart;
And, if an infant passion struggled there,
To call that passion forth. Thrice happy swain!
A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.
For, lo! conducted by the laughing Loves,
This cool retreat his Musidora sought:
Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd;
And, rob'd in loose array, she came to bathe
Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.
What shall he do? In sweet confusion lost,
And dubious flutterings, he a while remain'd:
A pure ingenuous elegance of soul,
A delicate refinement, known to few,
Perplex'd his breast, and urg'd him to retire:
But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue, say,
Say, ye severest, what would you have done?
Meantime, this fairer nymph than ever blest
Arcadian stream, with timid eye around
The banks surveying, stripp'd her beauteous limbs,
To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.
Ah, then! not Paris on the piny top
Of Ida panted stronger, when aside
The rival goddesses the veil divine
Cast unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,
Than, Damon, thou; as from the snowy leg,
And slender foot, th' inverted silk she drew;
As the soft touch dissolv'd the virgin zone;
And, through the parting robe, the alternate breast,
With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze
In full luxuriance rose. But, desperate youth,
How durst thou risque the soul distracting view;
As from her naked limbs, of glowing white,

Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest hand,
In folds loose-floating fell the fainter lawn;
And fair-expos'd she stood, shrunk from herself,
With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze
Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful fawn?
Then to the flood she rush'd; the parted flood
Its lovely guest with closing waves receiv'd;
And every beauty softening, every grace
Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed:
As shines the lily through the crystal mild;
Or as the rose amid the morning dew
Fresh from Aurora's hand, more sweetly glows.
While thus she wanton'd, now beneath the wave
But ill-conceal'd; and now with streaming locks,
That half embrac'd her in a humid veil,
Rising again, the latent Damon drew
Such maddening draughts of beauty to the soul,
As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought
With luxury too-daring. Check'd, at last,
By love's respectful modesty, he deem'd
The theft profane, if aught profane to love
Can e'er be deem'd; and, struggling from the shade,
With headlong hurry fled: but first these lines,
Trac'd by his ready pencil, on the bank
With trembling hand he threw. "Bathe on, my fair,
Yet unbeheld, save by the sacred eye
Of faithful love: I go to guard thy haunt,
To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,
And each licentious eye." With wild surprise,
As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,
A stupid moment motionless she stood:
So stands the statue[1] that enchants the world,
So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.
Recovering, swift she flew to find those robes
Which blissful Eden knew not; and, array'd
In careless haste, th' alarming paper snatch'd.
But, when her Damon's well-known hand she saw,
Her terrours vanish'd, and a softer train
Of mixt emotions, hard to be describ'd,
Her sudden bosom seiz'd: shame void of guilt,
The charming blush of innocence, esteem
And admiration of her lover's flame,
By modesty exalted; ev'n a sense
Of self-approving beauty stole across
Her busy thought. At length, a tender calm
Hush'd by degrees the tumult of her soul;
And on the spreading beech, that o'er the stream
Incumbent hung, she with the sylvan pen
Of rural lovers this confession carv'd,
Which soon her Damon kiss'd with weeping joy:
"Dear youth! sole judge of what these verses mean,
By fortune too much favour'd, but by love,
Alas! not favour'd less, be still as now
Discreet: the time may come you need not fly."
The Sun has lost his rage: his downward orb
Shoots nothing now but animating warmth,
And vital lustre; that with various ray,
Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of Heaven,
Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes,
The dream of waking fancy! Broad below,
Cover'd with ripening fruits, and swelling fast
Into the perfect year, the pregnant Earth
And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour
Of walking comes: for him who lonely loves
To seek the distant hills, and there converse
With Nature; there to harmonize his heart,
And in pathetic song to breathe around
The harmony to others. Social friends,
Attun'd to happy unison of soul;
To whose exalting eye a fairer world,
Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse,
Displays its charms; whose minds are richly
With philosophic stores, superior light; [fraught
And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns
Virtue, th' sons of interest deem romance;
Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling day:
Now to the verdant Portico of woods,
To Nature's vast Lyceum, forth they walk;
By that kind school where no proud master reigns,
The full free converse of the friendly heart,
Improving and improv'd. Now from the world,
Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal,
And pour their souls in transport which the Sire
Of love approving hears, and *calls it good*.
Which way, Amanda, shall we bend our course?
The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we chuse?
All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind
Along the streams? or walk the smiling mead?
Or court the forest-glades? or wander wild
Among the waving harvests? or ascend,
While radiant Summer opens all its pride,
Thy hill, delightful Shene[1]? Here let us sweep
The boundless landscape: now the raptur'd eye,
Exulting swift, to huge Augusta send,
Now to the sister-hills[2] that skirt her plain,
To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow.
In lovely contrast to this glorious view
Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
To where the silver Thames first rural grows.
There let the feasted eye unwearied stray;
Luxurious, there, rove through the pendent woods
That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat;
And stooping thence to Ham's embowering walks,
Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retir'd,
With her the pleasing partner of his heart,
The worthy Queensbury yet laments his Gay,
And polish'd Cornbury wooes the willing Muse.
Slow let us trace the matchless vale of Thames:
Fair winding up to where the Muses haunt
In Twit'nam's bowers, and for their Pope implore
The healing god[3]; to royal Hampton's pile,
To Clermont's terrass'd height, and Esher's groves,
Where in the sweetest solitude, embrac'd
By the soft windings of the silent Mole,
From courts and senates Pelham finds repose:
Inchanting vale! beyond whate'er the Muse
Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung!
O vale of bliss! O softly-swelling hills!
On which the *Power of Cultivation* lies,
And joys to see the wonders of his toil.
Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
The stretching landsape into smoke decays!
Happy Britannia! where the queen of arts,

[1] The Venus of Medici.

[1] The old name of Richmond, signifying in Saxon *shining* or *splendour*.
[2] Highgate and Hamstead.
[3] In his last sickness.

Inspiring vigour, liberty abroad
Walks, uncouſin'd, ev'n to thy farthest cots,
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.
Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime;
Thy streams unfailing in the summer's drought;
Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks; thy vallies float
With golden waves: and on thy mountains flocks
Bleat numberless; while, roving round their sides,
Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves.
Beneath thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
Against the mower's scythe. On every hand
Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth;
And property assures it to the swain,
Pleas'd, and unwearied, in his guarded toil.
Full are thy cities with the sons of art;
And trade and joy, in every busy street,
Mingling are heard: ev'n Drudgery himself,
As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews
The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
With labour burn, and echo to the shouts
Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves
His last adieu, and, loosening every sheet,
Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.
Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth,
By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fir'd,
Scattering the nations where they go; and first
Or on the listed plain, or stormy seas.
Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful sires preside;
In genius, and substantial learning, high;
For every virtue, every worth renown'd;
Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind;
Yet, like the mustering thunder, when provok'd,
The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
Of those that under grim oppression groan.
Thy sons of glory many! Alfred thine,
In whom the splendour of heroic war,
And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,
Combine; whose hallow'd names the virtuous saint,
And *his own* Muses love; the best of *kings!*
With him thy Edwards and thy Henries shine,
Names dear to fame; the first who deep impress'd
On haughty Gaul the terrour of thy arms,
That awes her genius still. In *statesmen* thou,
And *patriots*, fertile. Thine a steady More,
Who, with a generous, though mistaken zeal,
Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage,
Like Cato firm, like Aristides just,
Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor,
A dauntless soul erect, who smil'd on death.
Frugal and wise, a Walsingham is thine;
A Drake, who made thee mistress of the deep,
And bore thy name in thunder round the world.
Then flam'd thy spirit high: but who can speak
The numerous worthies of the maiden reign?
In Raleigh mark their every glory mix'd;
Raleigh, the scourge of Spain! whose breast with all
The sage, the patriot, and the hero, burn'd.
Nor sunk his vigour, when a coward reign
The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,
To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.
Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind
Explor'd the vast extent of ages past,
And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world;
Yet found no times, in all the long research,
So glorious, or so base, as those he prov'd,
In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
Nor can the Muse the gallant Sidney pass,
The plume of war! with early laurels crown'd,
The lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay.
A Hamden too is thine, illustrious land,
Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,
Who stem'd the torrent of a downward age
To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,
In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
Bright at his call, thy age of *men* effulg'd,
Of men on whom late time a kindling eye
Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.
Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew
The grave where Russel lies; whose temper'd blood,
With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd,
Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign;
Aiming at lawless power, though meanly sunk
In loose inglorious luxury. With him
His friend, the British Cassius[1], fearless bled;
Of high determin'd spirit, roughly brave,
By ancient learning, to th' enlighten'd love
Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown
In aweful *sages* and in noble *bards*,
Soon as the light of dawning Science spread
Her orient ray, and wak'd the Muses' song.
Thine is a Bacon; hapless in his choice,
Unfit to stand the civil storm of state,
And through the smooth barbarity of courts,
With firm, but pliant virtue, forward still
To urge his course; him for the studious shade
Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,
Exact, and elegant; in one rich soul,
Plato, the Stagyrite, and Tully join'd.
The great deliverer he! who from the gloom
Of cloister'd monks, and jargon-teaching schools,
Led forth the true Philosophy, there long
Held in the magic chain of words and forms,
And definitions void: he led her forth,
Daughter of Heaven! that, slow-ascending still,
Investigating sure the chain of things,
With radiant finger points to Heaven again.
The generous Ashley[2] thine, the friend of man;
Who scann'd his nature with a brother's eye,
His weakness prompt to shade to raise his aim,
To touch the finer movements of the mind,
And with the *moral beauty* charm the heart.
Why need I name thy Boyle, whose pious search
Amid the dark recesses of his works,
The great Creator sought? And why thy Locke,
Who made the whole internal world his own?
Let Newton, *pure Intelligence*, whom God
To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works
From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame
In all philosophy. For lofty sense,
Creative fancy, and inspection keen
Through the deep windings of the human heart,
Is not wild Shakespeare thine and Nature's boast?
Is not each great, each amiable Muse
Of classic ages in thy Milton met?
A genius universal as his theme;
Astonishing as Chaos, as the bloom
Of blowing Eden fair, as Heaven sublime.
Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
The gentle Spencer, Fancy's pleasing son;
Who, like a copious river, pour'd his song
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground:
Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing sage,
Chaucer, whose native manners-painting verse,

[1] Algernon Sidney.
[2] Anthony Ashley Cooper, earl of Shaftesbury.

Well-moraliz'd, shines through the gothic cloud
Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.
May my song soften, as thy daughters I,
Britannia, hail! for beauty is their own,
The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
And elegance, and taste: the faultless form,
Shap'd by the hand of harmony; the cheek,
Where the live crimson, through the native white
Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom,
And every nameless grace; the parted lip,
Like the red rose-bud moist with morning-dew,
Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,
Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast;
The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
And by the soul inform'd, when drest in love
She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.
Island of bliss! amid the subject seas,
That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,
At once the wonder, terrour, and delight,
Of distant nations; whose remotest shores
Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm;
Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults
Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.
O Thou! by whose almighty *nod* the scale
Of Empire rises, or alternate falls,
Send forth the saving Virtues round the land,
In bright patrol: white Peace, and social Love;
The tender-looking Charity, intent,
On gentle deeds, and shedding tears through
Undaunted Truth, and dignity of mind; [smiles;
Courage compos'd, and keen; sound Temperance,
Healthful in heart and look; clear Chastity,
With blushes reddening as she moves along,
Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws;
Rough Industry; Activity untir'd,
With copious life inform'd, and all awake:
While in the radiant front superior shines
That first paternal virtue, *public zeal*;
Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,
And, ever musing on the common weal,
Still labours glorious with some great design.
Low walks the Sun, and broadens by degrees,
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds
Assembled gay, a richly-gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
Air, Earth, and Ocean smile immense. And now,
As if his weary chariot sought the bowers
Of Amphitrite, and her tending nymphs,
(So Grecian fable sung) he dips his orb;
Now half-immers'd; and now a golden curve
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.
For ever running an enchanted round,
Passes the day, deceitful, vain, and void;
As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,
This moment hurrying wild the impassion'd soul,
The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,
The dreamer of this Earth, an idle blank:
A sight of horrour to the cruel wretch,
Who, all day long in sordid pleasure roll'd,
Himself an useless load, has squander'd vile,
Upon his scoundrel train, what might have
A drooping family of modest worth. [cheer'd
But to the generous still-improving mind,
That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,
Diffusing kind beneficence around,
Boastless, as now descends the silent dew;
To him the long review of order'd life
Is inward rapture, only to be felt.
Confess'd from yonder slow-extinguish'd clouds,
All ether softening, sober Evening takes
Her wonted station in the middle air;
A thousand *shadows* at her beck. First *this*
She sends on Earth; then *that* of deeper dye
Steals soft behind; and then a *deeper* still,
In circle following circle, gathers round,
To close the face of things. A fresher gale
Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,
Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn;
While the quail clamours for his running mate.
Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,
A whitening shower of vegetable down
Amusive flies. The kind impartial care
Of Nature nought disdains: thoughtful to feed
Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
From field to field the feather'd seeds she wings.
His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
Hies, merry-hearted; and by turns relieves
The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail;
The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,
Unknowing what the joy-mixt anguish means,
Sincerely loves, by that best language shown
Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.
Onward they pass, o'er many a panting height
And valley sunk, and unfrequented; where
At fall of eve the Fairy people throng,
In various game, and revelry, to pass
The summer night, as village-stories tell.
But far about they wander from the grave
Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urg'd
Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
Of impious violence. The lonely tower
Is also shunn'd; whose mournful chambers hold,
So night-struck fancy dreams, the yelling ghost.
Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glow-worm lights his gem; and through the dark,
A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
The world to Night; not in her winter-robe
Of massy Stygian woof, but loose array'd
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanc'd from th' imperfect surfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the straining eye:
While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
And rocks, and mountains-tops, that long retain'd
Th' ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to Heaven
Thence weary vision turns; where, leading soft
The silent hours of love, with purest ray
Sweet Venus shines; and from her genial rise,
When day-light sickens till it springs afresh,
Unrivall'd reigns, the fairest lamp of night.
As thus th' effulgence tremulous I drink,
With cherish'd gaze, the lambent lightnings shoot
Across the sky; or horizontal dart
In wondrous shapes: by fearful murmuring crowds
Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,
That more than deck, that animate the sky,
The life-infusing suns of other worlds;
Lo! from the dread immensity of space
Returning with accelerated course,
The rushing comet to the Sun descends;
And as he sinks below the shading Earth,
With awful train projected o'er the Heavens,
The guilty nations tremble. But, above
Those superstitious horrours that enslave
The fond sequacious herd, to mystic faith
And blind amazement prone, the enlighten'd few,
Whose godlike minds philosophy exalts,
The glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy

Divinely great; they in their powers exult,
That wondrous force of thought, which mounting spurns
This dusky spot, and measures all the sky;
While, from his far excursion though the wilds
Of barren ether, faithful to his time,
They see the blazing wonder rise anew,
In seeming terrour clad, but kindly bent
To work the will of all-sustaining Love:
From his huge vapoury train perhaps to shake
Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs,
Through which his long ellipsis winds; perhaps
To lend new fuel to declining suns,
To light up worlds, and feed th' eternal fire.
With thee, serene Philosophy, with thee,
And thy bright garland, let me crown my song!
Effusive source of evidence, and truth!
A lustre shedding o'er th' ennobled mind,
Stronger than summer-noon; and pure as that,
Whose mild vibrations soothe the parted soul,
New to the dawning of celestial day.
Hence through her nourish'd powers, enlarg'd by thee,
She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
Above the tangling mass of low desires,
That bind the fluttering crowd: and, angel-wing'd,
The heights of science and of virtue gains,
Where all is calm and clear; with Nature round,
Or in the starry regions, or th' abyss,
To Reason's and to Fancy's eye display'd:
The *first* up-tracing, from the dreary void,
The chain of causes and effects to Him,
The world-producing Essence, who alone
Possesses being; while the *last* receives
The whole magnificence of Heaven and Earth,
And every beauty, delicate or bold,
Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense,
Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.
Tutor'd by thee, hence Poetry exalts
Her voice to ages; and informs the page
With music, image, sentiment, and thought,
Never to die! the treasure of mankind!
Their highest honour, and their truest joy!
Without thee what were unenlighten'd man?
A savage roaming through the woods and wilds,
In quest of prey; and with th' unfashion'd fur
Rough-clad; devoid of every finer art,
And elegance of life. Nor happiness
Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,
Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,
Nor guardian law were his; nor various skill
To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool
Mechanic; nor the heaven-conducted prow
Of navigation bold, that fearless braves
The burning line, or dares the wintery pole;
Mother severe of infinite delights!
Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile,
And woes on woes, a still-revolving train!
Whose horrid circle had made human life
Than non-existence worse: but, taught by thee,
Ours are the plans of policy and peace;
To live like brothers, and conjunctive all
Embellish life. While thus laborious crowds
Ply the tough oar, Philosophy directs
The ruling helm; or like the liberal breath
Of potent Heaven, invisible, the sail
Swells out, and bears th' inferior world along.
Nor to this evanescent speck of Earth
Poorly confin'd, the radiant tracts on high
Are her exalted range; intent to gaze
Creation through; and, from that full complex
Of never-ending wonders, to conceive
Of the Sole Being right, who *spoke the word*,
And Nature mov'd complete. With inward view,
Thence on th' ideal kingdom swift she turns
Her eye; and instant, at her powerful glance,
Th' obedient phantoms vanish or appear;
Compound, divide, and into order shift,
Each to his rank, from plain perception up
To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train:
To reason then, deducing truth from truth;
And notion quite abstract; where first begins
The world of spirits, action all, and life
Unfetter'd, and unmixt. But here the cloud,
So wills Eternal Providence, sits deep.
Enough for us to know that this dark state,
In wayward passions lost, and vain pursuits,
This infancy of Being, cannot prove
The final issue of the works of God,
By boundless love and perfect wisdom form'd,
And ever rising with the rising mind.

AUTUMN. 1730.

ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Addressed to Mr. Onslow. A prospect of the fields ready for harvest. Reflections in praise of industry raised by that view. Reaping. A tale relative to it. A harvest-storm. Shooting and hunting, their barbarity. A ludicrous account of fox-hunting. A view of an orchard. Wall-fruit. A vineyard. A description of fogs, frequent in the latter part of Autumn: whence a digression, inquiring into the rise of fountains and rivers. Birds of season considered, that now shift their habitation. The prodigious number of them that cover the northern and western isles of Scotland. Hence a view of the country. A prospect of the discoloured, fading woods. After a gentle dusky day, moon-light. Autumnal meteors. Morning: to which succeeds a calm, pure, sun-shiny day, such as usually shuts up the season. The harvest being gathered in, the country dissolved in joy. The whole concludes with a panegyric on a philosophical country life.

Crown'd with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on: the Doric reed once more,
Well pleas'd, I tune. Whate'er the Wintery frost
Nitrous prepar'd; the various-blossom'd Spring
Put in white promise forth; and Summer suns
Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view,
Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.
Onslow! the Muse, ambitious of thy name,
To grace, inspire, and dignify her song,
Would from the public voice thy gentle ear
A while engage. Thy noble care she knows,
The patriot virtues that distend thy thought,
Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow;
While listening senates hang upon thy tongue
Devolving through the maze of eloquence
A roll of periods sweeter than her song.

But she too pants for public virtue; she
Though weak of power, yet strong in ardent will,
Whene'er her country rushes on her heart,
Assumes a bolder note, and fondly tries
To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.
When the bright Virgin gives the beauteous days,
And Libra weighs in equal scales the year;
From Heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence shook
Of parting Summer, a serener blue,
With golden light enliven'd, wide invests
The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,
Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft through lucid clouds
A pleasing calm; while broad, and brown, below,
Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.
Rich, silent, deep, they stand; for not a gale
Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain:
A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air
Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow.
Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky;
The clouds fly different; and the sudden Sun
By fits effulgent gilds th' illumin'd field,
And black by fits the shadows sweep along.
A gaily-checker'd heart-expanding view,
Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.
These are thy blessings, Industry! rough power;
Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pain;
Yet the kind source of every gentle art,
And all the soft civility of life:
Raiser of human-kind! by Nature cast,
Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods
And wilds, to rude inclement elements;
With various seeds of art deep in the mind
Implanted, and profusely pour'd around
Materials infinite; but idle all.
Still unexerted, in th' unconscious breast,
Slept the lethargic powers; corruption still,
Voracious, swallow'd what the liberal hand
Of bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year:
And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd
With beasts of prey; or for his acorn-meal
Fought the fierce tusky boar; a shivering wretch!
Aghast, and comfortless, when the bleak north,
With Winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempest fly.
Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost:
Then to the shelter of the hut he fled;
And the wild season, sordid, pin'd away.
For home he had not; home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
Supported and supporting, polish'd friends,
And dear relations mingle into bliss.
But this the rugged savage never felt,
Ev'n desolate in crowds; and thus his days
Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along:
A waste of time: till Industry approach'd,
And rous'd him from his miserable sloth:
His faculties unfolded; pointed out
Where lavish Nature the directing hand
Of Art demanded; show'd him how to raise
His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
To dig the mineral from the vaulted Earth,
On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
On what the torrent, and the gather'd blast;
Gave the tall ancient forest to his axe;
Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone,
Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose;
Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm,
Or bright in glossy silk, and flowing lawn;
With wholesome viands fill'd his table, pour'd
The generous glass around, inspir'd to wake
The life-refining soul of decent wit:
Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity;
But, still advancing bolder, led him on
To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace;
And, breathing high ambition through his soul,
Set science, wisdom, glory, in his view,
And bade him be the Lord of all below.
Then gathering men their natural powers combin'd,
And form'd a public; to the general good
Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
For this the patriot-council met, the full,
The free, and fairly represented *whole*;
For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws,
Distinguish'd orders, animated arts,
And, with joint force Oppression chaining, set
Imperial Justice at the helm; yet still
To them accountable; nor slavish dream'd
That toiling millions must resign their weal,
And all the honey of their search, to such
As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd.
Hence every form of cultivated life
In order set, protected, and inspir'd,
Into perfection wrought. Uniting all
Society grew numerous, high, polite,
And happy. Nurse of art! the city rear'd
In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head;
And, stretching street on street, by thousands drew,
From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew
To bows strong-straining, her aspiring sons.
Then Commerce brought into the public walk
The busy merchant; the big warehouse built;
Rais'd the strong crane; choak'd up the loaded street
With foreign plenty; and thy stream, O Thames,
Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods!
Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,
Like a long wintery forest, groves of masts
Shot up their spires; the bellying sheet between
Possess'd the breezy void; the sooty hulk
Steer'd sluggish on; the splendid barge along
Row'd, regular, to harmony; around,
The boat, light skimming, stretch'd its oary wings;
While deep the various voice of fervent toil
From bank to bank increas'd; whence ribb'd with oak
To bear the British thunder, black, and bold,
The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.
Then too the pillar'd dome, magnific, heav'd
Its ample roof; and Luxury within
Pour'd out her glittering stores; the canvass smooth,
With glowing life protuberant, to the view
Embodied rose; the statue seem'd to breathe,
And soften into flesh, beneath the touch
Of forming art, imagination-flush'd.
All is the gift of Industry; whate'er
Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
Delightful. Pensive Winter cheer'd by *him*
Sits at the social fire, and happy hears
Th' excluded tempest idly rave along;
His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring;
Without him Summer were an arid waste;
Nor to th' Autumnal months could thus transmit
Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,
That, waving round, recall my wandering song.
Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day;
Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand,
In fair array; each by the lass he loves,

To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
By nameless gentle offices her toil.
At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves;
While through their cheerful band the rural talk,
The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,
And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.
Behind the master walks, builds-up the shocks;
And, conscious, glancing oft on every side
His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.
Be not too narrow, husbandmen; but flling
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
The liberal handful. Think, oh, grateful think!
How good the God of Harvest is to you;
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;
While these unhappy partners of your kind
Wide-hover round you like the fowls of Heaven,
And ask their humble dole. The various turns
Of fortune ponder; that your sons may want
What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.
The lovely young Lavinia once had friends;
And Fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth.
For, in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
Of every stay, save Innocence and Heaven,
She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.
Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy passion and low-minded pride:
Almost on Nature's common bounty fed;
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
Content, and careless of to morrow's fare.
Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd and pure,
As is the lily, or the mountain snow.
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.
Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self,
Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.
As in the hollow breast of Appennine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
The sweet Lavinia; till, at length, compell'd
By strong Necessity's supreme command,
With smiling patience in her looks, she went
To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains
Palemon was, the generous, and the rich;
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, such as Arcadian song
Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times;
When tyrant custom had not shackled man,
But free to follow nature was the mode.

He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye;
Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
With unaffected blushes from his gaze:
He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.
That very moment love and chaste desire
Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;
For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field:
And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd.
"What pity! that so delicate a form,
By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense
And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
Should be devoted to the rude embrace
Of some indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
Of old Acasto's line; and to my mind
Recalls that patron of my happy life,
From whom my liberal fortune took its rise;
Now to the dust gone down; his houses, lands,
And once fair-spreading family, dissolv'd.
'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
His aged widow and his daughter live,
Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
Romantic wish! would this the daughter were!"
When, strict inquiring, from herself he found
She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
Of bountiful Acasto; who can speak
The mingled passions that surpris'd his heart,
And through his nerves in shivering transport ran?
Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold;
And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, gratitude, and pity, wept at once.
Confus'd, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,
Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
As thus Palemon, passionate and just,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.
"And art thou then Acasto's dear remains?
She, whom my restless gratitude has sought
So long in vain? O, Heavens! the very same,
The soften'd image of my noble friend,
Alive his every look, his every feature,
More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring!
Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
That nourish'd up my fortune! say, ah where,
In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn
The kindest aspect of delighted Heaven?
Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair;
Though poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,
Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years?
O let me now, into a richer soil,
Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns, and showers,
Diffuse their warmest, largest influence,
And of my garden be the pride, and joy!
Ill it befits thee, oh, it ill befits
Acasto's daughter, his whose open stores,
Though vast, were little to his ampler heart,
The father of a country, thus to pick
The very refuse of those harvest-fields,
Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
But ill apply'd to such a rugged task;
The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine;
If to the various blessings which thy house
Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee!"

Here ceas'd the youth, yet still his speaking eye
Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,
With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodness irresistible, and all
In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away
The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate;
Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
Of setting life shone on her evening hours:
Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair;
Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.

Defeating oft the labours of the year,
The sultry south collects a potent blast.
At first, the groves are scarcely seen to stir
Their trembling tops, and a still murmur runs
Along the soft-inclining fields of corn.
But as th' aërial tempest fuller swells,
And in one mighty stream, invisible,
Immense, the whole excited atmosphere,
Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world:
Strain'd to the root, the stooping forest pours
A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves,
High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,
From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,
And send it in a torrent down the vale.
Expos'd, and naked, to its utmost rage,
Through all the sea of harvest rolling round,
The billowy plain floats wide; nor can evade,
Though pliant to the blast, its seizing force;
Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff
Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of rain,
Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends
In one continuous flood. Still over head
The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still
The deluge deepens; till the fields around
Lie sunk, and flatted, in the sordid wave.
Sudden, the ditches swell; the meadows swim.
Red, from the hills, innumerable streams
Tumultuous roar; and high above its banks
The river lift; before whose rushing tide,
Herds, flocks, and harvest, cottages, and swains,
Roll mingled down; all that the winds had spar'd
In one wild moment ruin'd; the big hopes,
And well-earn'd treasures of the painful year.
Fled to some eminence, the husbandman
Helpless beholds the miserable wreck
Driving along; his drowning ox at once
Descending, with his labours scatter'd round,
He sees; and instant o'er his shivering thought
Comes Winter unprovided, and a train
Of clamant children dear. Ye masters, then,
Be mindful of the rough laborious hand,
That sinks you soft in elegance and ease;
Be mindful of those limbs in russet clad
Whose toil to yours is warmth, and graceful pride;
And, oh! be mindful of that sparing board,
Which covers yours with luxury profuse,
Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice!
Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains
And all-involving winds have swept away.

Here the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy,
The gun fast-thundering, and the winded horn,
Would tempt the Muse to sing the *rural game*:
How, in his mid-career, the spaniel struck,
Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open nose,
Out-stretch'd, and finely sensible, *draws* full,
Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey;
As in the sun the circling covey bask
Their varied plumes, and watchful every way,
Though the rough stubble turn the secret eye.
Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat
Their idle wings, entangled more and more:
Nor on the surges of the boundless air,
Though borne triumphant, are they safe; the gun,
Glanc'd just and sudden, from the fowler's eye,
O'ertakes their sounding pinions; and again,
Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,
Dead to the ground: or drives them wide-dispers'd,
Wounded, and bleeding, various, down the wind.
These are not subjects for the peaceful Muse,
Nor will she stain with such her spotless song;
Then most delighted, when she social sees
The whole mix'd animal creation round
Alive, and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,
This falsely-cheerful barbarous game of death;
This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth
Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn;
When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,
Urg'd by necessity, had rang'd the dark,
As if their conscious ravage shunn'd the light,
Asham'd. Not so the steady tyrant man,
Who with the thoughtless insolence of power
Inflam'd, beyond the most infuriate wrath
Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste,
For sport alone pursues the cruel chase,
Amid the beamings of the gentle days.
Unbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,
For hunger kindles you, and lawless want;
But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,
Is what your horrid bosoms never knew.

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare!
Scar'd from the corn, and now to some lone seat
Retir'd: the rushy fen; the ragged furze,
Stretch'd o'er the stony heath; the stubble chapt;
The thistly lawn; the thick entangled broom;
Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern;
The fallow ground laid open to the Sun,
Concoctive; and the nodding sandy bank,
Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.
Vain is her best precaution; though she sits
Conceal'd, with folded ears; unsleeping eyes,
By Nature rais'd to take th' horizon in;
And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,
In act to spring away. The scented dew
Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep,
In scatter'd sullen openings, far behind,
With every breeze she hears the coming storm.
But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
The sighing gale, she springs amaz'd, and all
The savage soul of game is up at once:
The pack full-opening, various; the shrill horn
Resounded from the hills; the neighing steed,
Wild for the chase: and the loud hunter's shout;
O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all
Mix'd in mad tumult, and discordant joy.

The stag too, singled from the herd, where long
He rang'd the branching monarch of the shades,
Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed
He, sprightly, puts his faith; and, rous'd by fear,
Gives all his swift aërial soul to flight;
Against the breeze he darts, that way the more
To leave the lessening murderous cry behind:
Deception short; though fleeter than the winds

Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountains by the north,
He bursts the thickets, glances through the glades,
And plunges deep into the wildest wood;
If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track
Hot-steaming, up behind him come again
Th' inhuman rout, and from the shady depth
Expel him, circling through his every shift.
He sweeps the forest oft; and sobbing sees
The glades, mild opening to the golden day;
Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends
He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.
Oft in the full-descending flood he tries
To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides:
Oft seeks the herd; the watchful herd, alarm'd,
With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.
What shall he do? His once so vivid nerves,
So full of buoyant spirit, now no more
Inspire the course, but fainting breathless toil,
Sick, seizes on his heart: he stands at bay;
And puts his last weak refuge in despair.
The big round tears run down his dappled face;
He groans in anguish; while the growling pack,
Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,
And mark his beauteous checker'd sides with gore.
Of this enough. But if the sylvan youth,
Whose fervent blood boils into violence,
Must have the chase; behold, despising flight,
The rous'd up lion, resolute, and slow,
Advancing full on the protended spear,
And coward-band, that circling wheel aloof.
Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood,
See the grim wolf; on him his shaggy foe
Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die:
Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
Grins fell destruction, to the monster's heart
Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.
These Britain knows not; give, ye Britons, then
Your sportive fury, pityless, to pour
Loose on the nightly robber of the fold:
Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
Let all the thunder of the chase pursue.
Throw the broad ditch behind you, o'er the hedge
High bound, resistless; nor the deep morass
Refuse, but through the shaking wilderness
Pick your nice way; into the perilous flood
Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full,
And as you ride the torrent, to the banks
Your triumph sound sonorous, running round,
From rock to rock, in circling echoes tost;
Then scale the mountains to their woody tops;
Rush down the dangerous steep; and o'er the lawn,
In fancy swallowing up the space between,
Pour all your speed into the rapid game,
For happy he! who tops the wheeling chase;
Has every maze evolv'd, and every guile
Disclos'd; who knows the merits of the pack;
Who saw the villain seiz'd, and dying hard,
Without complaint, though by an hundred mouths
Relentless torn: O glorious he, beyond
His daring peers! when the retreating horn
Calls them to ghostly halls of grey renown,
With woodland honours grac'd; the fox's fur,
Depending decent from the roof; and spread
Round the drear walls, with antic figures fierce,
The stag's large front: he then is loudest heard,
When the night staggers with severer toils,
With feats Thessalian Centaurs never knew,
And their repeated wonders shake the dome.
But first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide;
The tankards foam; and the strong table groans
Beneath the smoking surloin, stretch'd immense
From side to side; in which, with desperate knife
They deep incision make, and talk the while
Of England's glory, ne'er to be defac'd
While hence they borrow vigour: or amain
Into the pasty plung'd, at intervals,
If stomach keen can intervals allow,
Relating all the glories of the chase.
Then sated Hunger bids his brother Thirst
Produce the mighty bowl; the mighty bowl,
Swell'd high with fiery juice, steams liberal round
A potent gale, delicious as the breath
Of Maia to the love-sick shepherdess,
On violets diffus'd, while soft she hears
Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms.
Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn,
Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat
Of thirty years; and now his honest front
Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid
Ev'n with the vineyard's best produce to vie.
To cheat the thirsty moments, Whist a while
Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of smoke,
Wreath'd fragrant from the pipe; or the quick dice,
In thunder leaping from the box, awake
The sounding gammon: while romp-loving miss
Is haul'd about, in gallantry robust.
At last these puling idlenesses laid
Aside, frequent and full, the dry divan
Close in firm circle; and set, ardent, in
For serious drinking. Nor evasion sly,
Nor sober shift, is to the puking wretch
Indulg'd apart; but earnest, brimming bowls
Lave every soul, the table floating round,
And pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot.
Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,
Vociferous at once from twenty tongues, [hounds,
Reels fast from theme to theme; from horses,
To church or mistress, politics or ghost,
In endless mazes, intricate, perplex'd.
Mean-time, with sudden interruption, loud,
Th' impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart;
That moment touch'd is every kindred soul;
And, opening in a full-mouth'd *cry* of joy,
The laugh, the slap, the jocund curse, go round;
While, from their slumbers shook, the kennel'd
Mix in the music of the day again. [hounds
As when the tempest, that has vex'd the deep
The dark night long, with fainter murmurs falls:
So gradual sinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues
Unable to take up the cumbrous word,
Lie quite dissolv'd. Before their maudlin eyes,
Seen dim, and blue, the double tapers dance,
Like the Sun wading through the misty sky.
Then sliding soft, they drop. Confus'd above,
Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,
As if the table ev'n itself was drunk,
Lie a wet broken scene; and wide, below,
Is heap'd the social slaughter; where astride
The *lubber power* in filthy triumph sits,
Slumberous, inclining still from side to side,
And steeps them drench'd in potent sleep till morn.
Perhaps some doctor, of tremendous paunch,
Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink,
Out-lives them all; and from his bury'd flock
Retiring, full of rumination sad,
Laments the weakness of these latter times.
But if the rougher sex by this fierce sport
Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy
E'er stain the bosom of the British fair.
Far be the spirit of the chase from them!

Uncomely courage, unbeseeming skill;
To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed;
The cap, the whip, the masculine attire;
In which they roughen to the sense, and all
The winning softness of their sex is lost.
In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe;
With every motion, every word, to wave
Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush;
And from the smallest violence to shrink
Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears;
And by this silent adulation, soft,
To their protection more engaging man.
O may their eyes no miserable sight,
Save weeping lovers, see! a nobler game,
Through Love's enchanting wiles pursued, yet fled,
In chase ambiguous. May their tender limbs
Float in the loose simplicity of dress!
And, fashion'd all to harmony, alone
Know they to seize the captivated soul,
In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips;
To teach the lute to languish; with smooth step,
Disclosing motion in its every charm,
To swim along, and swell the mazy dance;
To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn;
To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page;
To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,
And heighten Nature's dainties: in their race
To rear their graces into second life;
To give society its highest taste;
Well order'd home man's best delight to make;
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
With every gentle care-eluding art,
To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
And sweeten all the toils of human life:
This be the female dignity and praise.
Ye swains, now hasten to the hazel bank;
Where, down yon dale, the wildly-winding brook
Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array,
Fit for the thickets and the tangling shrub,
Ye virgins come. For you their latest song
The woodlands raise; the clustering nuts for you
The lover finds amid the secret shade;
And, where they burnish on the topmost bough,
With active vigour crushes down the tree;
Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk,
A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown,
As are the ringlets of Melinda's hair:
Melinda! form'd with every grace complete,
Yet these neglecting, above beauty wise,
And far transcending such a vulgar praise.
Hence from the busy joy-resounding fields,
In cheerful errour, let us tread the maze
Of Autumn, unconfin'd; and taste, reviv'd,
The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.
Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,
From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower
Incessant melts away. The juicy year
Lies, in a soft profusion, scatter'd round.
A various sweetness swells the gentle race;
By Nature's all-refining hand prepar'd;
Of temper'd sun, and water, earth, and air,
In ever-changing composition mixt.
Such, falling frequent through the chiller night,
The fragrant stores, the wide projected heaps
Of apples, which the lusty-handed Year,
Innumerous, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.
A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen,
Dwells in their gelid pores; and, active, points
The piercing cyder for the thirsty tongue:
Thy *native* theme, and boon inspirer too,
Phillips, Pomona's bard, the second thou
Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse,
With British freedom sing the British song:
How, from Silurian vats, high-sparkling wines
Foam in transparent floods; some strong, to cheer
The wintery revels of the labouring hind;
And tasteful some, to cool the summer hours.
In this glad season, while his sweetest beams
The Sun sheds equal o'er the mecken'd day;
Oh, lose me in the green delightful walks
Of, Doddington, thy seat, serene, and plain;
Where simple Nature reigns; and every view,
Diffusive, spreads the pure Dorsetian downs,
In boundless prospect: yonder shagg'd with wood,
Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks!
Meantime the grandeur of thy lofty dome,
Far-splendid, seizes on the ravish'd eye.
New beauties rise with each revolving day;
New columns swell; and still the fresh Spring finds
New plants to quicken, and new groves to green.
Full of thy genius all! the Muses' seat:
Where in the secret bower, and winding walk,
For virtuous Young and thee they twine the bay.
Here wandering oft, fir'd with the restless thirst
Of thy applause, I solitary court
Th' inspiring breeze: and meditate the book
Of Nature ever open: aiming thence,
Warm from the heart, to learn the moral song.
Here, as I steal along the sunny wall,
Where Autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep,
My pleasing theme continual prompts my thought:
Presents the downy peach; the shining plumb;
The ruddy, fragrant nectarine; and dark,
Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.
The vine too here her curling tendrils shoots;
Hangs out her clusters, glowing to the south;
And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky.
Turn we a moment Fancy's rapid flight
To vigorous soils, and climes of fair extent;
Where, by the potent Sun elated high,
The vineyard swells refulgent on the day;
Spreads o'er the vale; or up the mountain climbs,
Profuse; and drinks amid the sunny rocks,
From cliff to cliff increas'd, the heighten'd blaze.
Low bend the weighty boughs. The clusters clear,
Half through the foliage seen, or ardent flame,
Or shine transparent; while perfection breathes
White o'er the turgent film the living dew.
As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray;
The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
Each fond for each to cull th' autumnal prime,
Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.
Then comes the crushing swain; the country floats,
And foams unbounded with the mashy flood;
That by degrees fermented and refin'd,
Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy:
The claret smooth, red as the lip we press,
In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl;
The mellow-tasted Burgundy; and quick,
As is the wit it gives, the gay Champagne.
Now, by the cool declining year condens'd,
Descend the copious exhalations, check'd
As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides,
And high between contending kingdoms rears
The rocky long division, fills the view
With great variety; but in a night

Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense
Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far,
The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain:
Vanish the woods; the dim-seen river seems
Sullen, and slow, to roll the misty wave.
Ev'n in the height of noon opprest, the Sun
Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide-refracted ray;
Whence glaring oft, with many a broaden'd orb,
He frights the nations. Indistinct on Earth,
Seen through the turbid air, beyond the life
Objects appear; and, wilder'd, o'er the waste
The shepherd stalks gigantic. Till at last
Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles still
Successive closing, sits the general fog
Unbounded o'er the world; and, mingling thick,
A formless grey confusion covers all.
As when of old (so sung the Hebrew bard)
Light, uncollected, through the Chaos urg'd
Its infant way; nor Order yet had drawn
His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.

These roving mists, that constant now begin
To smoke along the hilly country, these,
With weighty rains, and melted Alpine snows,
The mountain-cisterns fill, those ample stores
Of water, scoop'd among the hollow rocks;
Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play,
And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw.
Some sages say, that, where the numerous wave
For ever lashes the resounding shore,
Drill'd through the sandy stratum, every way,
The waters with the sandy stratum rise;
Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd,
They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,
And clear and sweeten, as they soak along.
Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,
Though oft amidst th' irriguous vale it springs;
But to the mountain courted by the sand,
That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
Far from the parent-main, it boils again
Fresh into day; and all the glittering hill
Is bright with spouting rills. But hence this vain
Amusive dream! why should the waters love
To take so far a journey to the hills,
When the sweet vallies offer to their toil
Inviting quiet, and a nearer bed?
Or if, by blind ambition led astray,
They must aspire; why should they sudden stop
Among the broken mountain's rushy dells,
And, ere they gain its highest peak, desert
Th'attractive sand that charm'd their course so long?
Besides, the hard agglomerating salts,
The spoil of ages, would impervious choke
Their secret channels; or, by slow degrees,
High as the hills protrude the swelling vales:
Old Ocean too, suck'd through the porous globe,
Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed,
And brought Deucalion's watery times again.

Say then, where lurk the vast eternal springs,
That, like Creating Nature, lie conceal'd
From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores
Refresh the globe, and all its joyous tribes?
O, thou pervading Genius, given to man,
To trace the secrets of the dark abyss,
O, lay the mountains bare! and wide display
Their hidden structure to th' astonish'd view!
Strip from the branching Alps their piny load;
The huge encumbrance of horrific woods
From Asian Taurus, from Imaus stretch'd
Athwart the roving Tartar's sullen bounds!
Give opening Hemus to my searching eye,
And high Olympus pouring many a stream!
O, from the sounding summits of the north,
The Dofrine hills, through Scandinavia roll'd
To farthest Lapland and the Frozen Main;
From lofty Caucasus, far-seen by those
Who in the Caspian and black Euxine toil;
From cold Riphean rocks, which the wild Russ
Believes the *stony girdle*[1] of the world;
And all the dreadful mountains, wrapt in storm,
Whence wide Siberia draws her lonely floods;
O, sweep th' eternal snows! Hung o'er the deep,
That ever works beneath his sounding base,
Bid Atlas, propping Heaven, as poets feign,
His subterranean wonders spread! unveil
The miny caverns, blazing on the day,
Of Abyssinia's cloud compelling cliffs,
And of the bending Mountains of the Moon[2]!
O'ertopping all these giant sons of Earth,
Let the dire Andes, from the radiant line
Stretch'd to the stormy seas that thunder round
The southern pole, their hideous deeps unfold!
Amazing scene! Behold! the glooms disclose,
I see the rivers in their infant beds!
Deep, deep I hear them, labouring to get free!
I see the leaning strata, artful rang'd;
The gaping fissures to receive the rains,
The melting snows, and ever-dripping fogs.
Strow'd bibulous above I see the sands,
The pebbly gravel next, the layers then
Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,
The gutter'd rocks, and mazy-running clefts;
That, while the stealing moisture they trasmit,
Retard its motion, and forbid its waste.
Beneath th' incessant weeping of these drains,
I see the rocky syphons stretch'd immense,
The mighty reservoirs, of harden'd chalk,
Or stiff compacted clay, capacious form'd.
O'erflowing thence, the congregated stores,
The crystal treasures of the liquid world,
Through the stirr'd sands a bubbling passage burst;
And swelling out, around the middle steep,
Or from the bottoms of the bosom'd hills,
In pure effusion flow. United, thus,
Th' exhaling Sun, the vapour-burden'd air,
The gelid mountains, that to rain condens'd
These vapours in continual current draw,
And send them, o'er the fair-divided Earth,
In bounteous rivers to the deep again,
A social commerce hold, and firm support
The full-adjusted harmony of things.

When Autumn scatters his departing gleams,
Warn'd of approaching Winter, gather'd, play
The swallow-people; and toss'd wide around,
O'er the calm sky, in convolution swift,
The feather'd eddy floats: rejoicing once,
Ere to their wintery slumbers they retire:
In clusters clung, beneath the mouldering bank,
And where, unpierc'd by frost, the cavern sweats,
Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
With other kindred birds of season, there
They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months
Invite them welcome back: for, thronging, now
Innumerous wings are in commotion all.

[1] The Muscovites call the Riphean mountains Weliki Camenypoys, that is, *the great stony girdle*; because they suppose them to incompass the whole Earth.

[2] A range of mountains in Africa, that surround almost all Monomotapa.

Where the Rhine loses his majestic force
In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,
By diligence amazing, and the strong
Unconquerable hand of Liberty,
The stork-assembly meets; for many a day,
Consulting deep, and various, ere they take
Their arduous voyage through the liquid sky.
And now their route design'd, their leaders chose,
Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings;
And many a circle, many a short essay,
Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full
The figur'd flight ascends; and, riding high
Th' aërial billows, mixes with the clouds.
Or where the Northern Ocean, in vast whirls,
Boils round the naked melancholy isles
Of farthest Thulè, and th' Atlantic surge
Pours in among the stormy Hebrides;
Who can recount what transmigrations there
Are annual made? what nations come and go?
And how the living clouds on clouds arise?
Infinite wings! till all the plume-dark air
And rude resounding shore are one wild cry.
Here the plain harmless native his small flock,
And herd diminutive of many hues,
Tends on the little island's verdant swell,
The shepherd's sea-girt reign; or, to the rocks
Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious food;
Or sweeps the fishy shore; or treasures up
The plumage, rising full, to form the bed
Of luxury. And here a while the Muse,
High hovering o'er the broad cerulean scene,
Sees Caledonia, in romantic view:
Her airy mountains, from the waving main,
Invested with a keen diffusive sky,
Breathing the soul acute; her forests huge,
Inculr, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand
Planted of old; her azure lakes between,
Pour'd out extensive, and of watery wealth
Full; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales;
With many a cool translucent brimming flood
Wash'd lovely from the Tweed (pure *parent stream*,
Whose pastoral banks first heard my Doric reed,
With, sylvan Jed, thy tributary brook)
To where the north-inflated tempest foams
O'er Orca's or Betubium's highest peak:
Nurse of a people, in misfortune's school
Train'd up to hardy deeds; soon visited
By Learning, when before the Gothic rage
She took her western flight. A manly race,
Of unsubmitting spirit, wise, and brave;
Who still through bleeding ages struggled hard,
(As well unhappy Wallace can attest,
Great patriot-hero! ill-requited chief!)
To hold a generous undiminish'd state;
Too much in vain! Hence of unequal bounds
Impatient, and by tempting glory borne
O'er every land, for every land their life
Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plann'd
And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil,
As from their own clear north, in radiant streams,
Bright over Europe bursts the Boreal Morn.
Oh, is there not some patriot, in whose power
That best, that godlike luxury is plac'd,
Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn,
Through late posterity? some, large of soul,
To cheer dejected industry? to give
A double harvest to the pining swain?
And teach the labouring hind the sweets of toil?
How, by the finest art, the native robe
To weave; how, white as Hyperborean snow,
To form the lucid lawn; with venturous oar
How to dash wide the billow; nor look on,
Shamefully passive, while Batavian fleets
Defraud us of the glittering finny swarms,
That heave our friths, and crowd upon our shores;
How all-enlivening trade to rouse, and wing
The prosperous sail, from every growing port,
Uninjur'd, round the sea-encircled globe;
And thus, in soul united as in name,
Bid Britain reign the mistress of the deep?
Yes, there are such. And full on thee, Argyll,
Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast,
From her first patriots and her heroes sprung,
Thy fond imploring country turns her eye;
In thee, with all a mother's triumph, sees
Her every virtue, every grace combin'd,
Her genius, wisdom, in its engaging turn,
Her pride of honour, and her courage try'd,
Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat
Of sulphurous war, on Tenier's dreadful field.
Nor less the palm of peace inwreathes thy brow:
For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue
Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate;
While mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth,
The force of manhood, and the depth of age.
Thee, Forbes, too, whom every worth attends,
As truth sincere, as weeping friendship kind,
Thee, truly generous, and in silence great,
Thy country feels through her reviving arts,
Plann'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd;
And seldom has she known a friend like thee.
But see the fading many-colour'd woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk, and dun,
Of every hue, from wan-declining green
To sooty dark. These now the lonesome Muse,
Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
And give the season in its latest view.
Meantime, light-shadowing all, a sober calm
Fleeces unbounded ether; whose least wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current: while illumin'd wide,
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the Sun,
And through their lucid veil his soften'd force
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,
For those whom Wisdom and whom Nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things;
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet;
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace;
And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.
Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And through the sadden'd grove, where scarce is heard
One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.
Haply some widow'd songster pours his plaint,
Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copse.
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,
Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock;
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
And nought save chattering discord in their note.
O, let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,
The gun the music of the coming year
Destroy; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
Lay the weak tribes a miserable prey,
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground!

The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove,
Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,
And slowly circles through the waving air.
But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams;
Till chok'd, and matted with the dreary shower,
The forest-walks, at every rising gale,
Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak.
Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields;
And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
Their sunny robes resign. Ev'n what remain'd
Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree;
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around
The desolated prospect thrills the soul.
He comes! he comes! in every breeze the power
Of philosophic Melancholy comes!
His near approach the sudden-starting tear,
The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,
The soften'd feature, and the beating heart,
Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.
O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes!
Inflames imagination; through the breast
Infuses every tenderness; and far
Beyond dim Earth exalts the swelling thought.
Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such
As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
Crowd fast into the mind's creative eye.
As fast the correspondent passions rise,
As varied, and as high: devotion rais'd
To rapture, and divine astonishment;
The love of Nature unconfin'd, and, chief,
Of human race; the large ambitious wish,
To make them blest; the sigh for suffering worth
Lost in obscurity; the noble scorn
Of tyrant-pride; the fearless great resolve;
The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
Inspiring glory through remotest time;
The awaken'd throb for virtue, and for fame;
The sympathies of love, and friendship dear;
With all the *social offspring of the heart.*
Oh, bear me to vast embowering shades,
To twilight groves, and visionary vales;
To weeping grottoes, and prophetic glooms;
Where angel forms athwart the solemn dusk
Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along;
And voices more than human, through the void
Deep-sounding, seize th' enthusiastic ear!
Or is this gloom too much? Then lead, ye powers,
That o'er the garden and the rural seat
Preside, which shining through the cheerful land
In countless numbers blest Britannia sees;
O, lead me to the wide-extended walks,
The fair majestic paradise of Stowe[1]!
Not Persian Cyrus on Ionia's shore
E'er saw such sylvan scenes; such various art
By genius fir'd, such ardent genius tam'd
By cool judicious art; that, in the strife,
All-beauteous Nature fears to be outdone.
And there, O Pitt, thy country's early boast,
There let me sit beneath the shelter'd slopes,
Or in that temple[2] where, in future times,
Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd name;
And, with thy converse blest, catch the last smiles
Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.

While there with thee th' enchanted round I walk
The regulated wild, gay Fancy then
Will tread in thought the groves of Attic land;
Will from thy standard taste refine her own,
Correct her pencil to the purest truth
Of Nature, or, the unimpassion'd shades
Forsaking, raise it to the human mind.
Or if hereafter she, with *juster* hand,
Shall draw the tragic scene, instruct her thou,
To mark the varied movements of the heart,
What every decent character requires,
And every passion speaks: O, through her strain
Breathe thy pathetic eloquence! that moulds
Th' attentive senate, charms, persuades, exalts,
Of honest zeal the indignant lightning throws,
And shakes Corruption on her venal throne.
While thus we talk, and through Elysian vales
Delighted rove, perhaps a sigh escapes:
What pity, Cobham, thou thy verdant files
Of order'd trees shouldst here inglorious range,
Instead of squadrons flaming o'er the field,
And long embattled hosts! when the proud foe,
The faithless vain disturber of mankind,
Insulting Gaul, has rous'd the world to war;
When keen, once more, within their bounds to press
Those polish'd robbers, those ambitious slaves,
The British youth would hail thy wise command,
Thy temper'd ardour, and thy veteran skill.
The western Sun withdraws the shorten'd day;
And humid Evening, gliding o'er the sky,
In her chill progress, to the ground condens'd
The vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along
The dusky-mantled lawn. Mean-while the Moon
Full orb'd, and breaking through the scatter'd clouds,
Shows her broad visage in the crimson'd east.
Turn'd to the Sun direct, her spotted disk,
Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
And caverns deep, as optic tube descries,
A smaller Earth, gives us his blaze again,
Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
Now through the passing cloud she seems to stoop,
Now up the pure cerulian rides sublime.
Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale,
While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,
The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
Of silver radiance, trembling round the world.
But when half blotted from the sky her light,
Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn
With keener lustre through the depth of Heaven;
Or near extinct her deaden'd orb appears,
And scarce appears, of sickly beamless white;
Oft in this season, silent from the north
A blaze of meteors shoots: ensweeping first
The lower skies, they all at once converge
High to the crown of Heaven, and all at once
Relapsing quick as quickly reascend,
And mix, and thwart, extinguish, and renew,
All ether coursing in a maze of light.
From look to look, contagious through the crowd,
The panic runs, and into wondrous shapes
Th' appearance throws: armies in meet array,
Throng'd with aërial spears and steeds of fire;
Till the long lines of full-extended war
In bleeding fight commix'd, the sanguine flood
Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of Heaven.
As thus they scan the visionary scene,

[1] The seat of the lord viscount Cobham.

[2] The temple of Virtue in Stowe-gardens.

On all sides swells the superstitious din,
Incontinent; and busy Frenzy talks
Of blood and battle; cities overturn'd,
And late at night in swallowing earthquake sunk,
Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending flame;
Of sallow famine, inundation, storm;
Of pestilence, and every great distress;
Empires subvers'd, when ruling Fate has struck
Th' unalterable hour: ev'n Nature's self
Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time.
Not so the man of philosophic eye,
And inspect sage; the waving brightness he
Curious surveys, inquisitive to know
The causes, and materials, yet unfix'd,
Of this appearance beautiful and new.
Now black, and deep, the night begins to fall,
A shade immense. Sunk in the quenching gloom,
Magnificent and vast, are Heaven and Earth.
Order confounded lies; all beauty void;
Distinction lost; and gay variety
One universal blot: such the fair power
Of light, to kindle and create the whole.
Drear is the state of the benighted wretch,
Who then, bewilder'd, wanders through the dark,
Full of pale fancies, and chimeras huge;
Nor visited by one directive ray,
From cottage streaming, or from airy hall.
Perhaps, impatient as he stumbles on,
Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,
The wild-fire scatters round, or gather'd trails
A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss:
Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,
Now lost, and now renew'd, he sinks absorpt,
Rider and horse, amid the miry gulf:
While still, from day to day, his pining wife
And plaintive children his return await,
In wild conjecture lost. At other times,
Sent by the *better genius* of the night,
Innoxious, gleaming on the horse's mane,
The meteor sits; and shows the narrow path,
That winding leads through pits of death, or else
Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford.
The lengthen'd night elaps'd, the Morning shines
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
Unfolding fair the last autumnal day.
And now the mounting Sun dispels the fog;
The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam;
And hung on every spray, on every blade
Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.
Ah, see, where robb'd, and murder'd, in that pit
Lies the still heaving hive! at evening snatch'd,
Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,
And fix'd o'er sulphur: while, not dreaming ill,
The happy people, in their waxen cells,
Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes
Of temperance, for Winter poor; rejoic'd
To mark, full flowing round, their copious stores.
Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends;
And, us'd to milder scents, the tender race,
By thousands, tumble from their honey'd domes,
Convolv'd, and agonizing in the dust.
And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring,
Intent from flower to flower? for this you toil'd
Ceaseless the burning Summer-heats away?
For this in Autumn search'd the blooming waste,
Nor lost one sunny gleam? for this sad fate?
O, man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long,
Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your rage,
Awaiting renovation? When oblig'd,
Must you destroy? Of their ambrosial food
Can you not borrow; and, in just return,
Afford them shelter from the wintery winds?
Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own
Again regale them on some smiling day?
See where the stony bottom of their town
Looks desolate, and wild; with here and there
A helpless number, who the ruin'd state
Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.
Thus a proud city, populous and rich,
Full of the works of peace, and high in joy,
At theatre or feast, or crown in sleep,
(As late, Palermo, was thy fate) is seiz'd
By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd
Sheer from the black foundation, stench involv'd,
Into a gulf of blue sulphureous flame.
Hence every harsher sight! for now the day,
O'er Heaven and Earth diffus'd, grows warm, and
Infinite splendour! wide investing all. [high,
How still the breeze! save what the filmy threads
Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain.
How clear the cloudless sky! how deeply ting'd
With a peculiar blue! th' ethereal arch
How swell'd immense! amid whose azure thron'd
The radiant Sun how gay! how calm below
The gilded Earth! the harvest-treasures all
Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,
Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up;
And instant Winter's utmost rage defy'd.
While, loose to festive joy, the country round
Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth,
Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-stung youth,
By the quick sense of music taught alone,
Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.
Her every charm abroad, the village-toast,
Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,
Darts not unmeaning looks; and, where her eye
Points an approving smile, with double force,
The cudgel rattles, and the wrestler twines.
Age too shines out; and, garrulous, recounts
The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice; nor think
That, with to morrow's Sun, their annual toil
Begins again the never-ceasing round.
Oh, knew he but his happiness, of men
The happiest he! who, far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a *choice few* retir'd,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life. [gate,
What though the dome be wanting, whose proud
Each morning, vomits out the sneaking crowd
Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd?
Vile intercourse! What though the glittering robe,
Of every hue reflected light can give,
Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools! oppress him not?
What though, from utmost land and sea purvey'd,
For him each rarer tributary life
Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
With luxury and death? what though his bowl
Flames not with costly juice: nor sunk in beds,
Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state?
What though he knows not those fantastic joys,
That still amuse the wanton, still deceive;
A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;
Their hollow moments undelighted all?
Sure peace is his; a solid life, estrang'd
To disappointment, and fallacious hope:
Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the Spring,
When Heaven descends in showers; or bends the
bough

When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams;
Or in the wintery glebe whatever lies
Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap:
These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;
Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,
And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
Nor aught besides of prospect, grove, or song,
Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountains clear.
Here too dwells simple truth; plain innocence;
Unsullied beauty; sound unbroken youth,
Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;
Health ever blooming; unambitious toil;
Calm contemplation, and poetic ease.

Let others brave the flood in quest of gain,
And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave.
Let such as deem it glory to destroy,
Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek;
Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail,
The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.
Let some, far distant from their native soil,
Urg'd or by want or harden'd avarice,
Find other lands beneath another Sun.
Let *this* through cities work his eager way,
By regal outrage and establish'd guile,
The social sense extinct; and *that* ferment
Mad into tumult the seditious herd,
Or melt them down to slavery. Let *these*
Insnare the wretched in the toils of law,
Fomenting discord, and perplexing right,
An iron race! and *those* of fairer front,
But equal inhumanity, in courts,
Delusive pomp, and dark cabals delight;
Wreathe the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile,
And tread the weary labyrinth of state.
While he, from all the stormy passions free
That restless men involve, hears, and but hears,
At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,
The rage of nations, and the crush of states,
Move not the man, who, from the world escap'd,
In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,
To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,
And day to day, through the revolving year;
Admiring sees her in her every shape;
Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart;
Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,
Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale
Into his freshen'd soul, her genial hours
He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,
And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.
In Summer he, beneath the living shade,
Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave,
Or Hemus cool, reads what the Muse, of these,
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung;
Or what she dictates writes: and oft, an eye
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,
And tempts the sickled swain into the field,
Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart distends
With gentle throws; and through the tepid gleams
Deep musing, then he *best* exerts his song.
E'en Winter, wild to him, is full of bliss.
The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,
Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,
Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,
Disclos'd, and kindled, by refining frost,
Pours every lustre on th' exalted eye.
A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,
And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing,
O'er land and sea imagination roams;
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
Elates his being, and unfolds his powers;
Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.
The touch of kindred too and love he feels;
The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
Ecstatic shine; the little strong embrace
Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,
And emulous to please him, calling forth
The fond paternal soul. Nor purpose gay,
Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns;
For happiness and true philosophy
Are of the social still, and smiling kind.
This is the life which those who fret in guilt,
And guilty cities, never knew; the life,
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
When angels dwelt, and God himself, with man!

Oh, Nature! all-sufficient! over all!
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
Snatch me to Heaven; thy rolling wonder there,
World beyond world, in infinite extent,
Profusely scatter'd o'er the blue immense,
Show me; their motions, periods, and their laws,
Give me to scan; through the disclosing deep
Light my blind way; the mineral *strata* there;
Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world;
O'er that the rising system, more complex,
Of animals; and higher still, the mind,
The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,
And where the mixing passions endless shift;
These ever open to my ravish'd eye;
A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust!
But if to that unequal; if the blood,
In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid
That *best* ambition; under closing shades,
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
And whisper to my dreams. From thee begin,
Dwell all on thee, with thee conclude my song;
And let me never, never stray from thee!

WINTER. 1726.

ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Address to the earl of Wilmington. First approach of Winter. According to the natural course of the Season, various storms described. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the snows: a man perishing among them; whence reflections on the wants and miseries of human life. The wolves descending from the Alps and Apennines. A winter evening described: as spent by philosophers; by the country people; in the city. Frost.—A view of Winter within the polar circle. A thaw. The whole concluding with moral reflections on a future state.

See, Winter comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train,
Vapours, and clouds, and storms. Be these my theme.

These! that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
And Heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms!
Congenial horrours, hail! with frequent foot,
Pleas'd have I, in my cheerful morn of life,
When nurs'd by careless solitude I liv'd,
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,
Pleas'd have I wander'd through your rough domain;
Trod the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure;
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst;
Or seen the deep fermenting tempest brew'd
In the grim evening sky. Thus pass'd the time,
Till through the lucid chambers of the south
Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out, and smil'd.
To thee, the patron of *her first* essay,
The Muse, O Wilmington! renews her song.
Since has she rounded the revolving year:
Skimm'd the gay Spring; on eagle-pinions borne,
Attempted through the Summer-blaze to rise;
Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale;
And now among the Wintery clouds again,
Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar;
To swell her note with all the rushing winds;
To suit her sounding cadence to the floods;
As is her theme, her numbers wildly great:
Thrice happy! could she fill thy judging ear
With bold description, and with manly thought.
Nor art thou skill'd in aweful schemes alone,
And how to make a mighty people thrive:
But equal goodness, sound integrity,
A firm unshaken uncorrupted soul
Amid a sliding age, and burning strong,
Not vainly blazing for thy country's weal,
A steady spirit regularly free;
These, each exalting each, the statesman light
Into the patriot; these, the public hope
And eye to thee converting, bid the Muse
Record what envy dares not flattery call.
Now when the cheerless empire of the sky
To Capricorn the Centaur Archer yields,
And fierce Aquarius stains th' inverted year;
Hung o'er the farthest verge of Heaven, the Sun
Scarce spreads through ether the dejected day.
Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot
His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,
Through the thick air; as, cloth'd in cloudy storm,
Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky;
And, soon-descending, to the long dark night,
Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns.
Nor is the night unwish'd; while vital heat,
Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forsake.
Meantime, in sable cincture, shadows vast,
Deep-ting'd and damp, and congregated clouds,
And all the vapoury turbulence of Heaven,
Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls,
A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,
Through Nature shedding influence malign,
And rouses up the seeds of dark disease.
The soul of man dies in him, loathing life,
And black with more than melancholy views.
The cattle droop; and o'er the furrow'd land,
Fresh from the plough, the dun discolour'd flocks,
Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root.
Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
Sighs the sad Genius of the coming storm;
And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,
And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook
And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan,
Resounding long in listening Fancy's ear.
Then comes the father of the tempest forth,
Wrapt in black glooms. First joyless rains obscure
Drive through the mingling skies with vapour foul;
Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods,
That grumbling wave below. Th' unsightly plain
Lies a brown deluge; as the low-bent clouds
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
Combine, and deepening into night shut up
The day's fair face. The wanderers of Heaven,
Each to his home, retire; save those that love
To take their pastime in the troubled air,
Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.
The cattle from the untasted fields return,
And ask, with lowing, their wonted stalls,
Or ruminate in the contiguous shade.
Thither the household feathery people crowd,
The crested cock, with all his female train,
Pensive, and dripping; while the cottage-hind
Hangs o'er th' expiring blaze, and taleful there
Recounts his simple frolic: much he talks,
And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows
Without, and rattles on his humble roof.
Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,
And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread,
At last the rous'd up river pours along:
Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,
Tumbling through rocks abrupt, and sounding far;
Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads,
Calm, sluggish, silent; till again, constrain'd
Between two meeting hills, it bursts away,
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream;
There gathering triple force, rapid, and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through.
Nature! great parent! whose unceasing hand
Rolls round the seasons of the changeful year,
How mighty, how majestic, are thy works!
With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul!
That sees astonish'd! and astonish'd sings!
Ye too, ye winds! that now begin to blow,
With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.
Where are your stores, ye powerful beings! say,
Where your aërial magazines reserv'd,
To swell the brooding terrours of the storm?
In what far distant region of the sky,
Hush'd in deep silence, sleep ye when 'tis calm?
When from the pallid sky the Sun descends,
With many a spot, that o'er his glaring orb
Uncertain wanders, stain'd; red fiery streaks
Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds
Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet
Which master to obey: while rising slow,
Blank, in the leaden-colour'd east, the Moon
Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns.
Seen through the turbid fluctuating air,
The stars obtuse emit a shiver'd ray;
Or frequent seen to shoot athwart the gloom,
And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.
Snatch'd in short eddies, plays the wither'd leaf;
And on the flood the dancing feather floats.
With broaden'd nostrils to the sky up-turn'd,
The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.
Ev'n as the matron, at her nightly task,
With pensive labour draws the flaxen thread,
The wasted taper and the crackling flame
Foretell the blast. But chief the plumy race,
The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.
Retiring from the downs, where all day long
They pick'd their scanty fare, a blackening train

Of clamorous rooks thick urge their weary flight,
And seek the closing shelter of the grove;
Assiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl
Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high
Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land.
Loud shrieks the soaring hern; and with wild wing
The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.
Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide
And blind commotion heaves; while from the shore,
Eat into caverns by the restless wave,
And forest-rustling mountains, comes a voice,
That solemn sounding bids the world prepare.
Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,
And hurls the whole precipitated air,
Down, in a torrent. On the passive main
Descends th' ethereal force, and with strong gust
Turns from its bottom the discolour'd deep.
Through the black night that sits immense around,
Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn:
Meantime the mountain-billows to the clouds
In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,
Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,
And anchor'd navies from their stations drive,
Wild as the winds across the howling waste
Of mighty waters: now th' inflated wave
Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot
Into the secret chambers of the deep,
The wintery Baltic thundering o'er their head.
Emerging thence again, before the breath
Of full-exerted Heaven they wing their course,
And dart on distant coasts; if some sharp rock,
Or shoal insidious break not their career,
And in loose fragments fling them floating round.
Nor less at land the loosen'd tempest reigns.
The mountain thunders; and its sturdy sons
Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.
Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,
The dark way-faring stranger breathless toils,
And, often falling, climbs against the blast.
Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds
What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain;
Dash'd down, and scatter'd, by the tearing wind's
Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.
Thus struggling through the dissipated grove,
The whirling tempest raves along the plain;
And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,
Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid base.
Sleep frighted flies; and round the rocking dome,
For entrance eager, howls the savage blast.
Then too, they say, through all the burden'd air,
Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs,
That, utter'd by the demon of the night,
Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.
Huge uproar lords it wide. The clouds commixt
With stars swift gliding sweep along the sky.
All Nature reels: till Nature's King, who oft
Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
And on the wings of the careering wind
Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm;
Then strait air, sea, and earth, are hush'd at once.
As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
Let me associate with the serious Night,
And Contemplation her sedate compeer;
Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,
And lay the meddling senses all aside.

Where now, ye lying vanities of life!
Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train!
Where are you now? and what is your amount?
Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.
Sad, sickening thought! and yet deluded man,
A scene of crude disjointed visions past,
And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd,
With new-flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.
Father of light and life! thou good Supreme!
O, teach me what is good! teach me Thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!
The keener tempests rise: and fuming dun
From all the livid east, or piercing north,
Thick clouds ascend; in whose capacious womb
A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
And the sky saddens with the gather'd storm.
Through the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin wavering; till at last the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day,
With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields
Put on their winter-robe of purest white.
'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low, the woods
Bow their hoar head; and, ere the languid Sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wide dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of Heaven,
Tam'd by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half-afraid he first
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance.
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is:
Till more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
And more unpitying men, the garden seeks,
Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak Heaven, and next the glistening Earth
With looks of dumb despair; then, sad-dispers'd,
Dig for the wither'd herb through heaps of snow.
Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind;
Baffle the raging year, and fill their penns
With food at will; lodge them below the storm,
And watch them strict: for from the bellowing East,
In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintery plains
At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
The billowy tempest whelms; till, upward urg'd,
The valley to a shining mountain swells,
Tipt with a wreath high-curling in the sky.
As thus the snows arise; and foul, and fierce,

All Winter drives along the darken'd air;
In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain
Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain:
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray;
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
What black despair, what horrour, fills his heart!
When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd
His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track, and blest abode of man;
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent[1] beyond the power of frost;
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge,
Smooth'd up with snow; and, what is land, unknown,
What water of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils,
These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly Winter seizes; shuts up sense;
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd corse,
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

Ah, little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;
Ah, little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death
And all the sad variety of pain.
How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,
By shameful variance betwixt man and man.
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery. Sore pierc'd by wintery winds,
How many shr'nk into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty. How many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse;
Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furnish matter for the tragic Muse.
Ev'n in the vale, where Wisdom loves to dwell
With Friendship, Peace, and Contemplation join'd,
How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop
In deep retir'd distress. How many stand
Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
And point the parting anguish. Thought fond man
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
That one incessant struggle render life,
One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think;
The conscious heart of Charity would warm,
And her wide wish Benevolence dilate;
The social tear would rise, the social sigh;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
Refining still, the social passions work.

And here can I forget the generous band[1],
Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd
Into the horrors of the gloomy jail?
Unpitied, and unheard, where misery moans;
Where sickness pines; where thirst and hunger burn,
And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice.
While in the land of liberty, the land
Whose every street and public meeting glow
With open freedom, little tyrants rag'd;
Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth;
Tore from cold wintery limbs the tatter'd weed;
Ev'n robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep;
The free-born Briton to the dungeon chain'd,
Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,
At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes:
And crush'd out lives, by secret barbarous ways,
That for their country would have toil'd, or bled.
O, great design! if executed well,
With patient care, and wisdom-temper'd zeal.
Ye sons of mercy! yet resume the search;
Drag forth the legal monsters into light,
Wrench from their hands oppression's iron rod,
And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.
Much still untouch'd remains; in this rank age,
Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.
The toils of law, (what dark insidious men
Have cumberous added to perplex the truth,
And lengthen simple justice into trade)
How glorious were the day! that saw these broke,
And every man within the reach of right.

By wintery famine rous'd, from all the tract
Of horrid mountains which the shining Alps,
And wavy Appennine, and Pyrenees,
Branch out stupendous into distant lands;
Cruel as Death, and hungry as the Grave!
Burning for blood! bony, and gaunt, and grim!
Assembling wolves in raging troops descend;
And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
Keen as the north wind sweeps the glossy snow.
All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,
Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
Nor can the bull his awful front defend,
Or shake the murdering savages away.
Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
And tear the screaming infant from her breast.
The godlike face of man avails him nought.
Ev'n Beauty, force divine! at whose bright glance
The generous lion stands in soften'd gaze,
Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd prey.
But if, appriz'd of the severe attack,
The country be shut up, lur'd by the scent,
On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate!)
The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
The shrouded body from the grave; o'er which,

[1] The Jail Committee, in the year 1729.

Mix'd with foul shades, and frighted ghosts, they howl.
Among those hilly regions, where embrac'd
In peaceful vales the happy Grisons dwell,
Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,
Mountains of snow their gathering terrours roll.
From steep to steep, loud-thundering down they come,
A wintery waste in dire commotion all;
And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and swains,
And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,
Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,
Are deep beneath the smothering ruin whelm'd.
Now all amid the rigours of the year,
In the wild depth of Winter, while without
The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat,
Between the groaning forest and the shore
Beat by the boundless mu... of waves,
A rural, shelter'd, solitary scene;
Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join,
To cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit,
And hold high converse with the mighty dead;
Sages of ancient time, as gods rever'd,
As gods beneficent, who blest mankind
With arts, with arms, and humaniz'd a world.
Rous'd at th' inspiring thought, I throw aside
The long-liv'd volume; and, deep musing, hail
The sacred shades, that slowly-rising pass
Before my wondering eyes. First Socrates,
Who, firmly good in a corrupted state,
Against the rage of tyrants *single* stood,
Invincible! calm reason's holy law,
That *voice* of God within th' attentive mind,
Obeying, fearless, or in life, or death:
Great moral teacher! *wisest of mankind!*
Solon the next, who built his common-weal
On equity's wide base; by *tender laws*
A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd,
Preserving still that quick peculiar fire,
Whence in the laurel'd field of finer arts,
And of bold freedom, they unequal'd shone,
The pride of smiling Greece, and human-kind.
Lycurgus then, who bow'd beneath the force
Of strictest discipline, *severely wise*,
All human passions. Following him, I see,
As at Thermopylæ he glorious fell,
The firm devoted chief[1], who prov'd by deeds
The hardest lesson which the *other* taught.
Then Aristides lifts his honest front;
Spotless of heart, to whom th' unflattering voice
Of freedom gave the noblest name of just;
In pure majestic poverty rever'd;
Who, ev'n his glory to his country's weal
Submitting, swell'd a haughty *rival's*[2] fame.
Rear'd by his care, of softer ray appears
Cimon, sweet-soul'd; whose genius, rising strong,
Shook off the load of young debauch; abroad
The scourge of Persian pride, at home the friend
Of every worth and every splendid art;
Modest and simple in the pomp of wealth.
Then the last worthies of declining Greece,
Late call'd to glory, in *unequal* times,
Pensive, appear. The fair Corinthian boast,
Timoleon, happy temper! mild, and firm,
Who wept the *brother* while the *tyrant* bled.
And, equal to the best, the Theban pair[3],
Whose virtues, in *heroic concord* join'd,
Their country rais'd to freedom, empire, fame.
He too, with whom Athenian honour sunk;
And left a mass of sordid lees behind,
Phocion the good; in public life severe,
To virtue still inexorably firm;
But when, beneath his low illustrious roof,
Sweet peace and happy wisdom smooth'd his brow,
Not friendship softer was, nor love more kind.
And he, the *last* of old Lycurgus' sons,
The generous victim to that vain attempt,
To save a rotten state, Agis, who saw
Ev'n Sparta's self to servile avarice sunk.
The two Achaian heroes close the train:
Aratus, who a while relum'd the soul
Of fondly lingering liberty in Greece:
And he her darling, as her latest hope,
The *gallant* Philopœmen; who to arms
Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure;
Or toiling in his farm a simple swain;
Or bold and skilful, thundering in the field.
Of rougher front, a mighty people come!
A race of heroes! in those virtuous times,
Which knew no stain, save that with partial flame
Their *dearest* country they *too fondly* lov'd:
Her *better founder* first, the light of Rome,
Numa, who soften'd her rapacious sons:
Servius the king, who laid the solid base
On which o'er Earth the *vast republic* spread.
Then the great consuls venerable rise.
The public father[1] who the private quell'd,
As on the dread tribunal sternly sad.
He, whom his thankless country *could not* lose,
Camillus, only vengeful to his foes.
Fabricius, scorner of all-conquering gold;
And Cincinnatus, aweful from the plough.
Thy willing victim[2], Carthage, bursting loose
From all that pleading Nature could oppose,
From a whole city's tears, by rigid faith
Imperious call'd, and honour's dire command.
Scipio, the *gentle chief*, humanely brave,
Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,
And warm in youth, to the *poetic shade*
With Friendship and Philosophy retir'd.
Tully, whose powerful eloquence a while
Restrain'd the *rapid* fate of rushing Rome.
Unconquer'd Cato, virtuous in *extreme*.
And thou, unhappy Brutus, kind of heart,
Whose steady arm, by aweful virtue urg'd,
Lifted the Roman *steel* against thy *friend*.
Thousands besides the tribute of a verse
Demand; but who can count the stars of Heaven?
Who sing their influence on this lower world?
Behold, who yonder comes! in sober state,
Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun:
'Tis Phœbus self, or else the Mantuan Swain!
Great Homer too appears, of daring wing,
Parent of song! and *equal* by his side,
The British Muse; join'd hand in hand they walk,
Darkling, full up the middle steep to Fame.
Nor absent are those shades, whose skilful touch
Pathetic drew th' impassion'd heart, and charm'd
Transported Athens with the moral scene:
Nor those who, tuneful, wak'd th' enchanting lyre.
First of your kind! society divine;
Still visit thus my nights, for you reserv'd,
And mount my soaring soul to thoughts like yours.
Silence, thou lonely power! the door be thine;
See on the hallow'd hour that none intrude,

[1] Leonidas. [2] Themistocles.
[3] Pelopidas and Epaminondas.

[1] Marcus Junius Brutus. [2] Regulus.

Save a few chosen friends, who sometimes deign
To bless my humble roof, with sense refin'd,
Learning digested well, exalted faith,
Unstudy'd wit, and humour ever gay.
Or from the Muses' hill will Pope descend,
To raise the sacred hour, to bid it smile,
And with the social spirit warm the heart?
For though not sweeter his own Homer sings,
Yet is his life the more endearing song.
Where art thou, Hammond? thou the darling
The friend and lover of the tuneful throng! [pride,
Ah, why, dear youth, in all the blooming prime
Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast
Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,
Why wert thou ravish'd from our hope so soon?
What now avails that noble thirst of fame,
Which stung thy fervent breast? that treasur'd store
Of knowledge, early gain'd? that eager zeal
To serve thy country, glowing in the band
Of youthful patriots, who sustain her name?
What now, alas! that life-diffusing charm
Of sprightly wit? that rapture for the Muse,
That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,
Which bade with softest light thy virtues smile?
Ah! only show'd, to check our fond pursuits,
And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain!
Thus in some deep retirement would I pass
The winter-glooms, with friends of pliant soul,
Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspir'd:
With them would search, if Nature's boundless frame
Was call'd, late-rising from the void of night,
Or sprung *eternal* from th' Eternal Mind;
Its life, its laws, its progress, and its end.
Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole
Would, gradual, open on our opening minds;
And each diffusive harmony unite
In full perfection to th' astonish'd eye.
Then would we try to scan the *moral world*,
Which, though to us it seems embroil'd, moves on
In higher order; fitted, and impell'd,
By Wisdom's finest hand, and issuing all
In *general good*. The sage historic Muse
Should next conduct us through the deeps of time:
Show us how empire grew, declin'd, and fell,
In scatter'd states; what make the nations smile,
Improves their soil, and gives them double suns;
And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,
In Nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,
Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale
The portion of divinity, that ray
Of purest Heaven, which lights the public soul
Of patriots, and of heroes. But if doom'd,
In powerless humble fortune, to repress
These ardent risings of the kindling soul;
Then, ev'n superior to ambition, we
Would learn the private virtues how to glide
Through shades and plains, along the smoothest
Of rural life: or snatch'd away by hope, [stream
Through the dim spaces of futurity,
With earnest eye anticipate those scenes
Of happiness, and wonder; where the mind,
In endless growth and infinite ascent,
Rises from state to state, and world to world.
But when with these the serious thought is foil'd,
We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes
Of frolic Fancy; and incessant form
Those rapid pictures, that assembled train
Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,
Whence lively Wit excites to gay surprise;
Or folly-painting Humour, grave himself,
Calls Laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve.
Meantime the village rouses up the fire;
While well attested, and as well believ'd,
Heard solemn, goes the goblin-story round;
Till superstitious horrour creeps o'er all.
Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake
The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round;
The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,
Easily pleas'd; the long loud laugh, sincere;
The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the side-long maid,
On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep:
The leap, the slap, the haul; and, shook to notes
Of native music, the respondent dance.
Thus jocund fleets with them the winter-night.
The city swarms intense. The public haunt,
Full of each theme, and warm with mixt discourse,
Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow
Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy,
To swift destruction. On the rankled soul
The gaming fury falls; and in one gulf
Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink.
Up-springs the dance along the lighted dome,
Mix'd and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.
The glittering court effuses every pomp;
The circle deepens: beam'd from gaudy robes,
Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves:
While, a gay insect in *his* summer-shine,
The fop, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy wings.
Dread o'er the scene, the ghost of Hamlet stalks;
Othello rages; poor Monimia mourns;
And Belvidera pours her soul in love.
Terrour alarms the breast; the comely tear
Steals o'er the cheek: or else the comic Muse
Holds to the world a picture of itself,
And raises sly the fair impartial laugh.
Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes
Of beauteous life; whate'er can deck mankind,
Or charm the heart, in generous Bevil[1] show'd.
O, thou, whose wisdom, solid yet refin'd,
Whose patriot-virtues, and consummate skill
To touch the finer springs that move the world,
Join'd to whate'er the Graces can bestow,
And all Apollo's animating fire,
Give thee, with pleasing dignity, to shine
At once the guardian, ornament, and joy,
Of polish'd life; permit the rural Muse,
O Chesterfield, to grace with thee her song!
Ere to the shades again she humbly flies,
Indulge her fond ambition, in thy train
(For every Muse has in thy train a place)
To mark thy various full-accomplish'd mind:
To mark that spirit, which, with British *scorn*,
Rejects th' allurements of corrupted power;
That elegant politeness, which excels,
Ev'n in the judgment of presumptuous France,
The boasted manners of her shining court;
That wit, the vivid energy of sense,
The truth of Nature, which, with Attic point,
And kind well-temper'd satire, smoothly keen,
Steals through the soul, and without pain corrects.
Or, rising thence with yet a brighter flame,
O, let me hail thee on some glorious day,
When to the listening senate, ardent, crowd
Britannia's sons to hear her pleaded cause.

[1] A character in the Conscious Lovers, written by sir Richard Steele.

Then drest by thee, more amiably fair,
Truth the soft robe of mild persuasion wears:
Thou to assenting reason giv'st again [heart,
Her own enlighten'd thoughts; call'd from the
Th' obedient passions on thy voice attend;
And ev'n reluctant party feels a while
Thy gracious power: as through the varied maze
Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,
Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood.
To thy lov'd haunt return, my happy Muse:
For now, behold, the joyous winter-days,
Frosty, succeed; and through the blue serene,
For sight too fine, th' etherial nitre flies;
Killing infectious damps, and the spent air
Storing afresh with elemental life.
Close crowds the shining atmosphere; and binds
Our strengthen'd bodies in its cold embrace,
Constringent; feeds, and animates our blood;
Refines our spirits, through the new-strung nerves,
In swifter sallies darting to the brain;
Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool,
Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.
All Nature feels the renovating force
Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye
In ruin seen. The frost-concocted glebe
Draws in abundant vegetable soul,
And gathers vigour for the coming year.
A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek
Of ruddy fire: and luculent along
The purer rivers flow; their sullen deeps,
Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze,
And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.
What art thou, frost? and whence are thy keen
Deriv'd, thou secret all-invading power, [stores
Whom ev'n th' illusive fluid cannot fly?
Is not thy potent energy, unseen,
Myriads of little salts, or hook'd, or shap'd
Like double wedges, and diffus'd immense
Through water, earth, and ether? Hence at eve,
Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,
With the fierce rage of Winter deep suffus'd,
An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
Arrests the bickering stream. The loosen'd ice,
Let down the flood, and half dissolv'd by day,
Rustles no more; but to the sedgy bank
Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,
A crystal pavement, by the breath of Heaven
Cemented firm; till, seiz'd from shore to shore,
The whole imprison'd river growls below.
Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
A double noise; while, at his evening watch,
The village dog deters the nightly thief;
The heifer lows; the distant water-fall
Swells in the breeze; and, with the hasty tread
Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain
Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
Shines out intensely keen; and, all one cope
Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.
From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,
Through the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,
And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on;
Till Morn, late-rising o'er the drooping world,
Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
The various labour of the silent Night:
Prone from the dripping cave, and dumb cascade,
Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
The pendent icicle; the frost-work fair,
Where transient hues and fancy'd figures rise,
Wide-spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,
A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn;
The forest bent beneath the plumy wave;
And by the frost refin'd the whiter snow,
Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks
His pining flock, or from the mountain top,
Pleas'd with the slippery surface, swift descends.
On blithsome frolicks bent, the youthful swains,
While every work of man is laid at rest,
Fond o'er the river crowd, in various sport
And revelry dissolv'd; where mixing glad,
Happiest of all the train! the raptur'd boy
Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine
Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,
From every province swarming, void of care,
Batavia rushes forth; and as they sweep,
On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
In circling poise, swift as the winds, along,
The *then gay* land is madden'd all to joy.
Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the snow,
Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,
Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
The long-resounding course. Meantime, to raise
The manly strife, with highly blooming charms,
Flush'd by the season, Scandinavia's dames,
Or Russia's buxom daughters glow around.
Pure, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome day;
But soon elaps'd. The horizontal Sun,
Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon:
And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid cliff:
His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,
Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
Relents a while to the reflected ray;
Or from the forest falls the cluster'd snow,
Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam
Gay-twinkle as they scatter. Thick around
Thunders the sport of those, who with the gun,
And dog impatient bounding at the shot,
Worse than the season, desolate the fields:
And, adding to the ruins of the year,
Distress the footed or the feather'd game.
But what is this? Our infant Winter sinks,
Divested of his grandeur, should our eye
Astonish'd shoot into the frigid zone;
Where, for relentless months, continual Night
Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign.
There, through the prison of unbounded wilds,
Barr'd by the hand of Nature from escape,
Wide roams the Russian exile. Nought around
Strikes his sad eye, but deserts lost in snow;
And heavy-loaded groves; and solid floods,
That stretch'd, athwart the solitary vast,
Their icy horrours to the frozen main;
And cheerless towns far-distant, never bless'd,
Save when its annual course the caravan
Bends to the golden coast of rich Cathay [1],
With news of human-kind. Yet there life glows:
Yet cherish'd there, beneath the shining waste,
The furry nations harbour: tipt with jet,
Fair ermines, sportless as the snows they press;
Sables, of glossy black; and dark-embrown'd,
Or beauteous freakt with many a mingled hue,
Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts.
There, warm together press'd, the trooping deer
Sleep on the new-fall'n snows; and, scarce his head
Rais'd o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk

[1] The old name for China.

Lies slumbering sullen in the white abyss.
The ruthless hunter wants nor dogs nor toils,
Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives
The fearful flying race: with ponderous clubs,
As weak against the mountain heaps they push
Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray,
He lays them quivering on th' ensanguin'd snows,
And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home.
There through the piny forest half-absorpt,
Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear,
With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn;
Slow-plac'd, and sourer as the storms increase,
He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift,
And, with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,
Hardens his heart against assailing want.

Wide o'er the spacious regions of the north,
That sees Boötes urge his tardy wain,
A boisterous race, by frosty Caurus[1] pierc'd,
Who little pleasure know, and fear no pain,
Prolific swarm. They once relum'd the flame
Of lost mankind in polish'd slavery sunk,
Drove martial horde on horde[2], with dreadful sweep
Resistless rushing o'er th' enfeebled south,
And gave the vanquish'd world another form.
Not such the sons of Lapland: wisely they
Despise th' insensate barbarous trade of war;
They ask no more than simple Nature gives,
They love their mountains, and enjoy their storms.
No false desires, no pride-created wants,
Disturb the peaceful current of their time,
And through the restless ever-tortur'd maze
Of pleasure, or ambition, bid it rage.
Their rein-deer form their riches. These their tents,
Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth
Supply, their wholesome fare, and cheerful cups.
Obsequious at their call, the docile tribe
Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift
O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanse
Of marbled snow, as far as eye can sweep
With a blue crust of ice unbounded glaz'd.
By dancing meteors then, that ceaseless shake
A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens,
And vivid moons, and stars that keener play
With double lustre from the glossy waste,
Ev'n in the depth of polar night, they find
A wondrous day: enough to light the chase,
Or guide their daring steps to Finland fairs.
Wish'd Spring returns; and from the hazy south,
While dim Aurora slowly moves before,
The welcome Sun, just verging up at first,
By small degrees extends the swelling curve!
Till seen at large for gay rejoicing months,
Still round and round, his spiral course he winds,
And as he nearly dips his flaming orb,
Wheels up again, and reascends the sky.
In that glad season from the lakes and floods,
Where pure Niemi's[3] fairy mountains rise,
And fring'd with roses Tenglio[1] rolls his stream,
They draw the copious fry. With these, at eve,
They cheerful loaded to their tents repair;
Where, all day long in useful care employ'd,
Their kind unblemish'd wives the fire prepare.
Thrice happy race! by poverty secur'd
From legal plunder and rapacious power:
In whom fell interest never yet has sown
The seeds of vice: whose spotless swains ne'er knew
Injurious deed, nor, blasted by the breath
Of faithless love, their blooming daughters woe.

Still pressing on, beyond Tornea's lake,
And Hecla flaming through a waste of snow,
And farthest Greenland, to the pole itself,
Where, failing gradual, life at length goes out,
The Muse expands her solitary flight;
And, hovering o'er the wild stupendous scene,
Beholds new seas beneath another sky[2].
Thron'd in his palace of cerulean ice,
Here Winter holds his unrejoicing court;
And through his airy hall the loud misrule
Of driving tempest is for ever heard:
Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath;
Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost;
Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows,
With which he now oppresses half the globe.

Thence winding eastward to the Tartar's coast,
She sweeps the howling margin of the main;
Where undissolving, from the first of time,
Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky;
And icy mountains, high on mountains pil'd,
Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,
Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds,
Projected huge, and horrid, o'er the surge,
Alps frown on Alps, or rushing hideous down,
As if old Chaos was again return'd,
Wide-rend the deep, and shake the solid pole.
Ocean itself no longer can resist
The binding fury; but, in all its rage
Of tempest, taken by the boundless frost,
Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
And bid to roar no more: a bleak expanse,
Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless, and void
Of every life, that from the dreary months
Flies conscious southward. Miserable they,
Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
Take their last look of the descending Sun;
While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
The long long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
Falls horrible. Such was the Briton's[3] fate,
As with *first* prow, (what have not Britons dar'd!)
He for the passage sought, attempted since
So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
By jealous Nature with eternal bars.
In these fell regions, in Arzina caught,
And to the stony deep his idle ship
Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,
Each full-exerted at his several task,
Froze into statues; to the cordage glued
The sailor, and the pilot to the helm.

Hard by these shores, where scarce his freezing stream
Rolls the wild Oby, live the last of men;
And half-enliven'd by the distant Sun,

[1] The north-west wind.

[2] The wandering Scythian clans.

[3] M. de Maupertuis, in his book on the Figure of the Earth, after having described the beautiful lake and mountain of Niemi in Lapland, says,—"From this height we had opportunity several times to see those vapours rise from the lake, which the people of the country call Haltios, and which they deem to be the guardian spirits of the mountains. We had been frighted with stories of bears that haunted this place, but saw none. It seemed rather a place of resort for Fairies and Genii, than bears."

[1] The same author observes—"I was surprized to see upon the banks of this river (the Tenglio) roses of as lively a red as any that are in our gardens."

[2] The other hemisphere.

[3] Sir Hugh Willoughby, sent by queen Elizabeth to discover the north-east passage.

That rears and ripens man, as well as plants,
Here human nature wears its rudest form.
Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,
Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,
They waste the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs,
Doze the gross race. Nor sprightly jest, nor song,
Nor tenderness they know; nor aught of life,
Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without.
Till Morn at length, her roses drooping all,
Sheds a long twilight brightening o'er their fields,
And calls the quiver'd savage to the chase.

What cannot active government perform,
New-moulding man? Wide-stretching from these shores,
A people savage from remotest time,
A huge neglected empire, one vast mind,
By Heaven inspir'd, from Gothic darkness call'd.
Immortal Peter! first of monarchs! He
His stubborn country tam'd, her rocks, her fens,
Her floods, her seas, her ill-submitting sons;
And while the fierce barbarian he subdued,
To more exalted soul he rais'd the man.
Ye shades of ancient heroes, ye who toil'd
Through long successive ages to build up
A labouring plan of state, behold at once
The wonder done! behold the matchless prince!
Who left his native throne, where reign'd till then
A mighty shadow of unreal power;
Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of courts;
And, roaming every land, in every port
His sceptre laid aside, with glorious hand,
Unwearied plying the mechanic tool,
Gather'd the seeds of trade, of useful arts,
Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill.
Charg'd with the stores of Europe, home he goes;
Then cities rise amid th' illumin'd waste;
O'er joyless deserts smiles the rural reign;
Far distant flood to flood is social join'd;
Th' astonish'd Euxine hears the Baltic roar;
Proud navies ride on seas that never foam'd
With daring keel before; and armies stretch
Each way their dazzling files, repressing here
The frantic Alexander of the north,
And awing there stern Othman's shrinking sons.
Sloth flies the land, and Ignorance, and Vice,
Of old dishonour proud: it glows around,
Taught by the royal hand that rouz'd the whole,
One scene of arts, of arms, of rising trade:
For what his wisdom plann'd, and power enforc'd,
More potent still, his great *example* show'd.

Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
Blow hollow-blustering from the south. Subdued,
The frost resolves into a trickling thaw.
Spotted the mountains shine; loose sleet descends,
And floods the country round. The rivers swell,
Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once;
And, where they rush, the wide-resounding plain
Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen seas,
That wash'd th' ungenial pole, will rest no more
Beneath the shackles of the mighty north;
But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave.
And hark: the lengthening roar continuous runs
Athwart the rifted deep: at once it bursts,
And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.
Ill fares the bark with trembling wretches charg'd,
That, tost amid the floating fragments, moors
Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,
While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horrour looks
More horrible. Can human force endure
Th' assembled mischiefs that besiege them round?
Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness,
The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,
Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,
And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
More to embroil the deep, Leviathan
And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport,
Tempest the loosen'd brine, while through the gloom,
Far from the bleak inhospitable shore,
Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wrecks.
Yet Providence, that *ever-waking* eye,
Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe,
Through all this dreary labyrinth of fate.

'Tis done! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horrour wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond man!
See here thy pictur'd life; pass some few years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled,
Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
Of happiness? those longings after fame?
Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering thoughts,
Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?
All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives,
Immortal never-failing friend of man,
His guide to happiness on high. And see!
'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
Of Heaven and Earth! awakening Nature hears
The *new-creating word*, and starts to life,
In every heighten'd form, from pain and death
For ever free. *The great eternal scheme*,
Involving all, and in a *perfect whole*
Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
To reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.
Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,
Confounded in the dust, adore that Power,
And Wisdom oft arraign'd: see now the cause,
Why unassuming Worth in secret liv'd,
And dy'd neglected: why the good man's share
In life was gall and bitterness of soul:
Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
In starving solitude; while Luxury,
In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
To form unreal wants: why heaven-born Truth,
And Moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of Superstition's scourge: why licens'd Pain,
That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distrest!
Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while,
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deem'd evil, is no more:
The storms of Wintery Time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

A HYMN.

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these,
Are but the *varied* God. The rolling year

Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart, is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer-months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy Sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year:
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful thou! with clouds and storms
Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, thou bidst the world adore,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade;
And all so forming an harmonious whole;
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand,
That ever-busy, wheels, the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring:
Flings from the Sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempests forth;
And, as on Earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend! join every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and, ardent, raise
One general song! To him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness
Oh, talk of him in solitary glooms! [breathes:
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to Heaven
Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound his stupendous praise; whose greater voice
Or bids your roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to him; whose Sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous Moon.
Ye that keep watch in Heaven, as Earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam his praise.
The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate world;
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills: ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound: the broad responsive lowe,
Ye vallies, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns;
And his *unsuffering* kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundless song
Burst from the groves! and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night his praise.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft-breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling base;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour rise to Heaven.
Or if you rather chuse the rural shade,
And find a fane in every secret grove;
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the Summer-ray
Russets the plain, *inspiring* Autumn gleams;
Or Winter rises in the blackening east;
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.

Should Fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the Sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on th' Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me;
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where he vital breathes, there must be joy.
When ev'n at last the solemn hour should come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
Where Universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;
From *seeming evil* still educing *good*,
And *better* thence again, and *better* still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in him, in Light ineffable;
Come then, expressive Silence, muse his praise.

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

AN ALLEGORICAL POEM.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS poem being writ in the manner of Spenser, the obsolete words, and a simplicity of diction in some of the lines, which borders on the ludicrous, were necessary, to make the imitation more perfect. And the style of that admirable poet, as well as the measure in which he wrote, are, as it were, appropriated by custom to allegorical poems writ in our language; just as in French the style of Marot, who lived under Francis I. has been used in tales, and familiar epistles, by the politest writers of the age of Louis XIV.

EXPLANATION

OF THE OBSOLETE WORDS USED IN THIS POEM.

ARCHIMAGE—*the chief or greatest of magicians or enchanters.*
Apaid—*paid.*
Appal—*affright.*
Atween—*between.*
Ay—*always.*
Bale—*sorrow, trouble, misfortune.*
Benempt—*named.*
Blazon—*painting, displaying.*
Breme—*cold, raw.*
Carol—*to sing songs of joy.*
Caucus—*the north-east wind.*
Certes—*certainly.*
Dan—*a word prefixed to names.*
Deftly—*skilfully.*
Depainted—*painted.*
Drowsy-head—*drowsiness.*
Eath—*easy.*
Eftsoons—*immediately, often afterwards.*
Eke—*also.*
Fays—*fairies.*
Gear *or* geer—*furniture, equipage, dress.*
Glaive—*sword.* (Fr.)
Glee—*joy, pleasure.*
Han—*have.*
Aight—*named, called;* and sometimes it is used for *is called.* See stanza vii.
Idless—*idleness.*
Imp—*child, or offspring;* from the Saxon *impan, to graft or plant.*
Kest—*for cast.*
Lad—*for led.*
Lea—*a piece of land, or meadow.*
Libbard—*leopard.*
Lig—*to lie.*
Losel—*a loose idle fellow.*
Louting—*bowing, bending.*
Lithe—*loose, lax.*
Mell—*mingle.*
Moe—*more.*
Moil—*to labour.*
Mote—*might.*
Muchel *or* mochel—*much, great.*
Nathless—*nevertheless.*
Ne—*nor.*
Needments—*necessaries.*
Noursling—*a child that is nursed.*
Noyance—*harm.*
Prankt—*coloured, adorned gayly.*
Perdie (Fr. *par Dieu*)—*an old oath.*
Prick'd thro' the forest—*rode through the forest.*
Sear—*dry, burnt up.*
Sheen—*bright, shining.*
Sicker—*sure, surely.*
Smackt—*savoured.*
Soot—*sweet, or sweetly.*
Sooth—*true, or truth.*
Stound—*misfortune, pang.*
Sweltry—*sultry, consuming with heat.*
Swink—*to labour.*
Thrall—*slave.*
Transmew'd—*transformed.*
Vild—*vile.*
Unkempt (Lat. *incomptus*)—*unadorned.*
Ween—*to think, be of opinion.*
Weet—*to know; to weet, to wit.*
Whilom—*ere-while, formerly.*
Wight—*man.*
Wis, *for* wist—*to know, think, understand.*
Wonne (a noun)—*dwelling.*
Wroke—*wreakt.*

N. B. The letter Ȝ is frequently placed in the beginning of a word by Spenser, to lengthen it a syllable, and *en* at the end of a word, for the same reason, as *withouten, casten,* &c.

Yborn—*born.*
Yblent, *or* blent—*blended, mingled.*
Yclad—*clad.*
Ycleped—*called, named.*
Yfere—*together.*
Ymolten—*melted.*
Yode (*preter tense of* yede)—*went.*

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

CANTO I.

The Castle height of Indolence,
And its false luxury;
Where for a little time, alas!
We liv'd right jollily.

O MORTAL man, who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate;
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date;
And, certes, there is for it reason great;
For, tho' sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,
Withouten that would come an heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is no where found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground;
And there a season atween June and May,
Half prankt with spring, with summer half embrown'd,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared ev'n for play.

Was nought around but images of rest:
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between;
And flowery beds that slumberous influence kest,
From poppies breath'd; and beds of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Meantime unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd,
And hurl'd every-where their waters sheen;
That, as they bicker'd through the sunny shade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud-bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale:
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep;
Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale, above,
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood; [move,
Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to
As Idless fancy'd in her dreaming mood:
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines, ay waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horrour through the blood;
And where this valley winded out, below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer-sky:
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And the calm pleasures always hover'd nigh;
But whate'er smack'd of noyance, or unrest,
Was far far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

The landskip such, inspiring perfect ease,
Where Indolence (for so the wizard hight)
Close-hid his castle mid embowering trees,
That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
And made a kind of checker'd day and night;
Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,
Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
Was plac'd; and to his lute, of cruel fate,
And labour harsh, complain'd, lamenting man's estate.

Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,
From all the roads of Earth that pass there by:
For, as they chaunc'd to breathe on neighbouring hill,
The freshness of this valley smote their eye,
And drew them ever and anon more nigh;
Till clustering round th' enchanter false they hung.
Ymolten with his syren melody;
While o'er th' enfeebling lute his hand he flung,
And to the trembling chords these tempting verses sung:

"Behold! ye pilgrims of this Earth, behold!
See all but man with unearn'd pleasure gay:
See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
Broke from her wintery tomb in prime of May!
What youthful bride can equal her array?
Who can with her for easy pleasure vie?
From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,
From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,
Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.

"Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,
The swarming songsters of the careless grove,
Ten thousand throats! that from the flowering thorn,
Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of love,
Such grateful kindly raptures them emove:
They neither plough, nor sow; ne, fit for flail,
E'er to the barn the nodden sheaves they drove;
Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,
Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the vale.

"Outcast of Nature, man! the wretched thrall
Of bitter dropping sweat, of sweltry pain,
Of cares that eat away thy heart with gall,
And of the vices, an inhuman train,
That all proceed from savage thirst of gain:
For when hard-hearted Interest first began
To poison Earth, Astræa left the plain;
Guile, violence, and murder, seiz'd on man,
And, for soft milky streams, with blood the rivers ran.

"Come, ye, who still the cumberous load of life
Push hard up hill; but as the farthest steep
You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,
Down thunders back the stone with mighty sweep,
And hurls your labours to the valley deep,
For ever vain: come, and, withouten fee,
I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,
Your cares, your toils, will steep you in a sea
Of full delight: O come, ye weary wights, to me!

"With me, you need not rise at early dawn
To pass the joyless day in various stounds:
Or, louting low, on upstart Fortune fawn,
And sell fair honour for some paltry pounds;
Or through the city take your dirty rounds,
To cheat, and dun, and lye, and visit pay,
Now flattering base, now giving secret wounds:
Or prowl in courts of law for human prey,
In vernal senate thieve, or rob on broad highway.

"No cocks, with me, to rustic labour call,
From village on to village sounding clear;
To tardy swain no shrill-voic'd matrons squall;
No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your ear;
No hammers thump; no horrid blacksmith sear,
Ne noisy tradesmen your sweet slumbers start,
With sounds that are a misery to hear:
But all is calm, as would delight the heart
Of Sybarite of old, all nature, and all art.

"Here nought but candour reigns, indulgent ease,
Good-natur'd lounging, sauntering up and down:
They who are pleas'd themselves must always please;
On others' ways they never squint a frown,
Nor heed what haps in hamlet or in town:
Thus, from the source of tender indolence,
With milky blood the heart is overflown,
Is sooth'd and sweeten'd by the social sense;
For Interest, Envy, Pride, and Strife, are banish'd hence.

"What, what is virtue, but repose of mind,
A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm;
Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,
Above the passions that this world deform,
And torture man, a proud malignant worm?
But here, instead, soft gales of passion play,
And gently stir the heart, thereby to form
A quicker sense of joy; as breezes stray
Across th' enliven'd skies, and make them still more gay.

"The best of men have ever lov'd repose:
They hate to mingle in the filthy fray;
Where the soul sours, and gradual rancour grows,
Embitter'd more from peevish day to day.
Ev'n those whom Fame has lent her fairest ray,
The most renown'd of worthy wights of yore,
From a base world at last have stol'n away:
So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore
Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before.

"But if a little exercise you chuse,
Some zest for ease, 'tis not forbidden here.
Amid the groves you may indulge the Muse,
Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal year;
Or softly stealing, with your watery gear,
Along the brook, the crimson spotted fry
You may delude: the whilst, amus'd, you hear
Now the hoarse stream, and now the Zephyr's sigh,
Attuned to the birds, and woodland melody.

"O grievous folly! to heap up estate,
Losing the days you see beneath the Sun;
When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting Fate,
And gives th' untasted portion you have won,
With ruthless toil, and many a wretch undone,
To those who mock you gone to Pluto's reign,
There with sad ghosts to pine, and shadows dun!
But sure it is of vanities most vain,
To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain."

He ceas'd. But still their trembling ears retain'd
The deep vibrations of his witching song;
That, by a kind of magic power, constrain'd
To enter in, pell-mell, the listening throng,
Heaps pour'd on heaps, and yet they slipt along,
In silent ease: as when beneath the beam
Of summer-moons, the distant woods among,
Or by some flood all silver'd with the gleam,
The soft-embodied Fays through airy portal stream:

By the smooth demon so it order'd was,
And here his baneful bounty first began:
Though some there were who would not further pass,
And his alluring baits suspected han
The wise distrust the too fair-spoken man.
Yet through the gate they cast a wishful eye:
Not to move on, perdie, is all they can;
For, do their very best, they cannot fly,
But often each way look, and often sorely sigh.

When this the watchful wicked wizard saw,
With sudden spring he leap'd upon them straight;
And, soon as touch'd by his unhallow'd paw,
They found themselves within the cursed gate;
Full hard to be repass'd, like that of Fate.
Not stronger were of old the giant crew,
Who sought to pull high Jove from regal state;
Though feeble wretch he seem'd, of sallow hue:
Certes, who bides his grasp, will that encounter rue.

For whomsoe'er the villain takes in hand,
Their joints unknit, their sinews melt apace;
As lithe they grow as any willow-wand,
And of their vanish'd force remains no trace:
So when a maiden fair, of modest grace,
In all her buxom blooming May of charms,
Is seized in some losel's hot embrace,
She waxeth very weakly as she warms,
Then sighing yields her up to love's delicious harms.

Wak'd by the crowd, slow from his bench arose
A comely full-spread porter, swoln with sleep:
His calm, broad, thoughtless aspect, breath'd repose;
And in sweet torpour he was plunged deep,
Ne could himself from ceaseless yawning keep;
While o'er his eyes the drowsy liquor ran,
Thro' which his half-wak'd soul would faintly peep.
Then, taking his black staff, he call'd his man,
And rous'd himself as much as rouse himself he can.

The lad leap'd lightly at his master's call.
He was, to weet, a little roguish page,
Save sleep and play who minded nought at all,
Like most the untaught striplings of his age.
This boy he kept each band to disengage,
Garters and buckles, task for him unfit,
But ill-becoming his grave personage,
And which his portly paunch would not permit,
So this same limber page to all performed it.

Meantime the master-porter wide display'd
Great store of caps, of slippers, and of gowns;
Wherewith he those that enter'd in, array'd
Loose, as the breeze that plays along the downs,
And waves the summer-woods when evening frowns.
O fair undress, best dress! it checks no vein,
But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,
And heightens ease with grace. This done, right fain,
Sir porter sat him down, and turn'd to sleep again.

Thus easy rob'd, they to the fountain sped,
That in the middle of the court up-threw
A stream, high-spouting from its liquid bed,
And falling back again in drizzly dew:
There each deep draughts, as deep he thirsted,
It was a fountain of Nepenthe rare: [drew.
Whence, as Dan Homer sings, huge pleasaunce
And sweet oblivion of vile earthly care; [grew,
Fair gladsome waking thoughts, and joyous dreams more fair.

This rite perform'd, all inly pleas'd and still,
Withouten tromp, was proclamation made.
"Ye sons of Indolence, do what you will;
And wander where you list thro' hall or glade!
Be no man's pleasure for another staid;
Let each as likes him best his hours employ,
And curs'd be he who minds his neighbour's trade!
Here dwells kind Ease and unreproving Joy:
He little merits bliss who others can annoy."

Straight of these endless numbers, swarming round,
As thick as idle motes in sunny ray,
Not one eftsoons in view was to be found,
But every man stroll'd off his own glad way,
Wide o'er this ample court's black area,
With all the lodges that thereto pertain'd,
No living creature could be seen to stray;
While solitude and perfect silence reign'd:
So that to think you dreamt you almost was constrain'd.

As when a shepherd of the Hebrid isles,
Plac'd far amid the melancholy main,
(Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles;
Or that aërial beings sometimes deign
To stand embodied, to our senses plain)
Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
The whilst in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,
A vast assembly moving to and fro:
Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous show.

Ye gods of quiet, and of sleep profound!
Whose soft dominion o'er this castle sways,
And all the widely-silent places round,
Forgive me, if my trembling pen displays
What never yet was sung in mortal lays.
But how shall I attempt such arduous string,
I who have spent my nights and nightly days,
In this soul-deadening place, loose-loitering?
Ah! how shall I for this uprear my moulted wing?

Come on, my Muse, nor stoop to low despair,
Thou imp of Jove, touch'd by celestial fire!
Thou yet shalt sing of war, and actions fair,
Which the bold sons of Britain will inspire;
Of ancient bards thou yet shall sweep the lyre;
Thou yet shall tread in tragic pall the stage,
Paint love's enchanting woes, the hero's ire,
The sage's calm, the patriot's noble rage, [age.
Dashing corruption down through every worthless

The doors, that knew no shrill alarming bell,
Ne cursed knocker ply'd by villain's hand,
Self-open'd into halls, where, who can tell
What elegance and grandeur wide expand
The pride of Turkey and of Persia land?
Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
And couches stretch'd around in seemly band;
And endless pillows rise to prop the head;
So that each spacious room was one full-swelling bed.

And every where huge cover'd tables stood,
With wines high-flavour'd and rich viands crown'd;
Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
On the green bosom of this Earth are found,
And all old Ocean genders in his round:
Some hand unseen these silently display'd,
Ev'n undemanded by a sign or sound;
You need but wish, and, instantly obey'd,
Fair-rang'd the dishes rose, and thick the glasses play'd.

Here freedom reign'd, without the least alloy;
Nor gossip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gall,
Nor saintly spleen durst murmur at our joy,
And with envenom'd tongue our pleasures pall.
For why? there was but one great rule for all;
To wit, that each should work his own desire,
And eat, drink, study, sleep, as it may fall,
Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,
And carol what, unbid, the Muses might inspire.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
Where was inwoven many a gentle tale;
Such as of old the rural poets sung,
Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale:
Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
Pour'd forth at large the sweetly-tortur'd heart;
Or, sighing tender passion, swell'd the gale,
And taught charm'd echo to resound their smart;
While flocks, woods, streams, around, repose and peace impart.

Those pleas'd the most, where, by a cunning hand,
Depainted was the patriarchal age; [hand,
What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land,
And pastur'd on from verdant stage to stage,
Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage.
Toil was not then. Of nothing took they heed,
But with wild beasts the sylvan war to wage,
And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed:
Blest sons of Nature they! true golden age indeed!

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
Bade the gay bloom of vernal landskips rise,
Or autumn's varied shades imbrown the walls:
Now the black tempest strikes th' astonish'd eyes
Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies;
The trembling Sun now plays o'er Ocean blue,
And now rude mountains frown amid the skies;
Whate'er Lorraine light-touch'd with softening hue,
Or savage Rosa dash'd, or learned Poussin drew.

Each sound too here, to languishment inclin'd,
Lull'd the weak bosom, and induced ease,
Aërial music in the warbling wind,
At distance rising oft by small degrees,
Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
It hung, and breath'd such soul-dissolving airs,
As did, alas! with soft perdition please:
Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,
The listening heart forgot all duties and all cares.

A certain music, never known before,
Here lull'd the pensive melancholy mind;
Full easily obtain'd. Behoves no more,
But sidelong, to the gently-waving wind,
To lay the well-tun'd instrument reclin'd;
From which, with airy flying fingers light,
Beyond each mortal touch the most refin'd,
The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight:
Whence, with just cause, the harp of Æolus it hight.

Ah me! what hand can touch the string so fine?
Who up the lofty diapasan roll
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the soul?
Now rising love they fann'd; now pleasing dole
They breath'd, in tender musings, through the heart;
And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
As when seraphic hands an hymn impart,
Wild-warbling Nature all above the reach of Art!

Such the gay splendour, the luxurious state,
Of caliphs old, who on the Tigris' shore,
In mighty Bagdat, populous and great,
Held their bright court, where was of ladies store;
And verse, love, music, still the garland wore:
When sleep was coy, the bard in waiting there,
Cheer'd the lone midnight with the Muse's love:
Composing music bade his dreams be fair,
And music lent new gladness to the morning air.

Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran
Soft-tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,
And sobbing breezes sigh'd, and oft began
(So work'd the wizard) wintery storms to swell,
As Heaven and Earth they would together mell:
At doors and windows, threatening, seem'd to call
The demons of the tempest, growling fell,
Yet the least entrance found they none at all;
Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy hall.

And hither Morpheus, sent his kindest dreams,
Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace;
O'er which were shadowy cast Elysian gleams,
That play'd, in waving lights, from place to place,
And shed a roseate smile on Nature's face.
Not Titian's pencil e'er could so array,
So fierce with clouds the pure ethereal space;
Ne could it e'er such melting forms display,
As loose on flowery beds all languishingly lay.

No, fair illusions! artful phantoms, no!
My Muse will not attempt your fairy-land:
She has no colours that like you can glow:
To catch your vivid scenes too gross her hand.
But sure it is, was ne'er a subtler band
Than these same guileful angel-seeming sprights,
Who thus in dreams, voluptuous, soft, and bland,
Pour'd all th' Arabian Heaven upon her nights,
And bless'd them oft besides with more refin'd delights.

They were in sooth a most enchanting train,
Ev'n feigning virtue; skilful to unite
With evil good, and strew with pleasure pain.
But for those fiends, whom blood and broils delight;
Who hurl the wretch, as if to Hell outright,
Down, down black gulfs, where sullen waters sleep,
Or hold him clambering all the fearful night
On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep;
They, till due time should serve, were bid far hence to keep.

Ye guardian spirits, to whom man is dear,
From these foul demons shield the midnight gloom:
Angels of fancy and of love, be near,
And o'er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom:
Evoke the sacred shades of Greece and Rome,
And let them virtue with a look impart:
But chief, a while, O! lend us from the tomb
These long-lost friends for whom in love we smart,
And fill with pious awe and joy-mixt woe the heart.

Or are you sportive—Bid the morn of youth
Rise to new light, and beam afresh the days
Of innocence, simplicity, and truth;
To cares estrang'd, and manhood's thorny ways.
What transport, to retrace our boyish plays,
Our easy bliss, when each thing joy supply'd;
The woods, the mountains, and the warbling maze
Of the wild brooks!—But fondly wandering wide,
My Muse, resume the task that yet doth thee abide.

One great amusement of our household was,
In a huge crystal magic globe to spy,
Still as you turn'd it, all things that do pass
Upon this ant-hill Earth; where constantly
Of idly-busy men the restless fry
Run bustling to and fro with foolish haste,
In search of pleasure vain that from them fly,
Or which obtain'd the caitiffs dare not taste:
When nothing is enjoy'd, can there be greater waste?

"Of vanity the mirror" this was call'd.
Here you a muckworm of the town might see,
At his dull desk, amid his legers stall'd,
Eat up with carking care and penurie;
Most like to carcase parch'd on gallow-tree.
"A penny saved is a penny got;"
Firm to this scoundrel maxim keepeth he,
Ne of its rigour will he bate a jot,
Till it has quench'd his fire, and banished his pot.

Straight from the filth of this low grub, behold!
Comes fluttering forth a gaudy spendthrift heir,
All glossy gay, enamel'd all with gold,
The silly tenant of the summer-air,
In folly lost, of nothing takes he care;
Pimps, lawyers, stewards, harlots, flatterers vile,
And thieving tradesmen him among them share:
His father's ghost from limbo-lake, the while,
Sees this, which more damnation doth upon him pile.

This globe pourtray'd the race of learned men,
Still at their books, and turning o'er the page.
Backwards and forwards: oft they snatch the pen,
As if inspir'd, and in a Thespian rage;
Then write, and blot, as would your ruth engage.
Why, authors, all this scrawl and scribbling sore?
To lose the present, gain the future age,
Praised to be when you can hear no more, [store.
And much enrich'd with fame, when useless worldly

Then would a splendid city rise to view,
With carts, and cars, and coaches, roaring all:
Wide pour'd abroad behold the giddy crew;
See how they dash along from wall to wall!
At every door, hark how they thundering call!
Good lord! what can this giddy rout excite?
Why, on each other with fell tooth to fall;
A neighbour's fortune, fame, or peace to blight,
And make new tiresome parties for the coming night.

The puzzling sons of party next appear'd,
In dark cabals and nightly juntos met; [rear'd
And now they whisper'd close, now shrugging
Th' important shoulder; then, as if to get
New light, their twinkling eyes were inward set.
No sooner Lucifer recals affairs,
Than forth they various rush in mighty fret;
When, lo! push'd up to power, and crown'd their cares, [stairs.
In comes another sett, and kicketh them down

But what most show'd the vanity of life,
Was to behold the nations all on fire,
In cruel broils engag'd, and deadly strife:
Most Christian kings, inflam'd by black desire,
With honourable ruffians in their hire,
Cause war to rage, and blood around to pour:
Of this sad work when each begins to tire,
They sit them down just where they were before,
Till for new scenes of woe peace shall their force restore.

To number up the thousands dwelling here,
An useless were, and eke an endless task;
From kings, and those who at the helm appear,
To gypsies brown in summer-glades who bask.
Yea many a man perdie I could unmask,
Whose desk and table make a solemn show,
With tape-ty'd trash, and suits of fools that ask
For place or pension laid in decent row; [moe.
But these I passen by, with nameless numbers

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,
There was a man of special grave remark:
A certain tender gloom o'erspread his face,
Pensive, not sad, in thought involv'd, not dark,
As soot this man could sing as morning-lark,
And teach the noblest morals of the heart:
But these his talents were yburied stark;
Of the fine stores he nothing would impart,
Which or boon Nature gave, or Nature-painting Art.

To noontide shades incontinent he ran,
Where purls the brook with sleep-inviting sound;
Or when Dan Sol to slope his wheels began,
Amid the broom he bask'd him on the ground,
Where the wild thyme and camomoil are found:
There would he linger, till the latest ray
Of light sat trembling on the welkin's bound;
Then homeward through the twilight shadows stray,
Sauntering and slow. So had he passed many a day!

Yet not in thoughtless slumber were they past:
For oft the heavenly fire, that lay conceal'd
Beneath the sleeping embers, mounted fast,
And all its native light anew reveal'd:
Oft as he travers'd the cerulean field,
And markt the clouds that drove before the wind,
Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,
Ten thousand great ideas fill'd his mind;
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind.

With him was sometimes join'd, in silent walk,
(Profoundly silent, for they never spoke)
One shyer still, who quite detested talk:
Oft, stung by spleen, at once away he broke,
To groves of pine, and broad o'ershadowing oak;
There, inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,
And on himself his pensive fury wroke,
Ne ever utter'd word, save when first shone
The glittering star of eve—"Thank Heaven! the day is done."

Here lurk'd a wretch, who had not crept abroad
For forty years, ne face of mortal seen;
In chamber brooding like a loathly toad:
And sure his linen was not very clean.
Through secret loop-holes, that had practis'd
Near to his bed, his dinner vile he took; [been
Unkempt, and rough, of squalid face and mien,
Our castle's shame! whence, from his filthy nook,
We drove the villain out for fitter lair to look.

One day there chaunc'd into these halls to rove
A joyous youth, who took you at first sight;
Him the wild wave of pleasure hither drove,
Before the sprightly tempest tossing light:
Certes, he was a most engaging wight,
Of social glee, and wit humane though keen,
Turning the night to day and day to night:
For him the merry bells had rung, I ween,
If in this nook of quiet bells had ever been.

But not ev'n pleasure to excess is good:
What most elates then sinks the soul as low:
When spring-tide joy pours in with copious flood,
The higher still th' exulting billows flow,
The farther back again they flagging go,
And leave us groveling on the dreary shore:
Taught by this son of joy, we found it so;
Who, whilst he staid, kept in a gay uproar
Our madden'd castle all, th' abode of sleep no more.

As when in prime of June a burnish'd fly, [along,
Sprung from the meads, o'er which he sweeps
Cheer'd by the breathing bloom and vital sky,
Tunes up amid these airy halls his song,
Soothing at first the gay reposing throng:
And oft he sips their bowl; or, nearly drown'd,
He, thence recovering, drives their beds among,
And scares their tender sleep, with trump profound;
Then out again he flies, to wing his mazy round.

Another guest there was, of sense refin'd,
Who felt each worth, for every worth he had;
Serene, yet warm, humane, yet firm his mind,
As little touch'd as any man's with bad:
Him through their inmost walks the Muses lad,
To him the sacred love of Nature lent,
And sometimes would he make our valley glad;
When as we found he would not here be pent,
To him the better sort this friendly message sent.

"Come, dwell with us! true son of virtue, come!
But if, alas! we cannot thee persuade,
To lie content beneath our peaceful dome,
Ne ever more to quit our quiet glade;
Yet when at last thy toils but ill apaid
Shall dead thy fire, and damp its heavenly spark,
Thou wilt be glad to seek the rural shade,
There to indulge the Muse, and Nature mark:
We then a lodge for thee will rear in Hagley-Park."

Here whilom ligg'd th' Esopus[1] of the age;
But call'd by Fame, in soul yppricked deep,
A noble pride restor'd him to the stage,
And rous'd him like a giant from his sleep.
Ev'n from his slumbers we advantage reap:
With double force th' enliven'd scene he wakes,
Yet quits not Nature's bounds. He knows to keep
Each due decorum: now the heart he shakes,
And now with well-urg'd sense th' enlighten'd judgment takes.

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems;
[2]Who, void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,
On virtue still, and Nature's pleasing themes,
Pour'd forth his unpremeditated strain:
The world forsaking with a calm disdain
Here laugh'd he careless in his easy seat;
Here quaff'd encircled with the joyous train,
Oft moralizing sage; his ditty sweet
He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat.

[1] Mr. Quin.

[2] This character of Mr. Thomson was written by lord Lyttelton.

Full oft by holy feet our ground was trod,
Of clerks good plenty here you mote espy.
A little, round, fat, oily man of God,
Was one I chiefly mark'd among the fry:
He had a roguish twinkle in his eye,
And shone all glittering with ungodly dew,
If a tight damsel chaunc'd to trippen by:
Which when observ'd, he shrunk into his mew,
And straight would recollect his piety anew.

Nor be forgot a tribe, who minded nought
(Old inmates of the place) but state-affairs:
They look'd perdie, as if they deeply thought;
And on their brow sat every nation's cares.
The world by them is parcel'd out in shares,
When in the hall of smoak they congress hold,
And the sage berry sun-burnt Mocha bears
Has clear'd their inward eye: then, smoak-enroll'd,
Their oracles break forth mysterious as of old.

Here languid Beauty kept her pale fac'd court:
Bevies of dainty dames, of high degree,
From every quarter hither made resort;
Where, from gross mortal care and business free,
They lay, pour'd out in ease and luxury.
Or should they a vain show of work assume,
Alas! and well-a-day! what can it be?
To knot, to twist, to range the vernal bloom;
But far is cast the distaff, spinning-wheel, and loom.

Their only labour was to kill the time;
And labour dire it is, and weary woe.
They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme;
Then, rising sudden, to the glass they go,
Or saunter forth, with tottering step and slow:
This soon too rude an exercise they find;
Straight on the couch their limbs again they throw,
Where hours on hours they sighing lie reclin'd,
And court the vapoury god soft-breathing in the wind.

Now must I mark the villainy we found,
But, ah! too late, as shall eftsoons be shown.
A place here was, deep, dreary, under ground;
Where still our inmates, when unpleasing grown,
Diseas'd and loathsome, privily were thrown,
Far from the light of Heaven, they languish'd there,
Unpity'd uttering many a bitter groan; [were.
For of these wretches taken was no care:
Fierce fiends, and hags of Hell, their only nurses

Alas! the change! from scenes of joy and rest,
To this dark den, where Sickness toss'd alway.
Here Lethargy, with deadly sleep opprest,
Stretch'd on his back, a mighty lubbard, lay,
Heaving his sides, and snored night and day;
To stir him from his traunce it was not eath,
And his half-open'd eyne he shut straightway:
He led, I wot, the softest way to death,
And taught withouten pain and strife to yield the breath.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unsound,
Soft-swoln and pale, here lay the Hydropsy:
Unwieldy man; with belly monstrous round,
For ever fed with watery supply;
For still he drank, and yet he still was dry,
And moping here did Hypochondria sit,
Mother of spleen, in robes of various dye,
Who vexed was full oft with ugly fit; [a wit.
And some her frantic deem'd, and some her deem'd

A lady proud she was, of ancient blood,
Yet oft her fear her pride made crouchen low:
She felt, or fancy'd in her fluttering mood,
All the diseases which the spittles know,
And sought all physic which the shops bestow,
And still new leaches and new drugs would try,
Her humour ever wavering to and fro;
For sometimes she would laugh, and sometimes cry,
Then sudden waxed wroth, and all she knew not why.

Fast by her side a listless maiden pin'd,
With aching head, and squeamish heart-burnings;
Pale, bloated, cold, she seem'd to hate mankind,
Yet lov'd in secret all forbidden things.
And here the Tertian shakes his chilling wings;
The sleepless Gout here counts the crowing cocks,
A wolf now gnaws him, now a serpent stings;
Whilst Apoplexy cramm'd Intemperance knocks
Down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox.

CANTO II.

The knight of arts and industry,
And his achievements fair;
That by his castle's overthrow,
Secur'd, and crowned were.

Escap'd the castle of the sire of sin,
Ah! where shall I so sweet a dwelling find?
For all around, without, and all within,
Nothing save what delightful was and kind,
Of goodness savouring and a tender mind,
E'er rose to view. But now another strain,
Of doleful note, alas! remains behind:
I now must sing of pleasure turn'd to pain,
And of the false enchanter Indolence complain.

Is there no patron to protect the Muse,
And fence for her Parnassus' barren soil?
To every labour its reward accrues,
And they are sure of bread who swink and moil;
But a fell tribe th' Aonian hive despoil,
As ruthless wasps oft rob the painful bee:
Thus while the laws not guard that noblest toil,
Ne for the other Muses meed decree,
They praised are alone, and starve right merrily.

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the *great children* leave:
Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.

Come then, my Muse, and raise a bolder song;
Come, lig no more upon the bed of sloth,
Dragging the lazy languid line along,
Fond to begin, but still to finish loth,
Thy half-writ scrolls all eaten by the moth:
Arise, and sing that generous imp of Fame,
Who with the sons of softness nobly wroth,
To sweep away this human lumber came,
Or in a chosen few to rouse the slumbering flame.

In Fairy-land there liv'd a knight of old,
Of feature stern, Selvaggio well yclep'd,
A rough unpolish'd man, robust and bold,
But wondrous poor: he neither sow'd nor reap'd,
Ne stores in summer for cold winter heap'd;
In hunting all his days away he wore;
Now scorch'd by June, now in November steep'd,
Now pinch'd by biting January sore,
He still in woods pursued the libbard and the boar.

As he one morning, long before the dawn,
Prick'd through the forest to dislodge his prey,
Deep in the winding bosom of a lawn,
With wood wild-fring'd, he mark'd a taper's ray,
That from the beating rain, and wintery fray,
Did to a lonely cot his steps decoy,
There, up to earn the needments of the day,
He found dame Poverty, nor fair nor coy:
Her he compress'd, and fill'd her with a lusty boy.

Amid the green-wood shade this boy was bred,
And grew at last a knight of muchel fame,
Of active mind and vigorous lustyhed,
The Knight of Arts and Industry by name.
Earth was his bed, the boughs his roof did frame;
He knew no beverage but the flowing stream;
His tasteful well-earn'd food the sylvan game,
Or the brown fruit with which the woodlands teem:
The same to him glad summer, or the winter breme.

So pass'd his youthly morning, void of care,
Wild as the colts that thro' the commons run:
For him no tender parents troubled were,
He of the forest seem'd to be the son,
And certes had been utterly undone;
But that Minerva pity of him took,
With all the gods that love the rural wonne,
That teach to tame the soil and rule the crook;
Ne did the sacred Nine disdain a gentle look.

Of fertile genius him they nurtur'd well,
In every science, and in every art,
By which mankind the thoughtless brutes excel,
That can or use, or joy, or grace impart,
Disclosing all the powers of head and heart:
Ne were the goodly exercises spar'd,
That brace the nerves, or make the limbs alert,
And mix elastic force with firmness hard:
Was never knight on ground mote be with him compar'd.

Sometimes, with early morn, he mounted gay
The hunter-steed, exulting o'er the dale,
And drew the roseat breath of orient day;
Sometimes, retiring to the secret vale,
Yclad in steel, and bright with burnish'd mail,
He strain'd the bow, or toss'd the sounding spear,
Or darting on the goal outstripp'd the gale,
Or wheel'd the chariot in its mid-career,
Or strenuous wrestled hard with many a tough compeer.

At other times he pry'd through Nature's store,
Whate'er she in th' ethereal round contains,
Whate'er she hides beneath her verdant floor,
The vegetable and the mineral reigns;
Or else he scann'd the globe, those small domains,
Where restless mortals such a turmoil keep,
Its seas, its floods, its mountains, and its plains;
But more he search'd the mind, and rous'd from sleep
Those moral seeds whence we heroic actions reap.

Nor would he scorn to stoop from high pursuits
Of heavenly Truth, and practise what she taught.
Vain is the tree of knowledge without fruits.
Sometimes in hand the spade or plough he caught,
Forth-calling all with which boon Earth is fraught;
Sometimes he ply'd the strong mechanic tool,
Or rear'd the fabric from the finest draught;
And oft he put himself to Neptune's school,
Fighting with winds and waves on the vext ocean pool.

To solace then these rougher toils, he try'd
To touch the kindling canvass into life;
With Nature his creating pencil vy'd,
With Nature joyous at the mimic strife:
Or, to such shapes as grac'd Pygmalion's wife,
He hew'd the marble; or, with varied fire,
He rous'd the trumpet and the martial fife,
Or bade the lute sweet tenderness inspire, [lyre.
Or verses fram'd that well might wake Apollo's

Accomplish'd thus he from the woods issued,
Full of great aims, and bent on bold emprize;
The work, which long he in his breast had brew'd,
Now to perform he ardent did devise;
To wit, a barbarous world to civilize.
Earth was till then a boundless forest wild;
Nought to be seen but savage wood, and skies;
No cities nourish'd arts, no culture smil'd,
No government, no laws, no gentle manners mild.

A ragged wight, the worst of brutes, was man;
On his own wretched kind he, ruthless, prey'd:
The strongest still the weakest over-ran;
In every country mighty robbers sway'd,
And guile and ruffian force were all their trade.
Life was a scene of rapine, want, and woe;
Which this brave knight, in noble anger, made
To swear, he would the rascal rout o'erthrow,
For, by the powers divine, it should no more be so!

It would exceed the purport of my song,
To say how this *best Sun* from orient climes
Came beaming life and beauty all along,
Before him chasing indolence and crimes.
Still as he pass'd, the nations he sublimes,
And calls forth arts and virtues with his ray:
Then Egypt, Greece, and Rome, their golden
Successive had; but now in ruins grey [times,
They lie, to slavish sloth and tyranny a prey.

To crown his toils, sir Industry then spread
The swelling sail, and made for Britain's coast.
A sylvan life till then the natives led,
In the brown shades and green-wood forest lost,
All careless rambling where it lik'd them most:
Their wealth the wild-deer bouncing through the glade;
They lodg'd at large, and liv'd at Nature's cost;
Save spear, and bow, withouten other aid:
Yet not the Roman steel their naked breast dismay'd.

He lik'd the soil, he lik'd the clement skies,
He lik'd the verdant hills and flowery plains.
"Be this my great, my chosen isle," he cries,
"This, whilst my labours Liberty sustains,
This queen of Ocean all assault disdains.
Nor lik'd he less the genius of the land,
To freedom apt and persevering pains,
Mild to obey, and generous to command,
Temper'd by forming Heaven with kindest, firmest hand."

Here, by degrees, his master-work arose,
Whatever arts and industry can frame:
Whatever finish'd Agriculture knows,
Fair queen of arts! from Heaven itself who came,
When Eden flourish'd in unspotted fame:
And still with her sweet Innocence we find,
And tender Peace, and joys without a name,
That, while they ravish, tranquillize the mind:
Nature and Art, at once, delight and use combin'd.

The towns he quicken'd by mechanic arts,
And bade the fervent city glow with toil;
Bade social Commerce raise renowned marts,
Join land to land, and marry soil to soil,
Unite the poles, and, without bloody spoil,
Bring home of either Ind the gorgeous stores;
Or, should despotic rage the world embroil,
Bade tyrants tremble on remotest shores, [roars.
While o'er th' encircling deep Britannia's thunder

The drooping Muses then he westward call'd,
From the fam'd city by Propontic sea,
What time the Turk th' enfeebled Grecian thrall'd; [free,
Thence from their cloister'd walks he set them
And brought them to another Castalie,
Where Isis many a famous noursling breeds;
Or where old Cam soft-paces o'er the lea
In pensive mood, and tunes his Doric reeds,
The whilst his flocks at large the lonely shepherd feeds.

Yet the fine arts were what he finish'd least.
For why? They are the quintessence of all,
The growth of labouring time, and slow increast;
Unless, as seldom chances, it should fall,
That mighty patrons the coy sisters call
Up to the sun-shine of uncumber'd ease, [thrall,
Where no rude care the mounting thought may
And where they nothing have to do but please;
Ah! gracious God! thou know'st they ask no other fees.

But now, alas! we live too late in time:
Our patrons now ev'n grudge that little claim,
Except to such as sleek the soothing rhyme;
And yet, forsooth, they wear Mæcenas' name,
Poor sons of puft up vanity, not fame.
Unbroken spirits, cheer! still, still remains
Th' eternal patron, Liberty; whose flame,
While she protects, inspires the noblest strains.
The best, and sweetest far, are toil-created gains.

When as the knight had fram'd, in Britain-land
A matchless form of glorious government,
In which the sovereign laws alone command,
Laws 'stablish'd by the public free consent,
Whose majesty is to the sceptre lent;
When this great plan, with each dependent art,
Was settled firm, and to his heart's content.
Then sought he from the toilsome scene to part,
And let life's vacant eve breathe quiet through the heart.

For this he chose a farm in Deva's vale,
Where his long allies peep'd upon the main.
In this calm seat he drew the healthful gale,
Here mix'd the chief, the patriot, and the swain.
The happy monarch of his sylvan train,
Here, sided by the guardians of the fold,
He walk'd his rounds, and cheer'd his blest domain!
His days, the days of unstain'd nature, roll'd,
Replete with peace and joy, like patriarchs of old.

Witness, ye lowing herds, who gave him milk;
Witness, ye flocks, whose woolly vestments far
Exceed soft India's cotton, or her silk;
Witness, with autumn charg'd, the nodding car,
That homeward came beneath sweet evening's
Or of September moons the radiance mild. [star,
O, hide thy head, abominable War!
Of crimes and ruffian idleness the child [vild!
From Heaven this life ysprung, from Hell thy glories

Nor from this deep retirement banish'd was
Th' amusing care of rural industry.
Still as with grateful change the seasons pass,
New scenes arise, new landskips strike the eye,
And all th' enliven'd country beautify:
Gay plains extend where marshes slept before;
O'er recent meads th' exulting streamlets fly;
Dark frowning heaths grow bright with Ceres'
store, [shore.
And woods imbrown the steep, or wave along the

As nearer to his farm you made approach,
He polish'd nature with a finer hand:
Yet on her beauties durst not art incroach;
'Tis art's alone these beauties to expand.
In graceful dance immingled, o'er the land,
Pan, Paleas, Flora, and Pomona play'd:
Here too brisk gales the rude wild common fand
An happy place; where free, and unafraid,
Amid the flowering brakes each coyer creature
stray'd.

But in prime vigour what can last for ay?
That soul-enfeebling wizard Indolence,
I whilom sung, wrought in his works decay:
Spread far and wide was *his* curs'd influence;
Of public virtue much *he* dull'd the sense,
Ev'n much of private; ate our spirit out,
And fed our rank luxurious vices: whence
The land was overlaid with many a lout; [stout.
Not as old Fame reports, wise, generous, bold, and

A rage of pleasure madden'd every breast,
Down to the lowest lees the ferment ran:
To his licentious wish each must be blest,
With joy be fever'd; snatch it as he can.
Thus Vice the standard rear'd; her arrier-ban
Corruption call'd, and loud she gave the word,
"Mind, mind yourselves! why should the vulgar
man,
The lacquey be more virtuous than his lord?
Enjoy this span of life! 'tis all the gods afford."

The tidings reach'd to where in quiet hall,
The good old knight enjoy'd well-earn'd repose.
"Come, come, sir Knight! thy children on thee
call:
Come, save us yet, ere ruin round us close!
The demon Indolence thy toils o'erthrows."
On this the noble colour stain'd his cheeks,
Indignant, glowing through the whitening snows
Of venerable eld; his eye full speaks [breaks
His ardent soul, and from his couch at once he

"I will," he cry'd "so help me God! destroy
That villain, Archimage."—His page then
He to him call'd, a fiery-footed boy, [straight
Benempt Dispatch. "My steed be at the gate;
My bard attend; quick, bring the net of Fate."
This net was twisted by the sisters three; [late
Which when once cast o'er harden'd wretch, too
Repentance comes; replevy cannot be
From the strong iron grasp of vengeful Destiny.

He came, the bard, a little druid-wight,
Of wither'd aspect; but his eye was keen,
With sweetness mix'd. In russet brown bedight,
As is his sister[1] of the copses green,
He crept along, unpromising of mien.
Gross he who judges so. His soul was fair,
Bright as the children of yon azure sheen.
True comeliness, which nothing can impair,
Dwells in the mind; all else is vanity and glare.

"Come," quoth the knight, "a voice has reach'd
mine ear:
The demon Indolence threats overthrow
To all that to mankind is good and dear:
Come, Philomelus; let us instant go,
O'erturn his bowers, and lay his castle low.
Those men, those wretched men! who *will* be
slaves,
Must drink a bitter wrathful cup of woe:
But some there be, thy song, as from their graves,
Shall raise. Thrice happy he! who without rigour
saves.

Issuing forth, the knight bestrode his steed,
Of ardent bay, and on whose front a star
Shone blazing bright: sprung from the generous
breed
That whirl of active day the rapid car,
He pranc'd along, disdaining gate or bar.
Meantime, the bard on milk-white palfrey rode;
An honest sober beast, that did not mar
His meditations, but full softly trode;
And much they moraliz'd as thus yfere they
yode.

They talk'd of virtue, and of human bliss.
What else so fit for man to settle well?
And still their long researches met in this,
This *truth of truths*, which nothing can refel:
"From virtue's fount the purest joys out-well,
Sweet rills of thought that cheer the conscious
soul; [Hell,
While vice pours forth the troubled streams of
The which, howe'er disguis'd, at last with dole
Will, through the tortur'd breast, their fiery tor-
rent roll."

At length it dawn'd, that fatal valley gay,
O'er which high wood-crown'd hills their summits
rear.
On the cool height awhile our palmers stay,
And spite ev'n of themselves their senses cheer;
Then to the vizard's wonne their steps they
steer.
Like a green isle, it broad beneath them spred,
With gardens round, and wandering currents
clear,
And tufted groves to shade the meadow bed,
Sweet airs and song; and without hurry all seem'd
glad.

"As God shall judge me, knight, we must forgive"
(The half-enraptur'd Philomelus cry'd)
"The frail good man deluded here to live,
And in these groves his musing fancy hide.
Ah! nought is pure. It cannot be deny'd,
That virtue still some tincture has of vice,
And vice of virtue. What should then betide
But that our charity be not too nice?
Come, let us those we can to real bliss entice."

[1] The nightingale.

"Ay, sicker" (quoth the knight) "all flesh is
To pleasant sin and joyous dalliance bent; [frail,
But let not brutish vice of this avail,
And think to 'scape deserved punishment.
Justice were cruel weakly to relent;
From Mercy's self she got her sacred glaive;
Grace be to those who can, and will, repent;
But penance long, and dreary, to the slave,
Who must in floods of fire his gross foul spirit lave."

Thus, holding high discourse, they came to where
The cursed carle was at his wonted trade;
Still tempting heedless men into his snare,
In witching wise, as I before have said.
But when he saw, in goodly geer array'd,
The grave majestic knight approaching nigh,
And by his side the bard so sage and staid,
His countenance fell; yet oft his anxious eye
Mark'd them, like wily fox who roosted cock doth spy.

Nathless, with feign'd respect, he bade give back
The rabble-rout, and welcom'd them full kind;
Struck with the noble twain, they were not slack
His orders to obey, and fall behind.
Then he resum'd his song; and unconfin'd,
Pour'd all his music, ran through all his strings:
With magic dust their eyne he tries to blind,
And virtue's tender airs o'er weakness flings.
What pity base his song who so divinely sings!

Elate in thought, he counted them his own,
They listen'd so intent with fix'd delight:
But they instead, as if transmew'd to stone,
Marvel'd he could with such sweet art unite
The lights and shades of manners, wrong and right.
Meantime, the silly crowd the charm devour,
Wide pressing to the gate. Swift, on the knight
He darted fierce, to drag him to his bower,
Who backening shunn'd his touch, for well he knew its power.

As in throng'd amphitheatre, of old,
The wary Retiarius trapp'd his foe:
Ev'n so the knight, returning on him bold,
At once involv'd him in the *net of woe*,
Whereof I mention made not long ago.
Inrag'd at first, he scorn'd so weak a jail,
And leapt, and flew, and flounced to and fro;
But when he found that nothing could avail,
He set him felly down and gnaw'd his bitter nail.

Alarm'd, th' inferior demons of the place
Rais'd rueful shrieks and hideous yells around;
Black stormy clouds deform'd the welkin's face,
And from beneath was heard a wailing sound,
As of infernal sprites in cavern bound;
A solemn sadness every creature strook,
And lightnings flash'd, and horrour rock'd the ground: [look.
Huge crowds on crowds out-pour'd, with blemish'd
As if on time's last verge this frame of things had shook.

Soon as the short liv'd tempest was yspent,
Steam'd from the jaws of vext Avernus' hole,
And hush'd the hubbub of the rabblement,
Sir Industry the first calm moment stole. [shoal,
"There must" (he cry'd) "amidst so vast a
Be some who are not tainted at the heart,
Not poison'd quite by this same villain's bowl:
Come then, my bard, thy heavenly fire impart;
Touch soul with soul, till forth the latent spirit start."

The bard obey'd; and taking from his side,
Where it in seemly sort depending hung,
His British harp, its speaking strings he try'd,
The which with skilful touch he deftly strung,
Till tinkling in clear symphony they rung.
Then, as he felt the Muses come along,
Light o'er the chords his raptur'd hand he flung,
And play'd a prelude to his rising song:
The whilst, like midnight mute, ten thousands round him throng

Thus, ardent, burst his strain.—
"Ye helpless crew,
Hire-labouring here to smother reason's ray,
That lights our Maker's image in our face,
And gives us wide o'er Earth unquestion'd sway;
What is th' ador'd Supreme Perfection, say?
What, but eternal never-resting soul,
Almighty power, and all-directing day;
By whom each atom stirs, the planets roll;
Who fills, surrounds, informs, and agitates the whole.

"Come, to the beaming God your hearts unfold?
Draw from its fountain life! 'Tis thence, alone,
We can excel. Up from unfeeling mould,
To seraphs burning round th' Almighty's throne,
Life rising still on life, in higher tone,
Perfection forms, and with perfection bliss.
In universal nature this clear shown,
Nor needeth proof; to prove it were, I wis,
To prove the beauteous world excels the brute abyss.

"Is not the field, with lively culture green,
A sight more joyous than the dead morass?
Do not the skies, with active ether clean,
And fann'd by sprightly zephyrs, far surpass
The foul November fogs, and slumberous mass,
With which sad Nature veils her drooping face?
Does not the mountain-stream, as clear as glass,
Gay dancing on, the putrid pool disgrace? [race.
The same in all holds true, but chief in human-

"It was not by vile loitering in ease
That Greece obtain'd the brighter palm of art,
That soft yet ardent Athens learnt to please,
To keen the wit, and to sublime the heart,
In all supreme! complete in every part!
It was not thence majestic Rome arose,
And o'er the nations shook her conquering dart:
For sluggard's brow the laurel never grows;
Renown is not the child of indolent repose.

"Had unambitious mortals minded nought,
But in loose joy their time to wear away;
Had they alone the lap of dalliance sought,
Pleas'd on her pillow their dull heads to lay,
Rude Nature's state had been our state to-day;
No cities e'er their towery fronts had rais'd,
No arts had made us opulent and gay;
With brother-brutes the human race had graz'd;
None e'er had soar'd to fame, none honour'd been, none prais'd.

Great Homer's song had never fir'd the breast
To thirst of glory, and heroic deeds;
Sweet Maro's Muse, sunk in inglorious rest,
Had silent slept amid the Mincian reeds:
The wits of modern time had told their beads,
And monkish legions been their only strains;
Our Milton's Eden had lain wrapt in weeds,
Our Shakespeare stroll'd and laugh'd with Warwick swains, [plains.
Ne had my master Spencer charm'd his Mulla's

" Dumb too had been the sage historic Muse,
And perish'd all the sons of ancient fame;
Those starry lights of virtue, that diffuse
Through the dark depth of time their vivid flame,
Had all been lost with such as have no name.
Who then had scorn'd his ease for others' good?
Who then had toil'd rapacious men to tame?
Who in the public breach devoted stood,
And for his country's cause been prodigal of blood?

" But should your hearts to fame unfeeling be,
Or right I read, your pleasure all require:
Then hear how best may be obtain'd this fee,
How best enjoy'd this nature's wide desire.
Toil, and be glad! let Industry inspire
Into your quicken'd limbs her buoyant breath!
Who does not act is dead; absorpt entire
In miry sloth, no pride, no joy he hath:
O leaden-hearted men, to be in love with death!

" Ah! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven,
When drooping health and spirits go amiss?
How tasteless then whatever can be given?
Health is the vital principle of bliss,
And exercise of health. In proof of this,
Behold the wretch, who slugs his life away,
Soon swallow'd in disease's sad abyss;
While he whom toil has brac'd, or manly play,
Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear as day.

" O, who can speak the vigorous joy of health!
Unclogg'd the body, unobscur'd the mind:
The morning rises gay, with pleasing stealth,
The temperate evening falls serene and kind.
In health the wiser brutes true gladness find.
See! how the younglings frisk along the meads,
As May comes on, and wakes the balmy wind;
Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds:
Yet what but high-strung health this dancing pleasaunce breeds?

" But here, instead, is foster'd every ill,
Which or distemper'd minds or bodies know.
Come then, my kindred spirits! do not spill
Your talents here. This place is but a show,
Whose charms delude you to the den of woe:
Come, follow me, I will direct you right,
Where pleasure's roses, void of serpents, grow,
Sincere as sweet; come, follow this good knight,
And you will bless the day that brought him to your sight.

" Some he will lead to courts, and some to camps;
To senates some, and public sage debates,
Where, by the solemn gleam of midnight-lamps,
The world is pois'd, and manag'd mighty states;
To high discovery some, that new-creates
The face of Earth; some to the thriving mart;
Some to the rural reign, and softer fates;
To the sweet Muses some, who raise the heart;
All glory shall be yours, all nature, and all art.

" There are, I see, who listen to my lay,
Who wretched sigh for virtue, but despair.
'All may be done' (methinks I hear them say)
'Ev'n death despis'd by generous actions fair;
All, but for those who to these bowers repair,
Their every power dissolv'd in luxury,
To quit of torpid sluggishness the lair,
And from the powerful arms of sloth get free.
'Tis rising from the dead—Alas!—It cannot be!'

" Would you then learn to dissipate the band
Of these huge threatening difficulties dire,
That in the weak man's way like lions stand,
His soul appall, and damp his rising fire?
Resolve, resolve, and to be men aspire.
Exert that noblest privilege, alone,
Here to mankind indulg'd: controul desire:
Let godlike Reason, from her sovereign throne,
Speak the commanding word—*I will*—and it is done.

" Heavens! can you then thus waste, in shame-
Your few important days of tryal here? [ful wise,
Heirs of eternity! yborn to rise
Through endless states of being, still more near
To bliss approaching, and perfection clear,
Can you renounce a fortune so sublime,
Such glorious hopes, your backward steps to steer,
And roll, with vilest brutes, thro' mud and slime?
No! no!—Your heaven-touch'd heart disdains the sordid crime!" [the crowd,

" Enough! enough!" they cry'd—straight from
The better sort on wings of transport fly:
As when amid the lifeless summits proud
Of Alpine cliffs, where to the gelid sky
Snows pil'd on snows in wintery torpour lie,
The rays divine of vernal Phœbus play;
Th' awaken'd heaps, in streamlets from on high,
Rous'd into action, lively leap away, [gay."
Glad warbling through the vales, in their new being

Not less the life, the vivid joy serene,
That lighted up these new-created men,
Than that which wings th' exulting spirit clean,
When, just deliver'd from his fleshly den,
It soaring seeks its native skies agen:
How light its essence! how unclogg'd its powers,
Beyond the blazon of my mortal pen!
Ev'n so we glad forsook the sinful bowers,
Ev'n such enraptur'd life, such energy was ours.

But far the greater part, with rage inflam'd,
Dire-mutter'd curses, and blasphem'd high Jove.
" Ye sons of hate!" (they bitterly exclaim'd)
" What brought you to this seat of peace and love?
While with kind nature, here amid the grove,
We pass'd the harmless sabbath of our time,
What to disturb it could, fell men, emove
Your barbarous hearts? Is happiness a crime?
Then do the fiends of Hell rule in yon Heaven sublime." [wrath)

" Ye impious wretches," (quoth the knight in
" Your happiness behold!" Then straight a wand
He wav'd, an anti-magic power that hath,
Truth from illusive falsehood to command.
Sudden the landskip sinks on every hand;
The pure quick streams are marshy puddles found;
On baleful heaths the groves all blacken'd stand;
And, o'er the weedy foul abhorred ground,
Snakes, adders, toads, each loathsome creature crawls around.

And here and there, on trees by lightning scath'd,
Unhappy wights who loathed life yhung;
Or, in fresh gore and recent murder bath'd,
They weltering lay; or else, infuriate flung
Into the gloomy flood, while ravens sung
The funeral dirge, they down the torrent roll'd:
These, by distemper'd blood to madness stung,
Had doom'd themselves; whence oft, when night control'd
The world, returning hither their sad spirits howl'd.

Meantime a moving scene was open laid;
That lazar-house, I whilom in my lay
Depainted have, its horrours deep-display'd,
And gave unnumber'd wretches to the day,
Who tossing there in squalid misery lay.
Soon as of sacred light th' unwonted smile
Pour'd on these living catacombs its ray,
Through the drear caverns stretching many a mile,
The sick up-rais'd their heads, and dropp'd their woes awhile.

"O, Heaven!" (they cry'd) "and do we once more see
Yon blessed Sun, and this green Earth so fair?
Are we from noisome damps of pest-house free?
And drink our souls the sweet ethereal air?
O, thou! or knight, or god! who holdest there
That fiend, oh, keep him in eternal chains!
But what for us, the children of despair,
Brought to the brink of Hell, what hope remains?
Repentance does itself but aggravate our pains."

The gentle knight, who saw their rueful case,
Let fall adown his silver beard some tears.
"Certes" (quoth he) "it is not ev'n in grace,
T' undo the past, and eke your broken years:
Nathless, to nobler worlds Repentance rears,
With humble hope, her eye; to her is given
A power the truly contrite heart that cheers;
She quells the brand by which the rocks are riven;
She more than merely softens, she rejoices Heaven."

"Then patient bear the sufferings you have earn'd,
And by these sufferings purify the mind;
Let wisdom be by past misconduct learn'd:
Or pious die, with penitence resign'd;
And to a life more happy and refin'd,
Doubt not, you shall, new creatures, yet arise.
Till then, you may expect in me to find
One who will wipe your sorrow from your eyes,
One who will soothe your pangs, and wing you to the skies."

They silent heard, and pour'd their thanks in tears. [tone)
"For you" (resum'd the knight, with sterner
"Whose hard dry hearts th' obdurate demon sears,
That villain's gifts will cost you many a groan;
In dolorous mansion long you must bemoan
His fatal charms, and weep your stains away:
Till, soft and pure as infant goodness grown,
You feel a perfect change: then, who can say,
What grace may yet shine forth in Heaven's eternal day?"

This said, his powerful wand he wav'd anew:
Instant, a glorious angel-train descends,
The Charities, to wit, of rosy hue;
Sweet love their looks a gentle radiance lends,
And with seraphic flame compassion blends.
At once, delighted, to their charge they fly:
When, lo! a goodly hospital ascends;
In which they bade each lenient aid be nigh,
That could the sick-bed smoothe of that sad company.

It was a worthy edyfying sight,
And gives to human-kind peculiar grace,
To see kind hands attending day and night,
With tender ministry, from place to place.
Some prop the head; some from the pallid face
Wipe off the faint cold dews weak nature sheds;
Some reach the healing draught: the whilst, to chace
The fear supreme, around their soften'd beds,
Some holy man by prayer all opening Heaven dispreds.

Attended by a glad acclaiming train,
Of those he rescued had from gaping Hell,
Then turn'd the knight; and, to his hall again
Soft-pacing, sought of Peace the mossy cell:
Yet down his cheeks the gems of pity fell,
To see the helpless wretches that remain'd,
There left through delves and deserts dire to yell; [stain'd,
Amaz'd, their looks with pale dismay were
And spreading wide their hands they meek repentance feign'd.

But, ah! their scorned day of grace was past:
For (horrible to tell!) a desert wild [vast,
Before them stretch'd, bare, comfortless, and
With gibbets, bones, and carcases defil'd.
There nor trim field, nor lively culture smil'd;
Nor waving shade was seen, nor fountain fair;
But sands abrupt on sands lay loosely pil'd,
Through which they floundering toil'd with painful care, [less air.
Whilst Phœbus smote them sore, and fir'd the cloud-

Then, varying to a joyless land of bogs,
The sadden'd country a grey waste appear'd;
Where nought but putrid streams and noisome fogs
For ever hung on drizzly Auster's beard; [fogs
Or else the ground by piercing Caurus sear'd,
Was jagg'd with frost, or heap'd with glazed snow:
Through these extremes a ceaseless round they steer'd,
By cruel fiends still hurry'd to and fro,
Gaunt Beggary, and Scorn, with many hell-hounds moe.

The first was with base dunghill rags yclad,
Tainting the gale, in which they flutter'd light;
Of morbid hue his features, sunk, and sad;
His hollow eyne shook forth a sickly light;
And o'er his lank jaw-bone, in piteous plight,
His black rough beard was matted rank and vile;
Direful to see! an heart-appalling sight!
Meantime foul scurf and blotches him defile;
And dogs, where-e'er he went, still barked all the while.

The other was a fell despightful fiend:
Hell holds none worse in baleful bower below:
By pride, and wit, and rage, and rancour, keen'd;
Of man alike, if good or bad, the foe:
With nose up-turn'd, he always made a show
As if he smelt some nauseous scent; his eye
Was cold, and keen, like blast from boreal snow;
And taunts he casten forth most bitterly.
Such were the twain that off drove this ungodly fry.

Ev'n so through Brentford town, a town of mud,
An herd of brisly swine is prick'd along;
The filthy beasts, that never chew the cud,
Still grunt, and squeak, and sing their troublous song,
And oft they plunge themselves the mire among:
But ay the ruthless driver goads them on,
And ay of barking dogs the bitter throng
Makes them renew their unmelodious moan;
Ne ever find they rest from their unresting fone.

TO MR. THOMSON,

ON HIS UNFINISHED PLAN OF A POEM, CALLED THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE, IN SPENSER'S STYLE.

BY DR. SORRELL.

As when the silk-worm, erst the tender care
Of Syrian maidens, 'gins for to unfold
From his sleek sides, that now much sleeker are
The glossy treasure, and soft threads of gold;
In various turns, and many a winding fold,
He spins his web, and as he spins decays;
Till, within circles infinite enroll'd,
He rests supine, imprison'd in the maze,
The which himself did make, the gathering of his days.

So thou, they say, from thy prolific brain,
A Castle, hight of Indolence, didst raise;
Where listless sprites, withouten care or pain,
In idle pleasaunce spend their jocund days,
Nor heed rewardful toil, nor seeken praise.
Thither thou didst repair in luckless hour;
And lulled with thine own enchanting lays,
Didst lie adown, entranced in the bower,
The which thyself didst make, the gathering of thy power.

But Venus, suffering not her favourite worm
For aye to sleepen in his silky tomb,
Instructs him to throw off his pristine form,
And the gay features of a fly assume;
When, lo! eftsoons from the surrounding gloom,
He vigourous breaks, forth issuing from the wound
His horny beak had made, and finding room,
On new-plum'd pinions flutters all around,
And buzzing speaks his joy in most expressive sound.

So may the god of Science and of Wit,
With pitying eye ken thee his darling son;
Shake from thy fatty sides the slumberous fit,
In which, alas! thou art so woe begon!
Or with his pointed arrows goad thee on;
Till thou refeelest life in all thy veins;
And, on the wings of Resolution,
Like thine own hero dight, fliest o'er the plains,
Chaunting his peerless praise in never-dying strains.

BRITANNIA.

A POEM.

——Et tantas audetis tollere moles?
Quos ego—sed motos præstat componere fluctus.
Post mihi non simili pœna commissa luetis.
Maturate fugam, regique hæc dicite vestro:
Non illi imperium pelagi, sævumque tridentem,
Sed mihi sorte datum— Virg.

As on the sea-beat shore Britannia sate,
Of her degenerate sons the faded fame,
Deep in her anxious heart, revolving sad:
Bare was her throbbing bosom to the gale, [blew;
That hoarse, and hollow, from the bleak surge
Loose flow'd her tresses; rent her azure robe.
Hung o'er the deep from her majestic brow
She tore the laurel, and she tore the bay.
Nor ceas'd the copious grief to bathe her cheek;
Nor ceas'd her sobs to murmur to the main.
Peace discontented nigh, departing, stretch'd
Her dove-like wings. And War, though greatly vrous'd,
Yet mourns his fetter'd hands. While thus the queen
Of nations spoke: and what she said the Muse
Recorded, faithful in unbidden verse.

"Ev'n not yon sail, that, from the sky-mixt wave,
Dawns on the sight, and wafts the royal youth[1],
A freight of future glory to my shore;
Ev'n not the fluttering view of golden days,
And rising periods yet of bright renown,
Beneath the parents, and their endless line
Through late revolving time, can sooth my rage;
While, unchastis'd, th' insulting Spaniard dares
Infest the trading flood, full of vain war
Despise my navies, and my merchants seize;
As, trusting to false peace, they fearless roam
The world of waters wild; made, by the toil,
And liberal blood of glorious ages, mine:
Nor bursts my sleeping thunder on their head.
Whence this unwonted patience? this weak doubt?
This tame beseeching of rejected peace?
This meek forbearance? this unnative fear,
To generous Britons never known before?
And sail'd my fleets for this, on Indian tides
To float, unactive, with the veering winds?
The mockery of war! while hot disease,
And sloth distemper'd, swept off burning crowds,
For action ardent; and amid the deep,
Inglorious, sunk them in a watery grave.
There now they lie beneath the rolling flood,
Far from their friends, and country unaveng'd;
And back the drooping war-ship comes again,
Dispirited, and thin; her sons asham'd
Thus idly to review their native shore;
With not one glory sparkling in their eye,
One triumph on their tongue. A passenger,
The violated merchant comes along;
That far-sought wealth, for which the noxious gale
He drew, and sweat beneath equator suns,
By lawless force detain'd; a force that soon
Would melt away, and every spoil resign,
Were once the British lion heard to roar.
Whence is it that the proud Iberian thus,
In their own well-asserted element,
Dares rouse to wrath the masters of the main?
Who told him, that the big incumbent war
Would not, ere this, have roll'd his trembling ports
In smoky ruin? and his guilty stores,
Won by the ravage of a butcher'd world,
Yet unaton'd, sunk in the swallowing deep,
Or led the glittering prize into the Thames?

"There was a time (oh, let my languid sons
Resume their spirit at the rousing thought!)
When all the pride of Spain, in one dread fleet,
Swell'd o'er the labouring surge; like a whole heaven
Of clouds, wide roll'd before the boundless breeze.
Gaily the splendid armament along
Exultant plough'd, reflecting a red gleam,

[1] Frederic.

As sunk the Sun, o'er all the flaming vast;
Tall, gorgeous, and elate; drunk with the dream
Of easy conquest: while their bloated war,
Stretch'd out from sky to sky, the gather'd force
Of ages held in its capacious womb.
But soon, regardless of the cumberous pomp,
My dauntless Britons came, a gloomy few,
With tempest black, the goodly scene deform'd,
And laid their glory waste. The bolts of fate
Resistless thunder'd through their yielding sides;
Fierce o'er their beauty blaz'd the lurid flame;
And seiz'd in horrid grasp, or shatter'd wide,
Amid the mighty waters deep they sunk.
Then too from every promontory chill,
Rank fen, and cavern where the wild wave works,
I swept confederate winds, and swell'd a storm.
Round the glad isle, snatch'd by the vengeful blast,
The scatter'd remnants drove; on the blind shelve,
And pointed rock, that marks th' indented shore,
Relentless dash'd, where loud the northern main
Howls through the fractur'd Caledonian isles.
"Such were the dawnings of my watery reign;
But since how vast it grew, how absolute,
Ev'n in those troubled times, when dreadful Blake
Aw'd angry nations with the British name,
Let every humbled state, let Europe say,
Sustain'd, and balanc'd, by my naval arm.
Ah, what must those immortal spirits think
Of your poor shifts? Those, for their country's good
Who fac'd the blackest danger, knew no fear,
No mean submission, but commanded peace.
Ah, how with indignation must they burn!
(If aught, but joy, can touch ethereal breasts)
With shame! with grief! to see their feeble sons
Shrink from that empire o'er the conquer'd seas,
For which their wisdom plann'd, their councils glow'd,
And their veins bled through many a toiling age!
"Oh, first of human blessings! and supreme!
Fair Peace! how lovely, how delightful thou!
By whose wide tide, the kindred sons of men
Like brothers live, in amity combin'd,
And unsuspicious faith, while honest toil
Gives every joy, and to those joys a right,
Which idle, barbarous rapine but usurps.
Pure is thy reign; when, unaccurs'd by blood,
Nought, save the sweetness of indulgent showers,
Trickling distils into the vernant glebe;
Instead of mangled carcases, sad-seen,
When the blithe sheaves lie scatter'd o'er the field;
When only shining shares, the crooked knife,
And hooks imprint the vegetable wound;
When the land blushes with the rose alone,
The falling fruitage and the bleeding vine.
Oh, Peace! thou source, and soul of social life;
Beneath whose calm inspiring influence,
Science his views enlarges, Art refines,
And swelling Commerce opens all her ports;
Blest be the man divine, who gives us thee!
Who bids the trumpet hush his horrid clang,
Nor blow the giddy nations into rage;
Who sheaths the murderous blade; the deadly gun
Into the well-pil'd armoury returns;
And, every vigour from the work of death,
To grateful industry converting, makes
The country flourish, and the city smile.
Unviolated, him the virgin sings:
And him the smiling mother to her train.
Of him the shepherd, in the peaceful dale,
Chants; and, the treasures of his labour sure,
The husbandman of him, as at the plough,
Or team, he toils. With him the sailor-coother,
Beneath the trembling Moon, the midnight wave,
And the full city, warm, from street to street,
And shop to shop, responsive sings of him:
Nor joys one land alone; his praise extends
Far as the Sun rolls the diffusive day;
Far as the breeze can bear the gale of peace,
Till all the happy nations catch the song. [thee?
"What would not, Peace! the patriot bear for
What painful patience? what incessant care?
What mixt anxiety? what sleepless toil?
Ev'n from the rash protected what reproach?
For he thy value knows; thy friendship he
To human nature: but the better thou,
The richer of delight, sometimes the more
Inevitable war; when ruffian force
Awakes the fury of an injur'd state.
Ev'n the good patient man, whom reason rules,
Rous'd by bold insult, and injurious rage,
With sharp and sudden check, th' astonish'd sons
Of violence confounds; firm as his cause
His bolder heart; in awful justice clad;
His eyes effulging a peculiar fire;
And, as he charges through the prostrate war,
His keen arm teaches faithless men, no more
To dare the sacred vengeance of the just. [more,
"And what, my thoughtless sons, should fire you
Than when your well earn'd empire of the deep
The least beginning injury receives!
What better cause can call your lightning forth?
Your thunder wake? your dearest life demand?
What better cause, than when your country sees
The sly destruction at her vitals aim'd?
For, oh, it much imports you, 'tis your all,
To keep your trade entire, entire the force,
And honour of your fleets: o'er that to watch,
Ev'n with a hand severe, and jealous eye.
In intercourse be gentle, generous, just,
By wisdom polish'd, and of manners fair;
But on the sea be terrible, untam'd,
Unconquerable still; let none escape,
Who shall but aim to touch your glory there.
Is there the man, into the lion's den,
Who dares intrude, to snatch his young away?
And is a Briton seiz'd? and seiz'd beneath
The slumbering terrours of a British fleet?
Then ardent rise! Oh, great in vengeance rise!
O'erturn the proud, teach rapine to restore:
And as you ride sublimely round the world,
Make every vessel stoop, make every state
At once their welfare and their duty know.
This is your glory: this your wisdom; this
The native power for which you were design'd
By Fate, when Fate design'd the firmest state,
That e'er was seated on the subject sea;
A state, alone, where Liberty should live,
In these late times, this evening of mankind,
When Athens, Rome, and Carthage are no more,
The world almost in slavish sloth dissolv'd.
For this, these rocks around your coast were thrown
For this, your oaks, peculiar harden'd, shoot
Strong into sturdy growth; for this, your hearts
Swell with a sullen courage, growing still
As danger grows; and strength, and toil for this
Are liberal pour'd o'er all the fervent land.
Then cherish this, this unexpensive power,
Undangerous to the public, ever prompt,
By lavish Nature thrust into your hand:
And, uncncumber'd with the bulk immense

Of conquest, whence huge empires rose, and fell
Self crush'd, extend your reign from shore to shore,
Wh[illegible]er the wind your high behests can blow;
And fix it deep on this eternal base.
For should the sliding fabric once give way,
Soon slacken'd quite, and past recovery broke,
It gathers ruin as it rolls along,
Steep rushing down to that devouring gulf,
Where many a mighty empire buried lies.
And should the big redundant flood of trade,
In which ten thousand thousand labours join
Their several currents, till the boundless tide
Rolls in a radiant deluge o'er the land;
Should this bright stream, the least inflected,
Its course another way, o'er other lands [point
The various treasure would resistless pour,
Ne'er to be won again; its ancient tract
Left a vile channel, desolate and dead,
With all around a miserable waste.
Not Egypt, were her better heaven, the Nile,
Turn'd in the pride of flow; when o'er his rocks,
And roaring cataracts, beyond the reach
Of dizzy vision pil'd, in one wide flash
An Ethiopian deluge foams amain
(Whence wondering fable trac'd him from the sky);
Ev'n not that prime of Earth, where harvests crowd
On untill'd harvests, all the teeming year,
If of the fat o'erflowing culture robb'd,
Were then a more uncomfortable wild,
Steril, and void; than, of her trade depriv'd,
Britons, your boasted Isle: her princes sunk;
Her high built honour moulder'd to the dust;
Unnerv'd her force; her spirit vanish'd quite;
With rapid wing her riches fled away;
Her unfrequented ports alone the sign
Of what she was; her merchants scatter'd wide;
Her hollow shops shut up; and in her streets,
Her fields, woods, markets, villages, and roads,
The cheerful voice of Labour heard no more.
"Oh, let not then waste Luxury impair
That manly soul of toil, which strings your nerves,
And your own proper happiness creates!
Oh, let not the soft, penetrating plague
Creep on the free born mind; and working there,
With the sharp tooth of many a new-form'd want,
Endless, and idle all, eat out the heart
Of Liberty; the high conception blast;
The noble sentiment, th' impatient scorn
Of base subjection, and the swelling wish
For general good, erasing from the mind:
While nought save narrow selfishness succeeds,
And low design, the sneaking passions all
Let loose, and reigning in the rankled breast.
Induc'd at last, by scarce perceiv'd degrees,
Sapping the very frame of government,
And life, a total dissolution comes;
Sloth, ignorance, dejection, flattery, fear;
Oppression raging o'er the waste he makes;
The human being almost quite extinct;
And the whole state in broad corruption sinks.
Oh, shun that gulf: that gaping ruin shun!
And countless ages roll it far away
From you, ye Heaven-belov'd May *Liberty*,
The light of life, the Sun of human kind!
Whence heroes, bards, and patriots borrow flame,
Ev'n where the keen depressive north descends,
Still spread, exalt, and actuate your powers!
While slavish southern climates beam in vain!
And may a public spirit from the *throne*,
Where every virtue sits, go copious forth,
Live o'er the land, the finer arts inspire,
Make thoughtful Science raise his pensive head,
Blow the fresh bay, bid Industry rejoice,
And the rough sons of lowest labour smile.
As when, profuse of Spring, the loosen'd West
Lifts up the pining year, and balmy breathes
Youth, life, and love, and beauty o'er the world.
"But haste we from these melancholy shores,
Nor to deaf winds and waves our fruitless plaint
Pour weak; the country claims our active aid;
That let us roam; and where we find a spark
Of public virtue, blow it into flame.
Lo! now my sons, the sons of Freedom! meet
In aweful senate; thither let us fly;
Burn in the patriot's thought, flow from his tongue
In fearless truth; myself, transform'd, preside,
And shed the spirit of Britannia round."
This said; her fleeting form, and airy train,
Sunk in the gale; and nought but ragged rocks
Rush'd on the broken eye; and nought was heard
But the rough cadence of the dashing wave.

ANCIENT AND MODERN ITALY

COMPARED:

BEING THE FIRST PART OF

LIBERTY,

A POEM.

THE CONTENTS OF PART I.

The following poem is thrown into the form of a poetical vision. Its scene the ruins of ancient Rome. The goddess of Liberty, who is supposed to speak through the whole, appears, characterized as British Liberty; to ver. 44.—Gives a view of ancient Italy, and particularly of republican Rome, in all her magnificence and glory; to ver. 112. This contrasted by modern Italy; its vallies, mountains, culture, cities, people: the difference appearing strongest in the capital city Rome; to ver. 234. The ruins of the great works of Liberty more magnificent than the borrowed pomp of Oppression; and from them revived Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture; to ver. 256. The old Romans apostrophized, with regard to the several melancholy changes in Italy: Horace, Tully, and Virgil, with regard to their Tibur, Tusculum, and Naples; to ver. 287. That once finest and most ornamented part of Italy, all along the coast of Baïæ, how changed; to ver. 321. This desolation of Italy applied to Britain; to ver. 344. Address to the goddess of Liberty, that she would deduce from the first ages, her chief establishments, the description of which constitute the subject of the following parts of this poem. She assents, and commands what she says to be sung in Britain; whose happiness, arising from freedom, and a limited monarchy, she marks; to ver. 391. An immediate vision attends, and paints her words. Invocation.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

FREDERIC, PRINCE OF WALES.

SIR,

WHEN I reflect upon that ready condescension, that preventing generosity, with which your royal highness received the following poem under your protection; I can alone ascribe it to the recommendation, and influence of the subject. In you the cause and concerns of liberty have so zealous a patron, as entitles whatever may have the least tendency to promote them to the distinction of your favour. And who can entertain this delightful reflection, without feeling a pleasure far superior to that of the fondest author; and of which all true lovers of their country must participate? To behold the noblest dispositions of the prince, and of the patriot, united: an overflowing benevolence, generosity, and candour of heart, joined to an enlightened zeal for liberty, an intimate persuasion that on it depends the happiness and glory both of kings and people: to see these shining out in public virtues, as they have hitherto smiled in all the social lights and private accomplishments of life, is a prospect that cannot but inspire a general sentiment of satisfaction and gladness, more easy to be felt than expressed.

If the following attempt to trace Liberty from the first ages down to her excellent establishment in Great Britain, can at all merit your approbation, and prove an entertainment to your royal highness; if it can in any degree answer the dignity of the subject, and of the name under which I presume to shelter it, I have my best reward: particularly as it affords me an opportunity of declaring that I am, with the greatest zeal and respect,

SIR,

your royal highness's
most obedient
and most devoted servant,

JAMES THOMSON.

LIBERTY.

PART I.

O my lamented Talbot! while with thee
The Muse gay rov'd the glad Hesperian round,
And drew th' inspiring breath of ancient arts;
Ah! little thought she her returning verse
Should sing our darling subject to thy shade.
And does the mystic veil, from mortal beam,
Involve those eyes where every virtue smil'd,
And all thy father's candid spirit shone?
The light of reason, pure, without a cloud;
Full of the generous heart, the mild regard;
Honour disdaining blemish, cordial faith,
And limpid truth, that looks the very soul.
But to the death of mighty nations turn,
My strain; be there absorpt the private tear.
Musing, I lay; warm from the sacred walks,
Where at each step imagination burns:
While scatter'd wide around, awful, and hoar,
Lies, a vast monument, once glorious Rome,
The tomb of empire! ruins! that e'en
Whate'er, of finish'd, modern pomp can boast.
Snatch'd by these wonders to that world where
Unfetter'd ranges, Fancy's magic hand [thought
Led me unew o'er all the solemn scene,
Still in the mind's pure eye more solemn drest.
When straight, methought, the fair majestic power
Of Liberty appear'd. Not, as of old,
Extended in her hand the cap, and rod,
Whose slave-enlarging touch gave double life:
But her bright temples bound with British oak,
And naval honours nodded on her brow.
Sublime of port: loose o'er her shoulder flow'd
Her sea-green robe, with constellations gay.
An island-goddess now; and her high care
The queen of isles, the mistress of the main.
My heart beat filial transport at the sight;
And, as she mov'd to speak, th' awakened Muse
Listen'd intense. A while she look'd around,
With mournful eye the well-known ruins mark'd,
And then, her sighs repressing, thus began. [mine;
"Mine are these wonders, all thou see'st is
But, ah, how chang'd; the falling poor remains
Of what exalted once th' Ausonian shore. [gloom,
Look back through time; and, rising from the
Mark the dread scene, that paints whate'er I say.
"The great republic see! that glow'd, sublime,
With the mixt freedom of a thousand states;
Rais'd on the thrones of kings her curule chair,
And by her fasces aw'd the subject world.
See busy millions quickening all the land,
With cities throng'd, and teeming culture high:
For Nature then smiled on her free-born sons,
And pour'd the plenty that belongs to men.
Behold, the country cheering, villas rise,
In lively prospect; by the secret lapse
Of brooks now lost and streams renown'd in song:
In Umbria's closing vales, or on the brow
Of her brown hills that breathe the scented gale:
On Baiæ's viny coast; where peaceful seas,
Fann'd by kind zephyrs, ever kiss the shore;
And suns unclouded shine, through purest air:
Or in the spacious neighbourhood of Rome;
Far-shining upward to the Sabine hills,
To Anio's roar, and Tibur's olive shade;
To where Præneste lifts her airy brow;
Or downward spreading to the sunny shore,
Where Alba breaths the freshness of the main.
"See distant mountains leave their vallies dry,
And o'er the proud arcade their tribute pour,
To lave imperial Rome. For ages laid,
Deep, massy, firm, diverging every way,
With tombs of heroes sacred, see her roads:
By various nations trod, and suppliant kings;
With legions flaming, or with triumph gay.
"Full in the centre of these wondrous works,
The pride of Earth! Rome in her glory see!
Behold her demigods, in senate met;
All head to counsel, and all heart to act:
The common-weal inspiring every tongue
With fervent eloquence, unbrib'd, and bold;
Ere tame corruption taught the servile herd
To rank obedient to a master's voice.
"Her forum see, warm, popular, and loud,
In trembling wonder hush'd, when the two fires,
As they the private father greatly quell'd,
Stood up the public fathers of the state.
See Justice judging there, in human shape.
Hark, how with Freedom's voice it thunders high

Or in soft murmurs sinks to Tully's tongue.
" Her tribes, her census, see; her generous troops,
Whose pay was glory, and their best reward,
Ever for their country and for me to die;
Ere mercenary murder grew a trade.
" Mark, as the purple triumph waves along,
The highest pomp and lowest fall of life.
" Her festive games, the school of heroes, see;
Her circus, ardent with contending youth;
Her streets, her temples, palaces, and baths,
Full of fair forms, of beauty's eldest-born,
And of a people cast in virtue's mould.
While sculpture lives around, and Asian hills
Lend their best stores to heave the pillar'd dome:
All that to Roman strength the softer touch
Of Grecian art can join. But language fails
To paint this sun, this centre of mankind;
Where every virtue, glory, treasure, art,
Attracted strong, in heighten'd lustre met.
" Need I the contrast mark? unjoyous view!
A land in all, in government, in arts,
In virtue, genius, earth and heaven, revers'd,
Who but, these far-fam'd ruins to behold,
Proofs of a people, whose heroic aims
Soar'd far above the little selfish sphere
Of doubting modern life; who but, inflam'd
With classic zeal, these consecrated scenes
Of men and deeds to trace, unhappy land,
Would trust thy wilds, and cities loose of sway?
" Are these the vales, that, once, exulting states
In their warm bosom fed? the mountains these,
On whose high-blooming sides my sons, of old,
I bred to glory? the dejected towns,
Where, mean, and sordid, life can scarce subsist,
The scenes of ancient opulence, and pomp?
" Come! by whatever sacred name disguis'd,
Oppression, come! and in thy works rejoice!
See Nature's richest plains to putrid fens
Turn'd by thy fury. From their cheerful bounds,
See raz'd th' enlivening village, farm, and seat.
First, rural toil, by thy rapacious hand
Robb'd of his poor reward, resign'd the plough;
And now he dares not turn the noxious glebe.
'Tis thine entire. The lonely swain himself,
Who loves at large along the grassy downs
His flocks to pasture, thy drear champain flies.
Far as the sickening eye can sweep around,
'Tis all one desert, desolate, and grey,
Graz'd by the sullen buffalo alone;
And where the rank uncultivated growth
Of rotting ages taints the passing gale.
Beneath the baleful blast the city pines,
Or sinks enfeebled, or infected burns.
Beneath it mourns the solitary road,
Roll'd in rude mazes o'er th' abandon'd waste;
While ancient ways, ingulf'd, are seen no more.
" Such thy dire plains, thou *self-destroyer!* foe
To human kind! Thy mountains too, profuse,
Where savage nature blooms, seem their sad plaint
To raise against thy desolating rod.
There on the breezy brow, where thriving states,
And famous cities, once, to the pleas'd Sun,
Far other scenes of rising culture spread,
Pale shine thy ragged towns. Neglected round,
Each harvest pines; the livid, lean produce
Of heartless labour: while thy hated joys,
Not proper pleasure, lift the lazy hand.
Better to sink in sloth the woes of life,
Than wake their rage with unavailing toil.
Hence drooping Art almost to Nature leaves
The rude unguided year. Thin wave the gifts
Of yellow Ceres, thin the radiant blush
Of orchard reddens in the warmest ray.
To weedy wildness run, no rural wealth
(Such as dictators fed) the garden pours.
Crude the wild olive flows, and foul the vine;
Nor juice Cœcubian, nor Falernian, more,
Streams life and joy, save in the Muse's bowl.
Unseconded by art, the spinning race
Draw the bright thread in vain, and idly toil.
In vain, forlorn in wilds, the citron blows;
And flowering plants perfume the desert gale.
Through the vile thorn the tender myrtle twines.
Inglorious droops the laurel, dead to song,
And long a stranger to the hero's brow.
" Nor half thy triumph this: cast, from brute
Into the haunts of men thy ruthless eye. [fields,
There buxom Plenty never turns her horn;
The grace and virtue of exterior life,
No clean convenience reigns; ev'n Sleep itself,
Least delicate of powers, reluctant, there,
Lays on the bed impure his heavy head.
Thy horrid walk! dead, empty, unadorn'd,
See streets whose echoes never know the voice
Of cheerful Hurry, Commerce many-tongu'd,
And Art mechanic at his various task,
Fervent, employ'd. Mark the desponding race,
Of occupation void, as void of hope;
Hope, the glad ray, glanc'd from Eternal Good,
That life enlivens, and exalts its powers,
With views of fortune—madness all to them!
By thee relentless seiz'd their better joys,
To the soft aid of cordial airs they fly,
Breathing a kind oblivion o'er their woes,
And love and music melt their souls away.
From feeble Justice see how rash Revenge,
Trembling, the balance snatches; and the sword,
Fearful himself, to venal ruffians gives.
See where God's altar, nursing murder, stands,
With the red touch of dark assassins stain'd.
" But chief let Rome, the mighty city! speak
The full-exerted genius of thy reign.
Behold her rise amid the lifeless waste,
Expiring Nature all corrupted round;
While the lone Tyber, through the desert plain,
Winds his waste stores, and sullen sweeps along.
Patch'd from my fragments, in unsolid pomp,
Mark how the temple glares; and, artful drest,
Amusive, draws the superstitious train.
Mark how the palace lifts a lying front,
Concealing often, in magnific jail,
Proud Want; a deep unanimated gloom!
And oft adjoining to the drear abode
Of Misery, whose melancholy walls
Seem its voracious grandeur to reproach.
Within the city bounds, the desert see.
See the rank vine o'er subterranean roofs,
Indecent, spread; beneath whose fretted gold
It once, exulting, flow'd. The people mark,
Matchless, while fir'd by me; to public good
Inexorably firm, just, generous, brave,
Afraid of nothing but unworthy life,
Elate with glory, an heroic soul
Known to the vulgar breast: behold them now
A thin despairing number, all-subdued,
The slaves of slaves, by superstition fool'd,
By vice unmann'd and a licentious rule,
In guile ingenious, and in murder brave.
Such in one land, beneath the same fair clime,
Thy sons, Oppression, are; and such were mine.

" Ev'n with thy labour'd pomp, for whose vain show
Deluded thousands starve; all age-begrim'd,
Torn, robb'd and scatter'd in unnumber'd sacks,
And by the tempest of two thousand years
Continual shaken, let my ruins vie.
These roads, that yet the Roman hand assert,
Beyond the weak repair of modern toil;
These fractur'd arches, that the chiding stream
No more delighted hear; these rich remains
Of marbles now unknown, where shines imbib'd
Each parent ray; these massy columns, hew'd
From Afric's farthest shore: one granite all,
These obelisks high-towering to the sky,
Mysterious mark'd with dark Egyptian lore;
These endless wonders that this *sacred way*
Illumine still, and consecrate to fame;
These fountains, vases, urns, and statues, charg'd
With the fine stores of art-compleating Greece.
Mine is, besides, *thy* every later boast:
Thy Buonarotis, *thy* Palladios *mine;*
And *mine* the fair designs, which Raphael's soul
O'er the live canvass, emanating, breath'd.
" What would you say, ye conquerors of Earth!
Ye Romans! could you raise the laurel'd head;
Could you the country see, by seas of blood,
And the dread toil of ages, won so dear;
Your pride, your triumph, and supreme delight!
For whose defence oft, in the doubtful hour,
You rush'd with rapture down the gulf of fate,
Of death ambitious! till by aweful deeds,
Virtues, and courage, that amaze mankind,
The queen of nations rose; possest of all
Which Nature, Art, and Glory could bestow:
What would you say, deep in the last abyss
Of slavery, ice, and unambitious want,
Thus to behold her sunk? Your crowded plains,
Void of their cities; unadorn'd your hills;
Ungrac'd your lakes; your ports to ships unknown;
Your lawless floods, and your abandon'd streams:
These could you know? these could you love
Thy Tibur, Horace, could it now inspire, [again?
Content, poetic ease, and rural joy,
Soon bursting into song; while through the groves
Of headlong Anio, dashing to the vale,
In many a tortur'd stream, you mus'd along?
Yon wild retreat, where Superstition dreams,
Could, Tully, you your Tusculum believe?
And could you deem yon naked hills, that form,
Fam'd in old song, the ship forsaken bay,
Your Formian shore? Once the delight of Earth,
Where Art and Nature, ever smiling, join'd
On the gay land to lavish all their stores.
How chang'd, how vacant, Virgil, wide around,
Would now your Naples seem? Disaster'd less
By black Vesuvius thundering o'er the coast,
His midnight earthquakes, and his mining fires,
Than by despotic rage: *that* inward gnaws,
A native foe: a *foreign*, tears without.
First from your flatter'd Cæsars this began:
Till, doom'd to tyrants an eternal prey,
Thin-peopled spreads, at last, the syren plain,
That the dire soul of Hannibal disarm'd;
And wrapt in weeds the shore of Venus lies.
There Baiæ sees no more the joyous throng;
Her bank all beaming with the pride of Rome:
No generous vines now bask along the hills,
Where sport the breezes of the Tyrrhene main:
With baths and temples mix'd, no villas rise;
Nor, art sustain'd amid reluctant waves,
Draw the cool murmurs of the breathing deep:
No spreading ports their sacred arms extend;
No mighty moles the big intrusive storm,
From the calm station, roll resounding back.
An almost total desolation sits,
A dreary stillness, saddening o'er the coast;
Where, when soft suns and timid winters rose,
Rejoicing crowds inhal'd the balm of peace;
Where city'd hill to hill reflected blaze;
And where with Ceres, Bacchus wont to hold
A genial strife. Her youthful form, robust,
Ev'n Nature yields; by fire and earthquake rent:
Whose stately cities in the dark abrupt
Swallow'd at once, or vile in rubbish laid,
A nest for serpents; from the red abyss
New hills, explosive, thrown; the Lucrine lake
A reedy pool; and all to Gaëta's point,
The sea recovering his usurp'd domain,
And pour'd triumphant o'er the bury'd dome.
" Hence, Britain, learn; my best-established, last,
And more than Greece, or Rome, my steady reign;
The land where, king and people equal bound
By guardian laws, my fullest blessings flow;
And where my jealous unsubmitting soul,
The dread of tyrants! burns in every breast:
Learn hence, if such the miserable fate
Of an heroic race, the masters once
Of human kind; what, when depriv'd of me,
How grievous must be thine? In spite of climes,
Whose sun-enliven'd ether wakes the soul
To higher powers; in spite of happy soils,
That, but by labour's slightest aid impell'd,
With treasures teem to thy cold clime unknown;
If there desponding fail the common arts,
And sustenance of life: could life itself,
Far less a thoughtless tyrant's hollow pomp,
Subsist with thee? Against depressing skies,
Join'd to full-spread Oppression's cloudy brow,
How could thy spirits hold? where vigour find,
Forc'd fruits to tear from their unnative soil?
Or, storing every harvest in thy ports,
To plough the dreadful all producing wave?"
Here paus'd the goddess. By the pause assur'd,
In trembling accents thus I mov'd my prayer:
" Oh, first, and most benevolent of powers!
Come from eternal splendours, here on Earth,
Against despotic pride, and rage, and lust,
To shield mankind; to raise them to assert
The native rights and honour of their race:
Teach me, thy lowest subject, but in zeal
Yielding to none, the progress of thy reign,
And with a strain from thee enrich the Muse.
As thee alone she serves, her patron, thou,
And great inspirer be! then will she joy,
Through narrow life her lot, and private shade;
And when her venal voice she barters vile,
Or to thy open or thy secret foes,
May ne'er those sacred raptures touch her more,
By slavish hearts unfelt! and may her song
Sink in oblivion with the nameless crew!
Vermin of state! to thy o'erflowing light
That owe their being, yet betray thy cause."
Then, condescending kind, the heavenly power
Return'd—" What here, suggested by the scene,
I slight unfold, record and sing at home,
In that best isle, where (so we spirits move)
With one quick effort of my will I am.
There Truth, unlicens'd, walks; and dares accost
Ev'n kings themselves, the monarchs of the free!
Fix'd on my rock, there, an indulgent race

O'er Britons wield the sceptre of their choice;
And there to finish what his sires began,
A prince behold! for me who burns sincere,
Ev'n with a subject's zeal. He my great work
Will parent-like sustain; and added give
The touch, the Graces and the Muses owe.
For Britain's glory swells his panting breast;
And ancient arts he emulous revolves:
His pride to let the smiling heart abroad,
Through clouds of pomp, that but conceal the man;
To please his pleasure; bounty his delight;
And all the soul of Titus dwells in him."

Hail, glorious theme! but how, alas! shall verse,
From the crude stores of mortal language drawn,
How faint and tedious, sing, what, piercing deep,
The goddess flash'd at once upon my soul.
For, clear precision all the tongue of gods,
Is harmony itself; to every ear
Familiar known, like light to every eye.
Meantime disclosing ages, as she spoke,
In long succession pour'd their empires forth;
Scene after scene, the human drama spread;
And still th' embodied picture rose to sight.

Oh thou, to whom the Muses owe their flame;
Who bidd'st, beneath the pole, Parnassus rise,
And Hippocrene flow; with thy bold ease,
The striking force, the lightning of thy thought,
And thy strong phrase, that rolls profound, and
Oh, gracious goddess! re-inspire my song, [clear;
While I, to nobler than poetic fame
Aspiring, thy commands to Britons bear.

NOTES ON THE PRECEDING POEM.

Ver. 83. L. J. Brutus, and Virginius.

Ver. 242. Via Sacra.

Ver. 247. M. Angelo Buonaroti, Palladio, and Raphael d'Urbino; the three great modern masters in sculpture, architecture, and painting.

Ver. 273. Tusculum is reckoned to have stood at a place now called Grotto Ferrata, a convent of monks.

Ver. 276. The bay of Mola (anciently Formiæ) into which Homer brings Ulysses, and his companions. Near Formiæ Cicero had a villa.

Ver. 284. Naples then under the Austrian government.

Ver. 288. Campagna Felice, adjoining to Capua.

Ver. 290. The coast of Baiæ, which was formerly adorned with the works mentioned in the following lines: and where, amidst many magnificent ruins, those of a temple erected to Venus are still to be seen.

Ver. 303. All along this coast the ancient Romans had their winter retreats; and several populous cities stood.

GREECE:

BEING THE SECOND PART OF

LIBERTY,

A POEM.

THE CONTENTS OF PART II.

Liberty traced from the pastoral ages, and the first uniting of neighbouring families into civil government; to ver. 47. The several establishments of Liberty, in Egypt, Persia, Phœnicia, Palestine, slightly touched upon, down to her great establishment in Greece; to ver. 91. Geographical description of Greece; to ver. 113. Sparta and Athens, the two principal states of Greece, described; to ver. 164. Influence of Liberty over all the Grecian states; with regard to their government, their politeness, their virtues, their arts and sciences. The vast superiority it gave them, in point of force and bravery, over the Persians, exemplified by the action of Thermopylæ, the battle of Marathon, and the retreat of the ten thousand. Its full exertion, and most beautiful effects in Athens; to ver. 216. Liberty the source of free philosophy. The various schools, which took their rise from Socrates; to ver. 257. Enumeration of fine arts: eloquence, poetry, music, sculpture, painting, and architecture; the effects of Liberty in Greece, and brought to their utmost perfection there; to ver. 381. Transition to the modern state of Greece; to ver. 411. Why Liberty declined, and was at last entirely lost among the Greeks; to ver. 472. Concluding reflection.

LIBERTY.

PART II.

Thus spoke the goddess of the fearless eye;
And at her voice, renew'd, the vision rose.
"First in the dawn of time, with eastern swains,
In woods, and tents, and cottages, I liv'd;
While on from plain to plain they led their flocks,
In search of clearer spring, and fresher field.
These, as increasing families disclos'd
The tender state, I taught an equal sway.
Few were offences, properties, and laws.
Beneath the rural portal, palm o'erspread,
The father-senate met. There Justice dealt,
With reason then and equity the same,
Free as the common air, her prompt decree;
Nor yet had stain'd her sword with subject's blood.
The simpler arts were all their simple wants
Had urg'd to light. But instant, these supply'd,
Another set of fonder wants arose,
And other arts with them of finer aim;
Till, from refining want to want impell'd,
The mind by thinking push'd her latent powers,
And life began to glow, and arts to shine.
"At first, on brutes alone the rustic war
Lanch'd the rude spear; swift, as he glar'd along,
On the grim lion, or the robber-wolf.
For then young sportive life was void of toil,
Demanding little, and with little pleas'd:
But when to manhood grown, and endless joys,
Led on by equal toils, the bosom fir'd;
Lewd lazy Rapine broke primeval peace,
And, hid in caves and idle forests drear,
From the lone pilgrim and the wandering swain,
Seiz'd what he durst not earn. Then brother's blood
First, horrid, smok'd on the polluted skies.
Awful in justice, then the burning youth,
Led by their temper'd sires, on lawless men,
The last worst monsters of the shaggy wood,
Turn'd the keen arrow, and the sharpen'd spear.
Then war grew glorious. Heroes then arose;

Who, scorning coward self, for others liv'd,
Toil'd for their ease, and for their safety bled.
West with the living day to Greece I came:
Earth smil'd beneath my beam: the Muse before
Sonorous flew, that low till then in woods
Had tun'd the reed, and sigh'd the shepherd's [pain;
But now, to sing heroic deeds, she swell'd
A nobler note, and bade the banquet burn.
" For Greece my sons of Egypt I forsook:
A boastful race, that in the vain abyss
Of fabling ages lov'd to lose their source,
And with their river trac'd it from the skies.
While there my laws alone despotic reign'd,
And king, as well as people, proud obey'd:
I taught them science, virtue, wisdom, arts:
By poets, sages, legislators sought;
The school of polish'd life, and human kind.
But when mysterious Superstition came,
And, with her civil sister leagu'd, involv'd
In study'd darkness the desponding mind;
Then tyrant Power the righteous scourge unloos'd:
For yielded reason speaks the soul a slave.
Instead of useful works, like Nature's, great,
Enormous, cruel wonders crush'd the land;
And round a tyrant's tomb, who none deserv'd,
For one vile carcass perish'd countless lives.
Then the great Dragon, couch'd amid his floods,
Swell'd his fierce heart, and cry'd—' This flood is
'Tis I that bid it flow.'—But, undeceiv'd, [mine,
His phrenzy soon the proud blasphemer felt;
Felt that, without my fertilizing power,
Suns lost their force, and Niles o'erflow'd in vain.
Nought could retard me: nor the frugal state
Of rising Persia, sober in extreme,
Beyond the pitch of man, and thence revers'd
Into luxurious waste; nor yet the ports
Of old Phœnicia; first for letters fam'd,
That paint the voice, and silent speak to sight,
Of arts prime source, and guardian! by fair stars,
First tempted out into the lonely deep;
To whom I first disclos'd mechanic arts,
The winds to conquer, to subdue the waves,
With all the peaceful power of ruling trade;
Earnest of Britain. Nor by these retain'd;
Nor by the neighbouring land, whose palmy shore
The silver Jordan laves. Before me lay
The promis'd land of arts, and urg'd my flight.
" Hail Nature's utmost boast! unrivall'd Greece!
My fairest reign! where every power benign
Conspir'd to blow the flower of human-kind,
And lavish'd all that genius can inspire.
Clear sunny climates, by the breezy main,
Iónian or Ægean, temper'd kind,
Light, airy soils. A country rich, and gay;
Broke into hills with balmy odours crown'd,
And, bright with purple harvest joyous vales. [flow'd:
Mountains and streams, where verse spontaneous
Whence deem'd by wondering men the seat of gods,
And still the mountains and the streams of song.
All that boon Nature could luxuriant pour
Of high materials, and my restless arts
Frame into finish'd life. How many states,
And clustering towns, and monuments of fame,
And scenes of glorious deeds, in little bounds!
From the rough tract of bending mountains, beat
By Adria's here, there by Ægæan waves;
To where the deep adorning Cyclade Isles
In shining prospect rise, and on the shore
Of farthest Crete resounds the Libyan main.
" O'er all two rival cities rear'd the brow,
And balanc'd all. Spread on Eurota's bank,
Amid a circle of soft-rising hills,
The patient Sparta one: the sober, hard,
And man subduing city; which no shape
Of pain could conquer, nor of pleasure charm.
Lycurgus there built, on the solid base
Of equal life, so well a temper'd state;
Where mix'd each government, in such just poise;
Each power so checking, and supporting, each,
That firm for ages, and unmov'd, it stood,
The fort of Greece! without one giddy hour,
One shock of faction, or of party-rage.
For, drain'd the springs of wealth, corruption there
Lay wither'd at the root. Thrice happy land!
Had not neglected art, with weedy vice
Confounded, sunk. But if Athenian arts
Lov'd not the soil; yet there the calm abode
Of wisdom, virtue, philosophic ease,
Of manly sense and wit, in frugal phrase
Confin'd, and press'd into laconic force.
There, too, by rooting thence still treacherous self,
The public and the private grew the same.
The children of the nursing public hall,
And at its table fed, for that they toil'd,
For that they liv'd entire, and ev'n for that
The tender mother urg'd her son to die.
" Of softer genius, but not less intent
To seize the palm of empire, Athens rose:
Where, with bright marbles big and future pomp,
Hymettus spread, amid the scented sky,
His thymy treasures to the labouring bee,
And to botanic hand the stores of health;
Wrapt in a soul-attenuating clime,
Between Ilissus and Cephissus glow'd
This hive of science, shedding sweets divine,
Of active arts, and animated arms.
There, passionate for me, an easy-mov'd,
A quick, refin'd, a delicate, humane,
Enlighten'd people reign'd. Oft on the brink
Of ruin, hurry'd by the charm of speech,
Inforcing hasty counsel immature,
Totter'd the rash democracy; unpois'd,
And by the rage devour'd, that ever tears
A populace unequal; part too rich,
And part or fierce with want, or abject grown.
Solon, at last, their mild restorer, rose:
Allay'd the tempest; to the calm of laws
Reduc'd the settling whole; and, with the weight
Which the two senates to the public lent,
As with an anchor fix'd the driving state.
" Nor was my forming care to these confin'd.
For emulation through the whole I pour'd,
Noble contention! who should most excel
In government well-pois'd, adjusted best
To public weal: in countries cultur'd high:
In ornamented towns, where order reigns,
Free social life, and polish'd manners fair:
In exercise, and arms; arms only drawn
For common Greece, to quell the Persian pride:
In moral science, and in graceful arts.
Hence, as for glory peacefully they strove,
The prize grew greater, and the prize of all.
By contest brighten'd, hence the radiant youth
Pour'd every beam; by generous pride inflam'd,
Felt every ardour burn: their great reward
The verdant wreath, which sounding Pisa gave.
" Hence flourish'd Greece; and hence a race of [men,
As gods by conscious future times ador'd:
In whom each virtue wore a smiling air,
Each science shed o'er life a friendly light,

Each art was nature. Spartan valour hence,
At the *fam'd pass*, firm as an isthmus stood;
And the whole eastern ocean, waving far
As eye could dart it's vision, nobly check'd,
While in extended battle, at the field
Of Marathon, my keen Athenians drove
Before their ardent band, an host of slaves.
Hence through the continent ten thousand Greeks
Urg'd a retreat, whose glory not the prime
Of victories can reach. Deserts, in vain,
Oppos'd their course; and hostile lands, unknown;
And deep rapacious floods, dire-bank'd with death;
And mountains, in whose jaws destruction grinn'd
Hunger, and toil; Armenian snows, and storms;
And circling myriads still of barbarous foes.
Greece in their view, and glory yet untouch'd,
Their steady column pierc'd the scattering herds,
Which a whole empire pour'd; and held its way
Triumphant, by the sage-exalted chief
Fir'd and sustain'd. Oh, light and force of mind,
Almost almighty in severe extremes!
The sea at last from Colchian mountains seen,
Kind-hearted transport round their captains threw
The soldiers fond embrace, o'erflow'd their eyes
With tender floods, and loos'd the general voice
To cries resounding loud—'*The sea! the sea!*'
" In Attic bounds hence heroes, sages, wits,
Shone thick as stars, the milky way of Greece!
And though gay wit, and pleasing grace was theirs,
All the soft modes of elegance and ease;
Yet was not courage less, the patient touch
Of toiling art, and disquisition deep.
" My spirit pours a vigour through the soul,
Th' unfetter'd thought with energy inspires,
Invincible in arts, in the bright field
Of nobler science, as in that of arms.
Athenians thus not less intrepid burst
The bonds of tyrant darkness, than they spurn'd
The Persian chains: while through the city, full
Of mirthful quarrel and of witty war,
Incessant struggled taste refining taste,
And friendly free discussion, calling forth
From the fair jewel truth its latent ray.
O'er all shone out the great Athenian sage,
And father of philosophy: the sun,
From whose white blaze emerg'd each various sect
Took various tints, but with diminish'd beam.
Tutour of Athens! he, in every street,
Dealt priceless treasure! goodness his delight,
Wisdom his wealth, and glory his reward.
Deep through the human heart, with playful art,
His simple question stole: as into truth,
And serious deeds, he smil'd the laughing race;
Taught moral happy life, whate'er can bless,
Or grace mankind; and what he taught he was.
Compounded high, though plain, his doctrine broke
In different schools. The bold poetic phrase
Of figur'd Plato; Xenophon's pure strain,
Like the [illegible] brook that steals along the vale;
Dissecting truth, the Stagyrite's keen eye;
Th' exalted Stoic pride; the Cynic sneer;
The slow-consenting Academic doubt;
And, joining bliss to virtue, the glad ease
Of Epicurus, seldom understood.
They, ever-candid, reason still oppos'd
To reason; and, since virtue was their aim,
Each by sure practice try'd to prove his way
The best. Then stood untouch'd the solid base
Of Liberty, the liberty of mind:
For systems yet, and soul-enslaving creeds,
Slept with the monsters of succeeding times.
From priestly darkness sprung th' enlightening arts
Of fire, and sword, and rage, and horrid names.
" O, Greece! thou sapient nurse of finer arts!
Which to bright science blooming fancy bore,
Be this thy praise, that thou, and thou alone,
In these hast led the way, in these excell'd,
Crown'd with the laurel of assenting time.
" In thy full language, speaking mighty things;
Like a clear torrent close, or else diffus'd
A broad majestic stream, and rolling on
Through all the winding harmony of sound:
In it the power of eloquence, at large,
Breath'd the persuasive or pathetic soul;
Still'd by degrees the democratic storm,
Or bade it threatening rise, and tyrants shook,
Flush'd at the head of their victorious troops.
In it the Muse, her fury never quench'd,
By mean unyielding phrase, or jarring sound,
Her unconfin'd divinity display'd;
And, still harmonious, form'd it to her will:
Or soft depress'd it to the shepherd's moan,
Or rais'd it swelling to the tongue of gods.
" *Heroic song* was thine; the fountain-hard,
Whence each poetic stream derives its course.
Thine the dread *moral scene*, thy chief delight!
Where idle Fancy durst not mix her voice,
When Reason spoke august; the fervent heart
Or plain'd, or storm'd; and in th' impassion'd
Concealing art with art, the poet sunk. [man,
This potent school of manners, but when left
To loose neglect, a land-corrupting plague,
Was not unworthy deem'd of public care,
And boundless cost, by thee; whose every son,
Ev'n last mechanic, the true taste possess'd
Of what had flavour to the nourish'd soul.
" The sweet enforce of the poet's strain,
Thine was the meaning music of the heart.
Not the vain trill, that, void of passion, runs
In giddy mazes, tickling idle ears;
But that deep-searching voice, and artful hand,
To which respondent shakes the varied soul.
" Thy fair ideas, thy delightful forms,
By Love imagin'd, by the Graces touch'd,
The boast of well-pleas'd Nature! Sculpture seiz'd,
And bade them ever smile in Parian stone.
Selecting beauty's choice, and that again
Exalting, blending in a perfect whole,
Thy workmen left ev'n Nature's self behind.
From those far different, whose prolific hand
Peoples a nation; they, for years on years,
By the cool touches of judicious toil,
Their rapid genius curbing, pour'd it all
Through the live features of one breathing stone.
There, beaming full, it shone, expressing gods:
Jove's awful brow, Apollo's air divine,
The fierce atrocious frown of sinew'd Mars,
Or the sly graces of the Cyprian queen.
Minutely perfect all! Each dimple sunk,
And every muscle swell'd, as Nature taught.
In tresses, braided gay, the marble wav'd;
Flow'd in loose robes, or thin transparent veils;
Sprung into motion; soften'd into flesh;
Was fir'd to passion, or refin'd to soul.
" Nor less thy pencil, with creative touch,
Shed mimic life, when all thy brightest dames,
Assembled, Zeuxis in his Helen mix'd.
And when Apelles, who peculiar knew
To give a grace that more than mortal smil'd,
The soul of beauty! call'd the queen of Love,

Fresh from the billows, blushing orient charms.
Ev'n such enchantment then thy pencil pour'd,
That cruel-thoughted War th' impatient torch
Dash'd to the ground; and, rather than destroy
The patriot picture, let the city 'scape.
" First elder Sculpture taught her sister Art
Correct design; where great ideas shone,
And in the secret trace expression spoke:
Taught her the graceful attitude; the turn,
And beauteous airs of head; the native act,
Or bold, or easy; and, cast free behind,
The swelling mantle's well-adjusted flow.
Then the bright Muse, their elder sister, came;
And bade her follow where she led the way:
Bade earth, and sea, and air, in colours rise;
And copious action on the canvass glow:
Gave her gay fable; spread invention's store;
Enlarg'd her view; taught composition high,
And just arrangement, circling round one point,
That starts to sight, binds and commands the whole.
Caught from the heavenly Muse a nobler aim,
And, scorning the soft trade of mere delight,
O'er all thy temples, porticos, and schools,
Heroic deeds she trac'd, and warm display'd
Each moral beauty to the ravish'd eye.
There, as th' imagin'd presence of the god,
Arous'd the mind, or vacant hours induc'd
Calm contemplation, or assembled youth
Burn'd in ambitious circle round the sage,
The living lesson stole into the heart,
With more prevailing force than dwells in words.
These rouse to glory; while, to rural life,
The softer canvass oft repos'd the soul.
There gayly broke the sun-illumin'd cloud;
The lessening prospect, and the mountain blue,
Vanish'd in air; the precipice frown'd, dire,
White, down the rock the rushing torrent dash'd;
The Sun shone, trembling, o'er the distant main;
The tempest foam'd, immense; the driving storm
Sadden'd the skies, and from the doubling gloom,
On the scath'd oak the ragged lightning fell;
In closing shades, and where the current strays,
With peace, and love, and innocence around,
Pip'd the lone shepherd to his feeding flock:
Round happy parents smil'd their younger selves;
And friends convers'd, by death divided long.
" To public Virtue thus the smiling Arts,
Unblemish'd handmaids, serv'd! the Graces they
To dress this fairest Venus. Thus rever'd,
And plac'd beyond the reach of sordid care,
The high awarders of immortal fame,
Alone for glory thy great masters strove;
Courted by kings, and by contending states
Assum'd the boasted honour of their birth.
" In Architecture too thy rank supreme!
That art where most magnificent appears
The little builder man; by thee refin'd,
And, smiling high, to full perfection brought.
Such thy sure rules, that Goths of every age,
Who scorn'd their aid, have only loaded Earth
With labour'd heavy monuments of shame.
Not those gay domes that o'er thy splendid shore
Shot, all proportion, up. First unadorn'd,
And nobly plain, the manly Doric rose;
Th' Ionic then, with decent matron grace,
Her airy pillar heav'd; luxuriant last,
The rich Corinthian spread her wanton wreath.
The whole so measur'd true, so lessen'd off
By fine proportion, that the marble pile,
Form'd to repel the still or stormy waste
Of rolling ages, light as fabrics look'd
That from the magic wand aërial rise.
" These were the wonders that illumin'd Greece,
From end to end."—Here interrupting warm,
" Where are they now?" (I cry'd) " say, goddess, where?
And what the land thy darling [illegible]?"
" Sunk!" she resum'd: " deep in the kindred
Of superstition, and of slavery sunk! [gloom
No glory now can touch their hearts, benumb'd
By loose dejected sloth and servile fear;
No science pierce the darkness of their minds;
No nobler art the quick ambitious soul
Of imitation in their breast awake.
Ev'n, to supply the needful arts of life,
Mechanic toil denies the hopeless hand.
Scarce any trace remaining, vestige grey,
Or nodding column on the desert shore,
To point where Corinth, or where Athens stood.
A faithless land of violence, and death!
Where Commerce parleys, dubious, on the shore;
And his wild impulse curious search restrains,
Afraid to trust th' inhospitable clime.
Neglected Nature fails; in sordid want
Sunk, and debas'd, their beauty beams no more.
The Sun himself seems angry, to regard,
Of light unworthy, the degenerate race;
And fires them oft with pestilential rays:
While Earth, blue poison steaming on the skies,
Indignant, shakes them from her troubled sides.
But as from man to man, Fate's first decree,
Impartial Death the tide of riches rolls,
So states must die, and Liberty go round.
" Fierce was the stand, ere virtue, valour, arts,
And the soul fir'd by me (that often, stung
With thoughts of better times and old renown,
From hydra-tyrants try'd to clear the land)
Lay quite extinct in Greece, their works effac'd
And gross o'er all unfeeling bondage spread.
Sooner I mov'd my much-reluctant flight,
Pois'd on the doubtful wing: when Greece with Greece
Embroil'd in foul contention fought no more
For common glory, and for common weal:
But, false to freedom, sought to quell the free;
Broke the firm band of peace, and sacred love,
That lent the whole irrefragable force;
And, as around the partial trophy blush'd,
Prepar'd the way for total overthrow.
Then to the Persian power, whose pride they scorn'd,
When Xerxes pour'd his millions o'er the land,
Sparta, by turns, and Athens, vilely sued;
Sued to be venal parricides, to spill
Their country's bravest blood, and on themselves
To turn their matchless mercenary arms.
Peaceful in Susa, then, sate the great king;
And by the trick of treaties, the still waste
Of sly corruption, and barbaric gold,
Effected what his steel could ne'er perform.
Profuse he gave them the luxurious draught,
Inflaming all the land: unbalanc'd wide
Their tottering states; their wild assemblies rul'd,
As the winds turn at every blast the seas;
And by their listed orators, whose breath
Still with a factious storm infested Greece,
Rous'd them to civil war, or dash'd them down
To sordid peace.—Peace! that, when Sparta shook
Astonish'd Artaxerxes on his throne,
Gave up, fair-spread o'er Asia's sunny shore,
Their kindred cities, to perpetual chains.

What could so base, so infamous a thought,
In Spartan hearts inspire? Jealous, they saw
Respiring Athens rear again her walls;
And the pale fury fir'd them, once again
To crush this rival city to the dust.
For now no more the noble social soul
Of Liberty my families combin'd;
But by short views, and selfish passions, broke,
Dire as when friends are rankled into foes,
They mix'd severe, and wag'd eternal war;
Nor felt they, furious, their exhausted force;
Nor, with false glory, discord, madness blind,
Saw how the blackening storm from Thracia came.
Long years roll'd on, by many a battle stain'd,
The blush and boast of Fame! where courage, art,
And military glory, shone supreme:
But let detesting ages, from the scene
Of Greece self-mangled, turn the sickening eye.
At last, when bleeding from a thousand wounds,
She felt her spirits fail; and in the dust
Her latest heroes, Nicias, Conon, lay,
Agesilaus, and the Theban Friends:
The Macedonian vulture mark'd his time,
By the dire scent of Chæronea lur'd,
And, fierce-descending, seiz'd his hapless prey.
"Thus tame submitted to the victor's yoke
Greece, once the gay, the turbulent, the bold;
For every Grace, and Muse, and Science born;
With arts of war, of government, elate;
To tyrants dreadful, dreadful to the best;
Whom I myself could scarcely rule: and thus
The Persian fetters, that inthrall'd the mind,
Were turn'd to formal and apparent chains.
"Unless Corruption first deject the pride,
And guardian vigour of the free-born soul,
All crude attempts of violence are vain;
For, firm within, and while at heart untouch'd,
Ne'er yet by force was Freedom overcome.
But soon as Independence stoops the head,
To vice enslav'd, and vice-created wants;
Then to some foul corrupting hand, whose waste
These heighten'd wants with fatal bounty feeds:
From man to man the slackening ruin runs,
Till the whole state unnerv'd in slavery sinks."

NOTES ON PART II.

Ver. 57. Civil tyranny.

Ver. 63. The pyramids.

Ver. 65. The tyrants of Egypt.

Ver. 138. A mountain near Athens.

Ver. 142. Two rivers, betwixt which Athens was situated.

Ver. 157. The Areopagus, or supreme court of judicature, which Solon reformed, and improved: and the council of four hundred, by him instituted. In this council all affairs of state were deliberated, before they came to be voted in the assembly of the people.

Ver. 174. Or Olympia, the city where the Olympic games were celebrated.

Ver. 180. The straits of Thermopylæ.

Ver. 197. Xenophon.

Ver. 222. Socrates.

Ver. 272. Homer.

Ver. 323. When Demetrius besieged Rhodes, and could have reduced the city, by setting fire to that quarter of it where stood the house of the celebrated Protogenes; he chose rather to raise the siege than hazard the burning of a famous picture called Jalysus, the master-piece of that painter.

Ver. 442. So the kings of Persia were called by the Greeks.

Ver. 453. The peace made by Antalcidas, the Lacedemonian admiral, with the Persians; by which the Lacedemonians abandoned all the Greeks established in the lesser Asia to the dominion of the king of Persia.

Ver. 459. Athens had been dismantled by the Lacedemonians, at the end of the first Peloponnesian war, and was at this time restored by Conon to its former splendour.

Ver. 470. The Peloponnesian war.

Ver. 478. Pelopidas and Epaminondas.

Ver. 480. The battle of Chæronea, in which Philip of Macedon utterly defeated the Greeks.

ROME:

BEING THE THIRD PART OF

LIBERTY,

A POEM.

THE CONTENTS OF PART III.

As this part contains a description of the establishment of Liberty in Rome, it begins with a view of the Grecian colonies settled in the southern parts of Italy, which with Sicily constituted the Great Greece of the ancients. With these colonies the spirit of Liberty, and of republics, spreads over Italy; to ver. 32. Transition to Pythagoras and his philosophy, which he taught through those free states and cities; to ver. 71. Amidst the many small republics in Italy, Rome the destined seat of Liberty. Her establishment there dated from the expulsion of the Tarquins. How differing from that in Greece; to ver. 88. Reference to a view of the Roman republic given in the first part of this poem: to mark its rise and fall, the peculiar purport of this. During its first ages, the greatest force of Liberty and virtue exerted; to ver. 103. The source whence derived the heroic virtues of the Romans. Enumeration of these virtues. Thence their security at home; their glory, success, and empire, abroad; to ver. 226. Bounds of the Roman empire, geographically described; to ver. 257. The states of Greece restored to Liberty by Titus Quintus Flaminius, the highest instance of public generosity and beneficence; to ver. 328. The loss of Liberty in Rome. Its causes, progress, and completion in the death of Brutus; to ver. 485. Rome under the emperors; to ver. 513. From Rome the goddess of Liberty goes among the Northern Nations; where, by infusing into them her spirit and general principles, she lays the ground-work of her future establishments; sends them in vengeance on the Roman empire, now totally enslaved; and then, with arts and sciences in her train, quits Earth during the dark ages; to ver.

550. The celestial regions, to which Liberty retired, not proper to be opened to the view of mortals.

LIBERTY.

PART III.

Here melting mix'd with air th' ideal forms,
That painted still whate'er the goddess sung.
Then I, impatient: "From extinguish'd Greece,
To what new region stream'd the human day?"
She softly sighing, as when Zephyr leaves,
Resign'd to Boreas, the declining year,
Resum'd: "Indignant, these last scenes I fled;
And long ere then, Leucadia's cloudy cliff,
And the Ceraunian hills behind me thrown,
All Latium stood arous'd. Ages before,
Great mother of republics! Greece had pour'd,
Swarm after swarm, her ardent youth around,
On Asia, Afric, Sicily, they stoop'd,
But chief on fair Hesperia's winding shore;
Where, from Lacinium to Etrurian vales,
They roll'd increasing colonies along,
And lent materials for my Roman reign.
With them *my spirit* spread; and numerous states
And cities rose, on Grecian models form'd;
As its parental policy, and arts,
Each had imbib'd. Besides, to each assign'd
A guardian genius, o'er the public weal,
Kept an unclosing eye; try'd to sustain,
Or more sublime, the soul infus'd by me:
And strong the battle rose, with various wave,
Against the tyrant demons of the land.
Thus they their little wars and triumphs knew;
Their flows of fortune, and receding times,
But almost all below the proud regard
Of story vow'd to Rome, on deeds intent
That truth beyond the flight of fable bore.
"Not so the Samian sage; to him belongs
The brightest witness of recording fame.
For these free states his native isle forsook,
And a vain tyrant's transitory smile,
He sought Crotona's pure salubrious air,
And through Great Greece his gentle wisdom taught;
Wisdom that calm'd for listening years the mind,
Nor ever heard amid the storm of zeal,
His mental eye first lanch'd into the deeps
Of boundless ether; where unnumber'd orbs,
Myriads on myriads, through the pathless sky
Unerring roll, and wind their steady way.
There he the full consenting choir beheld;
There first discern'd the secret band of love,
The kind attraction, that to central suns
Binds circling earths, and world with world unites.
Instructed thence, he great ideas form'd
Of the whole-moving, all-informing God,
The Sun of beings! beaming unconfin'd
Light, life, and love, and ever-active power:
Whom nought can image, and who best approves
The silent worship of the moral heart,
That joys in bounteous Heaven, and spreads the joy.
Nor scorn'd the soaring sage to stoop to life,
And bound his reason to the sphere of man.
He gave the four yet reigning virtues name,
Inspir'd the study of the finer arts,
That civilize mankind, and laws devis'd
Where with enlighten'd justice mercy mix'd.
He ev'n, into his tender system, took
Whatever shares the brotherhood of life:
He taught that life's indissoluble flame,
From brute to man, and man to brute again,
For ever shifting, runs th' eternal round;
Thence try'd against the blood-polluted meal,
And limbs yet quivering with some kindred soul,
To turn the human heart. Delightful truth!
Had he beheld the living chain ascend,
And not a circling form, but rising whole.
"Amid these small republics one arose,
On yellow Tyber's bank, almighty Rome,
Fated for me. A nobler spirit warm'd
Her sons; and, rous'd by tyrants, nobler still
It burn'd in Brutus; the proud Tarquins chas'd,
With all their crimes; bade radiant eras rise,
And the long honours of the consul-line.
"Here, from the fairer, not the greater, plan
Of Greece I vary'd; whose unmixing states,
By the keen soul of emulation pierc'd,
Long wag'd alone the bloodless war of arts,
And their *best* empire gain'd. But to diffuse
O'er *men* an empire was my purpose now:
To let my martial majesty abroad;
Into the vortex of one state to draw
The whole mix'd force, and liberty, on Earth;
To conquer tyrants, and set nations free.
"Already have I given, with flying touch,
A broken view of this my amplest reign.
Now, while its first, last, periods you survey,
Mark how it labouring rose, and rapid fell.
"When Rome in noon-tide empire grasp'd the world,
And, soon as her resistless legions shone,
The nations stoop'd around; though then appear'd
Her grandeur most, yet in her dawn of power,
By many a jealous equal people press'd,
Then was the toil, the mighty struggle then;
Then for each Roman I an hero told;
And every passing sun, and Latian scene,
Saw patriot virtues then, and awful deeds,
That or surpass the faith of modern times,
Or, if believ'd, with sacred horrour strike.
"For then, to prove my most exalted power,
I to the point of full perfection push'd,
To fondness or enthusiastic zeal,
The great, the reigning passion of the free.
That godlike passion! which, the bounds of self
Divinely bursting, the whole public takes
Into the heart, enlarg'd, and burning high
With the mix'd ardour of unnumber'd selves;
Of all who safe beneath the voted laws
Of the same parent state, fraternal, live.
From this kind sun of moral nature flow'd
Virtues, that shine the light of human kind,
And, ray'd through story, warm remotest time.
These virtues too, reflected to their source,
Increas'd its flame. The social charm went round,
The fair idea, more attractive still,
As more by virtue mark'd: till Romans, all
One band of friends, unconquerable grew.
"Hence, when their country rais'd her plaintive voice,
The voice of pleading Nature was not heard;
And in their hearts the fathers throbb'd no more:
Stern to themselves, but gentle to the whole.
Hence sweeten'd pain, the luxury of toil;
Patience, that baffled Fortune's utmost rage;
High-minded Hope, which at the lowest ebb,
When Brennus conquer'd, and when Cannæ bled,
The bravest impulse felt, and scorn'd despair.

Hence Moderation a new conquest gain'd;
As on the vanquish'd, like descending Heaven,
Their dewy mercy dropp'd, their bounty beam'd.
And by the labouring hand were crowns bestow'd.
Fruitful of men, hence hard laborious life,
Which no fatigue can quell, no season pierce.
Hence, Independence, with his little pleas'd,
Serene, and self-sufficient, like a god;
In whom Corruption could not lodge one charm,
While he his honest roots to gold preferr'd;
While truly rich, and by his Sabine field,
The man maintain'd, the Roman's splendour all
Was in the public wealth and glory plac'd:
Or ready, a rough swain, to guide the plough;
Or else, the purple o'er his shoulder thrown,
In long majestic flow, to rule the state,
With Wisdom's purest eye; or, clad in steel,
To drive the steady battle on the foe.
Hence every passion, ev'n the proudest, stoop'd,
To common good: Camillus, thy revenge;
Thy glory, Fabius. All submissive hence,
Consuls, dictators, still resign'd their rule,
The very moment that the laws ordain'd.
Though Conquest o'er them clapp'd her eagle-wings,
Her laurels wreath'd, and yok'd her snowy steeds
To the triumphal car; soon as expir'd
The latest hour of sway, taught to submit
(A harder lesson that than to command)
Into the private Roman sunk the chief.
If Rome was serv'd, and glorious, careless they
By whom. Their country's fame they deem'd their own;
And, above envy, in a rival's train,
Sung the loud Iös by themselves deserv'd.
Hence matchless courage. On Cremera's bank,
Hence fell the Fabii; hence the Decii dy'd;
And Curtius plung'd into the flaming gulf.
Hence Regulus the wavering fathers firm'd,
By dreadful counsel never given before,
For Roman honour sued, and his own doom.
Hence he sustain'd to dare a death prepar'd
By Punic rage. On earth his manly look
Relentless fix'd, he from a last embrace,
By chains polluted, put his wife aside,
His little children climbing for a kiss;
Then dumb through rows of weeping wondering friends,
A new illustrious exile! press'd along.
Nor less impatient did he pierce the crowds
Opposing his return, than if, escap'd
From long litigious suits, he glad forsook
The noisy town a while, and city cloud,
To breath Venafrian, or Tarentine air.
Need I these high particulars recount?
The meanest bosom felt a thirst for fame;
Flight their worst death, and shame their only fear.
Life had no charms, nor any terrours fate,
When Rome and glory call'd. But, in one view,
Mark the rare boast of these unequal'd times.
Ages revolv'd unsully'd by a crime:
Astrea reign'd, and scarcely needed laws
To bind a race elated with the pride
Of virtue, and disdaining to descend
To meanness, mutual violence, and wrongs.
While war around them rag'd, in happy Rome
All peaceful smil'd, all save the passing clouds
That often hang on Freedom's jealous brow!
And fair unblemish'd centuries elaps'd,
When not a Roman bled but in the field.
Their virtue such, that an unbalanc'd state,
Still between noble and plebeian tost,
As flow'd the wave of fluctuating power,
Was thence kept firm, and with triumphant prow
Rode out the storms. Oft though the native feuds,
That from the first their constitution shook,
(A latent ruin, growing as it grew)
Stood on the threatening point of civil war
Ready to rush: yet could the lenient voice
Of wisdom, soothing the tumultuous soul,
Those sons of virtue calm. Their generous hearts,
Unpetrify'd by self, so naked lay,
And sensible to truth, that o'er the rage
Of giddy faction, by oppression swell'd,
Prevail'd a simple fable, and at once
To peace recover'd the divided state.
But if their often-cheated hopes refus'd
The soothing touch; still, in the love of Rome,
The dread dictator found a sure resource.
Was she assaulted? was her glory stain'd?
One common quarrel wide-inflam'd the whole.
Foes in the forum in the field were friends,
By social danger bound; each fond for each,
And for their dearest country all, to die.
"Thus up the hill of empire slow they toil'd:
Till, the bold summit gain'd, the thousand states
Of proud Italia blended into one;
Then o'er the nations they resistless rush'd,
And touch'd the limits of the failing world.
"Let Fancy's eye the distant lines unite.
See that which borders wild the western main,
Where storms at large resound, and tides immense:
From Caledonia's dim cerulean coast,
And moist Hibernia, to where Atlas, lodg'd
Amid the restless clouds, and leaning heaven,
Hangs o'er the deep that borrows thence its name.
Mark that oppos'd, where first the springing Morn
Her roses sheds, and shakes around her dews:
From the dire deserts by the Caspian lav'd,
To where the Tigris and Euphrates, join'd,
Impetuous tear the Babylonian plain;
And blest Arabia aromatic breathes.
See that dividing far the watery north,
Parent of floods! from the majestic Rhine,
Drunk by Batavian meads, to where, seven-mouth'd,
In Euxine waves the flashing Danube roars;
To where the frozen Tanaïs scarcely stirs
The dead Meotic pool, or the long Rha,
In the black Scythian sea his torrent throws.
Last, that beneath the burning zone behold.
See where it runs, from the deep-loaded plains
Of Mauritania to the Libyan sands,
Where Ammon lifts amid the torrid waste
A verdant isle, with shade and fountain fresh;
And farther to the full Egyptian shore,
To where the Nile from Ethiopian clouds,
His never-drain'd ethereal urn, descends.
In this vast space what various tongues, and states!
What bounding rocks, and mountains, floods and seas!
What purple tyrants quell'd, and nations freed!
"O'er Greece descended chief, with stealth divine,
The Roman bounty in a flood of day:
As at her Isthmian games, a fading pomp!
Her full-assembled youth innumerous swarm'd.
On a tribunal rais'd Flaminius sat;
A victor he, from the deep phalanx pierc'd
Of iron-coated Macedon, and back
The Grecian tyrant to his bounds repell'd.
In the high thoughtless gaiety of game,
While sport alone their unambitious hearts
Possess'd; the sudden trumpet, sounding hoarse,

Pade silence o'er the bright assembly reign.
Then thus a herald.—'To the states of Greece!
The Roman people, unconfin'd, restore
Their countries, cities, liberties, and laws:
Taxes remit, and garrisons withdraw.'
The crowd astonish'd half, and half inform'd,
Star'd dubious round; some question'd, some exclaim'd,
(Like one who dreaming, between hope and fear,
Is lost in anxious joy) 'Be that again,
Be that again proclaim'd, distinct, and loud.'
Loud, and distinct, it was again proclaim'd;
And still as midnight in the rural shade,
When the gale slumbers, they the words devour'd.
A while severe amazement held them mute,
Then, bursting broad, the boundless shout to Heaven
From many a thousand hearts ecstatic sprung.
On every hand rebellow'd to their joy
The swelling sea, the rocks, and vocal hills:
Through all her turrets stately Corinth shook;
And, from the void above of shatter'd air,
The flitting bird fell breathless to the ground.
What piercing bliss! how keen a sense of fame,
Did then, Flaminius, reach thy inmost soul!
And with what deep-felt glory didst thou then
Escape the fondness of transported Greece!
Mix'd in a tempest of superior joy,
They left the sports; like Bacchanals they flew,
Each other straining in a strict embrace,
Nor strain'd a slave; and loud acclaims till night
Round the proconsul's tent repeated rung.
Then, crown'd with garlands, came the festive Hours;
And music, sparkling wine, and converse warm,
Their raptures wak'd anew.—'Ye gods!' they cry'd,
'Ye guardian gods of Greece! And are we free?
Was it not madness deem'd the very thought?
And is it true? How did we purchase chains?
At what a dire expense of kindred blood?
And are they now dissolv'd? And scarce one drop
For the fair first of blessings have we paid?
Courage, and conduct, in the doubtful field,
When rages wide the storm of mingling war,
Are rare indeed; but how to generous ends
To turn success, and conquest, rarer still:
That the great gods and Romans only know.
Lives there on Earth, almost to Greece unknown,
A people so magnanimous, to quit
Their native soil, traverse the stormy deep,
And by their blood and treasure, spent for us,
Redeem our states, our liberties, and laws!
There does! there does! oh, saviour Titus! Rome!'
Thus through the happy night they pour'd their souls,
And in my last reflected beams rejoic'd.
As when the Shepherd, on the mountain brow,
Sits piping to his flocks, and gamesome kids;
Meantime the Sun, beneath the green Earth sunk,
Slants upward o'er the scene a parting gleam:
Short is the glory that the mountain gilds,
Plays on the glittering flocks, and glads the swain;
To western worlds irrevocable roll'd,
Rapid, the source of light recalls his ray."
Here interposing I.—"Oh, queen of men!
Beneath whose sceptre in essential rights
Equal they live; though plac'd, for common good,
Various, or in subjection, or command;
And that by common choice: alas! the scene,
With virtue, freedom, and with glory bright,
Streams into blood, and darkens into woe."
Thus she pursued.—"Near this great era, Rome
Began to feel the swift approach of fate,
That now her vitals gain'd; still more and more
Her deep divisions kindling into rage,
And war with chains and desolation charg'd.
From an unequal balance of her powers
These fierce contentions sprung; and, as increas'd
This hated inequality, more fierce
They flam'd to tumult. Independence fail'd;
Here by luxurious wants, by rest there;
And with this virtue every virtue sunk.
As, with the sliding rock, the pile sustain'd
A last attempt, too late, the Gracchi made
To fix the flying scale, and poise the state.
On one side swell'd aristocratic pride;
With Usury, the villain! whose fell gripe
Bends by degrees to baseness the free soul;
And Luxury rapacious, cruel, mean,
Mother of vice! while on the other crept
A populace in want, with pleasure fir'd;
Fit for proscriptions, for the darkest deeds,
As the proud feeder bade: inconstant, blind,
Deserting friends at need, and dup'd by foes;
Loud and seditious, when a chief inspir'd
Their headlong fury, but, of him depriv'd,
Already slaves that lick'd the scourging hand.
This firm republic, that against the blast
Of opposition rose; that (like an oak,
Nurs'd on feracious Algidum, whose boughs
Still stronger shoot beneath the rigid axe)
By loss, by slaughter, from the steel itself,
Ev'n force and spirit drew; smit with the calm,
The dead serene of prosperous fortune, pin'd.
Nought now her weighty legions could oppose;
Her terrour once on Afric's tawny shore,
Now smok'd in dust, a stabling now for wolves;
And every dreaded power receiv'd the yoke.
Besides, destructive, from the conquer'd east,
In the soft plunder came that worst of plagues,
That pestilence of mind, a fever'd thirst
For the false joys which luxury prepares.
Unworthy joys! that wasteful leave behind
No mark of honour, in reflecting hour,
No secret ray to glad the conscious soul;
At once involving in one ruin wealth,
And wealth-acquiring powers: while stupid self,
Of narrow gust, and hebetating sense
Devour the nobler faculties of bliss.
Hence Roman virtue slacken'd into sloth;
Security relax'd the softening state;
And the broad eye of government lay clos'd;
No more the laws inviolable reign'd,
And public weal no more: but party rag'd;
And partial power, and licence unrestrain'd,
Let discord through the deathful city loose.
First, mild Tiberius, on thy sacred head
The fury's vengeance fell; the first, whose blood
Had since the consuls stain'd contending Rome.
Of precedent pernicious! with thee led
Three hundred Romans; with thy brother, next,
Three thousand more; till, into battles turn'd
Debates of peace, and fore'd the trembling laws,
The forum and comitia horrid grew,
A scene of barter'd power, or reeking gore.
When, half-asham'd, Corruption's thievish arts,
And ruffian force began to sap the mounds
And majesty of laws; if not in time
Repress'd severe, for human aid too strong
The torrent turns, and overbears the whole.

" Thus luxury, dissension, a mix'd rage
Of boundless pleasure and of boundless wealth,
Want wishing change, and waste repairing war,
Rapine for ever lost to peaceful toil,
Guilt unaton'd, profuse of blood revenge,
Corruption all avow'd, and lawless force,
Each heightening each, alternate shook the state.
Meantime ambition, at the dazzling head
Of hardy legions, with the laurels heap'd
And spoil of nations, in one circling blast
Combin'd in various storm, and from its base
The broad republic tore. By virtue built,
It touch'd the skies, and spread o'er shelter'd Earth
An ample roof: by virtue too sustain'd,
And balanc'd steady, every tempest sung
Innoxious by, or bade it firmer stand.
But when, with sudden and enormous change,
The first of mankind sunk into the last,
As once in virtue, so in vice extreme,
This universal fabric yielded loose,
Before ambition still; and thundering down,
At last, beneath its ruins crush'd a world.
A conquering people, to themselves a prey,
Must ever fall; when their victorious troops,
In blood and rapine savage grown, can find
No land to sack and pillage but their own.
" By brutal Marius, and keen Sylla, first
Effus'd the deluge dire of civil blood,
Unceasing woes began, and this, or that,
(Deep-drenching their revenge) nor virtue spar'd,
Nor sex, nor age, nor quality, nor name,
Till Rome, into an human shambles turn'd,
Made deserts lovely.—Oh, to well-earn'd chains
Devoted race!—If no true Roman then,
No Scævola there was, to raise for Me
A vengeful hand: was there no father, robb'd
Of blooming youth to prop his wither'd age?
No son, a witness to his hoary sire
In dust and gore defil'd? no friend, forlorn?
No wretch that doubtful trembled for himself?
None brave, or wild, to pierce a monster's heart,
Who, heaping horrour round, no more deserv'd
The sacred shelter of the laws he spurn'd?
No. Sad o'er all profound dejection sat,
And nerveless fear. The slave's asylum theirs:
Or flight, ill-judging, that the timid back
Turns weak to slaughter; or partaken guilt.
In vain from Sylla's vanity I drew
An unexampled deed. The power resign'd,
And all unhop'd the common-wealth restor'd,
Amaz'd the public, and effac'd his crimes.
Through streets yet streaming from his murderous
Unarm'd he stray'd, unguarded, unassail'd, [hand
And on the bed of peace his ashes laid:
A grace, which I to his demission gave.
But with him dy'd not the despotic soul.
Ambition saw that stooping Rome could bear
A master, *nor had virtue to be free.*
Hence, for succeeding years, my troubled reign
No certain peace, no spreading prospect, knew.
Destruction gather'd round. Still the black soul,
Or of a Cataline, or Rullus, swell'd
With fell designs; and all the watchful art
Of Cicero demanded, all the force,
All the state-wielding magic of his tongue;
And all the thunder of my Cato's zeal.
With these I linger'd; till the flame anew
Burst out in blaze immense, and wrapt the world.
The shameful contest sprung, to whom mankind
Should yield the neck: to Pompey, who conceal'd
A rage impatient of an equal name;
Or to the nobler Cæsar, on whose brow
O'er daring vice deluding virtue smil'd,
And who no less a vain superior scorn'd.
Both bled, but bled in vain. New traitors rose,
The venal WILL *be bought, the base have lords.*
To these vile wars I left ambitious slaves;
And from Philippi's field, from where in dust
The last of Romans, matchless Brutus! lay,
Spread to the north untam'd a rapid wing.
" What though the first smooth Cæsar's arts
Merit and virtue, simulating me? [caress'd,
Severely tender! cruelly humane!
The chain to clinch, and make it softer sit
On the new-broken still ferocious state.
From the dark third, succeeding, I beheld
Th' imperial monsters all.—A race on Earth
Vindictive, sent the scourge of human-kind!
Whose blind profusion drain'd a bankrupt world;
Whose lust to forming Nature seems disgrace;
And whose infernal rage bade every drop
Of ancient blood, that yet retain'd my flame,
To that of Pætus, in the peaceful bath,
Or Rome's affrighted streets, inglorious flow.
But almost just the meanly-patient death,
That waits a tyrant's unprevented stroke.
Titus indeed gave one short evening gleam;
More cordial felt, as in the midst it spread
Of storm, and horrour. The delight of men;
He who the day, when his o'erflowing hand
Had made no happy heart, concluded lost;
Trajan and he, with the mild sire and son,
His son of virtue! eas'd awhile mankind;
And arts reviv'd beneath their gentle beam.
Then was their last effort: what sculpture rais'd
To Trajan's glory, following triumphs stole;
And mix'd with Gothic forms, (the chissel's shame)
On that triumphal arch, the forms of Greece.
" Meantime o'er rocky Thrace, and the deep
Of gelid Hemus, I pursued my flight; [vales
And, piercing farthest Scythia, westward swept
Sarmatia, trav:rs'd by a thousand streams,
A sullen land of lakes, and fens immense,
Of rocks, resounding torrents, gloomy heaths,
And cruel deserts black with sounding pine;
Where Nature frowns: though sometimes into
smiles
She softens; and immediate, at the touch
Of southern gales, throws from the sudden glebe
Luxuriant pasture, and a waste of flowers.
But, cold-comprest, when the whole loaded heaven
Descends in snow, lost in one white abrupt,
Lies undistinguish'd earth; and, seiz'd by frost,
Lakes, headlong streams, and floods, and oceans
sleep,
Yet there life glows; the furry millions there,
Deep-dig their dens beneath the sheltering snows:
And there a race of men prolific swarms,
To various pain, to little pleasure us'd;
On whom, keen-parching beat Riphæan winds;
Hard like their soil, and like their climate fierce,
The nursery of nations!—These I rous'd,
Drove land on land, on people people pour'd;
Till from almost perpetual night they broke,
As if in search of day; and o'er the banks
Of yielding empire, only slave-sustain'd,
Resistless rag'd, in vengeance urg'd by me.
" Long in the barbarous heart the bury'd seeds
Of freedom lay, for many a wintery age;
And though my spirit work'd, by slow degrees,

Nought but its pride and fierceness yet appear'd.
Then was the night of time, that parted worlds.
I quitted Earth the while. As when the tribes
Aërial, warn'd of rising winter, ride
Autumnal winds, to warmer climates borne;
So, arts and each good genius in my train,
I cut the closing gloom, and soar'd to Heaven.
" In the bright regions there of purest day,
Far other scenes, and palaces, arise,
Adorn'd profuse with other arts divine.
All beauty here below, to them compar'd,
Would, like a rose before the mid-day Sun,
Shrink up its blossom; like a bubble, break
The passing poor magnificence of kings.
For there the King of Nature, in full blaze,
Calls every splendour forth; and there his court
Amid ethereal powers, and virtues, holds:
Angel, archangel, tutelary gods,
Of cities, nations, empires, and of worlds.
But sacred be the veil, that kindly clouds
A light too keen for mortals: wraps a view
Too softening fair, for those that here in dust
Must cheerful toil out their appointed years.
A sense of higher life would only damp
The school-boy's task, and spoil his playful hours.
Nor could the child of reason, feeble man,
With vigour through this infant being drudge;
Did brighter worlds, their unimagin'd bliss
Disclosing, dazzle and dissolve his mind."

NOTES ON PART III.

Ver. 7. The last struggles of liberty in Greece.

Ver. 15. A promontory in Calabria.

Ver. 32. Pythagoras.

Ver. 34. Samos, over which then reigned the tyrant Polycrates.

Ver. 37. The southern parts of Italy, and Sicily, so called because of the Grecian colonies there settled.

Ver. 38. His scholars were enjoined silence for five years.

Ver. 57. The four cardinal virtues.

Ver. 244. The ancient name of the Volga.

Ver. 245. The Caspian sea.

Ver. 264. The king of Macedonia.

Ver. 286. The Isthmian games were celebrated at Corinth.

Ver. 369. Carthage.

Ver. 390. Tib. Gracchus.

Ver. 465. Pub. Servilius Rullus, tribune of the people, proposed an Agrarian Law, in appearance very advantageous for the people, but destructive of their liberty; and which was defeated by the eloquence of Cicero, in his speech against Rullus.

Ver. 489. Tiberius.

Ver. 496. Thrasea Pætus, put to death by Nero. Tacitus introduces the account he gives of his death thus.—" After having inhumanly slaughtered so many illustrious men, he (Nero) burned at last with a desire of cutting off virtue itself in the person of Thrasea, &c."

Ver. 505. Antoninus Pius, and his adopted son Marcus Aurelius, afterwards called Antoninus Philosophus.

Ver. 511. Constantine's arch, to build which, that of Trajan was destroyed, sculpture having been then almost entirely lost.

Ver. 515. The ancient Sarmatia contained a vast tract of country running all along the north of Europe, and Asia.

BRITAIN:

BEING THE FOURTH PART OF

LIBERTY,

A POEM.

THE CONTENTS OF PART IV.

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LIBERTY.

PART IV.

STRUCK with the rising scene, thus I amaz'd:
" Ah, goddess, what a change! Is Earth the same?
Of the same kind the ruthless race she feeds?
And does the same fair Sun and ether spread
Round this vile spot their all-enlivening soul?
Lo! beauty fails; lost in unlovely forms
Of little pomp, magnificence no more
Exalts the mind, and bids the public smile:
While to rapacious interest glory leaves
Mankind, and every grace of life is gone."
To this the power, whose vital radiance calls
From the brute mass of man an order'd world:
" Wait till the morning shines, and from the depth
Of Gothic darkness springs another day.
True genius droops; the tender ancient taste
Of beauty, then fresh-blooming in her prime,
But faintly trembles through the callous soul,
And grandeur, or of morals, or of life,
Sinks into safe pursuits, and creeping cares.
Ev'n cautious virtue seems to stoop her flight,
And aged life to deem the generous deeds
Of youth romantic. Yet in cooler thought
Well-reason'd, in researches piercing deep
Through Nature's works, in profitable arts,
And all that calm experience can disclose,
(Slow guide, but sure) behold the world anew

Exalted rise, with other honours crown'd;
And, where my Spirit wakes the finer powers,
Athenian laurels still afresh shall bloom.
" Oblivious ages pass'd; while Earth, forsook
By her best genii, lay to demons foul,
And unchain'd furies, an abandon'd prey.
Contention led the van; first small of size,
But soon dilating to the skies she towers:
Then, wide as air, the livid fury spread,
And high her head above the stormy clouds,
She blaz'd in omens, swell'd the groaning winds
With wild surmises, battlings, sounds of war:
From land to land the maddening trumpet blew,
And pour'd her venom through the heart of man.
Shook to the pole, the north obey'd her call.
Forth rush'd the bloody power of Gothic war,
War against human kind: Rapine, that led
Millions of raging robbers in his train:
Unlistening, barbarous Force, to whom the sword
Is reason, honour, law: the foe of arts
By monsters follow'd, hideous to behold,
That claim'd their place. Outrageous mix'd with
Another species of tyrannic rule, [these
Unknown before, whose cancrous shackles seiz'd
Th' envenom'd soul: a wilder fury, she
Ev'n o'er her elder sister tyranniz'd;
Or, if perchance agreed, inflam'd her rage,
Dire was her train, and loud; the sable band,
Thundering,—' Submit, ye laity! ye prophane!
Earth is the Lord's, and therefore ours; let kings
Allow the common claim, and half be theirs;
If not, behold! the sacred lightning flies:'
Scholastic Discord, with an hundred tongues,
For science uttering jangling words obscure,
Where frighted Reason never yet could dwell:
Of peremptory feature, Cleric Pride,
Whose reddening cheek no contradiction bears,
And Holy Slander, his associate firm,
On whom the *lying spirit* still descends:
Mother of tortures! Persecuting Zeal,
High-flashing in her hand the ready torch,
Or poniard bath'd in unbelieving blood;
Hell's fiercest fiend! of saintly brow demure,
Assuming a celestial seraph's name,
While she beneath the blasphemous pretence
Of pleasing Parent Heaven, the *source of love!*
Has wrought more horrours, more detested deeds,
Than all the rest combin'd. Led on by her,
And wild of head to work her fell designs,
Came idiot Superstition; round with ears
Innumerous strow'd, ten thousand monkish forms
With legends ply'd them, and with tenets, meant
To charm or scare the simple into slaves,
And poison reason; gross, she swallows all,
The most absurd believing ever most.
Broad o'er the whole her universal night,
The gloom still doubling, Ignorance diffus'd.
Nought to be seen, but visionary monks
To councils strolling, and embroiling creeds;
Banditti saints, disturbing distant lands;
And unknown nations, wandering for a home.
All lay revers'd: the sacred arts of rule
Turn'd to flagitious leagues against mankind,
And arts of plunder more and more avow'd;
Pure plain devotion to a solemn farce;
To holy dotage virtue, ev'n to guile,
To murder, and a mockery of oaths;
Brave ancient freedom to the rage of slaves,
Proud of their state, and fighting for their chains;
Dishonour'd courage to the bravo's trade,
To civil broil; and glory to romance.
Thus human life unhing'd to ruin reel'd,
And giddy Reason totter'd on her throne.
At last Heaven's best inexplicable scheme,
Disclosing, bade new brightening eras smile.
The high command gone forth, Arts in my train,
And azure-mantled Science, swift we spread
A sounding pinion. Eager pity, mixt
With indignation, urg'd her downward flight.
On Latium first we stoop'd, for doubtful life
That panted, sunk beneath unnumber'd woes.
Ah, poor Italia! what a bitter cup [Huns,
Of vengeance hast thou drain'd! Goths, Vandals,
Lombards, barbarians broke from every land,
How many a ruffian form hast thou beheld!
What horrid jargons heard, where rage alone
Was all thy frighted ear could comprehend!
How frequent by the red inhuman hand,
Yet warm with brother's, husband's, father's blood,
Hast thou thy matrons and thy virgins seen
To violation dragg'd, and mingled death!
What conflagrations, earthquakes, ravage, floods,
Have turn'd thy cities into stony wilds;
And succourless, and bare, the poor remains
Of wretches forth to nature's common cast!
Added to these, the still continued waste
Of inbred foes, that on thy vitals prey,
And, double tyrants, seize the very soul.
Where hadst thou treasures for this rapine all?
These hungry myriads, that thy bowels tore,
Heap'd sack on sack, and bury'd in their rage
Wonders of art; whence this grey scene a mine
Of more than gold becomes and orient gems,
Where Egypt, Greece, and Rome, united glow.
" Here Sculpture, Painting, Architecture, bent
From ancient models to restore their arts,
Remain'd. A little trace we how they rose.
" Amid the hoary ruins Sculpture first,
Deep-digging, from the cavern dark and damp,
Their grave for ages, bid her marble race
Spring to new light. Joy sparkled in her eyes,
And old remembrance thrill'd in every thought,
As she the pleasing resurrection saw.
In leaning site, respiring from his toils,
The well-known hero, who deliver'd Greece,
His ample chest, all tempested with force,
Unconquerable rear'd. She saw the head,
Breathing the hero, small, of Grecian size,
Scarce more extensive than the sinewy neck;
The spreading shoulders, muscular, and broad;
The whole a mass of swelling sinews, touch'd
Into harmonious shape; she saw, and joy'd.
The yellow hunter, Meleager, rais'd [150
His beauteous front, and through the finish'd whole
Shows what ideas smil'd of old in Greece.
Of raging aspect, rush'd impetuous forth
The Gladiator. Pityless his look,
And each keen sinew brac'd, the storm of war,
Ruffling, o'er all his nervous body frowns.
The dying Otho from the gloom she drew.
Supported on his shorten'd arm he leans,
Prone agonizing; with incumbent fate,
Heavy declines his head; yet dark beneath
The suffering feature sullen vengeance lowers,
Shame, indignation, unaccomplish'd rage,
And still the cheated eye expects his fall.
All conquest-flush'd, from prostrate Python, came
The Quiver'd God. In graceful act he stands,
His arm extended with the slacken'd bow.
Light flows his easy robe, and fair displays

A manly-soften'd form. The bloom of gods
Seems youthful o'er the beardless cheek to wave.
His features yet heroic ardour warms;
And sweet subsiding to a native smile,
Mixt with the joy elating conquest gives,
A scatter'd frown exalts his matchless air.
On Flora mov'd; her full-proportion'd limbs
Rise through the mantle fluttering in the breeze.
The queen of Love arose, as from the deep
She sprung in all the melting pomp of charms.
Bashful she bends, her well-taught look aside
Turns in enchanting guise, where dubious mix
Vain conscious beauty, a dissembled sense
Of modest shame, and slippery looks of love.
The gazer grows enamour'd, and the stone,
As if exulting in its conquest, smiles.
So turn'd each limb, so swell'd with softening art,
That the deluded eye the marble doubts.
At last her utmost master-piece she found,
That Maro fir'd; the miserable sire,
Wrapt with his sons in fate's severest grasp.
The serpents, twisting round, their stringent folds
Inextricable tie. Such passion here,
Such agonies, such bitterness of pain,
Seem so to tremble through the tortur'd stone,
That the touch'd heart engrosses all the view.
Almost unmark'd the best proportions pass,
That ever Greece beheld; and, seen alone,
On the rapt eye th' imperious passions seize:
The father's double pangs, both for himself
And sons convuls'd: to Heaven his rueful look,
Imploring aid, and half-accusing, cast;
His fell despair with indignation mixt,
As the strong-curling monsters from his side
His full-extended fury cannot tear.
More tender touch'd, with varied art, his sons
All the soft rage of younger passions show.
In a boy's helpless fate one sinks oppress'd!
While, yet unpierc'd, the frighted other tries
His foot to steal out of the horrid twine.

"She bore no more, but straight from Gothic rust
Her chisel clear'd, and dust and fragments drove
Impetuous round. Successive as it went,
From son to son, with more enlivening touch,
From the brute rock it call'd the breathing form;
Till, in a legislator's awful grace
Dress'd, Buonaroti bid a Moses rise,
And, looking love immense, a Saviour-God.

"Of these observant, Painting felt the fire
Burn inward. Then ecstatic she diffus'd
The canvas, seiz'd the pallet, with quick hand
The colours brew'd; and on the void expanse
Her gay creation pour'd, her mimic world.
Poor was the manner of her eldest race,
Barren, and dry; just struggling from the taste,
That had for ages scar'd in cloysters dim
The superstitious herd: yet glorious then
Were deem'd their works; where undevelop'd lay
The future wonders that enrich'd mankind,
And a new light and grace o'er Europe cast.
Arts gradual gather streams. Enlarging this
To each his portion of her various gifts
The goddess dealt, to none indulging all;
No, not to Raphael. At kind distance still
Perfection stands, like happiness, to tempt
Th' eternal chase. In elegant design
Improving Nature; in ideas fair,
Or great, extracted from the fine antique;
In attitude, expression, airs divine,
Her sons of Rome and Florence bore the prize.
To those of Venice she the magic art
Of colours melting into colours gave.
Theirs too it was by one embracing mass
Of light and shade that settles round the whole,
Or varies tremulous from part to part,
O'er all a binding harmony to throw,
To raise the picture, and repose the sight.
The Lombard school succeeding, mingled both.

"Meantime dread fanes, and palaces, around,
Rear'd the magnific front. Music again
Her universal language of the heart
Renew'd; and, rising from the plaintive vale,
To the full concert spread, and solemn quire.

"Ev'n bigots smil'd; to their protection took
Arts not their own, and from them borrow'd pomp:
For in a tyrant's garden these a while
May bloom, though freedom be their parent soil.

"And now confest, with gently-glowing gleam,
The morning shone, and westward stream'd its light.
The Muse awoke. Not sooner on the wing
Is the gay bird of dawn. Artless her voice,
Untaught and wild, yet warbling through the woods
Romantic lays. But as her northern course
She, with her tutor Science, in my train,
Ardent pursu'd, her strains more noble grew:
While reason drew the plan, the heart inform'd
The moral page, and fancy lent it grace.

"Rome and her circling deserts cast behind,
I pass'd not idle to my great sojourn.

"On Arno's fertile plain, where the rich vine
Luxuriant o'er Etrurian mountains roves,
Safe in the lap repos'd of private bliss,
I small republics rais'd. Thrice happy they!
Had social freedom bound their peace, and arts,
Instead of ruling power, ne'er meant for them,
Employ'd their little cares, and sav'd their fate.

"Beyond the rugged Apennines, that roll
Far through Italian bounds their wavy tops,
My path too I with public blessings strow'd;
Free states and cities, where the Lombard plain,
In spite of culture negligent and gross,
From her deep bosom pours unbidden joys,
And green o'er all the land a garden spreads.

"The barren rocks themselves beneath my foot
Relenting bloom'd on the Ligurian shore.
Thick-swarming people there, like emmets, seiz'd
Amid surrounding cliffs, the scatter'd spots,
Which Nature left in her destroying rage,
Made their own fields, nor sigh'd for other lands.
There, in white prospect, from the rocky hill,
Gradual descending to the shelter'd shore,
By me proud Genoa's marble turrets rose.
And while my genuine spirit warm'd her sons,
Beneath her Dorias, not unworthy, she
Vy'd for the trident of the narrow seas,
Ere Britain yet had open'd all the main.

"Nor be the then triumphant state forgot,
Where, push'd from plunder'd earth, a remnant still,
Inspir'd by me, through the dark ages kept
Of my old Roman flame some sparks alive:
The seeming god-built city I watch my hand.
Deep in the bosom fix'd of wondering seas.
Astonish'd mortals sail'd, with pleasing awe,
Around the sea-girt walls, by Neptune fenc'd,
And down the briny street; where on each hand,
Amazing seen amid unstable waves,
The splendid palace shines; and rising tides,
The green steps marking, murmur at the door.
To this fair queen of Adria's stormy gulf,
The mart of nations! long, obedient seas

...'d all the treasure of the radiant East;
...now no more. Than one great tyrant worse
(Whose shar'd oppression lightens, as diffus'd)
Each subject tearing, many tyrants rose.
The least the proudest. Join'd in dark cabal,
They jealous, watchful, silent, and severe,
Cast o'er the whole indissoluble chains:
The softer shackles of luxurious ease
They likewise added, to secure their sway.
Thus Venice fainter shines; and commerce thus,
Of toil impatient, flags the drooping sail.
Bursting, besides, his ancient bounds, he took
A larger circle; found another seat,
Opening a thousand ports, and, charm'd with toil,
Whom nothing can dismay, far other sons.
"The mountains then, clad with eternal snow,
Confess'd my power. Deep as the rampant rocks,
By Nature thrown insuperable round,
I planted there a league of friendly states,
And bade plain freedom their ambition be.
There in the vale, where rural Plenty fills, [horn,
From lakes and meads, and furrow'd fields, her
Chief, where the Leman pure emits the Rhone,
Rare to be seen! unguilty cities rise,
Cities of brothers form'd: while equal life,
Accorded gracious with revolving power,
Maintains them free; and, in their happy streets,
Nor cruel deed nor misery is known.
For valour, faith, and innocence of life,
Renown'd, a rough laborious people, there,
Not only give the dreadful Alps to smile,
And press their culture on retiring snows;
But, to firm order train'd and patient war,
They likewise know, beyond the nerve remiss
Of mercenary force, how to defend
The tasteful little their hard toil has earn'd,
And the proud arm of Bourbon to defy.
"Ev'n, cheer'd by me, their shaggy mountains charm,
More than on Gallic or Italian plains; [charm,
And sickening fancy oft, when absent long,
Pines to behold their Alpine views again:
The hollow-winding stream: the vale, fair spread,
Amid an amphitheatre of hills: [springs:
Whence, vapour-wing'd, the sudden tempest
From steep to steep ascending, the gay train
Of fogs, thick-roll'd into romantic shapes:
The flitting cloud, against the summit dash'd;
And, by the Sun illumin'd, pouring bright
A gemmy shower: hung o'er amazing rocks,
The mountain ash, and solemn-sounding pine:
The snow-fed torrent, in white mazes tost,
Down to the clear etherial lake below:
And, high o'er-topping all the broken scene,
The mountain fading into sky; where shines
On winter winter shivering, and whose top
Licks from their cloudy magazine the snows.
"From these descending, as I wav'd my course
O'er vast Germania, the ferocious nurse
Of hardy men and hearts affronting Death,
I gave some favour'd cities there to lift
A nobler brow, and through their swarming streets,
More busy, wealthy, cheerful, and alive,
In each contented face to look my soul. [storm,
"Thence the loud Baltic passing, black with
To wintery Scandinavia's utmost bound;
There, I the manly race, the parent-hive
Of the mix'd kingdoms, form'd into a state
More regularly free. By keener air
Their genius purg'd, and temper'd hard by frost,
Tempest and toil their nerves, the sons of those
Whose only terrour was a bloodless death,
They wise, and dauntless, still sustain my cause.
Yet there I fix'd not. Turning to the south,
The whispering zephyrs sigh'd at my delay."
Here, with the shifted vision, burst my joy.
"O the dear prospect! O majestic view!
See Britain's empire! lo! the watery vast
Wide-waves, diffusing the cerulean plain.
And now, methinks, like clouds at distance seen,
Emerging white from deeps of ether, dawn
My kindred cliffs; whence, wafted in the gale,
Ineffable, a secret sweetness breathes.
Goddess, forgive!—My heart, surpriz'd, o'erflows
With filial fondness for the land you bless."
As parents to a child complacent deign
Approvance, the celestial brightness smil'd;
Then thus: "As o'er the wave-resounding deep,
To my near reign, the happy isle, I steer'd
With easy wing; behold! from surge to surge,
Stalk'd the tremendous genius of the deep.
Around him clouds, in mingled tempest, hung;
Thick-flashing meteors crown'd his starry head;
And ready thunder redden'd in his hand,
Or from it stream'd comprest the gloomy cloud.
Where'er he look'd, the trembling waves recoil'd.
He needs but strike the conscious flood, and shook
From shore to shore, in agitation dire,
It works his dreadful will. To me his voice
(Like that hoarse blast that round the cavern howls,
Mixt with the murmurs of the falling main)
Address'd, began—'by Fate commission'd, go,
My sister-goddess now, to yon blest isle,
Henceforth the partner of my rough domain,
All my dread walks to Britons open lie.
Those that refulgent, or with rosy morn,
Or yellow evening, flame: those that, profuse
Drunk by equator-suns, severely shine;
Or those that, to the poles approaching, rise
In billows rolling into alps of ice.
Ev'n yet untouch'd by daring keel, be theirs
The vast Pacific; that on other worlds,
Their future conquest, rolls resounding tides.
Long I maintain'd inviolate my reign;
Nor Alexanders me, nor Cæsars brav'd.
Still, in the crook of shore, the coward sail
Till now low-creept; and peddling commerce ply'd
Between near-joining lands. For Britons, chief,
It was reserv'd, with star-directed prow,
To dare the middle-deep, and drive assur'd
To distant nations through the pathless main,
Chief, for their fearless hearts the glory waits,
Long months from land, while the black stormy night
Around them rages, on the groaning mast
With unshook knee to know their giddy way;
To sing, unquell'd, amid the lashing wave;
To laugh at danger. Theirs the triumph be,
By deep invention's keen pervading eye,
The heart of courage, and the hand of toil,
Each conquer'd ocean staining with their blood,
Instead of treasure robb'd by ruffian war,
Round social Earth to circle fair exchange,
And bind the nations in a golden chain.
To these I honour'd stoop. Rushing to light,
A race of men behold! whose daring deeds
Will in renown exalt my nameless plains
O'er those of fabling Earth, as her's to mine
In terrour yield. Nay, could my savage heart
Such glories check, their unsubmitting soul
Would all my fury brave, my tempest climb,
And might in spite of me my kingdom force.'

Here, waiting no reply, the shadowy power
Fas'd the dark sky, and to the deeps return'd:
While the loud thunder rattling from his hand,
Auspicious, shook opponent Gallia's shore.
"Of this encounter glad, my way to land
I quick pursued, that from the smiling sea
Receiv'd me joyous. Loud acclaims were heard;
And music, more than mortal, warbling, fill'd
With pleas'd astonishment the labouring hind,
Who for a while th' unfinish'd furrow left,
And let the listening steer forget his toil.
Unseen by grosser eye, Britannia breath'd,
And her aërial train, these sounds of joy,
Full of old time, since first the rushing flood,
Urg'd by Almighty Power, this favour'd isle
Turn'd flashing from the continent aside,
Indented shore to shore responsive still,
Its guardian she—the goddess, whose staid eye
Beams the dark azure of the doubtful dawn.
Her tresses, like a flood of soften'd light,
Through clouds imbrown'd, in waving circles play.
Warm on her cheek sits beauty's brightest rose.
Of high demeanour, stately, shedding grace
With every motion. Full her rising chest;
And new ideas, from her finish'd shape,
Charm'd Sculpture taking might improve her art.
Such the fair guardian of an isle that boasts,
Profuse as vernal blooms, the fairest dames.
High-shining on the promontory's brow,
Awaiting me, she stood; with hope inflam'd,
By my mixt spirit burning in her sons,
To firm, to polish, and exalt the state.
"The native Genii, round her, radiant smil'd.
Courage, of soft deportment, aspect calm,
Unboasting, suffering long, and, till provok'd,
As mild and harmless as the sporting child;
But, on just reason, once his fury rous'd,
No lion springs more eager to his prey:
Blood is a pastime; and his heart, elate,
Knows no depressing fear. That Virtue known
By the relenting look, whose equal heart
For others feels, as for another self:
Of various name, as various objects wake,
Warm into action, the kind sense within:
Whether the blameless poor, the nobly maim'd,
The lost to reason, the declin'd in life,
The helpless young that kiss no mother's hand,
And the grey second infancy of age,
She gives in public families to live,
A sight to gladden Heaven! whether she stands
Fair beckoning at the hospitable gate,
And bids the stranger take repose and joy:
Whether, to solace honest labour, she
Rejoices those that make the land rejoice;
Or whether to philosophy, and arts,
(At once the basis and the finish'd pride
Of government and life) she spreads her hand;
Nor knows her gift profuse, nor seems to know,
Doubling her bounty, that she gives at all.
Justice to these her awful presence join'd,
The mother of the state! No low revenge,
No turbid passions in her breast ferment:
Tender, serene, compassionate of vice,
As the last woe that can afflict mankind.
She punishment awards; yet of the good
More piteous still, and of the suffering whole,
Awards it firm. So fair her just decree,
That, in his judging peers, each on himself
Pronounces his own doom. O, happy land!
Where reigns alone this justice of the free!

'Mid the bright groupe Sincerity hi[illegible] front,
Diffusive, rear'd; his pure untroubled eye
The fount of truth. The thoughtful Power, apart,
Now, pensive, cast on Earth his fix'd regard,
Now, touch'd celestial, lanch'd it on the sky.
The Genius he whence Britain shines supreme,
The land of light, and rectitude of mind.
He too the fire of fancy feeds intense,
With all the train of passions thence deriv'd:
Not kindling quick, a noisy transient blaze,
But gradual, silent, lasting, and profound.
Near him Retirement, pointing to the shade,
And Independence stood: the generous pair,
That simple life, the quiet-whispering grove,
And the still raptures of the free-born soul
To cates prefer by virtue bought, not earn'd,
Proudly prefer them to the servile pomps,
And to the heart-embitter'd joys of slaves.
Or should the latter, to the public scene
Demanded, quit his sylvan friend a while;
Nought can his firmness shake, nothing seduce
His zeal, still active for the common-weal;
Nor stormy tyrants, nor corruption's tools,
Foul ministers, dark-working by the force
Of secret-sapping gold. All their vile arts,
Their shameful honours, their perfidious gifts,
He greatly scorns; and, if he must betray
His plunder'd country, or his power resign,
A moment's parley were eternal shame:
Illustrious into private life again,
From dirty levees he unstain'd ascends,
And firm in senates stands the patriot's ground,
Or draws new vigour in the peaceful shade.
Aloof the bashful Virtue hover'd coy,
Proving by sweet distrust distrusted worth.
Rough Labour clos'd the train: and in his hand
Rude, callous, sinew-swell'd, and black with toil,
Came manly Indignation. Sour he seems,
And more than seems, by lawful pride assail'd;
Yet kind at heart, and just, and generous, there
No vengeance lurks, no pale insidious gall:
Ev'n in the very luxury of rage,
He softening can forgive a gallant foe;
The nerve, support, and glory of the land!
Nor be Religion, rational and free,
Here pass'd in silence; whose enraptur'd eye
Sees Heaven with Earth connected, human things
Link'd to divine: who not from servile fear,
By rites for some weak tyrant incense fit,
The god of Love adores, but from a heart
Effusing gladness, into pleasing awe
That now astonish'd swells, now in a calm
Of fearless confidence that smiles serene;
That lives devotion, one continual hymn,
And then most grateful, when Heaven's bounty most
Is right enjoy'd. This ever-cheerful power
O'er the rais'd circle ray'd superior day.
"I joy'd to join the Virtues whence my reign
O'er Albion was to rise. Each cheering each,
And, like the circling planets from the Sun,
All borrowing beams from me, a heighten'd zeal
Impatient fir'd us to commence our toils,
Or pleasures rather. Long the pungent time
Pass'd not in mutual hails; but, through the land
Darting our light, we shone the fogs away.
"The Virtues conquer with a single look.
Such grace, such beauty, such victorious light,
Live in their presence, stream in every glance,
That the soul won, enamour'd, and refin'd,
Grows their own image, pure ethereal flame.

e the foul demons, that oppose our reign,
l still from us deluded mortals wrap;
it cross shades they drown the visual ray,
Or by the fogs of prejudice, where mix
Falsehood and truth confounded, foil the sense
With vain refracted images of bliss.
But chief around the court of flatter'd kings
They roll the dusky rampart, wall o'er wall
Of darkness pile, and with their thickest shade
Secure the throne. No savage Alp, the den,
Of wolves, and bears, and monstrous things obscene,
That vex the swain, and waste the country round,
Protected lies beneath a deeper cloud.
Yet there we sometimes send a searching ray.
As, at the sacred opening of the morn,
The prowling race retire; so, pierc'd severe,
Before our potent blaze these demons fly,
And all their works dissolve.—The whisper'd tale,
That, like the fabling Nile, no founta[illegible] knows.
Fair-fac'd deceit, whose wily conscious eye
Ne'er looks direct. The tongue that licks the dust,
But, when it safely dares, as prompt to sting:
Smooth crocodile destruction, whose fell tears
Ensnare. The Janus face of courtly pride;
One to superiors heaves submissive eyes,
On hapless worth the other souls disdain.
Cheeks that for some weak tenderness, alone,
Some virtuous slip, can wear a blush. The laugh
Prophane, when midnight bowls disclose the heart,
At starving virtue, and at virtue's fools.
Determin'd to be broke, the plighted faith:
Nay more, the godless oath, that knows no ties.
Soft-buzzing slander; silky moths, that eat
An honest name. The harpy hand, and maw,
Of avaricious Luxury; who makes
The throne his shelter, venal laws his fort,
And, by his service, who betrays his king.

"Now turn your view, and mark from Celtic night
To present grandeur how my Britain rose.

"Bold were those Britons, who, the careless sons
Of Nature, roam'd the forest-bounds, at once
Their verdant city, high-embowering fane,
And the gay circle of their woodland wars:
For by the Druid taught, that death but shifts
The vital scene, they that prime fear despis'd;
And, prone to rush on steel, disdain'd to spare
An ill-sav'd life that must again return.
Erect from Nature's hand, by tyrant force,
And still more tyrant custom, unsubdued,
Man knows no master save creating Heaven,
Or such as choice or common good ordain.
This general sense, with which the nations I
Promiscuous fire, in Britons burn'd intense,
Of future times prophetic. Witness, Rome,
Who saw'st thy Cæsar, from the naked land,
Whose only forts was British hearts, repell'd,
To seek Pharsalian wreaths. Witness, the toil,
The blood of ages, bootless to secure,
Beneath an empire's yoke, a stubborn isle,
Disputed hard, and never quite subdued. [scorn'd
The North remain'd untouch'd, where those who
To stoop, retir'd; and, to their keen effort
Yielding at last, recoil'd the Roman power.
In vain, unable to sustain the shock,
From sea to sea desponding legions rais'd
The wall immense, and yet, on Summer's eve,
While sport his lambkins round, the shepherd's gaze,
Continual o'er it burst the northern storm,
As often, check'd, receded; threatening hoarse
A swift return. But the devouring flood
No more endur'd control, when, to support
The last remains of empire, was recall'd
The weary Roman, and the Briton lay
Unnerv'd, exhausted, spiritless, and sunk.
Great proof! how men enfeeble into slaves.
The sword behind him flash'd; before him roar'd,
Deaf to his woes, the deep. Forlorn, around
He roll'd his eye, not sparkling ardent flame,
As when Caractacus to battle led
Silurian swains, and Boadicea taught
Her raging troops the miseries of slaves. [bears
"Then (sad relief!) from the bleak coast that
The German ocean roar, deep-blooming, strong,
And yellow-hair'd, the blue-ey'd Saxon came.
He came implor'd, but came with other aim
Than to protect. For conquest and defence
Suffices the same arm. With the fierce race
Pour'd in a fresh invigorating stream;
Blood, where unquell'd a mighty spirit glow'd.
Rash war, and perilous battle their delight;
And immature, and red with glorious wounds
Unpeaceful death their choice; deriving thence
A right to feast, and drain immortal bowls
In Odin's hall; whose blazing roof resounds
The genial uproar of those shades, who fall
In desperate fight, or by some brave attempt;
And though more polish'd times the martial creed
Disown, yet still the fearless habit lives.
Nor were the surly gifts of war their all.
Wisdom was likewise theirs, indulgent laws,
The calm gradations of art-nursing peace,
And matchless orders, the deep basis still
On which ascends my British reign. Untam'd
To the refining subtleties of slaves,
They brought an happy government along;
Form'd by that freedom, which, with secret voice,
Impartial Nature teaches all her sons,
And which of old through the whole Scythian mass
I strong inspir'd. Monarchical their state,
But prudently confin'd, and mingled wise
Of each harmonious power: only, too much
Imperious war into their rule infus'd,
Prevail'd their general-king, and chieftain-thanes.

"In many a field, by civil fury stain'd,
Bled the discordant heptarchy; and long
(Educing good from ill) the battle groan'd;
Ere, blood-cemented, Anglo-Saxons saw
Egbert and Peace on one united throne.

"No sooner dawn'd the fair disclosing calm
Of brighter days, when, lo! the North anew,
With stormy nations black, on England pour'd
Woes the severest e'er a people felt.
The Danish raven, lur'd by annual prey,
Hung o'er the land incessant. Fleet on fleet
Of barbarous pirates unremitting tore
The miserable coast. Before them stalk'd,
Far seen, the demon of devouring flame;
Rapine, and murder, all with blood besmear'd,
Without or ear, or eye, or feeling heart;
While close behind them march'd the sallow power
Of desolating famine, who delights
In grass-grown cities, and in desert fields;
And purple-spotted pestilence, by whom
Ev'n friendship scar'd, in sickening horrour sinks
Each social sense and tenderness of life.
Fixing at last, the sanguinary race
Spread, from the Humber's loud-resounding shore,
To where the Thames devolves his gentle maze,
And with superiour arm the Saxon aw'd.

But superstition first, and monkish dreams,
And monk-directed cloyster-seeking kings,
Had ate away his vigour, ate away
His edge of courage, and depress'd the soul
Of conquering freedom, which he once respir'd.
Thus cruel ages pass'd; and rare appear'd
White-mantled Peace, exulting o'er the vale,
As when with Alfred, from the wilds she came
To polic'd cities and protected plains.
Thus by degrees the Saxon empire sunk,
Then set entire in Hastings' bloody field.
"Compendious war! (on Britain's glory bent,
So Fate ordain'd) in that decisive day,
The haughty Norman seiz'd at once an isle,
From which, through many a century, in vain,
The Roman, Saxon, Dane, had toil'd and bled.
Of Gothic nations this the final burst;
And, mix'd with the genius of these people all,
These virtues mix'd in one exalted stream,
Here the rich tide of English blood grew full.
"Awhile my spirit slept; the land a while,
Affrighted, droop'd beneath despotic rage.
Instead of Edward's equal gentle laws,
The furious victor's partial will prevail'd.
All prostrate lay; and, in the secret shade,
Deep-stung, but fearful, Indignation gnash'd
His teeth. Of freedom, property, despoil'd,
And of their bulwark, arms; with castles crush'd,
With ruffians quarter'd o'er the bridled land;
The shivering wretches, at the curfew sound,
Dejected shrunk into their sordid beds,
And, through the mournful gloom, of ancient times
Mus'd sad, or dreamt of better. Ev'n to feed
A tyrant's idle sport the peasant starv'd:
To the wild herd, the pasture of the tame,
The cheerful hamlet, spiry town, was given,
And the brown forest roughen'd wide around.
"But this so dead, so vile submission, long
Endur'd not. Gathering force, my gradual flame
Shook off the mountain of tyrannic sway.
Unus'd to bend, impatient of control,
Tyrants themselves the common tyrant check'd.
The church, by kings intractable and fierce,
Deny'd her portion of the plunder'd state,
Or tempted, by the timorous and weak,
To gain new ground, first taught their rapine law.
The barons next a nobler league began,
Both those of English and of Norman race,
In one fraternal nation blended now,
The nation of the free! press'd by a band
Of patriots, ardent as the Summer's noon
That looks delighted on, the tyrant see!
Mark! how with feigned alacrity he bears
His strong reluctance down, his dark revenge,
And gives the charter, by which life indeed
Becomes of price, a glory to be man. [affirm'd
"Through this and through succeeding reigns
These long contested rights, the wholesome winds
Of opposition hence began to blow,
And often since have lent the country life.
Before their breath corruption's insect blights,
The darkening clouds of evil counsel, fly;
Or, should they sounding swell, a putrid court,
A pestilential ministry, they purge,
And ventilated states renew their bloom.
"Though with the temper'd monarchy here mix'd
Aristocratic sway, the people still,
Flatter'd by this or that, as interest lean'd,
No full perfection knew. For me reserv'd,
And for my commons, was that glorious turn.
They crowh'd my first attempt, in senates rose,
The fort of freedom! slow till then, alone,
Had work'd that general liberty, that soul,
Which generous nature breathes, and which when
By me to bondage was corrupted Rome,
I through the northern nations wide diffus'd.
Hence many a people, fierce with freedom, rush'd
From the rude iron regions of the North,
To Libyan deserts, swarm protruding swarm,
And pour'd new spirit through a slavish world.
Yet, o'er these Gothic states, the king and chiefs
Retain'd the high prerogative of war,
And with enormous property engross'd
The mingled power. But on Britannia's shore
Now present, I to raise my reign began
By raising the democracy, the third disclos'd
And broadest bulwark of the guarded state.
Then was the full, the perfect plan disclos'd
Of Britain's matchless constitution, mixt
Of mutual checking and supporting powers,
King, lords, and commons; nor the name of free
Deserving, while the vassal-many droop'd:
For since the moment of the whole they form,
So, as depress'd or rais'd, the balance they
Of public welfare and of glory cast.
Mark from this period the continual proof.
"When kings of narrow genius, minion rid,
Neglecting faithful worth for fawning slaves;
Proudly regardless of their people's plaints,
And poorly passive of insulting foes;
Double, not prudent, obstinate, not firm,
Their mercy fear, necessity their faith;
Instead of generous fire, presumptuous, hot,
Rash to resolve, and slothful to perform;
Tyrants at once and slaves, imperious, mean,
To want rapacious joining shameful waste;
By counsels weak and wicked, easy rous'd
To paltry schemes of absolute command,
To seek their splendour in their sure disgrace,
And in a broken ruin'd people wealth:
When such o'ercast the state, no bond of love,
No heart, no soul, no unity, no nerve,
Combin'd the loose disjointed public, lost
To fame abroad, to happiness at home.
"But when an Edward and an Henry breath'd
Through the charm'd whole one all-exerting soul:
Drawn sympathetic from his dark retreat,
When wide-attracted merit round them glow'd:
When counsels just, extensive, generous, firm,
Amid the maze of state, determin'd kept
Some ruling point in view: when, on the stock
Of public good and glory grafted, spread
Their palms, their laurels; or, if thence they stray'd,
Swift to return, and patient of restraint:
When legal state, pre-eminence of place,
They scorn'd to deem pre-eminence of ease,
To be luxurious drones, that only rob
The busy hive: as in distinction, power,
Indulgence, honour, and advantage, first;
When they too claim'd in virtue, danger, toil,
Superiour rank; with equal hand, prepar'd
To guard the subject, and to quell the foe:
When such with me their vital influence shed,
No mutter'd grievance, hopeless sigh, was heard;
No foul distrust through wary senates ran,
Confin'd their bounty, and their ardour quench'd:
On aid, unquestion'd, liberal aid was given:
Safe in their conduct, by their valour fir'd,
Fond where they led victorious armies rush'd;
And Cressy, Poitiers, Agincourt proclaim

What kings supported by almighty love,
And people fir'd with liberty, can do.
" Be veil'd the savage reigns, when kindred rage
The unnumerous once Plantagenets devour'd,
A race to vengeance vow'd! and when, oppress'd
By private feuds, almost extinguish'd lay
My quivering flame. But, in the next, behold!
A cautious tyrant lent it oil anew.
" Proud, dark, suspicious, brooding o'er his gold,
As how to fix his throne he jealous cast
His crafty views around; pierc'd with a ray,
Which on his timid mind I darted full,
He mark'd the barons of excessive sway,
At pleasure making and unmaking kings;
And hence, to crush these petty tyrants, plann'd
A law, that let them, by the silent waste
Of luxury, their lauded wealth diffuse,
And with that wealth their implicated power.
By soft degrees a mighty change ensued,
Ev'n working to this day. With streams, deduc'd
From these diminish'd floods, the country smil'd.
As when impetuous from the snow-heap'd Alps,
To vernal suns relenting, pours the Rhine;
While undivided, oft, with wasteful sweep,
He foams along; but, through Batavian meads,
Branch'd into fair canals, indulgent flows;
Waters a thousand fields; and culture, trade,
Towns, meadows, gliding ships, and villas mix'd,
A rich, a wondrous landscape rises round.
" His furious son the soul-enslaving chain,
Which many a doating venerable age
Had link by link strong-twisted round the land,
Shook off. No longer could be borne a power,
From Heaven pretended, to deceive, to void
Each solemn tie, to plunder without bounds,
To curb the generous soul, to fool mankind;
And, wild at last, to plunge into a sea
Of blood, and horrour. The returning light,
That first through Wickliff streak'd the priestly gloom,
Now burst in open day. Bar'd to the blaze,
Forth from the haunts of superstition crawl'd
Her motly sons, fantastic figures all;
And, wide-dispers'd their useless fetid wealth
In graceful labour bloom'd, and fruits of peace.
" Trade, join'd to these, on every sea display'd
A daring canvas, pour'd with every tide
A golden flood. From other worlds were roll'd
The guilty glittering stores, whose fatal charms,
By the plain Indian happily despis'd,
Yet work'd his woe; and to the blissful groves,
Where Nature liv'd herself among her sons,
And innocence and joy for ever dwelt,
Drew rage unknown to Pagan climes before,
The worst the zeal inflam'd barbarian drew.
Be no such horrid commerce, Britain, thine!
But want for want, with mutual aid supply.
" The commons thus enrich'd, and powerful grown,
Against the barons weigh'd. Eliza then,
Amid these doubtful motions, steady, gave
The beam to fix. She! like the secret eye
That never closes on a guarded world,
So sought, so mark'd, so seiz'd the public good,
That self-supported, without one ally,
She aw'd her inward, quell'd her circling foes.
Inspir'd by me, beneath her sheltering arm,
In spite of raging *universal sway*,
And ranging seas repress'd, the Belgic states,
My bulwark on the Continent, arose.
Matchless in all the spirit of her days!
With confidence, unbounded, fearless love
Elate, her fervent people waited gay,
Cheerful demanded the long threaten'd fleet,
And dash'd the pride of Spain around their isle.
Nor ceas'd the British thunder here to rage:
The sleep, reclaim'd, obey'd its awful call;
In fire and smoke Iberian ports involv'd,
The trembling foe ev'n to the centre shook
Of their new-conquer'd world, and skulking stole
By veering winds their Indian treasure home.
Meantime, peace, plenty, justice, science, arts,
With softer laurels crown'd her happy reign.
" As yet uncircumscrib'd the regal power,
And wild and vague prerogative remain'd,
A wide voracious gulf, where swallow'd oft
The helpless subject lay. This to reduce
To the just limit was my great effort.
" By means that evil seem to narrow man,
Superior beings work their mystic will;
From storm and trouble thus a settled calm,
At last, effulgent, o'er Britannia smil'd.
" The gathering tempest, Heaven-commission'd, came,
Came in the prince, who, drunk with flattery,
His vain pacific counsels rul'd the world; [dreamt
Though scorn'd abroad, bewilder'd in a maze
Of fruitless treaties; while at home enslav'd,
And by a worthless crew insatiate drain'd,
He lost his people's confidence and love;
Irreparable loss! whence crowns become
An anxious burden. Years inglorious pass'd:
Triumphant Spain the vengeful draught enjoy'd:
Abandon'd Frederick pin'd, and Raleigh bled.
But nothing that to these internal broils,
That rancour, he began; while lawless sway
He, with his slavish doctors, try'd to rear
On metaphysic, on enchanted ground,
And all the mazy quibbles of the schools:
As if for one, and sometimes for the worst,
Heaven had mankind in vengeance only made.
Vain the pretence! not so the dire effect,
The fierce, the foolish discord thence deriv'd,
That tears the country still, by party-rage
And ministerial clamour kept alive.
In action weak, and for the wordy war
Best fitted, faint this prince pursued his claim:
Content to teach the subject herd, how great,
How sacred he! how despicable they!
" But his unyielding son these doctrines drank,
With all a bigot's rage (who never damps
By reasoning his fire); and what they taught
Warm, and tenacious, into practice push'd.
Senates, in vain, their kind restraint apply'd:
The more they struggled to support the laws,
His justice-dreading ministers the more
Drove him beyond their bounds. Tir'd with the check
Of faithful love, and with the flattery pleas'd
Of false designing guilt, the fountain he
Of public wisdom and of justice shut.
Wide mourn'd the land. Strait to the voted aid
Free, cordial, large, of never-failing source,
Th' illegal imposition follow'd harsh,
With execration given, or ruthless squeez'd
From an insulted people, by a band
Of the worst ruffians, those of tyrant power.
Oppression walk'd at large, and pour'd abroad
Her unrelenting train: informers, spies,
Blood-hounds, that sturdy freedom to the grove
Pursue; projectors of aggrieving schemes
Commerce to load for unprotected seas,
To sell the starving many to the few,
And drain a thousand ways th' exhausted land.

Ev'n from that healing place, whence peace should flow,
And gospel truth, inhuman bigots shed
Their poison round; and on the venal bench,
Instead of justice, party held the scale,
And violence the sword. Afflicted years,
Too patient, felt at last their vengeance full.
" Mid the low murmurs of submissive fear
And mingled rage, my Hambden rais'd his voice,
And to the laws appeal'd; the laws no more
In judgment sate behov'd some other ear.
When instant from the keen resentive north,
By long oppression by religion rous'd,
The guardian army came. Beneath its wing
Was called, though meant to furnish hostile aid,
The more than Roman senate. There a flame
Broke out, that clear'd, consum'd, renew'd the land.
In deep emotion hurl'd, nor Greece, nor Rome,
Indignant bursting from a tyrant's chain,
While, full of me, each agitated soul
Strung every nerve and flam'd in every eye,
Had e'er beheld such light and heat combin'd!
Such heads and hearts! such dreadful zeal, led on
By calm majestic wisdom, taught its course
What nuisance to devour; such wisdom fir'd
With unabating zeal, and aim'd sincere
To clear the weedy state, restore the laws,
And for the future to secure their sway.
" This then the purpose of my mildest sons.
But man is blind. A nation once inflam'd
(Chief, should the breath of factious fury blow,
With the wild rage of mad enthusiast swell'd)
Not easy cools again. From breast to breast,
From eye to eye, the kindling passions mix
In heighten'd blaze; and, ever wise and just,
High Heaven to gracious ends directs the storm.
Thus, in one conflagration Britain wrapt,
And by confusion's lawless sons despoil'd,
King, lords, and commons, thundering to the ground,
Successive, rush'd—Lo! from their ashes rose,
Gay-beaming radiant youth, the phœnix-state.
" The grievous yoke of vassalage, the yoke
Of private life, lay by those flames dissolv'd;
And, from the wasteful, the luxurious king,
Was purchas'd that which taught the young to bend.
Stronger restor'd, the commons tax'd the whole,
And built on that eternal rock their power.
The crown, of its hereditary wealth
Despoil'd, on senates more dependent grew,
And they more frequent, more assur'd. Yet liv'd,
And in full vigour spread that bitter root,
The passive doctrines, by their patrons first
Oppos'd ferocious, when they touch themselves.
This wild delusive cant; the rash cabal
Of hungry courtiers, ravenous for prey;
The bigot, restless in a double chain
To bind anew the land; the constant need
Of finding faithless means, of shifting forms,
And flattering senates, to supply his waste;
These tore some moments from the careless prince,
And in his breast awak'd the kindred plan.
By dangerous softness long he min'd his way;
By subtle arts, dissimulation deep;
By sharing what corruption shower'd, profuse;
By breathing wide the gay licentious plague,
And pleasing manners, fitted to deceive.
" At last subsided the delirious joy,
On whose high billow, from the saintly reign
The nation drove too far. A pension'd king,
Against his country brib'd by Gallic gold;
The port pernicious sold, the Scylla since,
And fell Charybdis of the British seas;
Freedom attack'd abroad, with surer blow
To cut it off at home; the saviour league
Of Europe broke; the progress ev'n advanc'd
Of universal sway, which to reduce
Such seas of blood and treasure Britain cost;
The millions, by a generous people given,
Or squander'd vile, or to corrupt, disgrace,
And awe the land with forces not their own,
Employ'd; the darling church herself betray'd;
All these, broad glaring, op'd the general eye,
And wak'd my spirit, the resisting soul.
" Mild was, at first, and half asham'd, the check
Of senates, shook from the fantastic dream
Of absolute submission, tenets vile!
Which slaves would blush to own, and which,
To practice, always honest Nature shock. [reduc'd
Not ev'n the mask remov'd, and the fierce front
Of tyranny disclos'd; nor trampled laws;
Nor seiz'd each badge of freedom through the land;
For Sidney bleeding for the unpublish'd page;
Nor on the bench avow'd corruption plac'd,
And murderous rage itself, in Jefferies' form;
Nor endless acts of arbitrary power,
Cruel, and false, could raise the public arm.
Distrustful, scatter'd, of combining chiefs
Devoid, and dreading blind rapacious war,
The patient public turns not, till impell'd
To the near verge of ruin. Hence I rous'd
The bigot king, and hurried fated on
His measures immature. But chief his zeal,
Out-flaming Rome herself, portentous scar'd
The troubl'd nation: Mary's horrid days
To fancy bleeding rose, and the dire glare
Of Smithfield lighten'd in its eyes anew.
Yet silence reign'd. Each on another scowl'd
Rueful amazement, pressing down his rage:
As, mustering vengeance, the deep thunder frowns,
Awfully still, waiting the high command
To spring. Straight from his country Europe sav'd,
To save Britannia, lo! my darling son,
Than hero more, the patriot of mankind!
Immortal Nassau came. I hush'd the deep,
By demons rous'd, and bade the listed winds,
Still shifting as behov'd, with various breath,
Waft the deliverer to the longing shore.
See! wide alive, the foaming Channel bright
With swelling sails, and all the pride of war,
Delightful view! when Justice draws the sword:
And, mark! diffusing ardent soul around,
And sweet contempt of death, my streaming flag.
Ev'n adverse navies bless'd the binding gale,
Kept down the glad acclaim, and silent joy'd.
Arriv'd, the pomp, and not the waste of arms
His progress mark'd. The faint opposing host
For once, in yielding, their best victory found,
And by desertion prov'd exalted faith;
While his the bloodless conquest of the heart,
Shouts without groan, and triumph without war.
" Then dawn'd the period destin'd to confine
The surge of wild prerogative, to raise
A mound restraining its imperious rage,
And bid the raving deep no farther flow.
Nor were, without that fence, the swallow'd state
Better than Belgian plains without their dykes,
Sustaining weighty seas. This, often sav'd
By more than human hand, the public saw,
And seiz'd the white-wing'd moment. Pleas'd to
Destructive power, a wise heroic prince [yield

[illegible] lent his aid—Thrice happy! did they know
Their happiness, Britannia's bounded kings [glooms,
Who, though not their's the boast, in dungeon
To plunge bold freedom; or, to cheerless wilds,
To drive him from the cordial face of friend;
Or fierce to strike him at the midnight hour,
By mandate blind, not justice, that delights
To dare the keenest eye of open day.
What though no glory to control the laws,
And make injurious will their only rule,
They deem it! what though, tools of wanton power,
Pestiferous armies swarm not at their call!
What though they give not a relentless crew
Of civil furies, proud oppression's fangs!
To tear at pleasure the dejected land,
With starving labour pampering idle waste.
To clothe the naked, feed the hungry, wipe
The guiltless tear from lone affliction's eye;
To raise hid merit, set th' alluring light
Of virtue high to view; to nourish arts,
Direct the thunder of an injur'd state,
Make a whole glorious people sing for joy,
Bless human kind, and through the downward
Of future times to spread that better sun [depth
Which lights up British soul: for deeds like these,
The dazzling fair career unbounded lies;
While (still superiour bliss!) the dark abrupt
Is kindly barr'd, the precipice of ill.
Oh, luxury divine! O, poor to this,
Ye giddy glories of despotic thrones!
By this, by this indeed, is imag'd Heaven,
By boundless good, without the power of ill.
"And now behold! exalted as the cope
That swells immense o'er many-peopled earth,
And like it free, my fabric stands complete,
The Palace of the Laws. To the four Heavens
Four gates impartial thrown, unceasing crowds,
With kings themselves the hearty peasant mix'd
Pour urgent in. And though to different ranks
Responsive place belongs, yet equal spreads
The sheltering roof o'er all; while plenty flows,
And glad contentment echoes round the whole.
Ye floods, descend! ye winds, confirming, blow!
Nor outward tempest, nor corrosive time,
Nought but the felon undermining hand
Of dark corruption, can its frame dissolve,
And lay the toil of ages in the dust."

NOTES ON PART IV.

Ver. 49. Church power, or ecclesiastical tyranny.

Ver. 52. Civil tyranny.

Ver. 86. Crusades.

Ver. 91. The corruption of the church of Rome.

Ver. 94. Vassalage, whence the attachment of clans to their chief.

Ver. 96. Duelling.

Ver. 123. The hierarchy.

Ver. 141. The Hercules of Farnese.

Ver. 153. The fighting gladiator.

Ver. 156. The dying gladiator.

Ver. 164. The Apollo of Belvidere.

Ver. 175. The Venus of Medici.

Ver. 185. The groupe of Laocoön and his two sons, destroyed by two serpents.

Ver. 186. See Æneid ii. ver. 199—227.

Ver. 208. It is reported of Michael Angelo Buonaroti, the most celebrated master of modern sculpture, that he wrought with a kind of inspiration, or enthusiastical fury, which produced the effect here mentioned.

Ver. 213, 214. Esteemed the two finest pieces of modern sculpture.

Ver. 244. The school of the Caracci.

Ver. 266. The river Arno runs through Florence.

Ver. 269. The republics of Florence, Pisa, Lucca, and Sienna. They formerly have had very cruel wars together, but are now all peaceably subject to the Great Duke of Tuscany, except it be Lucca, which still maintains the form of a republic.

Ver. 282. The Genoese territory is reckoned very populous, but the towns and villages for the most part lie hid among the Apennine rocks and mountains.

Ver. 284. According to Dr. Burnet's system of the deluge.

Ver. 293. Venice was the most flourishing city in Europe, with regard to trade, before the passage to the East Indies by the Cape of Good Hope, and America were discovered.

Ver. 294. Those who fled to some marshes in the Adriatic gulf, from the desolation spread over Italy by an irruption of the Huns, first founded there this famous city, about the beginning of the fifth century.

Ver. 319. The main ocean.

Ibid. Great Britain.

Ver. 325. The Swiss Cantons.

Ver. 329. Geneva, situated on the Lacus Lemanus, a small state, but noble example of the blessings of civil and religious liberty.

Ver. 347. The Swiss, after having been long absent from their native country, are seiz'd with such a violent desire of seeing it again, as affects them with a kind of languishing indisposition, called the Swiss sickness.

Ver. 366. The Hans Towns.

Ver. 372. The Swedes.

Ver. 377. See note on verse 678.

Ver. 624. Great Britain was peopled by the Celtæ, or Gauls.

Ver. 630. The Druids, among the ancient Gauls and Britons, had the care and direction of all religious matters.

Ver. 645. The Roman empire.

Ver. 647. Caledonia, inhabited by the Scots and Picts; whither a great many Britons, who would not submit to the Romans, retired.

Ver. 652. The wall of Severus, built upon Adrian's rampart, which ran for eighty miles quite cross the country, from the mouth of the Tyne to Solway frith.

Ver. 654. Irruptions of the Scots and Picts.

Ver. 658. The Roman empire being miserably torn by the northern nations, Britain was for ever abandoned by the Romans in the year 426 or 427.

Ver. 662. The Britons applying to Ætius the Roman general for assistance, thus expressed their miserable condition.—"We know not which way to turn us. The barbarians drive us to sea, and the sea forces us back to the barbarians; between which we have only the choice of two deaths, either to be swallowed up by the waves, or butchered by the sword."

Ver. 665. King of the Silures, famous for his great exploits, and accounted the best general

Great Britain had ever produced. The Silures were esteemed the bravest and most powerful of all the Britons: they inhabited Herefordshire, Radnorshire, Brecknockshire, Monmouthshire, and Glamorganshire.

Ver. 666. Queen of the Iceni: her story is well known.

Ver. 678. It is certain, that an opinion was fixed and general among them (the Goths) that death was but the entrance into another life; that all men who lived lazy and unactive lives, and died natural deaths, by sickness or by age, went into vast caves under ground, all dark and miry, full of noisome creatures usual to such places, and there for ever grovelled in endless stench and misery. On the contrary, all who gave themselves to warlike actions and enterprises, to the conquest of their neighbours and the slaughter of their enemies, and died in battle, or of violent deaths upon bold adventures or resolutions, went immediately to the vast hall or palace of Odin, their god of war, who eternally kept open house for all such guests, where they were entertained at infinite tables, in perpetual feasts and mirth, carousing in bowls made of the skulls of their enemies they had slain; according to the number of whom, every one in these mansions of pleasure was the most honoured and best entertained.

Sir William Temple's Essay on Heroic Virtue.

Ver. 701. The seven kingdoms of the Anglo-Saxons, considered as being united into one common government, under a general in chief, or monarch, and by the means of an assembly general, or Wittenagemot.

Ver. 704. Egbert, king of Wessex, who, after having reduced all the other kingdoms of the heptarchy under his dominion, was the first king of England.

Ver. 709. A famous Danish standard was called *reafan*, or *raven*. The Danes imagined that, before a battle, the raven wrought upon this standard clapt its wings or hung down its head, in token of victory or defeat.

Ver. 733. Alfred the Great, renowned in war, and no less famous in peace for his many excellent institutions, particularly that of juries.

Ver. 736. The battle of Hastings, in which Harold II. the last of the Saxon kings, was slain, and William the Conqueror made himself master of England.

Ver. 748. Edward III. the Confessor, who reduced the West-Saxon, Mercian, and Danish laws into one body; which from that time became common to all England, under the name of the Laws of Edward.

Ver. 755. The curfew bell (from the French *couvrefeu*) which was rung every night at eight of the clock, to warn the English to put out their fires and candles, under the penalty of a severe fine.

Ver. 762. The New Forest in Hampshire; to make which the country for above thirty miles in compass was laid waste.

Ver. 775. On the 5th of June, 1215, king John, met by the barons on Runnemede, signed the great charter of liberties, or Magna Charta.

Ver. 784. The league formed by the barons, during the reign of John, in the year 1213, was the first confederacy made in England in defence of the nation's interest against the king.

Ver. 796. The commons are generally thought to have been first represented in parliament towards the end of Henry the Third's reign. To a parliament called in the year 1264, each county was ordered to send four knights, as representatives of their respective shires; and to a parliament called in the year following, each county was ordered to send, as their representatives, two knights, and each city and borough as many citizens and burgesses. Till then history makes no mention of them; whence a very strong argument may be drawn, to fix the original of the house of commons to that era.

Ver. 840. Edward III. and Henry V.

Ver. 865. Three famous battles, gained by the English over the French.

Ver. 868. During the civil wars, betwixt the families of York and Lancaster.

Ver. 873. Henry VII.

Ver. 879. The famous earl of Warwick, during the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV. was called the King-maker.

Ver. 881. Permitting the barons to alienate their lands.

Ver. 895. Henry VIII.

Ibid. Of papal dominion.

Ver. 904. John Wickliff, doctor of divinity, who, towards the close of the fourteenth century, published doctrines very contrary to those of the church of Rome, and particularly denying the papal authority. His followers grew very numerous, and were called Lollards.

Ver. 906. Suppression of monastries.

Ver. 912. The Spanish West Indies.

Ver. 931. The dominion of the house of Austria.

Ver. 937. The Spanish Armada. Rapin says, that after proper measures had been taken, the enemy was expected with uncommon alacrity.

Ver. 957. James I.

Ver. 966. Elector palatine, and who had been chosen king of Bohemia, but was stript of all his dominions and dignities by the emperor Ferdinand, while James the First, his father-in-law, being amused from time to time, endeavoured to mediate a peace.

Ver. 970. The monstrous, and till then unheard-of doctrines of divine indefeasible hereditary right, passive obedience, &c.

Ver. 975. The parties of Whig and Tory.

Ver. 982. Charles I.

Ver. 991. Parliaments.

Ver. 1003. Ship-money.

Ver. 1004. Monopolies.

Ver. 1008. The raging high church sermons of these times, inspiring at once a spirit of slavish submission to the court, and of bitter persecution against those whom they call Church and State Puritans.

Ver. 1045. At the Restoration.

Ver. 1048. Charles II.

Ver. 1049. Court of wards.

Ver. 1075. Dunkirk.

Ver. 1077. The war, in conjunction with France, against the Dutch.

Ver. 1078. The triple alliance.

Ver. 1080. Under Lewis XIV.

Ver. 1084. A standing army, raised without the consent of parliament.

Ver. 1095. The charters of corporations.

Ver. 1105. James II.

Ver. 1119. The prince of Orange, in his passage to England, though his fleet had been at first dispersed by a storm, was afterwards extremely favoured by several changes of wind.

Ver. 1122. Rapin, in his History of England.—The third of November the fleet entered the Channel, and lay between Calais and Dover, to stay for the ships that were behind. Here the prince called a council of war.—It is not easy to imagine what a glorious show the fleet made. Five or six hundred ships in so narrow a channel, and both the English and French shores covered with numberless spectators, are no common sight. For my part, who was then on board the fleet, I own it struck me extremely.

Ver. 1126. The prince placed himself in the main body, carrying a flag with English colours, and their highnesses' arms surrounded with this motto, The Protestant Religion and the Liberties of England; and underneath the motto of the house of Nassau, Je Maintiendrai, I will maintain. Rapin.

Ver. 1127. The English fleet.

Ver. 1130. The king's army.

Ver. 1143. By the bill of rights, and the act of succession.

Ver. 1144. William III.

THE

PROSPECT:

BEING THE FIFTH PART OF

LIBERTY,

A POEM.

THE CONTENTS OF PART V.

The author addresses the goddess of Liberty, marking the happiness and grandeur of Great Britain, as arising from her influence; to ver. 88. She resumes her discourse, and points out the chief virtues which are necessary to maintain her establishment there; to ver. 374. Recommends, as its last ornament and finishing, sciences, fine arts, and public works. The encouragement of these urged from the example of France, though under a despotic government; to ver. 549. The whole concludes with a prospect of future times, given by the goddess of Liberty: this described by the author, as it passes in vision before him.

LIBERTY.

PART V.

Here interposing, as the goddess paus'd!—
"Oh, blest Britannia! in thy presence blest,
Thou guardian of mankind! whence spring, alone,
All human grandeur, happiness, and fame:
For toil, by thee protected, feels no pain;
The poor man's meat with milk and honey flows;
And, gilded with thy rays, ev'n death looks gay.
Let other lands the potent blessings boast
Of more exalting suns. Let Asia's woods,
Untended, yield the vegetable fleece:
And let the little insect-artist form,
On higher life intent, its silken tomb.
Let wondering rocks, in radiant birth, disclose,
The various-tinctur'd children of the Sun.
From the prone beam let more delicious fruits
A flavour drink, that in one piercing taste
Bids each combine. Let Gallic vineyards burst
With floods of joy; with mild balsamic juice
The Tuscan olive. Let Arabia breathe
Her spicy gales, her vital gums distil.
Turbid with gold let southern rivers flow;
And orient floods draw soft, o'er pearls, their maze.
Let Afric vaunt her treasures; let Peru
Deep in her bowels her own ruin breed,
The yellow traitor that her bliss betray'd, —
Unequall'd bliss!—and to unequall'd rage!
Yet nor the gorgeous East, nor golden South,
Nor, in full prime, that new-discover'd world,
Where flames the falling day, in wealth and praise,
Shall with Britannia vie, while, goddess, she
Derives her praise from thee, her matchless charms,
Her hearty fruits the hand of freedom own,
And, warm with culture, her thick-clustering fields
Prolific teem. Eternal verdure crowns
Her meads; her gardens smile eternal spring.
She gives the hunter-horse, unquell'd by toil,
Ardent, to rush into the rapid chase:
She, whitening o'er her downs, diffusive, pours
Unnumber'd flocks: she weaves the fleecy robe,
That wraps the nations: she, to lusty droves,
The richest pasture spreads; and, her's, deep-wave
Autumnal seas of pleasing plenty round.
These her delights: and by no baneful herb,
No darting tiger, no grim lion's glare,
No fierce-descending wolf, no serpent roll'd
In spires immense progressive o'er the land,
Disturb'd. Enlivening these, add cities, full
Of wealth, of trade, of cheerful toiling crowds;
Add thriving towns; add villages and farms,
Innumerous sow'd along the lively vale,
Where bold unrivall'd peasants happy dwell:
Add ancient seats, with venerable oaks
Embosom'd high, while kindred floods below
Wind through the mead; and those of modern hand,
More pompous, add, that splendid shine afar.
Need I her limpid lakes, her rivers name,
Where swarm the finny race? Thee, chief, O Thames!
On whose each tide, glad with returning sails,
Flows in the mingled harvest of mankind?
And thee, thou Severn, whose prodigious swell,
And waves, resounding, imitate the main?
Why need I name her deep capacious ports,
That point around the world? and why her seas?
All ocean is her own, and every land
To whom her ruling thunder ocean bears.
She too the mineral feeds: th' obedient lead,
The warlike iron, nor the peaceful less,
Forming of life art-civiliz'd the bond;
And what the Tyrian merchant sought of old,
Not dreaming then of Britain's brighter fame.
She rears to freedom an undaunted race:
Compatriot zealous, hospitable, kind,
Her's the warm Cambrian: her's the lofty Scot,
To hardship tam'd, active in arts and arms,
Fir'd with a restless, an impatient flame,
That leads him raptur'd where ambition calls:
And English merit her's; where meet, combin'd,
Whate'er high fancy, sound judicious thought,
An ample generous heart, undrooping soul,
And firm tenacious valour can bestow.
Great nurse of fruits, of flocks, of commerce, she!
Great nurse of men! By thee, O goddess, taught,
Her old renown I trace, disclose her source

Of wealth, of grandeur, and to Britons sing
A strain the Muses never touch'd before.
" But how shall this thy mighty kingdom stand?
On what unyielding base? how finish'd shine?"
At this her eye, collecting all its fire,
Beam'd more than human; and her awful voice,
Majestic, thus shetrais'd—" To Britons bear
This closing strain, and with intenser note
Loud let it sound in their awaken'd ear.
" On virtue can alone my kingdom stand.
On public virtue, every virtue join'd.
For, lost this social cement of mankind,
The greatest empires, by scarce felt degrees,
Will moulder soft away; till, tottering loose,
They prone at last to total ruin rush.
Unblest by virtue, government a league
Becomes, a circling junto of the great,
To rob by law; religion mild a yoke
To tame the stooping soul, a trick of state
To mask their rapine, and to share the prey.
What are without it senates, save a face
Of consultation deep and reason free,
While the determin'd voice and heart are sold?
What boasted freedom, save a sounding name?
And what election, but a market vile
Of slaves self-barter'd? Virtue! without thee,
There is no ruling eye, no nerve, in states;
War has no vigour, and no safety peace:
Ev'n justice warps to party, laws oppress,
Wide through the land their weak protection fails,
First broke the balance, and then scorn'd the sword.
Thus nations sink, society dissolves;
Rapine and guile and violence break loose,
Everting life, and turning love to gall;
Man hates the face of man, and Indian woods
And Libya's hissing sands to him are tame.
" By those three virtues be the frame sustain'd
Of British Freedom: independent life;
Integrity in office; and, o'er all
Supreme, a passion for the common-weal.
" Hail! Independence, hail! Heaven's next best
To that of life and an immortal soul! [gift,
The life of life! that to the banquet high
And sober meal gives taste; to the bow'd roof
Fair-dream'd repose, and to the cottage charms.
Of public freedom, hail, thou secret source!
Whose streams, from every quarter confluent, form
My better Nile, that nurses human life.
By rills from thee deduc'd, irriguous, fed,
The private field looks gay, with Nature's wealth
Abundant flows, and blooms with each delight
That Nature craves. Its happy master there,
The only freeman, walks his pleasing round:
Sweet-featur'd Peace attending; fearless Truth;
Firm Resolution; Goodness, blessing all
That can rejoice; Contentment, surest friend;
And, still fresh stores from Nature's book deriv'd,
Philosophy, companion ever new.
These cheer his rural, and sustain or fire,
When into action call'd, his busy hours.
Meantime true judging moderate desires,
Economy and taste, combin'd, direct
His clear affairs, and from debauching fiends
Secure his little kingdom. Nor can those
Whom fortune heaps, without these virtues, reach
That truce with pain, that animated ease,
That self enjoyment springing from within;
That Independence, active, or retir'd,
Which make the soundest bliss of man below:
But, lost beneath the rubbish of their means,
And drain'd by wants to nature all unknown,
A wandering, tasteless, gaily-wretched train,
Though rich, are beggars, and though noble, slaves.
" Lo! damn'd to wealth, at what a gross expense,
They purchase disappointment, pain, and shame.
Instead of hearty hospitable cheer,
See! how the hall with brutal riot flows;
While in the foaming flood, fermenting, steep'd,
The country maddens into party-rage.
Mark! those disgraceful piles of wood and stone;
Those parks and gardens, where, his haunts be-trimm'd,
And Nature by presumptuous art oppress'd,
The woodland genius mourns. See! the full board
That streams disgust, and bowls that give no joy;
No truth invited there, to feed the mind;
Nor wit, the wine rejoicing reason quaffs.
Hark! how the dome with insolence resounds,
With those retain'd by vanity to scare
Repose and friends. To tyrant fashion mark
The costly worship paid, to the broad gaze
Of fools. From still delusive day to day,
Led an eternal round of lying hope,
See! self-abandon'd, how they roam adrift,
Dash'd o'er the town, a miserable wreck!
Then to adorn some warbling eunuch turn'd,
With Midas' ears they crowd; or to the buz
Of masquerade unblushing; or, to show
Their scorn of Nature, at the tragic scene
They mirthful sit, or prove the comic true.
But, chief, behold! around the rattling board,
The civil robbers rang'd; and ev'n the fair,
The tender fair, each sweetness laid aside,
As fierce for plunder as all-licens'd troops
In some sack'd city. Thus dissolv'd their wealth,
Without one generous luxury dissolv'd,
Or quarter'd on it many a needless want,
At the throng'd levee bends the venal tribe:
With fair but faithless smiles each varnish'd o'er,
Each smooth as those that mutually deceive,
And for their falsehood each despising each;
Till shook their patron by the wintery winds,
Wide flies the wither'd shower, and leaves him bare.
O, far superior Afric's sable sons,
By merchant pilfer'd, to these willing slaves!
And, rich, as unsqueez'd favourite, to them,
Is he who can his virtue boast alone!
" Britons! be firm!—nor let corruption sly
Twine round your heart indissoluble chains!
The steel of Brutus burst the grosser bonds
By Cæsar cast o'er Rome; but still remain'd
The soft enchanting fetters of the mind,
And other Cæsars rose. Determin'd, hold
Your independence! for, that once destroy'd,
Unfounded, freedom is a morning dream,
That flits aërial from the spreading eye.
" Forbid it Heaven! that ever I need urge
Integrity in office on my sons!
Inculcate common honour—not to rob—
And whom?—The gracious, the confiding hand,
That lavishly rewards; the toiling poor,
Whose cup with many a bitter drop is mixt;
The guardian public; every face they see,
And every friend; nay, in effect, themselves.
As in familiar life, the villain's fate
Admits no cure; so, when a desperate age
At this arrives, I the devoted race
Indignant spurn, and hopeless soar away.
" But, ah, too little known to modern times!
Be not the noblest passion past unsung;

That ray peculiar from unbounded love
Infus'd, which kindles the heroic soul:
Devotion to the public. Glorious flame!
Celestial ardour! in what unknown worlds,
Profusely scatter'd through the blue immense,
Hast thou been blessing myriads, since in Rome,
Old virtuous Rome, so many deathless names
From thee their lustre drew? since, taught by thee,
Their poverty put splendour to the blush,
Pain grew luxurious, and ev'n death delight?
O, wilt thou ne'er, in thy long period, look,
With blaze direct, on this my last retreat?
"'Tis not enough, from self right understood
Reflected, that thy rays inflame the heart:
Though Virtue not disdains appeals to self,
Dreads not the trial: all her joys are true,
Nor is there any real joy save her's.
Far less the tepid, the declaiming race,
Foes to corruption, to its wages friends,
Or those whom private passions, for a while,
Beneath my standard list, can they suffice
To raise and fix the glory of my reign?
"An active flood of universal love
Must swell the breast. First, in effusion wide,
The restless spirit roves creation round,
And seizes every being: stronger then
It tends to life, whate'er the kindred search
Of bliss allies: then, more collected still,
It urges human-kind: a passion grown,
At last, the central parent-public calls
Its utmost effort forth, awakes each sense,
The comely, grand, and tender. Without this,
This awful pant, shook from sublimer powers
Than those of self, this heaven-infus'd delight,
This moral gravitation, rushing prone
To press the public good, my system soon,
Traverse, to several selfish centres drawn,
Will reel to ruin: while for ever shut
Stand the bright portals of desponding Fame.
"From sordid self shoot up no shining deeds,
None of those ancient lights, that gladden Earth,
Give grace to being, and arouse the brave
To just ambition, virtue's quickening fire!
Life tedious grows, an idly-bustling round,
Fill'd up with actions animal and mean,
A dull gazette! Th' impatient reader scorns
The poor historic page; till kindly comes
Oblivion, and redeems a people's shame.
Not so the times, when emulation-stung,
Greece shone in genius, science, and in arts,
And Rome in virtues dreadful to be told!
To live was glory then! and charm'd mankind
Through the deep periods of devolving time,
Those, raptur'd, copy; these, astonish'd, read.
"True, a corrupted state, with every vice
And every meanness foul, this passion damps.
Who can, unshock'd, behold the cruel eye?
The pale inveigling smile? the ruffian front?
The wretch abandon'd to relentless self,
Equally vile if miser or profuse?
Powers not of God, assiduous to corrupt?
The fell deputed tyrant, who devours
The poor and weak, at distance from redress?
Delirious faction bellowing loud my name?
The false fair-seeming patriot's hollow boast?
A race resolv'd on bondage, fierce for chains,
My sacred rights a merchandize alone
Esteeming, and to work their feeder's will
By deeds, a horrour to mankind, prepar'd,
As were the dregs of Romulus of old?
Who these indeed can undetesting see!—
But who unpitying? To the generous eye
Distress is virtue! and, though self-betray'd,
A people struggling with their fate must rouse
The hero's throb. Nor can a land, at once,
Be lost to virtue quite. How glorious then!
Fit luxury for gods! to save the good,
Protect the feeble, dash bold vice aside,
Depress the wicked, and restore the frail.
Posterity, besides, the young are pure,
And sons may tinge their father's cheek with shame
"Should then the times arrive (which Heaven avert!)
That Britons bend unnerv'd, not by the force
Of arms, more generous, and more manly, quell'd,
But by corruption's soul-dejecting arts,
Arts impudent! and gross! by their own gold,
In part bestow'd, to bribe them to give all.
With party raging, or immers'd in sloth,
Should they Britannia's well-fought laurels yield
To slily-conquering Gaul; ev'n from her brow
Let her own naval oak be basely torn,
By such as tremble at the stiffening gale,
And nerveless sink while others sing rejoic'd.
Or (darker prospect! scarce one gleam behind
Disclosing) should the broad corruptive plague
Breathe from the city to the farthest hut,
That sits serene within the forest shade;
The fever'd people fire, inflame their wants,
And their luxurious thirst, so gathering rage,
That, were a buyer found, they stand prepar'd
To sell their birthright for a cooling draught.
Should shameless pens for plain corruption plead;
The hir'd assassins of the commonweal!
Deem'd the declaiming rant of Greece and Rome,
Should public virtue grow the public scoff,
Till private, failing, staggers through the land:
Till round the city loose mechanic want,
Dire-prowling nightly, makes the cheerful haunts
Of men more hideous than Numidian wilds,
Nor from its fury sleeps the vale in peace;
And murders, horrours, perjuries abound:
Nay, till to lowest deeds the highest stoop;
The rich, like starving wretches, thirst for gold;
And those, on whom the vernal showers of Heaven
All-bounteous fall, and that prime lot bestow,
A power to live to Nature and themselves,
In sick attendance wear their anxious days,
With fortune, joyless, and with honours, mean.
Meantime, perhaps, profusion flows around,
The waste of war, without the works of peace;
No mark of millions, in the gulph absorpt
Of uncreating vice, none but the rage
Of rous'd corruption still demanding more.
That very portion, which (by faithful skill
Employ'd) might make the smiling public rear
Her ornamented head, drill'd through the hands
Of mercenary tools, serves but to nurse
A locust band within, and in the bud
Leaves starv'd each work of dignity and use.
"I paint the worst. But should these times arrive,
If any nobler passion yet remain,
Let all my sons all parties fling aside,
Despise their nonsense, and together join;
Let worth and virtue scorning low despair,
Exerted full, from every quiver shine,
Commix'd in heighten'd blaze. Light flash'd to light,
Moral, or intellectual, more intense
By giving glows. As on pure Winter's eve,
Gradual, the stars effulge; fainter, at first,

They, straggling, rise; but when the radiant host,
In thick profusion pour'd, shine out immense,
Each casting vivid influence on each,
From pole to pole a glittering deluge plays,
And worlds above rejoice, and men below.
"But why to Britons this superfluous strain?—
Good nature, honest truth ev'n somewhat blunt,
Of crooked baseness an indignant scorn,
A zeal unyielding in their country's cause,
And ready bounty, wont to dwell with them—
Nor only wont—Wide o'er the land diffus'd,
In many a blest retirement still they dwell.
"To softer prospect turn we now the view,
To laurell'd science, arts, and public works,
That lend my finish'd fabric comely pride,
Grandeur, and grace. Of sullen genius he!
Curs'd by the Muses! by the Graces loth'd!
Who deems beneath the public's high regard
These last enlivening touches of my reign.
However puff'd with power, and gorg'd with wealth,
A nation be; let trade enormous rise,
Let East and South their mingled treasure pour,
Till, swell'd impetuous, the corrupting flood
Burst o'er the city, and devour the land:
Yet these neglected, these recording arts,
Wealth rots, a nuisance; and, oblivious sunk,
That nation must another Carthage lie.
If not by them, on monumental brass,
On sculptur'd marble, on the deathless page,
Imprest, renown had left no trace behind:
In vain, to future times, the sage had thought,
The legislator plann'd, the hero found
A beauteous death, the patriot toil'd in vain.
Th' awarders they of Fame's immortal wreath,
They rouse ambition, they the mind exalt,
Give great ideas, lovely forms infuse,
Delight the general eye, and, drest by them,
The moral Venus glows with double charms.
"Science, my close associate, still attends
Where'er I go. Sometimes in simple guise,
She walks the furrow with the consul swain,
Whispering unletter'd wisdom to the heart,
Direct; or, sometimes, in the pompous robe
Of fancy drest, she charms Athenian wits,
And a whole sapient city round her burns.
Then o'er her brow Minerva's terrours nod;
With Xenophon, sometimes, in dire extremes,
She breathes deliberate soul, and makes retreat
Unequall'd glory; with the Theban sage,
Epaminondas, first and best of men!
Sometimes she bids the deep-embattled host,
Above the vulgar reach, resistless form'd,
March to sure conquest—never gain'd before!
Nor on the treacherous seas of giddy state
Unskilful she: when the triumphant tide
Of high-swoln empire wears one boundless smile,
And the gale tempts to new pursuits of fame,
Sometimes, with Scipio, she collects her sail,
And seeks the blissful shore of rural ease,
Where, but th' Aonian maids, no syrens sing;
Or should the deep-brew'd tempest muttering rise,
While rocks and shoals pertidious lurk around,
With Tully she her wide reviving light
To senates holds, a Catiline confounds,
And saves awhile from Cæsar sinking Rome.
Such the kind power, whose piercing eye dissolves
Each mental fetter, and sets reason free;
For me inspiring an enlighten'd zeal,
The more tenacious as the more convinc'd
How happy freemen, and how wretched slaves.

To Britons not unknown, to [illegible]
The goddess spreads her stores, the [illegible]
That quickens trade, the breath [illegible]
To them the treasures of a balm'd world.
But finer arts (save what the Muse has sung
In daring flight, above all modern wing)
Neglected droop the head; and public works,
Broke by corruption into private gain,
Not ornament, disgrace; not [illegible]
"Shall Britons, by their own [illegible]
Beneath one royal head, whose vital power
Connects, enlivens, and exerts the whole,
In finer arts, and public works, shall they
To Gallia yield? yield to a land that bends
Deprest, and broke, beneath the will of one
Of one who, should th' unkingly thirst of gold,
Of tyrant passions, or ambition, prompt,
Calls locust armies o'er the blasted land:
Drains from its thirsty bounds the springs of wealth,
His own insatiate reservoir to fill:
To the lone desert patriot merit frowns,
Or into dungeons arts, when they, their chains,
Indignant, bursting, for their nobler works
All other licence scorn but Truth's and mine.
Oh, shame to think! shall Britons, in the field
Unconquer'd still, the better laurel lose?
Ev'n in that monarch's reign, who vainly dreamt,
By giddy power, betray'd, and flatter'd pride,
To grasp unbounded sway; while, swarming round,
His armies dar'd all Europe to the field;
To hostile hands while treasure flow'd profuse,
And, that great source of treasure, subject's blood,
Inhuman squander'd, sicken'd every land;
From Britain, chief, while my superior sons,
In vengeance rushing, dash'd his idle hopes,
And bade his agonizing heart be low:
Ev'n then, as in the golden calm of peace!
What public works at home, what arts arose!
What various science shone! what genius glow'd!
"'Tis not for me to paint, diffusive shot
O'er fair extents of land, the shining road;
The flood-compelling arch; the long canal,
Through mountains piercing, and uniting seas;
The dome resounding sweet with infant joy,
From famine sav'd, or cruel-handed shame,
And that where valour counts his noble scars;
The land where social pleasure loves to dwell,
Of the fierce demon, Gothic duel, freed;
The robber from his farthest forest chas'd;
The turbid city clear'd, and, by degrees,
Into sure peace the best police refin'd,
Magnificence, and grace, and decent joy.
Let Gallic bards record, how honour'd arts,
And science, by despotic bounty bless'd,
At distance flourish'd from my parent-eye,
Restoring antient taste, how Boileau rose,
How the big Roman soul shook, in Corneille,
The trembling stage. In elegant Racine,
How the more powerful, though more humble voice
Of nature-painting Greece, resistless, breath'd
The whole awaken'd heart. How Moliere's scene
Chastis'd and regular, with well judg'd wit,
Not scatter'd wild, and native humour, grac'd,
Was life itself. To public honours rais'd,
How learning in warm seminaries spread;
And, more for glory than the small reward,
How emulation strove. How their pure tongue
Almost obtain'd what was deny'd their arms.
From Rome, awhile, how Painting, courted long,
With Poussin came; ancient design, that lifts

A fairer front, and looks another soul.
How the kind art, that, of unvalued price,
The fram'd and only picture, easy, gives,
Refin'd touch, and, through the shadow'd piece,
All the live spirit of the painter pour'd.
Coyest of arts, how Sculpture northward deign'd
A look, and bade her Girardon arise.
How lavish grandeur blaz'd; the barren waste,
Astonish'd, saw the sudden palace swell,
And fountains spout amid its arid shades.
For leagues, bright vistas opening to the view,
How forests in majestic gardens smil'd.
How menial arts, by their gay sisters taught,
Wove the deep flower, the blooming foliage train'd
In joyous figures o'er the silky lawn,
The palace cheer'd, illum'd the story'd wall,
And with the pencil vy'd the glowing loom.
"These laurels, Louis, by the droppings rais'd
Of thy profusion, its dishonour'd shade, [brow;
And, green through future times, shall bind thy
While the vain honours of perfidious war
Wither abhorr'd, or in oblivion lost.
With what prevailing vigour had they shot,
And stole a deeper root, by the full tide
Of war-sunk millions fed? Superior still,
How had they branch'd luxuriant to the skies,
In Britain planted, by the potent juice
Of freedom swell'd? Forc'd is the bloom of arts,
A false uncertain spring, when bounty gives,
Weak without me, a transitory gleam.
Fair shine the slippery days, enticing skies
Of favour smile, and courtly breezes blow;
Till arts, betray'd, trust to the flattering air
Their tender blossom: then malignant rise
The blights of envy, of those insect-clouds,
That, blasting merit, often cover courts:
Nay, should, perchance, some kind Mæcenas aid
The doubtful beamings of his prince's soul,
His wavering ardour fix, and unconfin'd
Diffuse his warm beneficence around;
Yet death, at last, and wintery tyrants come,
Each sprig of genius killing at the root.
But when with me imperial bounty joins,
Wide o'er the public blows eternal Spring:
While mingled Autumn every harvest pours
Of every land; whate'er invention, art,
Creating toil and Nature can produce."
Here ceas'd the goddess; and her ardent wings,
Dipt in the colours of the heavenly bow,
Stood waving radiance round, for sudden flight
Prepar'd, when thus, impatient, burst my prayer.
"Oh, forming light of life! O, better Sun!
Sun of mankind! by whom the cloudy north,
Sublim'd, not envies Languedocian skies,
That, unstain'd ether all, diffusive smile:
When shall we call these ancient laurels ours?
And when thy work complete?" Straight with her
Celestial red, she touch'd my darken'd eyes. [hand,
As at the touch of day the shades dissolve,
So quick, methought, the misty circle clear'd,
That dims the dawn of being here below:
The future shone disclos'd, and, in long view,
Bright rising eras instant rush'd to light. [hold!
"They come! Great goddess! I the times be-
The times our fathers, in the bloody field,
Have earn'd so dear, and, not with less renown,
In the warm struggles of the senate fight.
The times I see! whose glory to supply,
For toiling ages, commerce round the world
Has wing'd unnumber'd sails, and from each land
Materials heap'd, that, well-employ'd, with Rome
Might vie our grandeur, and with Greece our art.
"Lo! princes I behold! contriving still,
And still conducting firm some brave design;
Kings! that the narrow joyless circle scorn,
Burst the blockade of false designing men,
Of treacherous smiles, of adulation fell,
And of the blinding clouds around them thrown:
Their court rejoicing millions; worth alone,
And virtue dear to them; their best delight,
In just proportion, to give general joy:
Their jealous care thy kingdom to maintain;
The public glory theirs; unsparing love
Their endless treasure; and their deeds their praise.
With these they work. Nought can resist your force:
Life feels it quickening in her dark retreats;
Strong spread the blooms of genius, science, art;
His bashful bounds disclosing merit breaks;
And, big with fruits of glory, virtue blows
Expansive o'er the land. Another race
Of generous youth, of patriot-sires, I see!
Not those vain insects fluttering in the blaze
Of court, and ball and play; those venal souls,
Corruption's veteran unrelenting bands,
That, to their vices slaves, can ne'er be free.
"I see the fountain's purg'd? whence life derives
A clear or turbid flow; see the young mind
Not fed impure by chance, by flattery fool'd,
Or by scholastic jargon bloated proud,
But fill'd and nourish'd by the light of truth.
Then, beam'd through fancy the refining ray,
And pouring on the heart, the passions feel
At once informing light and moving flame;
Till moral, public, graceful action crowns
The whole. Behold! the fair contention glows,
In all that mind or body can adorn,
And form to life. Instead of barren heads,
Barbarian pedants, wrangling sons of pride,
And truth-perplexing metaphysic wits,
Men, patriots, chiefs, and citizens are form'd.
"Lo! Justice, like the liberal light of Heaven,
Unpurchas'd shines on all, and from her beam,
Appalling guilt, retire the savage crew,
That prowl amid the darkness they themselves
Have thrown around the laws. Oppression grieves:
See! how her legal furies bite the lip,
While Yorks and Talbots their deep snares detect,
And seize swift justice through the clouds they raise.
"See! social Labour lifts his guarded head,
And men not yield to government in vain.
From the sure land is rooted ruffian force,
And, the lewd nurse of villains, idle waste;
Lo! raz'd their haunts, down dash'd their madden-
ing bowl,
A nation's poison! beauteous order reigns!
Manly submission, unimposing toil,
Trade without guile, civility that marks
From the foul herd of brutal slaves thy sons,
And fearless peace. Or should affronting war
To slow but dreadful vengeance rouse the just,
Unfailing fields of freemen I behold!
That know, with their own proper arm, to guard
Their own blest isle against a leaguing world.
Despairing Gaul her boiling youth restrains,
Dissolv'd her dream of universal sway:
The winds and seas are Britain's wide domain:
And not a sail, but by permission, spreads.
"Lo! swarming southward on rejoicing sons,
Gay colonies extend; the calm retreat
Of undeserv'd distress, the better home

Of those whom bigots chase from foreign lands,
Not built on rapine, servitude, and woe,
And in their turn some petty tyrants prey;
But, bound by social freedom, firm they rise;
Such as, of late, an Oglethorpe has form'd,
And, crowding round, the charm'd Savannah sees.
"Horrid with want and misery, no more
Our streets the tender passenger afflict.
Nor shivering age, nor sickness without friend,
Or home, or bed to bear his burning load,
Nor agonizing infant, that ne'er earn'd
Its guiltless pangs, I see! The stores, profuse,
Which British bounty has to these assign'd,
No more the sacrilegious riot swell
Of cannibal devourers! Right apply'd,
No starving wretch the land of freedom stains:
If poor, employment finds; if old, demands,
If, sick, if maim'd, his miserable due;
And will, if young, repay the fondest care.
Sweet sets the sun of stormy life, and sweet,
The morning shines, in mercy's dews array'd.
Lo! how they rise! these families of Heaven!
That? chief, (but why—ye bigots!—why so late?)
Whose blooms and warbles glad a rising age:
What smiles of praise! and, while their song ascends,
The listening seraph lays his lute aside.
"Hark! the gay Muses raise a nobler strain,
With active nature, warm impassion'd truth,
Engaging fable, lucid order, notes
Of various string, and heart-felt image fill'd.
Behold! I see the dread delightful school
Of temper'd passions, and of polish'd life,
Rector'd: behold! the well-dissembled scene
Calls from embellish'd eyes the lovely tear,
Or lights up mirth in modest cheeks again.
Lo! vanish'd monster-land. Lo! driven away
Those that Apollo's sacred walls profane;
Their wild creation scatter'd, where a world
Unknown to Nature, chaos more confus'd,
O'er the brute scene its ouran-outangs pours;
Detested forms! that, on the mind imprest,
Corrupt, confound, and barbarize an age.
"Behold! all thine again the sister-arts,
Thy graces they, knit in harmonious dance.
Nurs'd by the treasure from a nation drain'd
Their works to purchase, they to nobler rouse
Their untam'd genius, their unfetter'd thought;
Of pompous tyrants, and of dreaming monks,
The gaudy tools, and prisoners, no more.
"Lo! numerous domes a Burlington confess:
For kings and senates fit, the palace see!
The temple breathing a religious awe;
Ev'n fram'd with elegance the plain retreat,
The private dwelling. Certain in his aim,
Taste, never idly working, saves expence.
"See! Sylvan scenes, where Art, alone, pretends
To dress her mistress, and disclose her charms:
Such as a Pope in miniature has shown;
A Bathurst o'er the widening forest spreads;
And such as form a Richmond, Chiswick, Stowe.
"August, around, what public works I see!
Lo! stately streets, lo! squares that court the breeze,
In spite of those to whom pertains the care,
Ingulfing more than founded Roman ways,
Lo! ray'd from cities o'er the brighten'd land,
Connecting sea to sea, the solid road.
Lo! the proud arch (no vile exactor's stand)
With easy sweep bestrides the chafing flood.
See! long canals, and deepen'd rivers join
Each part with each, and with the circling main
The whole enliven'd isle. Lo! ports expand,
Free as the winds and waves, their sheltering arms.
Lo! streaming comfort o'er the troubled deep,
On every pointed coast the light-house towers;
And, by the broad imperious mole repell'd,
Hark! how the baffled storm indignant roars."
As thick to view these varied wonders rose,
Shook all my soul with transport, unassur'd,
The vision broke; and, on my waking eye,
Rush'd the still ruins of dejected Rome.

NOTES ON PART V.

Ver. 69. Tin.

Ver. 285. Lord Molesworth, in his account of Denmark, says,—"It is observed, that in limited monarchies and commonwealths, a neighbourhood to the seat of the government is advantageous to the subjects; while the distant provinces are less thriving, and more liable to oppression."

Ver. 409. The famous retreat of the Ten Thousand was chiefly conducted by Xenophon.

Ver. 414. Epaminondas, after having beat the Lacedemonians and their allies, in the battle of Leuctra, made an incursion at the head of a powerful army, into Laconia. It was now six hundred years since the Dorians had possessed this country, and in all that time the face of an enemy had not been seen within their territories. Plutarch in Agesilaus.

Ver. 458. Louis XIV.

Ver. 473. The canal of Languedoc.

Ver. 475 & 477. The hospitals for foundlings and invalids.

Ver. 496. The academies of Science, of the Belles Lettres, and of Painting.

Ver. 503. Engraving.

Ver. 518. The tapestry of the Gobelins.

Ver. 663. An hospital for foundlings.

Ver. 680. A creature which, of all brutes, most resembles man.—See Dr. Tyson's treatise on this animal.

Ver. 699. Okely woods, near Cirencester.

A POEM,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

Shall the great soul of Newton quit this Earth,
To mingle with his stars; and every Muse,
Astonish'd into silence, shun the weight
Of honours due to his illustrious name?
But what can man? Ev'n now the sons of light,
In strains high-warbled to seraphic lyre,
Hail his arrival on the coast of bliss
Yet am I not deterr'd, though high the theme,
And sung to harps of angels, for with you,
Ethereal flames! ambitious, I aspire,
In Nature's general symphony to join.
And what new wonders can you show your guest!
Who, while on this dim spot, where mortals toil
Clouded in dust, from motion's simple laws,

Could trace the secret hand of Providence,
Wide-working through this universal frame.
Have ye not listen'd while he bound the suns,
And planets, to their spheres! th' unequal task
Of human-kind till then. Oft had they roll'd
O'er erring man the year, and oft disgrac'd
The pride of schools, before their course was known
Full in its causes and effects to him,
All-piercing sage! Who sat not down and dream'd
Romantic schemes, defended by the din
Of specious words, and tyranny of names;
But, bidding his amazing mind attend,
And with heroic patience years on years
Deep-searching, saw at last the system dawn,
And shine, of all his race, on him alone.
What were his raptures then! how pure! how strong!
And what the triumphs of old Greece and Rome,
By his diminish'd, but the pride of boys
In some small fray victorious! when instead
Of shatter'd parcels of this Earth usurp'd
By violence unmanly, and sore deeds
Of cruelty and blood, Nature herself
Stood all subdued by him, and open laid
Her every latent glory to his view.
All intellectual eye, our solar round
First gazing through, he by the blended power
Of *gravitation* and *projection* saw
The whole in silent harmony revolve.
From unassisted vision hid, the moons
To cheer remoter planets numerous form'd,
By him in all their mingled tracts were seen.
He also fix'd our wandering queen of Night,
Whether she wanes into a scanty orb,
Or, waxing broad, with her pale shadowy light,
In a soft deluge overflows the sky.
Her every motion clear-discerning, he
Adjusted to the mutual main, and taught
Why now the mighty mass of water swells
Resistless, heaving on the broken rocks,
And the full river turning: till again
The tide revertive, unattracted, leaves
A yellow waste of idle sands behind.
Then breaking hence, he took his ardent flight
Through the blue infinite; and every star,
Which the clear concave of a winter's night
Pours on the eye, or astronomic tube,
Far stretching, snatches from the dark abyss;
Or such as farther in successive skies
To fancy shine alone, at his approach
Blaz'd into suns, the living centre each
Of an harmonious system: all combin'd,
And rul'd unerring by that single power,
Which draws the stone projected to the ground.
O, unprofuse magnificence divine!
O, wisdom truly perfect! thus to call
From a few causes such a scheme of things,
Effects so various, beautiful, and great,
An universe complete! And, O belov'd
Of Heaven! whose well purg'd penetrative eye,
The mystic veil transpiercing, inly scann'd
The rising, moving, wide-establish'd frame.
He, first of men, with awful wing pursued
The comet through the long elliptic curve,
As round innumerous worlds he wound his way;
Till to the forehead of our evening sky
Return'd, the blazing wonder glares anew,
And o'er the trembling nations shakes dismay.
The Heavens are all his own; from the wild rule
Of *whirling vortices*, and circling *spheres*,
To their first great simplicity restor'd,
The schools astonish'd stood; but found it vain
To combat still with demonstration strong,
And, unawaken'd dream beneath the blaze
Of truth. At once their pleasing visions fled,
With the gay shadows of the morning mix'd,
When Newton rose, our philosophic Sun.
Th' aërial flow of sound was known to him,
From whence it first in wavy circles breaks,
Till the touch'd organ takes the message in.
Nor could the darting beam of speed immense,
Escape his swift pursuit, and measuring eye.
Ev'n light itself, which every thing displays,
Shone undiscover'd, till his brighter mind
Untwisted all the shining robe of day;
And, from the whitening undistinguish'd blaze,
Collecting every ray into his kind,
To the charm'd eye educ'd the gorgeous train
Of parent-colours. First the flaming red
Sprung vivid forth; the tawny orange next;
And next delicious yellow; by whose side
Fell the kind beams of all-refreshing green.
Then the pure blue, that swells autumnal skies,
Ethereal play'd; and then, of sadder hue,
Emerg'd the deepen'd indigo, as when
The heavy-skirted evening droops with frost,
While the last gleamings of refracted light
Dy'd in the fainting violet away.
These, when the clouds distil the rosy shower,
Shine out distinct adown the watery bow;
While o'er our heads the dewy vision bends
Delightful, melting on the fields beneath.
Myriads of mingling dyes from these result,
And myriads still remain; infinite source
Of beauty, ever-blushing, ever-new!
Did ever poet image aught so fair,
Dreaming in whispering groves, by the hoarse brook?
Or prophet, to whose rapture Heaven descends?
Ev'n now the setting Sun and shifting clouds,
Seen, Greenwich, from thy lovely heights, declare
How just, how beauteous, the *refractive law*.
The noiseless tide of time, all bearing down
To vast eternity's unbounded sea,
Where the green islands of the happy shine,
He stemm'd alone; and to the source (involv'd
Deep in primeval gloom) ascending, rais'd
His lights at equal distances, to guide
Historian, wilder'd on his darksome way.
But who can number up his labours? who
His high discoveries sing? when but a few
Of the deep-studying race can stretch their minds
To what he knew: in fancy's lighter thought,
How shall the Muse then grasp the mighty theme?
What wonder thence that his devotion swell'd
Responsive to his knowledge! For could he,
Whose piercing mental eye diffusive saw
The finish'd university of things,
In all its order, magnitude, and parts,
Forbear incessant to adore that Power
Who fills, sustains, and actuates the whole?
Say, ye who best can tell, ye happy few,
Who saw him in the softest lights of life,
All unwithheld, indulging to his friends
The vast unborrow'd treasures of his mind,
Oh, speak the wondrous man! how mild, how calm
How greatly humble, how divinely good,
How firm establish'd on eternal truth;
Fervent in doing well, with every nerve
Still pressing on, forgetful of the past,
And panting for perfection: far above

Those little cares, and visionary joys,
That so perplex the fond impassion'd heart
Of ever-cheated, ever-trusting man.
And you, ye hopeless gloomy-minded tribe,
You who unconscious of those nobler flights
That reach impatient at immortal life,
Against the prime endearing privilege
Of being dare contend, say, can a soul
Of such extensive, deep, tremendous powers,
Enlarging still, be but a finer breath
Of spirits dancing through their tubes awhile,
And then for ever lost in vacant air?
But, hark! methinks I hear a warning voice,
Solemn as when some awful change is come,
Sound through the world—'Tis done—The measure's full;
And I resign my charge.—Ye mouldering stones,
That build the towering pyramid, the proud
Triumphal arch, the monument effac'd
By ruthless ruin, and whate'er supports
The worship name of hoar antiquity,
Down to the dust! what grandeur can ye boast
While Newton lifts his column to the skies,
Beyond the waste of time. Let no weak drop
Be shed for him. The virgin in her bloom
Cut off, the joyous youth, and darling child,
These are the tombs that claim the tender tear,
And elegiac song. But Newton calls
For other notes of gratulation high,
That now he wanders through those endless worlds
He here so well descried, and wondering talks,
And hymns their Author with his glad compeers.
Or Britain's boast! whether with angels thou
Sitt'st in dread discourse, or fellow-blest,
Who joy to see the honour of their kind;
Or whether mounted on cherubic wing,
Thy swift career is with the whirling orbs,
Comparing things with things, in rapture lost,
And grateful adoration, for that light
So plenteous ray'd into thy mind below,
From Light *Himself*; oh, look with pity down
On human-kind, a frail erroneous race:
Exalt the spirit of a downward world!
O'er thy dejected country chief preside,
And be her Genius call'd! her studies raise,
Correct her manners, and inspire her youth. [forth
For, though deprav'd and sunk, she brought thee
And glories in thy name; she points thee out
To all her sons, and bids them eye thy star:
While, in expectance of the second life,
When time shall be no more, thy sacred dust
Sleeps with her kings, and dignifies the scene.

A POEM,

TO THE MEMORY OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD TALBOT,

LORD CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

ADDRESSED TO HIS SON.

While, with the public, you, my lord, lament
A friend and father lost; permit the Muse,
The Muse assign'd of old a double theme,
To praise dead worth, and humble living pride,
Whose generous task begins where interest ends,
Permit her on a Talbot's tomb to lay
This cordial verse sincere, by truth inspir'd,
Which means not to bestow, but borrow fame.
Yes, she may sing his matchless virtues now—
Unhappy that she may.—But where begin?
How from the diamond single out each ray,
Where all, though trembling with ten thousand
Effuse one dazzling undivided light? [hues,
Let the low-minded of these narrow days
No more presume to deem the lofty tale
Of ancient times, in pity to their own,
Romance. In Talbot we united saw
The piercing eye, the quick enlighten'd soul,
The graceful ease, the flowing tongue of Greece,
Join'd to the virtues and the force of Rome.
Eternal Wisdom, that all-quickening sun,
Whence every life, in just proportion, draws
Directing light and actuating flame,
Ne'er with a larger portion of its beams
Awaken'd mortal clay. Hence steady, calm,
Diffusive, deep, and clear, his reason saw,
With instantaneous view, the truth of things;
Chief what to human life and human bliss
Pertains, that noblest science, fit for man:
And hence, responsive to his knowledge, glow'd
His ardent virtue. Ignorance and vice,
In consort foul agree; each heightening each;
While virtue draws from knowledge brighter fire.
What grand, what comely, or what tender sense,
What talent, or what virtue, was not his;
What that can render man or great, or good,
Give useful worth, or amiable grace?
Nor could he brook in studious shade to lie,
In soft retirement, indolently pleas'd
With selfish peace. The syren of the wise,
(Who steals th' Aonian song, and, in the shape
Of virtue, wooes them from a worthless world)
Though deep he felt her charms, could never melt
His strenuous spirit, recollected, calm,
As silent night, yet active as the day.
The more the bold, the bustling, and the bad,
Press to usurp the reins of power, the more
Behoves it virtue, with indignant zeal,
To check their combination. Shall low views
Of sneaking interest or luxurious vice,
The villain's passions, quicken more to toil,
And dart a livelier vigour through the soul,
Than those that, mingled with our truest good,
With present honour and immortal fame,
Involve the good of all? An empty form
Is the weak virtue, that amid the shade
Lamenting lies, with future schemes amus'd,
While wickedness and folly, *kindred powers*,
Confound the world. A Talbot's, different far,
Sprung ardent into action: action, that disdain'd
To lose in deathlike sloth one pulse of life,
That might be sav'd; disdain'd for coward ease,
And her insipid pleasures, to resign
The prize of glory, the keen sweets of toil,
And those high joys that teach the truly great
To live for others, and for others die.
Early, behold! he breaks benign on life.
Not breathing more beneficence, the Spring
Leads in her swelling train the gentle airs,
While gay, behind her, smiles the kindling waste
Of ruffian storms and Winter's lawless rage.
In him Astrea, to this dim abode
Of ever-wandering men, return'd again:
To bless them his delight, to bring them back,

From thorny errour, from unjoyous wrong,
Into the paths of kind primeval faith,
Of happiness and justice. All his parts,
His virtues all, collected, sought the good
Of human-kind. For *that* he, fervent, felt
The throb of patriots, when they model states:
Anxious for *that*, nor needful sleep could hold
His still-awaken'd soul; nor friends had charms
To steal, with pleasing guile, one useful hour;
Toil knew no languor, no attraction joy.
Thus with unwearied steps, by Virtue led,
He gain'd the summit of that sacred hill,
Where, rais'd above black envy's darkening clouds,
Her spotless temple lifts its radiant front.
Be nam'd, victorious ravagers, no more!
Vanish, ye human comets! shrink your blaze!
Ye that your glory to your terrours owe,
As, o'er the gazing desolated Earth,
You scatter'd famine, pestilence, and war;
Vanish! before this vernal Sun of fame;
Effulgent sweetness! beaming life and joy.
How the heart listen'd while he, pleading, spoke!
While on th' enlighten'd mind, with winning art,
His gentle reason so persuasive stole,
That the charm'd hearer thought it was his own.
Ah! when, ye studious of the laws, again
Shall such enchanting lessons bless your ear?
When shall again the darkest truths, perplext,
Be set in ample day? when shall the harsh
And arduous open into smiling ease?
The solid mix with elegant delight?
His was the talent with the purest light
At once to pour conviction on the soul,
And warm with lawful flame th' impassion'd heart,
That dangerous gift with him was safely lodg'd
By Heaven—He, sacred to his country's cause,
To trampled want and worth, to suffering right,
To the lone widow's and her orphan's woes,
Reserv'd the mighty charm. With equal brow,
Despising then the smiles or frowns of power,
He all that noblest eloquence effus'd,
With generous passion, taught by reason, breathes:
Then spoke the man; and, over barren art,
Prevail'd abundant Nature. Freedom then
His client was, humanity and truth.
Plac'd on the seat of Justice, there he reign'd,
In a superior sphere of cloudless day,
A pure intelligence. No tumult there,
No dark emotion, no intemperate heat,
No passion e'er disturb the clear serene
That round him spread. A zeal for right alone,
The love of justice, like the steady Sun,
Its equal ardour lent; and sometimes rais'd
Against the sons of violence, of pride,
And bold deceit, his indignation gleam'd,
Yet still by sober dignity restrain'd.
As intuition quick, he snatch'd the truth,
Yet with progressive patience, step by step,
Self-diffident, or to the slower kind,
He through the maze of falsehood trac'd it on,
Till, at the last, evolv'd, it full appear'd,
And ev'n the loser own'd the just decree.
But when, in senates, he, to freedom firm,
Enlighten'd freedom, plann'd salubrious laws,
His various learning, his wide knowledge, then,
His insight deep into Britannia's weal,
Spontaneous seem'd from simple sense to flow,
And the plain patriot smooth'd the brow of law.
No specious swell, no frothy pomp of words,
Fell on the cheated ear; no study'd maze
Of declamation, to perplex the right,
He darkening threw around: safe in itself,
In its own force, all-powerful reason spoke;
While on the great, the ruling point, at once,
He stream'd decisive day, and show'd it vain
To lengthen farther out the clear debate.
Conviction breathes conviction; to the heart,
Pour'd ardent forth in eloquence *unbid*,
The heart attends: for let the *venal* try
Their every hardening stupifying art,
Truth must prevail, zeal will enkindle zeal,
And Nature, skilful touch'd, is honest still.
Behold him in the councils of his prince.
What faithful light he lends! How rare, in courts,
Such wisdom! such abilities! and, join'd
To virtue so determin'd, public zeal,
And honour of such adamantine proof,
As ev'n corruption, hopeless, and o'er aw'd,
Durst not have *tempted!* Yet of manners mild,
And winning every heart, he knew to please,
Nobly to please; while equally he scorn'd
Or adulation to receive, or give.
Happy the state, where wakes a ruling eye
Of such inspection keen, and general care!
Beneath a guard so vigilant, so pure,
Toil may resign his careless head to rest,
And ever-jealous freedom sleep in peace.
Ah! lost untimely! lost in downward days!
And many a patriot counsel with him lost!
Counsels, that might have humbled Britain's foe,
Her native foe, from eldest time by Fate
Appointed, as did once a Talbot's arms.
Let learning, arts, let universal worth,
Lament a patron lost, a friend and judge.
Unlike the sons of vanity, that veil'd
Beneath the patron's prostituted name,
Dare sacrifice a worthy man to pride,
And flush confusion o'er an honest cheek.
When he conferr'd a grace, it seem'd a debt
Which he to merit, to the public paid,
And to the great all bounteous source of good.
His sympathising heart itself received
The generous obligation he bestow'd.
This, this indeed, is patronizing worth.
Their kind protector him the Muses own,
But scorn with noble pride the boasted aid
Of tasteless vanity's insulting hand.
The gracious stream, that cheers the letter'd world,
Is not the noisy gift of summer's noon,
Whose sudden current, from the naked root,
Washes the little soil which yet remain'd,
And only more dejects the blushing flowers:
No, 'tis the soft-descending dews at eve,
The silent treasures of the vernal year,
Indulging deep their stores, the still night long;
Till, with returning morn, the freshen'd world,
Is fragrance all, all beauty, joy, and song.
Still let me view him in the pleasing light
Of private life, where pomp forgets to glare,
And where the plain unguarded soul is seen.
There, with that truest greatness he appear'd,
Which thinks not of appearing; kindly veil'd
In the soft graces of the friendly scene,
Inspiring social confidence and ease.
As free the converse of the wise and good,
As joyous, disentangling every power,
And breathing mixt improvement with delight,
As when amid the various-blossom'd spring,
Or gentle-beaming autumn's pensive shade,
The philosophic mind with Nature talks.

Say ye, his sons, his dear remains, with whom
The father laid superfluous state aside,
Yet rais'd your filial duty thence the more,
With friendship rais'd it, with esteem, with love,
Beyond the ties of blood, oh! speak the joy,
The pure serene, the cheerful wisdom mild,
The virtuous spirit, which his vacant hours,
In semblance of amusement, through the breast
Infus'd. And thou, O Rundle[1]! lend thy strain,
Thou darling friend! thou brother of his soul!
In whom the head and heart their stores unite;
Whatever fancy paints, invention pours,
Judgment digests, the well tun'd bosom feels,
Truth natural, moral, or divine, has taught,
The Virtues dictate, or the Muses sing.
Lend me the plaint, which, to the lonely main,
With memory conversing, you will pour,
As on the pebbled shore you, pensive, stray,
Where Derry's mountains a bleak crescent form,
And mid their ample round receive the waves,
That from the frozen pole, resounding, rush,
Impetuous. Though from native sunshine driven,
Driven from your friends, the sunshine of the soul,
By slanderous zeal, and politics infirm,
Jealous of worth; yet will you bless your lot,
Yet will you triumph in your glorious fate,
Whence Talbot's friendship glows to future times
Intrepid, warm, of kindred tempers born;
Nurs'd, by experience, into slow esteem,
Calm confidence unbounded, love not blind,
And the sweet light from mingled minds disclos'd,
From mingled chymic oils as bursts the fire.
I too remember well that cheerful bowl,
Which round his table flow'd. The serious there
Mix'd with the sportive, with the learn'd the plain;
Mirth soften'd wisdom, candour temper'd mirth;
And wit its honey lent, without the sting.
Not simple Nature's unaffected sons,
The blameless Indians, round the forest-cheer,
In sunny lawn or shady covert set,
Hold more unspotted converse: nor, of old,
Rome's awful consuls, her dictator-swains,
As on the product of their Sabine farms
They far'd, with stricter virtue fed the soul:
Nor yet in Athens, at an Attic meal,
Where Socrates presided, fairer truth,
More elegant humanity, more grace,
Wit more refin'd, or deeper science reign'd.
But far beyond the little vulgar bounds,
Of family, or friends, or native land,
By just degrees, and with proportion'd flame,
Extended his benevolence: a friend
To human kind, to parent Nature's works.
Of free access, and of engaging grace,
Such as a brother to a brother owes,
He kept an open judging ear for all,
And spread an open countenance, where smil'd
The fair effulgence of an open heart;
While on the rich, the poor, the high, the low,
With equal ray, his ready goodness shone:
For *nothing human foreign was to him.*
Thus to a dread inheritance, my lord,
And hard to be supported, you succeed:
But, kept by virtue, as by virtue gain'd,
It will, through latest time, enrich your race,
When grosser wealth shall moulder into dust,
And with their authors in oblivion sunk
Vain titles lie, the servile badges oft
Of mean submission, not the meed of worth.
True genuine honour its large patent holds
Of all mankind, through every land and age,
Of universal reason's various sons,
And ev'n of God himself, sole perfect judge!
Yet know, these noblest honours of the mind
On rigid terms descend: the high-plac'd heir,
Scann'd by the public eye, that, with keen gaze,
Malignant seeks our faults, cannot through life,
Amid the nameless insects of a court,
Unheeded steal: but, with his sire compar'd,
He must be glorious, or he must be scorn'd.
This truth to you, who merit well to bear
A name to Britons dear, th' officious Muse
May safely sing, and sing without reserve.
Vain were the plaint, and ignorant the tear,
That should a Talbot mourn. Ourselves, indeed,
Our country robb'd of her delight and strength,
We may lament. Yet let us, grateful, joy,
That we such virtues knew, such virtues felt,
And feel them still, teaching our views to rise
Through ever-brightening scenes of future worlds.
Be dumb, ye worst of zealots! ye that, prone
To thoughtless dust, renounce that generous hope,
Whence every joy below its spirit draws,
And every pain its balm: a Talbot's light,
A Talbot's virtues, claim another source,
Than the blind maze of undesigning blood;
Nor, when that vital fountain plays no more,
Can they be quench'd amid the gelid stream.
Methinks I see his mounting spirit, freed
From tangling earth, regain the realms of day,
Its native country, whence, to bless mankind,
Eternal goodness, on this darksome spot,
Had ray'd it down a while. Behold! approv'd
By the tremendous Judge of Heaven and Earth,
And to th' Almighty Father's presence join'd,
He takes his rank, in glory, and in bliss,
Amid the human worthies. Glad around
Crowd his compatriot shades, and point him out,
With joyful pride, Britannia's blameless boast.
Ah! who is he, that with a fonder eye
Meets thine enraptur'd?—'Tis the best of sons!
The best of friends!—Too soon is realiz'd
That hope, which once forbad thy tears to flow!
Meanwhile the kindred souls of every land,
(Howe'er divided in the fretful days
Of prejudice and errour) mingled now,
In one selected never jarring state,
Where God himself their only monarch reigns,
Partake the joy; yet, such the sense that still
Remains of earthly woes, for us below,
And for our loss, they drop a pitying tear.
But cease, presumptuous Muse, nor vainly strive
To quit this cloudy sphere that binds thee down:
'Tis not for mortal hand to trace these scenes,
Scenes, that our gross ideas groveling cast
Behind, and strike our boldest language dumb.
Forgive, immortal shade! if aught from Earth,
From dust low-warbled, to those groves can rise,
Where flows celestial harmony, forgive
This fond superfluous verse. With deep-felt voice,
On every heart impress'd, thy deeds themselves
Attest thy praise. Thy praise the widow's sighs,
And orphan's tears embalm. The good, the bad,
The sons of justice and the sons of strife,
All who or freedom or who interest prize,
A deep divided nation's parties all,
Conspire to swell thy spotless praise to Heaven.
Glad Heaven receives it, and seraphic lyres

[1] Dr. Rundle, late bishop of Derry, in Ireland.

With songs of triumph thy arrival hail.
How vain this tribute then! this lowly lay!
Yet nought is vain which gratitude inspires.
The Muse, besides, her duty thus approves
To virtue, to her country, to mankind,
To ruling Nature, that, in glorious charge,
As to her priestess, gives it her, to hymn,
Whatever good and excellent she forms.

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

While secret leaguing nations frown around,
Ready to pour the long expected storm;
While she, who wont the restless Gaul to bound,
Britannia, drooping, grows an empty form;
While on our vitals selfish parties prey,
And deep corruption eats our soul away:

Yet in the goddess of the main appears
A gleam of joy gay-flushing every grace,
As she the cordial voice of millions hears,
Rejoicing, zealous, o'er *thy* rising race:
Straitgh her rekindling eyes resume their fire,
The Virtues smile, the Muses tune the lyre.

But more enchanting than the Muse's song,
United Britons thy dear offspring hail:
The city triumphs through her glowing throng;
The shepherd tells his transport to the dale;
The sons of roughest toil forget their pain,
And the glad sailor cheers the midnight main.

Can aught from fair Augusta's gentle blood,
And thine, hou friend of liberty! be born:
Can aught save what is lovely, generous, good;
What will, at-once, defend us and adorn?
From thence prophetic joy new Edwards eyes,
New Henrys, Annas, and Elizas rise.

May Fate my fond devoted days extend,
To sing the promis'd glories of thy reign!
What though, by years depress'd, my Muse might bend;
My heart will teach her still a nobler strain:
How, with recover'd Britain, will she soar,
When France insults, and Spain shall rob no more.

VERSES.

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF

MR. AIKMAN,

A PARTICULAR FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR'S.

As those we love decay, we die in part,
String after string is sever'd from the heart;
Till loosen'd life, at last, but breathing clay,
Without one pang is glad to fall away.

Unhappy he, who latest feels the blow,
Whose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low,
Dragg'd lingering on from partial death to death,
Till, dying, all he can resign is breath.

ODE.

Tell me, thou soul of her I love,
Ah! tell me, whither art thou fled;
To what delightful world above,
Appointed for the happy dead?

Or dost thou, free, at pleasure, roam,
And sometimes share thy lover's woe;
Where, void of thee, his cheerless home
Can now, alas! no comfort know?

Oh! if thou hover'st round my walk,
While, under every well known tree,
I to thy fancy'd shadow talk,
And every tear is full of thee;

Should then the weary eye of grief,
Beside some sympathetic stream,
In slumber find a short relief,
Oh, visit thou my soothing dream!

EPITAPH

ON

MISS STANLEY[1],

IN HOLYROOD CHURCH, SOUTHAMPTON.

E. S.

Once a lively image of human nature,
Such as God made it
When he pronounced every work of his to be good.
To the memory of Elizabeth Stanley,
Daughter of George and Sarah Stanley;
Who, to all the beauty, modesty,
And gentleness of nature,
That ever adorned the most amiable woman,
Joined all the fortitude, elevation,
And vigour of mind,
That ever exalted the most heroical man;
Who having lived the pride and delight of her parents,
The joy, the consolation, and pattern of her friends,
A mistress not only of the English and French,
But in a high degree of the Greek and Roman learning,
Without vanity or pedantry,
At the age of eighteen,
After a tedious, painful, desperate illness,
Which, with a Roman spirit,
And a Christian resignation,
She endured so calmly, that she seemed insensible
To all pain and suffering, except that of her friends,
Gave up her innocent soul to her Creator,
And left to her mother, who erected this monument,
The memory of her virtues for her greatest support;
Virtues which, in her sex and station of life,
Were all that could be practised,
And more than will be believed,
Except by those who know what this inscription relates.

[1] See what is said of this lady in Summer.

Here, Stanley, rest, escap'd this mortal strife,
Above the joys, beyond the woes of life.
Fierce pangs no more thy lively beauties stain,
And sternly try thee with a year of pain:
No more sweet patience, feigning oft relief,
Lights thy sick eye, to cheat a parent's grief:
With tender art, to save her anxious groan,
No more thy bosom presses down its own:
Now well-earn'd peace is thine, and bliss sincere:
Ours be the lenient, not unpleasing tear!
O, born to bloom, then sink beneath the storm,
To show us Virtue in her fairest form;
To show us artless Reason's moral reign,
What boastful Science arrogates in vain;
Th' obedient passions knowing each their part;
Calm light the head, and harmony the heart!
Yes, we must follow soon, will glad obey,
When a few suns have roll'd their cares away,
Tir'd with vain life, will close the willing eye:
'Tis the great birth-right of mankind *to die*.
Blest be the bark! that wafts us to the shore,
Where death-divided friends shall part no more:
To join thee there, here with thy dust repose,
Is all the hope thy hapless mother knows.

TO THE REVEREND

MR. MURDOCH,

RECTOR OF STRADDISHALL, IN SUFFOLK, 1738.

Thus safely low, my friend, thou can'st not fall:
There reigns a deep tranquillity o'er all;
No noise, no care, no vanity, no strife;
Men, woods, and fields, all breathe untroubled life.
Then keep each passion down, however dear;
Trust me the tender are the most severe.
Guard, while 'tis thine, thy philosophic ease,
And ask no joy but that of virtuous peace;
That bids defiance to the storms of Fate:
High bliss is only for a higher state.

A PARAPHRASE

ON THE LATTER PART OF THE SIXTH CHAPTER OF ST. MATTHEW.

When my breast labours with oppressive care,
And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear;
While all my warring passions are at strife,
O, let me listen to the words of life!
Raptures deep-felt his doctrine did impart,
And thus he rais'd from Earth the drooping heart.
Think not, when all your scanty stores afford,
Is spread at once upon the sparing board;
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
While, on the roof, the howling tempest bears;
What farther shall this feeble life sustain,
And what shall clothe these shivering limbs again.
Say, does not life its nourishment exceed?
And the fair body its investing weed?
Behold! and look away your low despair—
See the light tenants of the barren air:
To them, nor stores, nor granaries, belong,
Nought, but the woodland, and the pleasing song;
Yet, your kind heavenly Father bends his eye
On the least wing that flits along the sky.
To him they sing, when Spring renews the plain,
To him they cry in Winter's pinching reign;
Nor is their music, nor their plaint in vain:
He hears the gay, and the distressful call,
And with unsparing bounty fills them all.
Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,
Observe the various vegetable race:
They neither toil, nor spin, but careless grow,
Yet see how warm they blush! how bright they glow!
What regal vestments can with them compare!
What king so shining! or what queen so fair!
If, ceaseless, thus the fowls of Heaven he feeds
If o'er the fields such lucid robes he spreads;
Will he not care for you, ye faithless, say;
Is he unwise? or, are ye less than they?

THE INCOMPARABLE

SOPORIFIC DOCTOR.

Sweet, sleeky Doctor! dear pacific soul!
Lay at the beef, and suck the vital bowl!
Still let th' involving smoke around thee fly,
And broad-look'd dulness settle in thine eye.
Ah! soft in down these dainty limbs repose,
And in the very lap of slumber doze;
But chiefly on the lazy day of grace,
Call forth the lambent glories of thy face;
If aught the thoughts of dinner can prevail,
And sure the Sunday's dinner cannot fail.
To the thin church in sleepy pomp proceed,
And lean on the lethargic book thy head.
These eyes wipe often with the hallow'd lawn,
Profoundly nod, immeasurably yawn.
Slow let the prayers by thy meek lips be sung,
Nor let thy thoughts be distanc'd by thy tongue;
If ere the lingerers are within a call,
Or if on prayers thou deign'st to think at all.
Yet—only yet—the swimming head we bend;
But when serene, the pulpit you ascend,
Through every joint a gentle horrour creeps,
And round you the consenting audience sleeps.
So when an ass with sluggish front appears,
The horses start, and prick their quivering ears;
But soon as e'er the sage is heard to bray,
The fields all thunder, and they bound away.

THE HAPPY MAN.

He's not the Happy Man, to whom is given
A plenteous fortune by indulgent Heaven;
Whose gilded roofs on shining columns rise,
And painted walls enchant the gazer's eyes;
Whose table flows with hospitable cheer,
And all the various bounty of the year; [Spring,
Whose vallies smile, whose gardens breathe the
Whose carved mountains bleat, and forests sing;
For whom the cooling shade in Summer twines,
While his full cellars give their generous wines;
From whose wide fields unbounded Autumn pours
A golden tide into his swelling stores:
Whose Winter laughs; for whom the liberal gales
Stretch the big sheet, and toiling commerce sails;
When yielding crowds attend, and pleasure serves;
While youth, and health, and vigour, string his nerves.
Ev'n not all these, in one rich lot combin'd,
Can make the Happy Man, without the mind;

Where Judgment sits clear sighted, and surveys
The chain of Reason with unerring gaze;
Where Fancy lives, and to the brightening eyes,
His fairer scenes, and bolder figures rise;
Where social Love exerts her soft command,
And plays the passions with a tender hand,
Whence every virtue flows, in rival strife,
And all the moral harmony of life.
Nor canst thou, Doddington, this truth decline,
Thine is the fortune, and the mind is thine.

ON THE REPORT OF A

WOODEN BRIDGE TO BE BUILT AT WESTMINSTER.

By Rufus' Hall, where Thames polluted flows,
Provok'd, the Genius of the river rose,
And thus exclaim'd: "Have I, ye British swains,
Have I for ages lav'd your fertile plains?
Giv'n herds, and flocks, and villages increase,
And fed a richer than a golden fleece?
Have I, ye merchants, with each swelling tide,
Pour'd Afric's treasure in, and India's pride?
Lent you the fruit of every nation's toil?
Made every climate yours, and every soil?
Yet pilfer'd from the poor, by gaming base,
Yet must a Wooden Bridge my waves disgrace?
Tell not to foreign streams the shameful tale,
And be it publish'd in no Gallic vale."
He said; and, plunging to his crystal dome,
White o'er his head the circling waters foam.

SONG.

One day the god of fond desire,
On mischief bent, to Damon said,
"Why not disclose your tender fire,
Not own it to the lovely maid?"

The shepherd mark'd his treacherous art,
And, softly-sighing, thus reply'd:
"'Tis true, you have subdued my heart,
But shall not triumph o'er my pride."

"The slave, in private only bears
Your bondage, who his love conceals;
But when his passion he declares,
You drag him at your chariot-wheels."

SONG.

Hard is the fate of him who loves,
Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,
But to the sympathetic groves,
But to the lonely listening plain.

Oh! when she blesses next your shade,
Oh! when her footsteps next are seen
In flowery tracts along the mead,
In fresher mazes o'er the green,

Ye gentle spirits of the vale,
To whom the tears of love are dear,
From dying lillies waft a gale,
And sigh my sorrows in her ear.

O, tell her what she cannot blame,
Though fear my tongue must ever bind;
O, tell her that my virtuous flame
Is as her spotless soul refin'd.

Not her own guardian angel eyes
With chaster tenderness his care,
Not purer her own wishes rise,
Not holier her own sighs in prayer.

But, if, at first, her virgin fear
Should start at love's suspected name,
With that of friendship sooth her ear—
True love and friendship are the same.

SONG.

Unless with my Amanda blest,
In vain I twine the woodbine bower;
Unless to deck her sweeter breast,
In vain I rear the breathing flower:

Awaken'd by the genial year,
In vain the birds around me sing;
In vain the freshening fields appear:
Without my love there is no spring.

SONG.

For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love,
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between, and bid us part?

Bid us sigh on from day to day,
And wish, and wish the soul away;
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of life is gone?

But busy, busy, still art thou,
To bind the loveless joyless vow,
The heart from pleasure to delude,
To join the gentle to the rude.

For once, O Fortune, hear my prayer,
And I absolve thy future care;
All other blessings I resign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

SONG.

Come, gentle god of soft desire,
Come and possess my happy breast!
Not, fury-like, in flames and fire,
In rapture, rage, and nonsense drest

These are the vain disguise of love;
And, or bespeak dissembled pains,
Or else a fleeting passion prove—
The frantic fury of the veins.

But come in friendship's angel-guise:
Yet dearer thou than friendship art:
More tender spirit in thy eyes,
More sweet emotions at the heart,

O, come with goodness in thy train,
With peace, and transport void of storm,
And, would'st thou me for ever gain,
Put on Amanda's winning form.

A NUPTIAL SONG.

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN INSERTED IN THE FOURTH ACT OF SOPHONISBA, A TRAGEDY.

COME, gentle Venus! and assuage
A warring world, a bleeding age.
For Nature lives beneath thy ray,
The wintery tempests haste away,
A lucid calm invests the sea,
Thy native deep is full of thee:
The flowering Earth where'er you fly,
Is all o'er Spring, all Sun the sky.
A genial spirit warms the breeze;
Unseen among the blooming trees,
The feather'd lovers tune their throat,
The desert growls a soften'd note,
Glad o'er the meads the cattle bound,
And love and harmony go round.
  But chief into the human heart
You strike the dear delicious dart;
You teach us pleasing pangs to know,
To languish in luxurious woe,
To feel the generous passions rise,
Grow good by gazing, mild by sighs;
Each happy moment to improve,
And fill the perfect year with love.
  Come, thou delight of Heaven and Earth!
To whom all creatures owe their birth;
Oh, come, sweet smiling! tender, come!
And yet prevent our final doom.
For long the furious god of war
Has crush'd us with his iron car,
Has rag'd along our ruin'd plains,
Has foil'd them with his cruel stains,
Has sunk our youth in endless sleep,
And made the widow'd virgin weep.
Now let him feel thy wonted charms;
Oh, take him to thy twining arms!
And, while thy bosom heaves on his,
While deep he prints the humid kiss,
Ah, then! his stormy heart control,
And sigh thyself into his soul.

ODE.

O Nightingale, best poet of the grove,
  That plaintive strain can ne'er belong to thee,
Blest in the full possession of thy love:
  O lend that strain, sweet nightingale, to me!

'Tis mine, alas! to mourn my wretched fate:
  I love a maid who all my bosom charms,
Yet lose my days without this lovely mate;
  Inhuman Fortune keeps her from my arms.

You, happy birds! by Nature's simple laws
  Lead your soft lives, sustain'd by Nature's fare;
You dwell where-ever roving fancy draws,
  And love and song is all your pleasing care:

But we, vain slaves of interest and of pride,
  Dare not be blest lest envious tongues should blame:
And hence, in vain I languish for my bride;
  O mourn with me, sweet bird, my hapless flame.

TO SERAPHINA.

ODE.

THE wanton's charms however bright,
Are like the false illusive light,
Whose flattering unauspicious blaze
To precipices oft betrays:
But that sweet ray your beauties dart,
Which clears the mind, and cleans the heart,
Is like the sacred queen of night,
Who pours a lovely gentle light
Wide o'er the dark, by wanderers blest,
Conducting them to peace and rest.
  A vicious love depraves the mind,
'Tis anguish, guilt, and folly join'd;
But Seraphina's eyes dispense
A mild and gracious influence;
Such as in visions angels shed
Around the heaven-illumin'd head.
To love thee, Seraphina, sure
Is to be tender, happy, pure;
'Tis from low passions to escape,
And woo bright virtue's fairest shape;
'Tis ecstasy with wisdom join'd;
And heaven infus'd into the mind.

ODE ON ÆOLUS's HARP[1].

ETHEREAL race, inhabitants of air,
  Who hymn your God amid the secret grove;
Ye unseen beings, to my harp repair,
  And raise majestic strains, or melt in love.

Those tender notes, how kindly they upbraid,
  With what soft woe they thrill the lover's heart!
Sure from the hand of some unhappy maid,
  Who dy'd of love, these sweet complainings part.

But, hark! that strain was of a graver tone,
  On the deep strings his hand some hermit throws;
Or he the sacred bard[2], who sat alone,
  In the drear waste, and wept his people's woes.

Such was the song which Zion's children sung,
  When by Euphrates' stream they made their plaint;
And to such sadly solemn notes are strung
  Angelic harps, to sooth a dying saint.

Methinks I hear the full celestial choir,
  Through Heaven's high dome their awful anthem raise;
Now chanting clear, and now they all conspire
  To swell the lofty hymn, from praise to praise.

Let me, ye wandering spirits of the wind,
  Who, as wild fancy prompts you, touch the string,
Smit with your theme, be in your chorus join'd,
  For till you cease, my Muse forgets to sing.

HYMN ON SOLITUDE.

HAIL, mildly pleasing Solitude,
Companion of the wise and good,
But, from whose holy, piercing eye,
The herd of fools and villains fly.

[1] Æolus's Harp is a musical instrument, which plays with the wind, invented by Mr. Oswald; its properties are fully described in the Castle of Indolence.

[2] Jeremiah.

Oh! how I love with thee to walk,
And listen to thy whisper'd talk,
Which innocence and truth imparts,
And melts the most obdurate hearts.
A thousand shapes you wear with ease,
And still in every shape you please.
Now wrapt in some mysterious dream,
A lone philosopher you seem;
Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
And now you sweep the vaulted sky,
A shepherd next, you haunt the plain,
And warble forth your oaten strain.
A lover now, with all the grace
Of that sweet passion in your face:
Then, calm'd to friendship, you assume
The gentle-looking Hartford's bloom,
As, with her Musidora, she
(Her Musidora fond of thee)
Amid the long withdrawing vale,
Awakes the rivall'd nightingale.
Thine is the balmy breath of morn,
Just as the dew-bent rose is born;
And while meridian fervours beat,
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat;
But chief, when evening scenes decay,
And the faint landcape swims away,
Thine is the doubtful soft decline,
And that best hour of musing thine.
Descending angels bless thy train,
The virtues of the sage, and swain;
Plain Innocence in white array'd,
Before thee lifts her fearless head:
Religion's beams around thee shine,
And cheer thy glooms with light divine:
About thee sports sweet Liberty;
And rapt Urania sings to thee.
Oh, let me pierce thy secret cell!
And in thy deep recesses dwell;
Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,
When Meditation has her fill,
I just may cast my careless eyes
Where London's spiry turrets rise,
Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,
Then shield me in the woods again.

PROLOGUE

TO MR. MALLET'S MUSTAPHA.

Since Athens first began to draw mankind,
To picture life, and show th' impassion'd mind;
The truly wise have ever deem'd the stage
The moral school of each enlighten'd age.
There, in full pomp, the tragic Muse appears,
Queen of soft sorrows, and of useful fears.
Faint is the lesson reason'd rules impart;
She pours it strong and instant through the heart.
If virtue is the theme, we sudden glow
With generous flame: and, what we feel, we grow.
If vice she paints, indignant passions rise:
The villain sees himself with lothing eyes.
His soul starts, conscious, at another's groan:
And the pale tyrant trembles on his throne.
To-night our meaning scene attempts to show
What fell events from dark suspicion flow;
Chief when it taints a lawless monarch's mind,
To the false herd of flattering slaves confin'd.
The soul sinks gradual to so dire a state,
Ev'n excellence but serves to feed its hate:
To hate remorseless, cruelty succeeds,
And every worth, and every virtue bleeds.
Behold, our author at your bar appears,
His modest hopes depress'd by conscious fears.
Faults he has many—But to balance those,
His verse with heart-felt love of virtue glows,
All slighter errours let indulgence spare:
And be his equal trial full and fair.
For this best British privilege we call;
Then—as he merits, let him stand, or fall.

DENNIS TO MR. THOMSON,

WHO HAD PROCURED HIM A BENEFIT-NIGHT.

Reflecting on thy worth, methinks I find,
Thy various Seasons in their author's mind.
Spring opes her blossoms, various as thy Muse,
And, like thy soft compassion, sheds her dews.
Summer's hot drought in thy expression glows,
And o'er each page a tawny ripeness throws.
Autumn's rich fruits th' instructed reader gains,
Who tastes the meaning purpose of thy strains.
Winter—but that no semblance takes from thee;
That hoary season yields a type of me.
Shatter'd by time's bleak storms I withering lay,
Leafless, and whitening in a cold decay!
Yet shall my propless ivy, pale and bent,
Bless the short sunshine which thy pity lent.

EPITAPH

ON MR. THOMSON.

Others to marble may their glory owe,
And boast those honours Sculpture can bestow;
Short-liv'd renown! that every moment must
Sink with its emblem, and consume to dust!
But Thomson needs no artist to engrave,
From dumb oblivion no device to save;
Such vulgar aids let names inferior ask;
Nature for him assumes herself the task;
The Seasons are his monuments of fame,
With them to flourish, as from them it came.

POPE'S POEMS.

THE DUNCIAD:

TO DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

N.B. This article should have appeared in page 363.

THAT the reader may see at one view, the nature, conduct, and coherence of this poem, how perfect it was in three books, and how much it suffered, and was disfigured, by a fourth book, and by a new hero, the Dunciad is here added, as it stood in the quarto edition, 1728.

WARTON.

ARGUMENT TO BOOK THE FIRST.

THE proposition, the invocation, and the inscription. Then the original of the great empire of Dulness, and cause of the continuance thereof. The beloved seat of the goddess is described, with her chief attendants and officers, her functions, operations, and effects. Then the poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting her on the evening of a lord mayor's day, revolving the long succession of her sons, and the glories past and to come. She fixes her eye on Tibbald to be the instrument of that great event which is the subject of the poem. He is described pensive in his study, giving up the cause, and apprehending the period of her empire from the old age of the present monarch Settle: wherefore debating whether to betake himself to law or politics, he raises an altar of proper books, and (making first his solemn prayer and declaration) purposes thereon to sacrifice all his unsuccessful writings. As the pile is kindled, the goddess beholding the flame from her seat, flies in person, and puts it out, by casting upon it the poem of Thule. She forthwith reveals herself to him, transports him to her temple, unfolds her arts, and initiates him into her mysteries; then announcing the death of Settle that night, anoints, and proclaims him successor.

BOOK I.

BOOKS and the man I sing, the first who brings
The Smithfield Muses to the ear of kings.
Say, great Patricians! (since yourselves inspire
These wond'rous works: so Jove and Fate require)
Say from what cause, in vain decry'd and curst,
Still Dunce the second reigns like Dunce the first.
In eldest times e'er mortals writ or read,
E'er Pallas issu'd from the thund'rer's head,
Dulness o'er all possess'd her ancient right,
Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night:
Fate in their dotage this fair ideot gave,
Gross as her sire, and as her mother grave,
Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
She rul'd, in native anarchy, the mind.
Still her old empire to confirm, she tries,
For, born a goddess, Dulness never dies.

O thou! whatever title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver,
Whether thou chuse Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais easy chair,
Or praise the court, or magnify mankind,
Or thy griev'd country's copper chains unbind;
From thy Bœotia tho' her pow'r retires,
Grieve not, my Swift! at aught our realm acquires,
Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings out-spread,
To hatch a new Saturnian age of lead.
Where wave the tatter'd ensigns of Rag-fair,
A yawning ruin hangs and nods in air;
Keen, hollow winds howl thro' the bleak recess,
Emblem of music caus'd by emptiness.
Here in one bed two shiv'ring sisters lye,
The Cave of Poverty and Poetry.
This, the great mother dearer held than all
The clubs of quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall.
Here stood her opium, here she nurs'd her owls,
And destin'd here the imperial seat of fools.
Hence springs each weekly Muse, the living boast
Of Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post,
Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lay,
Hence the soft sing-song on Cecilia's day,
Sepulchral lyes, our holy walls to grace,
And new-year odes, and all the Grubstreet race.
'Twas here in clouded majesty she shone;
Four guardian virtues, round, support her throne;
Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears:
Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake
Who hunger, and who thirst, for scribbling sake:
Prudence, whose glass presents th' approaching jayl:
Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale;
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise.
Here she beholds the Chaos dark and deep,
Where nameless somethings in their causes sleep,
Till genial Jacob, or a warm third-day
Call forth each mass, a poem, or a play:
How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie,
How new-born Nonsense first is taught to cry,
Maggots half-form'd, in rhyme exactly meet,
And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.
Here one poor word a hundred clenches makes,
And ductile Dulness new meanders takes;
There motley images her fancy strike,
Figures ill-pair'd, and similies unlike.
She sees a mob of metaphors advance,
Pleas'd with the madness of the mazy dance:
How Tragedy and Comedy embrace;
How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race;
How Time himself stands still at her command,
Realms shifts their place, and ocean turns to land.
Here gay description Egypt glads with show'rs,
Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flow'rs;
Glitt'ring with ice here hoary hills are seen,
There painted vallies of eternal green,
On cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.
All these and more, the cloud-compelling queen
Beholds thro' fogs, that magnify the scene:
She, tinsell'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
With self-applause her wild creation views,
Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
And with her own fools-colours gilds them all.
'Twas on the day, when Thorold, rich and grave,
Like Cimon triumph'd both on land and wave:

(Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,
Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad faces)
Now night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more.
Now mayors and shrieves all hush'd and satiate lay,
Yet eat, in dreams, the custard of the day;
While pensive poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep.
Much to the mindful queen the feast recalls
What city swans once sung within the walls;
Much she revolves their arts, their ancient praise,
And sure succession down from Heywood's days.
She saw with joy the line immortal run,
Each sire imprest and glaring in his son;
So watchful Bruin forms with plastic care
Each growing lump, and brings it to a bear.
She saw old Pryn in restless Daniel shine,
And Eusden eke out Blackmore's endless line;
She saw slow Philips creep like Tate's poor page,
And all the mighty mad in Dennis rage.
In each she marks her image full exprest,
But chief, in Tibbald's monster-breeding breast;
Sees gods with demons in strange league engage,
And Earth, and Heav'n, and Hell, her battles wage.
She ey'd the bard, where supperles he sate,
And pin'd, uncons-ous of his rising fate;
Studious he sate, with all his books around,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound!
Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there;
Then writ, and flounder'd on, in mere despair.
He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay,
Where yet unpawn'd, much learned lumber lay:
Volumes, whose size the space exactly fill'd,
Or which fond authors were so good to gild,
Or where, by sculpture made for ever known
The page admires new beauties, not its own.
Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great:
There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete:
Here all his suffering brotherhood retire,
And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire;
A Gothic Vatican! of Greece and Rome
Well purg'd, and worthy Withers, Quarles, and Blome.
But high above, more solid learning shone,
The classics of an age that heard of none;
There Caxton slept, with Wynkin at his side,
One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide,
There sav'd by spice, like mummies, many a year,
Old bodies of philosophy appear:
De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
And here, the groaning shelves Philemon bends.
Of these, twelve volumes, twelve of amplest size,
Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pyes,
Inspir'd he seizes: these an altar raise:
An hecatomb of pure, unsully'd lays
That altar crowns: a folio common-place
Founds the whole pyle, of all his works the base;
Quartos, octavos, shape the less'ning pyre;
And last, a little Ajax tips the spire.
Then he. "Great tamer of all human art!
First in my care, and nearest at my heart:
Dulness! whose good old cause I yet defend,
With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end!
O thou, of business the directing soul,
To human heads like biass to the bowl,
Which as more pond'rous makes their aim more true,
Obliquely waddling to the mark in view.
O ever gracious to perplex'd mankind!
Who spread a healing mist before the mind,
And, lest we err by wit's wild, dancing light,
Secure us kindly in our native night.
Ah! still o'er Britain stretch that powerful wand,
Which lulls th' Helvetian and Batavian land;
Where rebel to thy throne if Science rise,
She does but show her coward face and dies;
There, thy good scholiasts with unwearyd pains
Make Horace flat, and humble Maro's strains:
Here studious I unlucky moderns save,
Nor sleeps one errour in its father's grave,
Old puns restore, lost blunders nicely seek,
And crucify poor Shakespear once a week.
For thee I dim these eyes, and stuff this head,
With all such reading as was never read;
For thee supplying, in the worst of days,
Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays;
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, goddess, and about it;
So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,
And labours, till it clouds itself all o'er.
Not that my quill to critiques was confin'd,
My verse gave ampler lessons to mankind;
So gravest precepts may successless prove,
But sad examples never fail to move.
As forc'd from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
And pond'rous slugs cut swiftly thro' the sky:
As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
The wheels above urg'd by the load below;
Me, Emptiness and Dulness could inspire,
And were my elasticity and fire.
Had Heav'n decreed such works a longer date,
Heav'n had decreed to spare the Grubstreet-state.
But see great Settle to the dust descend,
And all thy cause and empire at an end!
Cou'd Troy be sav'd by any single hand,
His grey-goose weapon must have made her stand.
But what can I? my Flaccus cast aside,
Take up th' attorney's (once my better) guide?
Or rob the Roman geese of all their glories,
And save the state by cackling to the Tories?
Yes, to my country I my pen consign,
Yes, from this moment, mighty Mist! am thine,
And rival, Curtius! of thy fame and zeal,
O'er head and ears plunge for the public weal.
Adieu, my children! better thus expire
Unstall'd, unsold, thus glorious mount in fire
Fair without spot; than greas'd by grocer's hands,
Or ship'd with Ward to Ape-and-monkey lands,
Or wafting ginger, round the streets to go,
And visit alehouse where ye first did grow."
With that he lifted thrice the sparkling brand,
And thrice he dropt it from his quiv'ring hand:
Then lights the structure, with averted eyes;
The rowling smokes involve the sacrifice.
The opening clouds disclose each work by turns,
Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns,
In one quick flash see Proserpine expire,
And last, his own cold Æschylus took fire.
Then gush'd the tears, as from the Trojan's eyes
When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.
Rouz'd by the light, old Dulness heav'd the head;
Then snatch'd a sheet of Thule from her bed,
Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre,
Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire.
Her ample presence fills up all the place;
A veil of fogs dilates her awful face:
Great in her charms! as when on shrieves and may'rs
She looks, and breathes herself into their airs,

She bids him wait her to the sacred dome.
Well-pleas'd he enter'd, and confess'd his home:
So spirits, ending their terrestrial race,
Ascend and recognize their native place.
Raptur'd, he gazes round the dear retreat,
And in sweet numbers celebrates the seat.
Here to her chosen all her works she shows;
Prose swell'd to verse, verse loit'ring into prose;
How random thoughts now meaning chance to find,
Now leave all memory of sense behind:
How prologues into prefaces decay,
And these to notes are fritter'd quite away.
How index-learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail.
How, with less reading than makes felons 'scape,
Less human genius than God gives an ape,
Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
A past, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd, new piece,
'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Congreve, and Corneille,
Can make a Cibber, Johnson, or Ozell.
The goddess then, o'er his anointed head,
With mystic words, the sacred opium shed;
And lo! her bird, a monster of a fowl!
Something betwixt a heidegger and owl,
Perch'd on his crown. "All hail! and hail again,
My son! the promis'd land expects thy reign.
Know, Settle cloy'd with custard, and with praise,
Is gather'd to the dull of ancient days,
Safe, where no critics damn, no duns molest,
Where wretched Withers, Banks, and Gildon rest,
And high-born Howard, more majestic sire,
Impatient waits, till * * grace the quire.
I see a chief, who leads my chosen sons,
All arm'd with points, antitheses and puns!
I see a monarch, proud my race to own!
A nursing-mother, born to rock the throne!
Schools, courts, and senates shall my laws obey,
Till Albion, as Hibernia, bless my sway."
She ceas'd: her owls responsive clap the wing,
And Grubstreet garrets roar, "God save the king."
So when Jove's block descended from on high,
(As sings thy great forefather, Ogilby,)
Loud thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
And the hoarse nation croak'd, "God save king Log."

THE DUNCIAD.

ARGUMENT TO BOOK THE SECOND.

The king being proclaimed, the solemnity is graced with public games and sports of various kinds; not instituted by the hero, as by Æneas in Virgil, but for greater honour by the goddess in person (in like manner as the games Pythia, Isthmia, &c. were anciently said to be by the gods, and as Thetis herself appearing, according to Homer, Odyss. xxiv. proposed the prizes in honour of her son Achilles). Hither flock the poets and critics, attended, as is but just, with their patrons and booksellers. The goddess is first pleased for her disport to propose games to the booksellers, and setteth up the phantom of a poet, which they contend to overtake. The races described, with their divers accidents: next, the game for a poetess: then follow the exercises for the poets, of tickling, vociferating, diving: the first holds forth the arts and practices of dedicators, the second of disputants and fustian poets, the third of profound, dark, and dirty authors. Lastly, for the critics, the goddess proposes (with great propriety) an exercise not of their parts, but their patience; in hearing the works of two voluminous authors, one in verse and the other in prose, deliberately read, without sleeping: the various effects of which, with the several degrees and manners of their operation, are here set forth: till the whole number, not of critics only, but of spectators, actors, and all present, fall fast asleep, which naturally and necessarily ends the games.

BOOK II.

High on a gorgeous seat, that far out-shone
Henley's gilt tub, or Fleckno's Irish throne,
Or that, where on her Curls the public pours,
All-bounteous, fragrant grains, and golden show'rs:
Great Tibbald nods: the proud Parnassian sneer,
The conscious simper, and the jealous leer,
Mix on his look. All eyes direct their rays
On him, and crowds grow foolish as they gaze.
Not with more glee, by hands pontific crown'd,
With scarlet hats, wide waving, circled round,
Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit,
Thron'd on sev'n hills, the Antichrist of wit.
To grace this honour'd day, the queen proclaims
By herald hawkers, high heroic games.
She summons all her sons: an endless band
Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land;
A motley mixture! in long wigs, in bags,
In silks, in crapes, in garters, and in rags,
From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
On horse, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots,
All who true dunces in her cause appear'd,
And all who knew those dunces to reward.
Amid that area wide she took her stand,
Where the tall maypole once o'erlook'd the Strand.
But now, so Anne and Piety ordain,
A church collects the saints of Drury-lane.
With authors, stationers obey'd the call,
The field of glory is a field for all!
Glory, and gain, th' industrious tribe provoke;
And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.
A poet's form she plac'd before their eyes,
And bade the nimblest racer seize the prize;
No meagre, muse-rid mope, adust and thin,
In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin,
But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,
Twelve starveling bards of these degen'rate days.
All as a partridge plump, full-fed, and fair,
She form'd this image of well-bodied air,
With pert flat eyes she window'd well its head,
A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead,
And empty words she gave, and sounding strain,
But senseless, lifeless! idol void and vain!
Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit,
A fool, so just a copy of a wit;
So like, that critics said, and courtiers swore,
A wit it was, and call'd the phantom More.
All gaze with ardour: some, a poet's name,
Others, a sword-knot and lac'd suit inflame.
But lofty Lintot in the circle rose;
"This prize is mine; who tempt it, are my foes:

With me began this genius, and shall end."
He spoke, and who with Lintot shall contend!
Fear held them mute. Alone untaught to fear
Stood dauntless Curl, "Behold that rival here!
The race by vigour, not by vaunts is won;
So take the hindmost, Hell!"——He said and run.
Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind,
He left huge Lintot, and out-stripp'd the wind.
As when a dab-chick waddles thro' the copse,
On feet, and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops;
So lab'ring on, with shoulders, hands, and head,
Wide as a wind-mill all his figure spread,
With legs expanded Bernard urg'd the race,
And scem'd to emulate great Jacob's pace.
Full in the midway there stood a lake,
Which Curl's Corinna chanc'd that morn to make:
(Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
Her evening cates before his neighbour's shop,)
Here fortun'd Curl to slide; loud shout the band,
And *Bernard! Bernard!* rings thro' all the Strand.
Obscene with filth the miscreant lies bewrayed,
Fall'n in the plash his wickedness had laid:
Then first (if poets aught of truth declare)
The caitiff vaticide conceiv'd a prayer.
Hear, Jove! whose name my bards and I adore,
As much at least as any god's, or more;
And him and his if more devotion warms,
Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.
A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and seas,
Where from Ambrosia, Jove retires for ease.
There in his seat two spacious vents appear,
On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,
And hears the various vows of fond mankind,
Some beg an eastern, some a western wind:
All vain petitions, mounting to the sky,
With reams abundant this abode supply;
Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills
Sign'd with that ichor which from Gods distils.
In office here fair Cloacina stands,
And ministers to Jove with purest hands;
Forth from the heap she pick'd her vot'ry's pray'r,
And plac'd it next him, a distinction rare!
(Oft, as he fish'd her nether realms for wit,
The goddess favour'd him, and favours yet)
Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic force,
As oil'd with magic juices for the course,
Vig'rous he rises, from th' effluvia strong
Imbibes new life, and scours and stinks along:
Re-passes Lintot, vindicates the race,
Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.
And now the victor stretch'd his eager hand
Where the tall nothing stood, or seem'd to stand;
A shapeless shade, it melted from his sight,
Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night!
To seize his papers, Curl, was next thy care;
His papers light, fly diverse, tost in air:
Songs, sonnets, epigrams the winds uplift,
And whisk 'em back to Evans, Younge, and Swift.
Th' embroider'd suit, at least, he deem'd his prey;
That suit, an unpay'd taylor snatch'd away!
No rag, no scrap, of all the beau or wit,
That once so flutter'd, and that once so writ.
Heaven rings with laughter: of the laughter vain,
Dulness, good queen, repeats the jest again.
Three wicked imps of her own Grub-street choir,
She deck'd like Congreve, Addison, and Prior;
Mears, Warner, Wilkins run: delusive thought!
Breval, Besaleel, Bond, the varlets caught.
Curl stretches after Gay, but Gay is gone,
He grasps an empty Joseph for a John.
So Proteus, hunted in a nobler shape,
Became, when seiz'd, a puppy, or an ape.
To him the goddess. "Son! thy grief lay down,
And turn this whole illusion on the town.
As the sage dame, experienc'd in her trade,
By names of toasts retails each batter'd jade;
(Whence hapless Monsieur much complains at Paris
Of wrongs from Duchesses and Lady Marys)
Be thine, my stationer! this magic gift;
Cook shall be Prior, and Concanen, Swift:
So shall each hostile name become our own,
And we too boast our Garth and Addison."
With that, she gave him (piteous of his case,
Yet smiling at his rueful length of face)
A shaggy tap'stry, worthy to be spread
On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed;
Instructive work! whose wry-mouth'd portraiture
Display'd the fates her confessors endure.
Earless on high, stood unabash'd Defoe,
And Tuchin flagrant from the scourge, below:
There Ridpath, Roper, cudgell'd might ye view,
The very worsted still look'd black and blue:
Himself among the storied chiefs he spies,
As from the blanket high in air he flies, [knows
"And oh!" (he cry'd) "what street, what lane but
Our purgings, pumpings, blanketings, and blows?
In ev'ry loom our labours shall be seen,
And the fresh vomit run for ever green!"
See in the circle next, Eliza plac'd,
Two babes of love close clinging to her waist;
Fair as before her works she stands confess'd,
In flow'rs and pearls by bounteous Kirkall dress'd.
The goddess then: "Who best can send on high
The salient spout, far-streaming to the sky:
His be yon Juno of majestic size,
With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.
This China jordan, let the chief o'ercome
Replenish, not ingloriously, at home."
Chapman and Curl accept the glorious strife,
(Tho' one his son dissuades, and one his wife)
This on his manly confidence relies,
That on his vigour and superior size.
First Chapman lean'd against his letter'd post;
It rose, and labour'd to a curve at most.
So Jove's bright bow displays its wat'ry round,
(Sure sign, that no spectator shall be drown'd)
A second effort brought but new disgrace,
The wild meander wash'd the artist's face:
Thus the small jet which hasty hands unlock,
Spirts in the gard'ner's eyes who turns the cock
Not so from shameless Curl; impetuous spread
The stream, and smoaking, flourish'd o'er his head.
So, (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns,)
Eridanus his humble fountain scorns;
Thro' half the heaven's he pours th' exalted urn;
His rapid waters in their passage burn.
Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes;
Still happy impudence obtains the prize.
Thou triumph'st, victor of the high-wrought day,
And the pleas'd dame, soft-smiling, lead'st away.
Chapman, thro' perfect modesty o'ercome,
Crown'd with the jordan, walks contented home.
But now for authors, nobler palms remain;
Room for my lord! three jockeys in his train:
Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair;
He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a stare.

His honour'd meaning Dulness thus exprest;
"He wins this patron who can tickle best."
He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state:
With ready quills the dedicators wait,
Now at his head the dext'rous task commence,
And instant, fancy feels th' imputed sense;
Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
He struts Adonis, and affects grimace:
Rolli the feather to his ear conveys,
Then his nice taste directs our operas:
Bentley his mouth with classic flatt'ry opes,
And the puff'd orator bursts out in tropes.
But Welsted most the poet's healing balm
Strives to extract, from his soft, giving palm;
Unlucky Welsted! thy unfeeling master,
The more thou ticklest, gripes his fist the faster.
While thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain,
And quick sensations skip from vein to vein,
A youth unknown to Phœbus, in despair,
Puts his last refuge all in Heav'n and pray'r.
What force have pious vows? the queen of love
His sister scuds, her vot'ress, from above.
As taught by Venus, Paris learnt the art
To touch Achilles' only tender part;
Secure, thro' her, the noble prize to carry,
He marches off, his grace's secretary.
"Now turn to diff'rent sports" (the goddess cries,)
"And learn, my sons, the wondrous pow'r of noise.
To move, to raise, to ravish ev'ry heart,
With Shakespear's nature, or with Johnson's art,
Let others aim: 'Tis yours to shake the soul
With thunder rumbling from the mustard bowl,
With horns and trumpets now to madness swell,
Now sink in sorrows with a tolling bell,
Such happy arts attention can command,
When fancy flags, and sense is at a stand.
Improve we these. Three cat-calls be the bribe,
Of him, whose chatt'ring shames the monkey tribe,
And his this drum, whose hoarse heroic base
Drowns the loud clarion of the braying ass."
Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din:
The monkey-mimics rush discordant in:
'Twas chatt'ring, grinning, mouthing, jabb'ring all,
And noise, and Norton, brangling, and Breval,
Dennis, and dissonance; and captious art,
And snip-snap short, and interruption smart.
"Hold" (cry'd the queen), "a cat-call each shall win,
Equal your merits! equal is your din!
But that this well-disputed game may end,
Sound forth, my brayers, and the welkin rend."
As when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait
At some sick miser's triple-bolted gate,
For their defrauded, absent foals they make
A moan so loud, that all the guild awake;
Sore sighs sir Gilbert, starting, at the bray,
From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay!
So swells each wind-pipe; ass intones to ass,
Harmonic tyang, of leather, horn, and brass;
Such, as from lab'ring lungs th' enthusiast blows,
High sounds, attempted to the vocal nose.
But far o'er all, sonorous Blackmore's strain;
Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again:
In Tot'nam fields, the brethren with amaze
Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze;
Long Chanc'ry-lane retentive rolls the sound,
And courts to courts return it round and round:
Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall,
And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl.

All hail him victor in both gifts and song,
Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.
This labour past, by Bridewell all descend,
(As morning pray'r and flagellation end)
To where Fleet-ditch with disemboguing streams
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,
The king of dykes! than whom no sluice of mud
With deeper sable blots the silver flood.
"Here strip, my children! here at once leap in!
Here prove who best can dash thro' thick and thin,
And who the most in love of dirt excel,
Or dark dexterity of groping well.
Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes around
The stream, be his the Weekly [illegible] bound;
A pig of lead to him who dives the first:
A peck of coals a-piece shall glad the rest."
In naked majesty Oldmixon stand[s],
And Milo-like, surveys his arms and hands,
Then sighing, thus. "And am I now threescore?
Ah why, ye gods! should two and two make four?"
He said, and climb'd a stranded lighter's height,
Shot to the black abyss, and plung'd down-right.
The senior's judgment all the croud admire,
Who but to sink the deeper, rose the higher.
Next Smedley div'd; slow circles dimpled o'er
The quaking mud, that clos'd, and op'd no more.
All look, all sigh, and call on Smedley lost;
Smedley in vain resounds thro' all the coast.
Then *essay'd; scarce vanish'd out of sight,
He buoys up instant, and returns to light:
He bears no token of the sabler streams,
And mounts far off among the swans of Thames.
True to the bottom, see Concanen creep,
A cold, long-winded, native of the deep!
If perseverance gain the diver's prize,
Not everlasting Blackmore this denies:
No noise, no stir, no motion canst thou make,
Th' unconscious flood sleeps o'er thee like a lake.
Not so bold Arnall; with a weight of scull,
Furious he sinks, precipitately dull.
Whirlpools and storms his circling arm invest,
With all the might of gravitation blest.
No crab more active in the dirty dance,
Downward to climb, and backward to advance.
He brings up half the bottom on his head,
And loudly claims the Journals and the lead.
Sudden, a burst of thunder shook the flood:
Lo Smedley rose in majesty of mud!
Shaking the horrours of his ample brows,
And each ferocious feature grim with ooze.
Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares;
Then thus the wonders of the deep declares.
First he relates, how sinking to the chin,
Smit with his mien, the mud-nymphs suck'd him in:
How young Lutetia, softer than the down,
Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown,
Vy'd for his love in jetty bow'rs below,
As Hylas fair was ravish'd long ago.
Then sunk, how shown him by the nut-brown maids
A branch of Styx here rises from the shades,
That tinctur'd as it runs with Lethe's streams,
And wafting vapours from the land of dreams,
(As under seas Alphæus' secret sluice
Bears Pisa's offering to his Arethuse)
Pours into Thames: Each city bowl is full
Of the mixt wave, and all who drink grow dull.
How to the banks where bards departed doze,
They led him soft; how all the bards arose,

Taylor, sweet swan of Thames, majestic bows,
And Shadwell nods the poppy on his brows;
While Milbourn there, deputed by the rest,
Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest;
And "Take" (he said) "these robes which once were mine,
Dulness is sacred in a sound divine."
He ceas'd, and show'd the robe; the crowd confess
The rev'rend flamen in his lengthen'd dress.
Slow moves the goddess from the sable flood,
(Her priest preceding) thro' the gates of Lud.
Her entries there she summons, and proclaims
A gentler exercise to close the games.
"Here you! in whose grave heads, as equal scales,
I weigh what author's heaviness prevails;
Which most conduce to sooth the soul in slumbers,
My Henley's periods, or my Blackmore's numbers?
Attend the trial we propose to make:
If there be man who o'er such works can wake,
Sleep's all-subduing charms who dares defy,
And boasts Ulysses' ear with Argus' eye;
To him we grant our amplest pow'rs to sit
Judge of all present, past, and future wit,
To cavil, censure, dictate, right or wrong,
Full, and eternal privilege of tongue." [came,
Three Cambridge sophs and three pert Templars
The same their talents, and their tastes the same,
Each prompt to query, answer, and debate,
And smit with love of poesy and prate,
The pond'rous books two gentle readers bring,
The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring.
The clam'rous crowd is hush'd with mugs of mum,
Till all tun'd equal, send a gen'ral hum.
Then mount the clerks, and in one lazy tone,
Thro' the long, heavy, painful page, drawl on;
Soft creeping, words on words, the sense compose,
At ev'ry line, they stretch, they yawn, they doze.
As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low
Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow;
Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs divine:
And now to this side, now to that, they nod,
As verse, or prose, infuse the drowzy god.
Thrice Budgel aim'd to speak, but thrice suppress
By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breast.
Toland and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer,
Yet silent bow'd to Christ's no kingdom here.
Who sate the nearest, by the words o'ercome
Slept first, the distant nodded to the hum. [lies
Then down are roll'd the books; stretch'd o'er 'em
Each gentle clerk, and mutt'ring seals his eyes.
As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes,
One circle first, and then a second makes,
What Dulness dropt among her sons imprest
Like motion, from one circle to the rest;
So from the mid-most the nutation spreads
Round, and more round, o'er all the sea of heads.
At last Centlivre felt her voice to fail,
Motteux himself unfinish'd left his tale,
Boyer the state, and Law the stage gave o'er,
Nor Kelsey talk'd, nor Naso whisper'd more;
Norton, from Daniel and Ostræa sprung,
Bless'd with his father's front, and mother's tongue,
Hung silent down his never-blushing head;
And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.
Thus the soft gifts of sleep conclude the day,
And stretch'd on bulks, as usual, poets lay.
Why should I sing what bards the nightly Muse
Did slumb'ring visit, and convey to stews:
Who prouder march'd, with magistrates in state,
To some fam'd round-house, ever open gate:
How Laurus lay inspir'd beside a sink,
And to mere mortals seem'd a priest in drink:
While others, timely, to the neighbouring Fleet
(Haunt of the Muses) made their safe retreat.

THE DUNCIAD.

ARGUMENT TO BOOK THE THIRD.

AFTER the other persons are disposed in their proper places of rest, the goddess transports the king to her temple, and there lays him to slumber with his head on her lap: a position of marvellous virtue, which causes all the visions of wild enthusiasts, projectors, politicians, inamoratos, castle-builders, chymists, and poets. He is immediately carried on the wings of Fancy to the Elysian shade; where on the banks of Lethe the souls of the dull are dipped by Bavius, before their entrance into this world. There he is met by the ghost of Settle, and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with those which he is himself destined to perform. He takes him to a Mount of Vision, from whence he shows him the past triumphs of the empire of Dulness, then the present, and lastly the future: How small a part of the world was ever conquered by science, how soon those conquests were stopped, and those very nations again reduced to her dominion. Then distinguishing the island of Great Britain, shows by what aids, and by what persons, it shall be forthwith brought to her empire. These he causes to pass in review before his eyes, describing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications. On a sudden the scene shifts, and a vast number of miracles and prodigies appear, utterly surprising and unknown to the king himself, till they are explained to be the wonders of his own reign now commencing. On this subject Settle breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmixed with concern, that his own times were but the types of these. He prophesies how first the nation shall be over-run with farces, operas, and shows; and the throne of Dulness advanced over both the theatres, then how her sons shall preside in the seats of arts and sciences, till in conclusion all shall return to their original chaos: A scene, of which the present action of the Dunciad is but a type or foretaste, giving a glimpse, or Pisgah-sight of the promised fulness of her glory; the accomplishment whereof will, in all probability, hereafter be the theme of many other and greater Dunciads.

BOOK III.

BUT in her temple's last recess enclos'd,
On Dulness' lap th' anointed head repos'd.
Him close she curtain'd round with vapours blue,
And soft besprinkled with Cimmerian dew.

Then raptures high the seat of sense o'erflow,
Which only heads refin'd from reason know. [nods,
Hence, from the straw where Bedlam's prophet
He hears loud oracles, and talks with gods:
Hence the fool's paradise, the statesman's scheme,
The air-built castle, and the golden dream,
The maid's romantic wish, the chymist's flame,
And poet's vision of eternal fame.

And now, on Fancy's easy wing convey'd,
The king descended to th' Elysian shade.
There, in a dusky vale where Lethe rolls,
Old Bavius sits, to dip poetic souls,
And blunt the sense, and fit it for a scull
Of solid proof, impenetrably dull:
Instant when dipt, away they wing their flight,
Where Brown and Mears unbar the gates of light,
Demand new bodies, and in calf's array,
Rush to the world, impatient for the day.
Millions and millions on these banks he views,
Thick as the stars of night, and morning dews,
As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly,
As thick as eggs at Ward in pillory.

Wond'ring he gaz'd: When lo! a sage appears,
By his broad shoulders known, and length of ears,
Known by the band and suit which Settle wore,
(His only suit) for twice three years before:
All as the vest appear'd the wearer's frame,
Old in new-state, another yet the same.
Bland and familiar, as in life, begun
Thus the great father to the greater son.

"Oh born to see what none can see awake!
Behold the wonders of th' oblivious lake,
Thou, yet unborn, hast touch'd this sacred shore;
The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er and o'er.
But blind to former, as to future fate,
What mortal knows his pre-existent state?
Who knows how long, thy transmigrating soul
Might from Bœotian to Bœotian roll!
How many Dutchmen she vouchsaf'd to thrid?
How many stages thro' old monks she rid?
And all who since, in mild benighted days,
Mix'd the owl's ivy with the poet's bays?
As man's meanders to the vital spring
Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring;
Or whirligigs, twirl'd round by skilful swain,
Suck the thread in, then yield it out again:
All nonsense thus, of old or modern date,
Shall in thee center, from thee circulate.
For this, our queen unfolds to vision true
Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view:
Old scenes of glory, times long cast behind
Shall first recall'd, rush forward to thy mind;
Then stretch thy sight o'er all her rising reign,
And let the past and future fire thy brain.

"Ascend this hill, whose cloudy point commands
Her boundless empire over seas and lands.
See round the poles where keener spangles shine,
Where spices smoke beneath the burning line,
(Earth's wide extremes) her sable flag display'd;
And all the nations cover'd in her shade!

"Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the Sun
And orient-science at a birth begun.
One god-l' monarch all that pride confounds,
He, whose [illegible]g wall the wand'ring Tartar bounds.
Heav'ns! wh[illegible]t a pile? whole ages perish there:
And one bright blaze turns learning into air.

"Thence to the south extend thy gladden'd eyes;
There rival flames with equal glory rise,
From shelves to shelves see greedy Vulcan roll,
And lick up all their physic of the soul.

"How little, mark! that portion of the ball,
Where, faint at best, the beams of science fall;
Soon as they draw, from Hyperborean skies,
Embody'd dark, what clouds of Vandals rise!
Lo where Mœotis sleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanais thro' a waste of snows,
The north by myriads pours her mighty sons,
Great nurse of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns.
See Alaric's stern port! the martial frame
Of Genseric! and Attila's dread name!

"See, the bold Ostrogoths on Latium fall;
See, the fierce Visigoths on Spain and Gaul.
See, where the morning gilds the palmy shore
(The soil that arts and infant letters bore)
His conqu'ring tribes th' Arabian prophet draws,
And saving ignorance enthrones by laws.
See Christians, Jews, one heavy sabbath keep;
And all the western world believe and sleep.

"Lo Rome herself, proud mistress now no more
Of arts, but thund'ring against heathen lore;
Her gray-hair'd synods damning books unread,
And Bacon trembling for his brazen head;
Padua with sighs behold her Livy burn,
And ev'n th' Antipodes Virgilius mourn.
See, the cirque falls, th' unpillar'd temple nods,
Streets pav'd with heroes, Tyber choak'd with gods:
Till Peter's keys some christen'd Jove adorn,
And Pan to Moses lends his pagan horn;
See graceless Venus to a virgin turn'd,
Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd.

"Behold yon isle, by palmers, pilgrims trod,
Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod,
Peel'd, patch'd, and pyebald, linsey-woolsey brothers, [others.
Grave mummers! sleeveless some, and shirtless
That once was Britain—Happy! had she seen
No fiercer sons, had Easter never been!
In peace, great goddess, ever be ador'd;
How keen the war, if Dulness draw the sword?
Thus visit not thy own! on this blest age
Oh spread thy influence, but restrain thy rage.

"And see! my son, the hour is on its way,
That lifts our goddess to imperial sway;
This fav'rite isle, long sever'd from her reign,
Dove like, she gathers to her wings again.
Now look thro' fate! behold the scene she draws!
What aids, what armies, to assert her cause?
See all her progeny, illustrious sight!
Behold, and count them, as they rise to light.
As Berecynthia, while her off-spring vie
In homage, to the mother of the sky,
Surveys around her in her blest abode
A hundred sons, and every son a god:
Not with less glory mighty Dulness crown'd
Shall take thro' Grubstreet her triumphant round,
And her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,
Behold a hundred sons, and each a dunce.

"Mark first that you[illegible]h who takes the foremost
And thrusts his person full into your face. [place,
With all thy father's virtues blest, be born!
And a new Cibber shall the stage adorn.

"A second see, by meeker manners known,
And modest as the maid that sips alone;
From the strong fate of drams if thou get free,
Another Durfey, Ward! shall sing in thee.
Thee shall each ale-house, thee each gill-house mourn,
And answering gin-shops sourer sighs return.

"Lo next two slip-shod Muses traipse along,
In lofty madness, meditating song,

With tresses staring from poetic dreams,
And never wash'd, but in Castalia's streams:
Haywood, Centlivre, glories of their race!
Lo Horneck's fierce, and Room's funereal face;
Lo sneering Goode, half malice and half whim,
A fiend in glee, ridiculously grim.
Jacob, the scourge of grammar, mark with awe,
Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of law.
Lo Bond and Foxton, ev'ry nameless name,
All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to fame.
Some strain in rhyme; the Muses, on their racks,
Scream like the winding of ten thousand jacks:
Some free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,
Break Priscian's head, and Pegasus's neck;
Down, down they larum, with impetuous whirl,
The Pindars, and the Miltons of a Curl. [howls,
"Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia
And makes night hideous—Answer him ye owls!
"Sense, speech, and measure, living tongues, and
Let all give way—and Morris may be read. [dead,
"Flow, Welsted, flow! like thine inspirer, beer,
Tho' stale, not ripe; tho' thin, yet never clear;
So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull;
Heady, not strong; and foaming, tho' not full.
"Ah Dennis! Gildon ah! what ill-starr'd rage
Divides a friendship long confirm'd by age?
Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,
But fool with fool is barb'rous civil war.
Embrace, embrace my sons! be foes no more!
Nor glad vile poets with true critics gore.
"Behold yon pair, in strict embraces join'd;
How like in manners, and how like in mind!
Fam'd for good nature, Burnet, and for truth;
Ducket, for pious passion to the youth.
Equal in wit, and equally polite,
Shall this a *Pasquin*, that a *Grumbler* write;
Like are their merits, like rewards they share,
That shines a consul, this commissioner."
"But who is he, in closet close y pent,
Of sober face, with learned dust besprent?"
"Right well mine eyes arede the myster wight,
On parchment scraps y fed, and Wormius hight.
To future ages may thy dulness last,
As thou preserv'st the dulness of the past! [mark,
"There, dim in clouds, the poring scholiasts
Wits, who like owls see only in the dark,
A lumberhouse of books in ev'ry head;
For ever reading, never to be read!
"But, where each science lifts its modern type,
Hist'ry her pot, Divinity his pipe,
While proud Philosophy repines to show,
Dishonest sight! his breeches rent below;
Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo Henley stands,
Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands.
How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue!
How sweet the periods, neither said nor sung.
Still break the benches, Henley! with thy strain,
While Kennet, Hare, and Gibson preach in vain.
Oh great restorer of the good old stage,
Preacher at once, and zany of thy age!
Oh worthy thou of Ægypt's wise abodes,
A decent priest, where monkeys were the gods!
But fate with butchers plac'd thy priestly stall,
Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and maul;
And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praise,
In Toland's, Tindal's, and in Woolston's days.
"Yet oh my sons! a father's words attend:
(So may the fates preserve the ears you lend)
'Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame,
A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame:
But O! with One, immortal One dispense,
The source of Newton's light, of Bacon's sense.
Content, each emanation of his fires
That beams on Earth, each virtue he inspires,
Each art he prompts, each charm he can create,
Whate'er he gives, are giv'n for you to hate.
Persist, by all divine in man unaw'd,
But learn, ye dunces! not to scorn your God."
Thus he, for then a ray of reason stole
Half thro' the solid darkness of his soul;
But soon the cloud return'd—and thus the sire:
"See now, what Dulness and her sons admire!
See what the charms that smite the simple heart,
Not touch'd by nature, and not reach'd by art."
He look'd, and saw a sable sorc'rer rise,
Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies:
All sudden, Gorgons hiss, and dragons glare,
And ten-horn'd fiends and giants rush to war.
Hell rises, Heav'n descends, and dance on Earth,
Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,
A fire, a jigg, a battle, and a ball,
Till one wide conflagration swallows all.
Thence a new world to Nature's laws unknown,
Breaks out refulgent, with a heav'n its own.
Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
And other planets circle other suns:
The forests dance, the rivers upward rise,
Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies;
And last, to give the whole creation grace,
Lo! one vast egg produces human race.
Joy fills his soul, joy innocent of thought:
"What pow'r," he cries, "what power these wonders wrought?"
"Son! what thou seek'st is in thee. Look, and find
Each monster meets his likeness in thy mind.
Yet would'st thou more? In yonder cloud behold,
Whose sarcenet skirts are edg'd with flamy gold,
A matchless youth! His nod these worlds controls,
Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls.
Angel of Dulness, sent to scatter round
Her magic charms o'er all unclassic ground:
Yon stars, yon suns, he rears at pleasure higher,
Illumes their light, and sets their flames on fire.
Immortal Rich! how calm he sits at ease
Mid snows of paper, and fierce hail of pease;
And proud his mistress' orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.
"But lo! to dark encounter in mid air
New wizards rise: here Booth, and Cibber there!
Booth in his cloudy tabernacle shrin'd,
On grinning dragons Cibber mounts the wind:
Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din,
Here shouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's inn;
Contending theatres our empire raise,
Alike their labours, and alike their praise.
"And are these wonders, son, to thee unknown?
Unknown to thee? these wonders are thy own.
For works like these let deathless journals tell,
'None but thyself can be thy parallel.'
These, fate reserv'd to grace thy reign divine,
Foreseen by me, but ah! withheld from mine.
In Lud's old walls tho' long I rul'd renown'd,
Far, as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound;
Tho' my own aldermen conferr'd my bays,
To me committing their eternal praise,
Their full-fed heroes, their pacific may'rs,
Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars;
Tho' long my party built on me their hopes,
For writing pamphlets, and for roasting popes;

(Diff'rent our parties, but with equal grace
The goddess smiles on Whig and Tory race,
'Tis the same rope that several ends they twist,
To Dulness, Ridpath is as dear as Mist.)
Yet lo! in me what authors have to brag on!
Reduc'd at last to hiss in my own dragon.
Avert it, Heav'n! that thou or Cibber e'er
Should wag two serpent-tails in Smithfield fair.
Like the vile straw that's blown about the streets,
The needy poet sticks to all he meets,
Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast,
And carry'd off in some dog's tail at last.
Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling stone,
Thy giddy dulness still shall lumber on,
Safe in its heaviness can never stray,
And licks up every blockhead in the way.
Thy dragons magistrates and peers shall taste,
And from each shoot rise duller than the last;
Till rais'd from booths to theatre, to court,
Her seat imperial, Dulness shall transport.
Already opera prepares the way,
The sure fore-runner of her gentle sway.
To aid her cause, if Heav'n thou canst not bend,
Hell thou shalt move; for Faustus is thy friend:
Pluto with Cato thou for her shalt join,
And link the Mourning Bride to Proserpine.
Grub-street! thy fall should men and gods conspire,
Thy stage shall stand, ensure it but from fire:
Another Æschylus appears! prepare
For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair!
In flames, like Semele's, be brought to bed,
While opening Hell spouts wild-fire at your head.
"Now Bavius take the poppy from thy brow,
And place it here! here all ye heroes bow!
This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes:
Th' Augustus, born to bring Saturnian times:
Beneath his reign, shall Eusden wear the bays,
Cibber preside, lord-chancellor of plays.
Benson sole judge of architecture sit,
And Ambrose Philips be preferr'd for wit!
While naked mourns the dormitory wall,
And Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall,
While Wren with sorrow to the grave descends,
Gay dies unpension'd with a hundred friends,
Hibernian politicks, O Swift, thy fate,
And Pope's whole years to comment and translate.
"Proceed great days! till learning fly the shore,
Till birch shall blush with noble blood no more,
Till Thames see Eton's sons for ever play,
Till Westminster's whole year be holiday;
Till Isis' elders reel, their pupils sport;
And Alma Mater lye dissolv'd in port! [year;
"Signs following signs lead on the mighty
See! the dull star roll round and re-appear.
She comes! the cloud-compelling pow'r behold!
With night primeval, and with chaos old.
Lo! the great anarch's ancient reign restor'd;
Light dies before her uncreating word.
As one by one, at dread Medæa's strain,
The sick'ning stars fade off th' ethereal plain;
As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand opprest,
Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest;
Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after art goes out, and all is night.
See sculking Truth in her old cavern lye,
Secur'd by mountains of heap'd casuistry:
Philosophy, that touch'd the heav'ns before,
Shrinks to her hidden cause, and is no more:
See Physic beg the Stagyrite's defence!
See Metaphysic call for aid on sense!
See Mystery to mathematics fly;
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Thy hand, great Dulness! lets the curtain fall,
And universal darkness buries all."
"Enough! enough!" the raptur'd monarch
And thro' the ivory gate the vision flies. [cries;

END OF VOL. XII.

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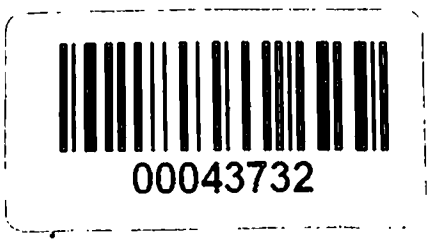
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